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Confederate Veteran  
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1927



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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

JANUARY, 1927

NO. 1

2230691



**SCENE ON THE DAVIS FARM NEAR SMYRNA, TENN.**

Stewart's Creek borders the Sam Davis home place in Rutherford County, Tenn., and the scene here given shows the creek just west of the old house where Sam Davis was born and lived his short life. The State will be asked to purchase the house and lands as a memorial to Tennessee's boy hero of the sixties, the plan being to make it a memorial museum and park. See page 5.



## BOOKS WORTH WHILE.

To those who are interested in making a collection of worth-while books on Southern and Confederate history the following list will present some valuable offerings:

Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson. Two volumes; cloth bound.....	\$7 00
Origin of the Late War. Traced from the beginning of the Constitution to the revolt of the Southern States. By George Lunt.....	4 00
Southern Generals: Who They Are and What They Have Done. By a Virginian, 1865.....	4 00
Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Gen. A. L. Long. Good copy; cloth.....	5 00
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Reminiscences of Peace and War. By Mrs. Roger Pryor.....	3 00
Four Years Under Marse Robert. By Major Stiles.....	3 50

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Capt. J. W. Matthews, of Alvon, W. Va., one of the survivors of the "Immortal Six Hundred," and now in his eighty-eight year, renews his subscription for two years more. He was in the war from start to finish except when in prison. He commanded Company I, 25th Virginia Infantry. He is anxious to get a copy of the book

on "The Immortal Six Hundred," and will appreciate hearing from anyone who has this book for sale.

Miss Bess Barbor, 211 Park Avenue, Princeton, W. Va., would like to hear from anyone who served with Ben P. Grigsby, of Company I, 24th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division.

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NOTICE

147 Fulton Street  
New York, N. Y.

A. G. Hunter, 26 Kimberley Avenue, Springfield, Mass., is trying to get his father's record as a Confederate soldier so that he may be able to join the Sons of Confederate Veterans. His father, William Griswold Hunter, was at school at Morristown, Pa., at the time the war opened, but his home was in North Carolina. He enlisted as a schoolboy in 1862, and served under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and others to the end. His enlistment may have been from North Carolina.

E. W. Hefner, clerk of the Braxton County Court, Flatwoods, W. Va., wishes to get some information of Company G, 62nd Virginia Regiment, with which his father, S. C. Hefner, served as first lieutenant. He wishes some data on the personnel of the company.

Some time ago, J. E. Deupree, of Ravenna, Tex., wrote to the VETERAN of a negro man who had been sent from his Texas home to join his young master in the Confederate army east of the Mississippi River, but who was lost when trying to find him. Comrade Deupree hoped that some one who had come in contact with the negro would remember it and write to him. Strange to say, he did get response from some lady in Alabama who remembered that Rube had come to her home during the war, and he was in search of his master. As the lady's name and address have been lost, he hopes that she will see this notice and write to him again, which he will appreciate.

The haughty Englishman was endeavoring to impress the importance of his family upon his guide in the Scottish Highlands.

"My ancestors," he exclaimed, with a theatrical gesture, "have had the right to bear arms for the last three hundred years."

"Hoot, mon," cried the Scot, "my ancestors have had the right to bare legs for the last two thousand years."—*Canadian-American*.



# Confederate Veteran

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.  
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NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1927.

No. 1.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn..... *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*  
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

*Assistant to the Adjutant General*

GEN. W. D. MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City, Okla..... *Chaplain General*

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GEN. HAL T. WALKER, Montgomery, Ala..... *Army of Tennessee*  
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ALABAMA—Jasper..... Gen. T. P. Lamkin  
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### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. C. I. WALKER, Charleston, S. C..... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga..... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex..... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va..... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va..... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## ADJUTANT GENERAL, ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

To fill the vacancy caused by the death of Gen. Hampden Osborne, Adjutant General, Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., on December 21, 1926, and that of Gen. W. A. Rawls, First Assistant Adjutant General, on December 6, 1926, Gen. Paul G. Sanguinetti, of Montgomery, Ala., has been appointed by Gen. Hal T. Walker, Commanding Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., to assume the duties of the office of the Adjutant General immediately.

## U. C. V. INTERESTS.

An important resolution will come before the delegates to the thirty-seventh annual reunion, United Confederate Veterans, at Tampa, Fla., as an amendment to Article III, Section 2, providing for the filling of the unexpired term of the office of Commander in Chief, caused by death or resignation during his tenure of office. This amendment authorizes and empowers the three Lieutenant Generals of the organization, commanding the Departments of the Army of Northern Virginia, the Army of Tennessee, and the Trans-Mississippi, to select one of their number to assume and hold the office of Commander in Chief until the next annual reunion. This amendment is to be introduced for the purpose of avoiding any confusion incident to the possibility that none of the department commanders held commissions in the Confederate army, on which the succession has heretofore been made.

\* \* \*

The one term rule for Commander in Chief will also be advocated at the Tampa reunion. This measure is favored by many prominent veterans, who feel that all should have a share in that honor now.

Enthusiastic friends of Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., present Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, will present his name before the convention at Tampa as the next Commander in Chief.

\* \* \*

"The Tennessee Division Special" (L & N. R. R.), leaving Nashville for Tampa on Sunday, April 3, by way of Montgomery, Ala., will be entertained by the citizens and Daughters of the Confederacy of that city en route to Tampa and returning. At Jacksonville, Fla., breakfast will be served to the veterans of the party by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and lunch will be served at Orlando. Arrival at Tampa on Monday, April 4, 6:30 p.m. On the return trip, Daughters of the Confederacy and the civic societies of Montgomery jointly will entertain the veterans with lunch and a sight-seeing trip on Saturday, April 9. Stop-overs have been arranged as follows: Jacksonville, one and a half hours; Orlando, one hour; Montgomery, three hours.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## APOLOGIZING FOR THE SOUTH.

The favorite pursuit of some of the present-day intellectuals of the South, when invited to make addresses in the North or other sections of the country, seems to be the belittling of the South and her institutions, making comparison of her accomplishments with other sections, and especially in these years since the War between the States. It seems rather remarkable that this benighted South should be able to produce such remarkable specimens who are considered able to entertain or instruct an audience outside of the Mason and Dixon Line. One of these recently made a talk before the Southern Society of New York City, in which he followed the favorite trail, and thus gave evidence of ignorance and lack of appreciation of his native section. Matthew Page Andrews, Historian, "corrects the foolish and misleading assertions of Southern 'Educator'" in a letter to the *Baltimore Sun*:

"To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: Your dispatch from New York quotes Dr. Edwin Mims, professor of English at Vanderbilt University, as saying before the Southern Society:

"There is a South that boasts of its original contribution to the nation in the organization of the Ku-Klux Klan, and there is a South that believes that the Klan is un-American and un-Christian."

"Now one may scarcely conceive of an assertion which is more historically unsound and presently misleading. Dr. Mims talks of two wholly different things belonging to different periods as if they were one and the same thing!

"The Ku-Klux Klan, which rescued the South from the destructive forces of 'reconstruction' misrule, is not to be thought of as in any way connected with the recently organized society which has assumed the nomenclature of the erstwhile protector of political institutions. The old organization preserved for the good of the Federal republic what political scavengers were about to seize and destroy. The new organization appears to appeal chiefly to religious prejudices; and, in reaching for political power, it has expanded more successfully in the North than in the South.

"Is it possible that Dr. Mims does not know these facts? Or was he careless in his phraseology in an effort to turn a striking antithesis or some other figure of speech?

"Dr. Mims is correct in saying that Southerners (of the professional or blatant type) place an overemphasis upon 'the chivalry, manners, and hospitality' of the South—so much so, in fact, that one gets weary of hearing the terms; but when he calls upon Southerners to 'have done even with Southern ideals and traditions,' it is fitting to tell Dr. Mims that he has foolishly or thoughtlessly attempted to belittle the birthright of a common country, the invaluable heritage not only of the South, but of the nation.

"In all this he argues himself ignorant of historical fundamentals, which the good people of Boston and New York are as desirous of preserving as their compatriots in Richmond or New Orleans.

"Dr. Mims is sound enough in protesting against any shackling of reason and liberal thought in the departments of literature and the sciences. Historically, however, he has presented a distorted picture, and, lest any of those reading the aforesaid excerpts may have been misled, this explanation is presented by way of correction."

## IN THE FAR WEST.

Daughters of the Confederacy in the far West have much to contend with of which those in their native section have no knowledge, and they are to be commended for their perseverance in the work. For instance, Mrs. A. W. Ollor, of Tacoma, Wash., wanted to present pictures of some of our Southern heroes to the schools of that city, and in an interview with the Superintendent of Schools, after he had conferred with the principals, he stated that he thought it unwise at this time to put them in, "that the youth of the land had been taught that Jefferson Davis was an arch traitor," etc., Mrs. Ollor told him that the whole world had recognized R. E. Lee as a great American and "they" would have to learn that Jefferson Davis was a Christian gentleman and patriot—and she would not place any of the portraits unless Jefferson Davis was included. She finally obtained permission to place the portraits in the different schools if there was to be no ceremony nor display or anything in the papers. "If you think that the war is over," Mrs. Ollor writes, "come to Tacoma, and I'll prove to you that it isn't."

## COMMENDS THE VETERAN.

In renewing his subscription for another year, George D. Ewing, of Pattonsburg, Mo., improves the occasion by writing:

"I became a subscriber to the *VETERAN* only four years after it was established by the late S. A. Cunningham, whose great aim was to make it the medium for authentic history of the South. It was a success from the beginning.

"While most of the original contributors, who wrote of stirring events which they had personally witnessed, have gone to their reward, the duty of continuing this important historical publication has been largely transmitted to a younger generation. . . . May the descendants of the brave, historic South prove equal to the important task of preserving the history of those epochal times in book form for the now living as well as those who may come after them. This history is aglow with courage and honor, which is not exceeded in any period in the world's chronicled events. This history as it actually occurred has been gathered and collated more particularly by Confederate veterans. Why should not succeeding generations of our Southland take much interest, as well as much pride, in preserving and perpetuating the history of their forbears? It so clearly shows the indomitable courage of a noble people from whom they sprang. Maintain and extend the circulation of the *VETERAN*, for by this knowledge of the past you may be justly proud of your ancestry."

## SONNET TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY W. H. GIBBS, COLUMBIA, S. C.

The thought of war is surging on the mind,  
And of the heroes that for country bled,  
When hostile hordes o'er that loved country spread;  
Of how they left all selfishness behind,  
And deemed the fate that thus destroyed them kind  
If battle's tide were stemmed by blood they shed,  
Or back they turned invading army's tread.  
With noble courage, unto danger blind,  
How gloriously they fought and grandly fell!  
And yet, tho' fallen, they seem victors still,  
Since deathless history their deeds shall tell,  
And gratitude to them our hearts shall fill,  
And through the ages peal memorial bell,  
And they, tho' dead, shall yet the living thrill.



## SAM DAVIS.

The world was beautiful. Of it he dreamed;  
Its misty highways waited, leading far  
To where, above their golden limits, gleamed  
Life's twilight star.

Under the guardian hills so dear to him,  
Held in the green heart of his native State,  
Stood the old homestead, and, eyes grown dim,  
Within its gate

Watched the sweet, hopeful mother, with her trusting face  
Seeking the lifted hills whence help must come,  
Praying as only Southern mothers could,  
"Lord, bring him home!"

But yonder stretched high honor's narrow way,  
By less discerning eyes yet undescried.  
Though the black shadow of a gallows lay  
Across this side,

He faltered not. Lo, how the star he'd dreamed  
Would shine upon him in life's twilight space  
Burst from the beauty of the morning skies and leaned  
To kiss his face!

Lo, how the glory he had thought would shine  
From sundown skies upon his evening way  
Robed him in splendor as he passed at morn  
*Proud honor's way!* —Beatrice Stevens.

## SAM DAVIS MEMORIAL PARK.

More than sixty years ago a tragedy was enacted at Pulaski, Tenn., by which a young soldier of the Confederacy gave up his life rather than betray the confidence which had been reposed in him. For over thirty years he lay in the quiet grave in the garden of his old home at Smyrna, Tenn., near Murfreesboro, a place made beautiful by a father's tender care, but his sacrifice unknown save by those who had known him in life—a narrow circle for even the greatest, and he was only of that great middle class which does not seek publicity. Over thirty years he had rested there when it was given to the late Dr. J. M. King, then a student at Peabody College in Nashville and whose father had been a fellow soldier of the young hero, to write the wonderful story of Sam Davis, of Tennessee, and this was read before his class. Later he brought it to the editor of the *VETERAN*, and it was published in the number for May, 1894, and thus was first given to the world the story of the boy soldier whose heroism has not a parallel in history.

The publication of this story brought from others further accounts of the boy soldier's service and sacrifice, not only from those who had served with him, but from those who had fought against him, and out of it all grew the determination to erect to him a monument that would keep his memory green. Sponsored by the late S. A. Cunningham, founder and editor of the *VETERAN*, a fund was collected and a handsome monument erected on Capitol Hill in Nashville. There is also a monument to him in Pulaski, on the spot where he was executed. Now another movement is under way to have the old home place preserved as a memorial museum and park as a tribute by the State of Tennessee to a son whose life and death have shed luster upon the commonwealth. It will be most fitting indeed to so dedicate the birthplace and boyhood home of Sam Davis and thus keep before the present and future generations of Tennesseans an example of patriotic self-sacrifice that will be an inspiration to other sons to develop that high character which is the bulwark of a State.

This movement is being sponsored by Dr. J. S. Lowry, of Smyrna, Tenn., who will be glad to give information about it, and he will shortly announce the committees by which the work will be carried on. Friends can help by writing to members of the legislature to support this movement when it comes before them.

Over his beloved boy the heartbroken father erected a handsome monument, and in its shadow the parents, too, were laid when called from earth. On that monument is inscribed:

"In Memory of Samuel Davis,  
A member of the 1st Tennessee Regiment of Volunteers.  
Born October 6, 1842; died November 27, 1863,  
Aged 21 years, 1 month, and 21 days.  
He laid down his life for his country.  
A Truer Soldier, a Purer Patriot, a Braver Man  
Never Lived. He suffered death on the gibbet  
Rather than betray his friends and country."

Capt. J. W. Mathews, of Alvon, W. Va., one of the survivors of the "Immortal Six hundred," and now in his eighty-eighth year, renews his subscription for two years more. He was in the war from start to finish, except when in prison. He commanded Company I, 25th Virginia Infantry. He is anxious to get a copy of the book on "The Immortal Six Hundred," and will appreciate hearing from anyone who has this book for sale.



AT THE GRAVE OF SAM DAVIS.



## GENERAL LEE'S LETTER TO LORD ACTON.

This letter, written while General Lee was President of Washington College, is unique, since its author was extremely cautious and reticent among his own people on the subject which he here discussed freely with his foreign correspondent. It will be found in Lord Acton's "Correspondence," Volume I. This letter should be annually recalled on January 19 and read as a part of the exercises in commemoration of that anniversary:

"LEXINGTON, VA., December 15, 1866.

"Sir: Although your letter of the 4th ulto. has been before me some days unanswered, I hope you will not attribute it to a want of interest in the subject, but to my inability to keep pace with my correspondence. As a citizen of the South, I feel deeply indebted to you for the sympathy you have evinced in its cause and am conscious that I owe your kind consideration of myself to my connection with it. The influence of current opinion in Europe upon the current politics of America must always be salutary, and the importance of the questions now at issue in the United States, involving not only constitutional government in this country, but the progress of universal liberty and civilization, invests your proposition with peculiar value and will add to the obligation which every true American must owe you for your efforts to guide that opinion aright. Amid the conflicting statements and sentiments in both countries, it will be no easy task to discover the truth or to relieve it from the mass of prejudice and passion with which it has been covered by party spirit. I am conscious of the compliment conveyed in your request for my opinion as to the light in which American politics should be viewed, and, had I the ability, I have not the time to enter upon a discussion which was commenced by the founders of the Constitution and has been continued to the present day. I can only say that while I have considered the preservation of the constitutional power of the general government to be the foundation of our peace and safety at home and abroad, I yet believe that the maintenance of the rights and authority reserved to the States and to the people not only essential to the adjustment and balance of the general system, but the safeguard to the continuance of a free government. I consider it as the chief source of stability to our political system, whereas the consolidation of the States into one vast republic, sure to be aggressive abroad and despotic at home, will be the certain precursor of that ruin which has overwhelmed all those that have preceded it. I need not refer one so well acquainted as you are with American history to the state papers of Washington and Jefferson, the representatives of the federal and democratic parties, denouncing consolidation and centralization of power as tending to the subversion of State governments and to despotism. The New England States, whose citizens are the fiercest opponents of the Southern States, did not always avow the opinions they now advocate. Upon the purchase of Louisiana by Jefferson, they virtually asserted the right of secession through their prominent men; and in the convention which assembled at Hartford in 1814, they threatened the disruption of the Union unless the war should be discontinued. The assertion of this right has been repeatedly made by their politicians when their party was weak, and Massachusetts, the leading State in hostility to the South, declares in the preamble of her constitution that the people of that commonwealth 'have the sole and exclusive right of government themselves as a free, sovereign, and independent State, and do, and forever hereafter shall, exercise and enjoy every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not or may hereafter be by them expressly delegated to the

United States of America in congress assembled.' Such has been in substance the language of every other State government and such doctrine advocated by the leading men of the country for the last seventy years. Judge Chase, the present Chief Justice of the United States, as late as 1850, is reported to have stated in the Senate, of which he was a member, that he 'knew of no remedy in case of the refusal of a State to perform its stipulations,' thereby acknowledging the sovereignty and independence of State action.

"But I will not weary you with this unprofitable discussion, unprofitable because the judgment of reason has been displaced by the arbitrament of war, waged for the purpose, as avowed, of maintaining the union of the States. If, therefore, the result of the war is to be considered as having decided that the union of the States is inviolable and perpetual under the Constitution, it naturally follows that it is as incompetent for the general government to impair its integrity by the exclusion of a State as for the States to do so by secession, and that the existence and rights of a State by the Constitution are as indestructible as the Union itself. The legitimate consequence then must be the perfect equality of rights of all the States, the exclusive right of each to regulate its internal affairs under rules established by the Constitution, and the right of each State to prescribe for itself the qualifications of suffrage. The South has contended only for the supremacy of the Constitution and the just administration of the laws made in pursuance of it. Virginia to the last made great efforts to save the Union and urged harmony and compromise. Senator Douglas, in his remarks upon the compromise bill recommended by the committee of thirteen in 1861, stated that every member from the South, including Messrs. Toombs and Davis, expressed their willingness to accept the proposition of Senator Crittenden, of Kentucky, as a final settlement of the controversy if sustained by the Republican party, and that the only difficulty in the way of an amicable adjustment was with the Republican party. Who, then, is responsible for the war? Although the South would have preferred any honorable compromise to the fratricidal war which has taken place, she now accepts in good faith its constitutional results, and receives without reserve the amendment which has already been made to the Constitution for the extinction of slavery. That is an event that has been long sought, though in a different way, and by none has it been more earnestly desired than by the citizens of Virginia. In other respects I trust that the Constitution may undergo no change, but that it may be handed down to succeeding generations in the form we received it from our forefathers.

"The desire I feel that the Southern States should possess the good opinion of one whom I esteem as highly as yourself has caused me to extend my remarks farther than I intended, and I fear it has led me to exhaust your patience. If what I have said should serve to give any information as regards American politics, and enable you to enlighten public opinion as to the true interests of this distracted country, I hope you will pardon its prolixity.

"In regard to your inquiry as to my being engaged in preparing a narrative of the campaigns in Virginia, I regret to state that I progress slowly in the collection of the necessary documents for its completion. I particularly feel the loss of the official returns showing the small numbers with which the battles were fought. I have not seen the work of the Prussian officer you mention and, therefore, cannot speak of his accuracy in this respect.

"With sentiments of great respect, I remain,

"Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE."



## ABOLITION—NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN VIEWS AND PLANS.

BY MRS. TEXA BOWEN WILLIAMS, HISTORIAN MARY CUSTIS LEE  
CHAPTER, U. D. C., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

(This essay won the Rose Loving Cup, Richmond Convention, U. D. C., 1926.)

From the early colonial period, the germs of the abolition movement lived in the North and the South perhaps with equal virility. The seed had two issues, the political and the moral.

Every one of the thirteen colonies at some time held slaves. The Constitution gave the right, and they saw no harm in it. But the slave trade itself soon became a source of grave concern, and the Southern States really seemed more concerned than the Northern. Massachusetts was the first State to legislate in favor of slavery, and Georgia the first to legislate against it. It was this traffic in slavery and the inhuman methods used in capturing and shipping these negroes from Africa which first aroused sentiment against slavery. The slave trade was begun and carried on principally by Massachusetts, not privately, but by authority of the Plymouth Colony (Colonial Entry Book, V, 4, p. 724). This business was continued because it was found to be profitable. Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," was built with money Peter Faneuil made in slave traffic. (Rutherford: *The Civilization of the Old South*.) Many times during colonial days the South legislated against slavery, the Virginia House of Burgesses passing twenty-three acts prohibiting the further importation of slaves; but the king vetoed them all, so profitable had the traffic become to England. Georgia forbade slavery when the colony was founded, but after fourteen years its policy was reversed and laws were passed introducing slave labor. Whether this was due to change of heart through economic need or reversal of moral sentiment wholly, who can say?

Thomas Jefferson was author of the first bill to allow a slaveholder to free his slaves. At his instigation a committee of five Virginians was appointed to revise the laws and prepare all slaveholders in the State for gradual emancipation of their slaves. Thirty-two times Virginia legislated against slavery. George Washington freed his slaves in his will. George Mason, John Randolph, Henry Clay, Robert E. Lee, and hundreds of others freed their slaves at their own economic loss. They advocated gradual emancipation. Before 1820, there had been hundreds of thousands of negroes freed in the South. In 1826, there were in the United States one hundred and forty-three abolition societies, one hundred and three of which were in the South. This one hundred and three comprised five-sixths of the total membership. Be it remembered these men were not trying to free some one else's slaves, but their own property, bought with their own money. The North during this time had also been emancipating its slaves, though in a different manner. Emancipation began in Vermont in 1777. It gradually spread over the other States, "from no conscientious scruples, but simply because the slave labor was unprofitable" (Fisk's *Critical Period*, p. 73). The North never freed her slaves; she sold them to Southern markets (Ingram: *History of Slavery*, p. 184, London). So long as the North owned slaves, their consciences slept; but where was the New England conscience when the terrible traffic, infinitely more brutal and inhuman than any phase of slavery ever was, was in progress? In the beginning, condemnation of slavery was predicated on gentle and holy morals, but after the unnatural alliance of hate, obloquy, and religion, the movement changed rapidly into an inveterate crusade against slavery, led by the Abolition Party. William

Lloyd Garrison began publishing his *Liberator* in January, 1831. Denunciation and epithet were his weapons. His methods were radical—I. W. W. put to shame. He declared in the first issue for immediate enfranchisement of all slaves: "I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation"—and he never did. Seven months after the first copy of the *Liberator* was issued, Nat Turner's insurrection took place, resulting in the massacre of sixty-one white men, women, and children. Nat Turner could read and had been known to have read some of Garrison's incendiary pamphlets sent out from Boston (Hart: *Slavery and Abolition*). Garrison was denounced by the sane and thinking of the North. He could not hire a hall, and his printing press was finally demolished by a street mob in Boston.

The best people, North and South, favored the anti-slavery movement as it proceeded, 1770 to 1831, in a natural and orderly manner. But by 1838, the *Liberator*, *Emancipator*, *Philanthropist*, *National Enquirer*, and *New York Evangelist* were reaching the homes of thousands in the North. This issue, involving a moral question, as is always the case, bred bigoted radicals who, through temperament, made everything personal and became combative and abusive toward whoever challenged the wisdom of their views. In 1854, Framington, Mass., the Abolitionists celebrated the Fourth of July thus: William Lloyd Garrison held to public gaze and burned before a multitude, copies of

1. The Fugitive Slave Law.

2. Several legal decisions in favor of the South.

3. Then he held up the Constitution of the United States, saying it was the "parent of all other atrocities, a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," consumed it to ashes, exclaiming: "So perish all compromises with tyranny."

The methods of these radicals bore little of political practicability, social justice, or reason. Only for the effect of their blundering do they deserve discussion, for when an effort is made to determine fundamental valuations, men of fixed convictions are not worth consulting. Such men do not see below themselves, for convictions are prisons. To know the truth, go to an open-minded man, not to one who would persecute for the sake of an idea. Some sort of persecution is all that is needed at any time to give an honorable name to the most indifferent doctrine. So, as the contention grew, the South tightened her hold on her rights and reversed much of her leniency of opinion. Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston, and this persecution made many friends for his cause. Garrison and his assistants possessed the spirit of martyrs, but they never proved the truth of their cause. No martyrs ever did, for they seldom have anything to do with the truth. In this case "all their actions tended to incendiarism and anarchy. Garrison was a bomb thrower, and he declared the Southern planter a 'criminal, oppressor, and pirate.'" (Schouler: *History of United States*, p. 214). They, however, enlisted sympathy and solicited money from men in the North to import Abolition speakers (A. B. Hart: *Slavery and Abolition*, p. 214). William E. Channing and others declared there was a higher law than the Constitution. Channing wrote his histories as "pot boilers," said Dr. Adams, and Dr. Adams is one of America's greatest historians to-day. Many others have written in this same way about the War between the States. The slave problem in the South was so colored by other issues, it is difficult to write without mentioning some of them. All reform is slow, working like a leaven, until the time is ripe for action. The great problem in the minds of all conservatives was what to do with the negroes when freed. Lincoln said: "If all earthly power were given me, I should not know what to do as to the existing in-



stitution. We cannot free them and make them our equals. A system of gradual emancipation might be adopted, and I will not undertake to judge our Southern friends too harshly in this matter." When John Randolph freed his negroes, he bought territory in Ohio and placed them on it. To-day that territory contains the city of Zanesville, the seat of a large college for negroes. Jefferson Davis urged in the United States Senate that some plan be devised for freeing the negroes, some plan that would be fair to both the slave and to the master. President Monroe and some associates in Congress colonized some slaves in Africa, in the richest district they could find. As soon as these colonists were left alone, their failure at self-government was complete.

The agitators, in spite of social ostracism and political disapproval, continued their crusade. They imported intemperate lecturers. George Thompson, one of these, on an inflammatory tour, said in a speech that Southern slaves ought, or, at least had a right, to cut the throats of their masters. But even Boston became too hot for him, and after being threatened with tar and feathers and lynching he left for a healthier climate and he left secretly (Schouler: History of the United States, pp. 217-18). But the earnestness of these people and the abstract rightness of their cause finally won for them many friends. The Nat Turner insurrection, the Southampton Massacre—mostly women and children—and the John Brown raid alarmed the South to the highest pitch, and no wonder. These murders were condoned by the Northern government and excused in the name of "liberty." Daniel Webster disliked slavery, but his conciliation speech, his great "seventh of March speech," caused the alienation of most of his friends. He said: "I am against agitators, North and South, and all narrow, local contests. I am an American, and I know no locality but America." His speech infuriated Seward, Sumner, and their followers. Horace Mann said: "Webster is a fallen star." Sumner declared: "Webster has placed himself in the dark list of apostates." The poet Whittier sang in apt verse:

"Let not the land once proud of him  
Mourn for him now,  
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim  
Dishonored brow.

Then pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame!  
Walk backward with averted gaze  
And hide his shame."

All this because he refused to support insurrection and tyranny!

The South was further concerned by the passage of the "Personal Liberty Laws" in contradiction to the Federal Fugitive Slave Law. Mr. Webster said that under the Constitution the South had the right to ask the repeal of these laws. This adherence to existing law was one of the points upon which the North turned against Webster, who thus destroyed for himself the probability of becoming President, the goal of his life's ambition. The South looked upon the Constitution as the Puritan did his Bible. Jefferson had included a clause prohibiting slavery when he framed the Constitution, but it displeased John Adams, of Massachusetts, so it was omitted. The Southerners believed that willing submission to law is one of the highest qualities of national character, and its evasion impaired the moral character of its people (The Old South: Thomas Nelson Page), and that from opposition to law to lawlessness itself is but a step; and

so it proved. The harvest must be of the nature of the seed that are sown.

From 1830 to 1860, no more active cause of strife existed than the writings of the Abolitionists. All sorts of methods of distribution were resorted to. The South was deluged with incendiary pamphlets whose tendency was to incite the slaves to rise against their masters. The South had already received a bitter taste of this in the Southampton Massacre and others (Schouler: p. 216). Tracts and periodicals printed for this purpose with pictures even more inflammatory than the texts they illustrated were struck off by the thousands, some printed on cheap muslin handkerchiefs, and deposited in the mails of the South. A package of these discovered in the mails at Philadelphia was taken to the middle of the Delaware River and sunk. In Charleston the mail pouches were emptied, and three thousand citizens watched the bonfire at night made by this "literature." The Postmaster General justified this in two ways, the extremity of the situation, and he ruled that the United States ought not to transmit matter which State laws had prohibited, thus upholding a principle of State Rights. So the local postmasters threw out this seditious matter and were not punished for it.

"Old John Brown," as the Southerners called him, was not a product of this propaganda, but one of the propagators of all the trouble. Surely those who try to canonize him would have a hard time to find any saintly qualities if they look honestly into his life history. Dr. Hodder (University of Kansas) says if he had not been hanged he would have gone down in history as a common horse thief. He might, too, have said "murderer." The truth is, he murdered the Doyle family that night to cover the theft of their horses. Horse stealing in Missouri and Kansas in that day was a criminal offense, usually punished by mob or hanging. Murder was no serious matter. He knew he was safe because the DoYLES were Southern sympathizers. Brown's death at Harper's Ferry received scant sympathy from the Southern people. A bit of doggerel illustrates the optimism and derision which would crop up in the gravest time:

"At Harper's Ferry Section, there was an insurrection,  
John Brown thought the niggers would sustain him;  
But old Governor Wise put his spees upon his eyes  
And drove him from the happy land of Canaan."

Burgess says: "Nothing could have been more wickedly harmful and positively diabolical than the John Brown raid. If the whole thing both as to time, methods, and results, had been planned by his Satanic Majesty himself it could not have succeeded better in setting the sound conservative movements of the age at naught. It cannot be regarded other than one of the chiefest crimes in history." (Burgess: The Civil War and the Constitution.)

We have never believed in Sumner's "Irrepressible Conflict." Time has proved the South right in all her contentions, but the war proved nothing. Disraeli spoke truly: "War is never a solution; it is an aggravation." David Starr Jordan said: "Wars are brought on by human blundering," and "It is an affront to Divinity itself to assert that the world's civilization cannot be realized except through violence and destruction, blood, crime, and sin."

ERROR.—A mistake was made in crediting Col. D. W. Timberlake with the authorship of the poem on "Old Trees," published in the VETERAN for April, 1926, page 133. The poem is one of Father Ryan's, and Colonel Timberlake sent a copy of it to the VETERAN, and his name was used with it by mistake.



## ARMORIES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

In previous articles in the *VETERAN*, I have tried to tell something about the hand weapons—guns, swords, pistols—used by Confederate soldiers. This article aims to list briefly the armories, government and State, and the private manufacturing which furnished small arms for the Confederate armies. If anyone can augment this list or furnish additional information about those listed, the data will be welcome.

The outbreak of the war found the South without any armory or machinery for the manufacture of firearms, except the Federal armory at Harper's Ferry, which was burned by the United States troops guarding it, and small obsolete plants at Columbia, S. C., Fayetteville, N. C., and Richmond, Va. From the Harper's Ferry ruins, however, the Confederate authorities saved a lot of material and machinery for making the rifle and rifle musket. This was the nucleus of its arms-making enterprises.

On September 30, 1863, General Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, reported to the Secretary of War that Richmond, Fayetteville, and Asheville, N. C., had produced 28,000 small arms and private factories about 7,000 more. On December 31, 1864, he reported that government armories were in operation at Richmond, Fayetteville, Columbia, S. C., Athens, Ga., and Tallassee, Ala.

Thus we are shown at this date only a few months before the collapse of the Confederacy, five government armories, as follows:

*Richmond.*—Machinery for making the 1855 model rifle musket was removed from Harper's Ferry and set up in the State Armory at Richmond, which had been in existence since the early part of the nineteenth century. Operations for the Confederacy were started in September, 1861, and the output reached as high as 1,000 guns a month.

*Fayetteville, N. C.*—Machinery for making the 1855 rifle was removed from Harper's Ferry and set up in the old Arsenal. Operations were begun in the spring of 1862, and the output reached as high as 400 a month.

*Columbia, S. C.*—General Gorgas reported in December, 1864, that the output of the Columbia Armory could be increased to 4,000 a month. In all probability this was the old Palmetto Armory, which in the early fifties turned out muskets, rifles, and pistols for the State. It was operated at that time by William Glaze & Co.

*Athens, Ga.*—The plant of Cook & Brother was established in New Orleans at the outbreak of the war and made excellent rifles and carbines on the Enfield model. When New Orleans was captured, the machinery for making arms was carried on flatboats to Athens, where it was installed in modern brick buildings. The output at Athens was as high as 300 guns a day, it is reported, although the figure seems exaggerated.

*Tallassee, Ala.*—This plant for the manufacture of muzzle-loading carbines was removed from Richmond in 1863. It was expected to turn out 150 carbines a day. Prior to 1863, breech-loading carbines were made at Tallassee on a small scale by private parties.

In addition to these government armories, there were many State and private arms plants, including the following:

W. S. McElwaine, also known as Jones, McElwaine & Co., Holly Springs, Miss. This firm was given the first government contract for 30,000 rifles. It was set up in the old foundry of the Marshall County Manufacturing Company and turned out guns at the rate of twenty-five a day until the advance of the enemy compelled removal of the machinery, probably to Macon, Ga.

*Arkadelphia, Ark.*—Rifles were made there early in the war. The machinery was removed to Marshall, Tex.

*Little Rock, Ark.*—Gun-making machinery owned by the State removed to Tyler, Tex.

*Tyler, Tex.*—Tyler was the ordnance headquarters for the Trans-Mississippi Department. Yarbrough, Short & Briscoe started the manufacture of rifles. Their plant was taken over by the government, and the machinery, with that removed from Little Rock, Ark., was used for the manufacture of rifles on the Enfield model.

*Marshall, Tex.*—Plant built up from machinery removed from Arkadelphia, Ark.

*Bonham, Tex.*—Rifles officially reported to have been made there.

*Tucker, Sherrod & Co., Lancaster, Tex.*—This firm was awarded a contract to make Colt model revolvers. The contract was cancelled after a few had been made in both army and navy sizes.

*Whitescarver, Campbell & Co., Rusk, Tex.*—Awarded contract to make 900 rifles.

*Billings & Hassell, Plenitude, Tex.*—Awarded contract to make 1,200 rifles.

*N. O. Tanner, Bastrop, Tex.*—Given rifle contract.

*Nashville, Tenn.*—Rifles were made here, but by whom it is not known.

*Pulaski, Tenn.*—Rifles made there.

*Memphis Arms Company, Memphis, Tenn.*—Incorporated in 1861, but did not operate.

*Gallatin, Tenn.*—Rifles reported made there.

*S. C. Robinson Arms Manufactory, Richmond, Va.*—This firm made carbines on the Sharp's model. The government took over the plant, it becoming the C. S. Carbine Works, and converted it into a factory for the manufacture of muzzle-loading carbines. The plant was removed to Tallassee, Ala.

*Union Manufacturing Company, Richmond, Va.*—Also known as J. P. Sloat's Rifle Factory. It began to make guns early in 1861 and employed two hundred hands. Nothing is known of the kind or quantity of its output.

*Samuel Sutherland, Richmond, Va.*—Sutherland had a large plant for remaking, remodeling, and converting firearms. It is doubtful if he made any weapons originally in 1861–65.

*Robinson & Lester, Richmond, Va.*—They made revolvers on the Whitney model.

*Thomas W. Cofer, Portsmouth, Va.*—Invented a revolver and manufactured it on a small scale.

*J. B. Barrett, Wytheville, Va.*—He assembled guns from parts saved from the ruins of the Harper's Ferry armory at the rate of eight or ten a day in 1861, and also made new guns.

*Danville, Va.*—Carbines made there at a factory, the owner of which is unknown.

*Huntersville, Va.*—The records refer to a Sharp's carbine factory there.

*Mendenhall, James & Gardner, Greensboro, N. C.*—This firm had a contract to make rifles for the State of North Carolina.

*Lamb & Brother, Jamestown, N. C.*—This firm was given a contract for 10,000 rifles for the State. The output was 300 a month.

*Pullem, Asheville, N. C.*—A small factory for the manufacture of rifles was started by Pullem at Asheville. The plant was taken over by the government, and later the machinery was removed to Columbia, S. C.

*Garrett Brothers, Greensboro, N. C.*—They are said to have made rifles and pistols.

*Edward Want, New Bern, N. C.*—He obtained a contract to make pistols for the government, but it is not believed any were made.



*J. H. Tarpley, Greensboro, N. C.*—Tarpley invented a breech-loading carbine and manufactured it on a small scale.

*George W. Morse, Greenville, S. C.*—Morse, who was an inventor of many improvements for firearms, was superintendent of the Nashville Arsenal in 1861. He set up a plant at Greenville, known as the State Works. There he made breech-loading carbines of his own model and muzzle loading muskets with his own patented lock. The plant was closed and sold at auction in November, 1864.

*Alabama Arms Manufacturing Company, Montgomery, Ala.*—Officially reported to have made excellent Enfield model rifles.

*Winters Iron Works, Montgomery, Ala.*—Made rifles.  
*Montgomery Arsenal, Ala.*

*Talladega, Ala.*—There was a small arms plant there, which was destroyed by Federal raiders in August, 1864. Probably Sturdivant's factory making Mississippi Rifles.

*J. F. Dittrock, Mobile, Ala.*—He was a well-known gunsmith before the war and is believed to have made guns for the Confederacy.

*Dickson, Nelson & Co., Ala.*—This firm was incorporated as the Shakanoosa Arms Manufacturing Company. It made rifles for the State of Alabama. The plant was erected at Dickson, Ala., then removed to Rome, Ga., where it was burned. It was moved again to Adairsville, Ga., and, after the battle of Chickamauga, to Dawson, Ga., where it was operated until the end of the war. It made Mississippi model rifles.

*Selma, Ala.*—Selma was a center of munitions operations, and it is said that a small arms factory at that place employed 3,000 hands.

*Georgia Armory, Milledgeville, Ga.*—This factory was established in the penitentiary by Gov. Joseph E. Brown in 1862, and was burned by Wilson's raiders in 1865. It turned out 125 guns a month. The records say they were muskets, but it is known that rifles marked "Georgia Armory" were made.

*D. C. Hodgkins & Son, Macon, Ga.*—This firm made rifles, the output being about 100 a month.

*Macon, Ga.*—The records refer to a government armory at that place.

*Spiller & Burr, Macon and Atlanta, Ga.*—They made revolvers on the Whitney model.

*Leech & Rigdon, Augusta, Ga.*—Made revolvers on the Colt model.

*Greer's Pistol Factory, Griswoldville, Ga.*—This factory was destroyed by Federal raiders in the campaign against Savannah.

*Haiman & Brothers Pistol Factory, Columbus, Ga.*—There are frequent references to this plant. Part of the machinery was removed to Tallassee, Ala., late in the war.

*W. D. Bowen, Augusta, Ga.*—Mentioned as a manufacturer of guns.

*C. Chapman.*—He manufactured Mississippi model rifles, but the site of his plant is not known.

*Read's Factory.*—There are frequent references in the record to Read's cavalry rifles, but nothing to show where or by whom they were made.

*Tilton, Ga.*—There was a musket factory there, but little is known of it.

"*B. & B.*"—Rifles were made for the State of Alabama and stamped "B & B," but it is not known who the makers were or where they were located.

*Brandon, Miss.*—The Mississippi State Arsenal at Panola was removed to Brandon, still later to Meridian, and there is reason to believe that a few guns were made there.

*Columbus, Ga.*—Rifles and carbines were made here by the following:

*J. P. Murray.*—He made rifles and carbines.

*Louis Haiman & Brother.*—Made Mississippi model rifles.

*Greenwood & Gray* (believed to have been the same as J. P. Murray).

*Columbus Iron Works.*—Mississippi model rifles made there.

In the hands of collectors of firearms are many guns and pistols of unmistakably Confederate origin, but where or by whom they were made are mysteries. These weapons of unidentified origin include revolvers made on the Colt's model, breech-loading carbines, and a very curious conversion of the old Hall's breech-loading rifle to a muzzle loader.

#### FORREST'S WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENTS.

CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, OF NEW ORLEANS.

After the battle of Chickamauga, Forrest tendered to General Bragg his resignation as brigadier general. He felt so depressed on account of the delay and the inaction in following up a great victory, and, furthermore, was dissatisfied with various conditions which seemed to indicate that he was not appreciated by the commander in chief.

For some time previously, Forrest had received urgent requests from prominent people in North Mississippi to come to that section and organize the scattered bands and defend their country from the frequent raids by the Federal forces at Memphis and along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. That may also have had its influence upon Forrest's decision.

It happened that Mr. David was at General Bragg's headquarters when Forrest's resignation reached him, and he at once wrote Forrest in graceful language, saying he could not accept his resignation nor dispense with his services, and requested that he meet him at Montgomery a few days later. At the time designated, Forrest met the President, who promised to give him an independent command in the department of West Tennessee and North Mississippi, and also stated that Forrest should carry with him such regiments as General Bragg could spare.

However, when Forrest took his departure, he did so with McDonald's Battalion and Morton's Battery, besides his escort company, all told three hundred men and four guns. He reached the Mobile and Ohio Railroad at Okolona, Miss. on the 15th of November, 1863. He decided soon afterwards to move into West Tennessee and use his influence and prestige in bringing together numbers of men who had been furloughed on account of wounds and other causes and having recovered were not willing to go back to the infantry service. He, therefore, crossed the Memphis and Charleston Railroad at Saulsbury and moved to Jackson with 250 men and two rifle guns of Morton's battery. He reached Jackson on the 6th of December, 1863, and went into camp with as much composure and confidence as if he had a division instead of a few squadrons.

Major General Hurlbut, commanding the Federal forces at Memphis and West Tennessee also, set to work at once, to prevent Forrest's escape. He sent a force from Memphis, one from Corinth, and one from Fort Pillow, in all, about 20,000 men, well equipped, to accomplish that object.

Think of it! Forrest with but those five hundred men surrounded by twenty thousand veteran troops. No other man on earth so situated could have marched away. Forrest soon had assembled about three thousand men, who, however, had no arms, and to protect those men from capture with the aid of only three hundred men seemed impossible—but that word was not in Forrest's vocabulary.



About this time it began to rain, and bad weather lasted several days, causing all the rivers and creeks to overflow their banks; but on December 22, Forrest put his column in motion, and crossed the Forked Deer River, going in the direction of Bolivar. His scouts reported large Federal forces moving on him from all sides, but, with about five hundred armed men and three thousand men without guns, he set out to reach the Confederate lines. Arriving at Bolivar, he was met by Col. D. M. Wisdom with one hundred and fifty men, which made his fighting force nearly seven hundred strong.

Ascertaining that a Federal column was encamped just south of the Hatchie River, and directly in the line of his intended march, Forrest constructed a bridge over the river during the night, and crossed over, and while the enemy were wrapped in slumber just before day, he dashed into their camp, creating the wildest confusion, and stampeded the entire force, which left behind a large number of wagons and several hundred head of beef cattle.

Forrest then moved rapidly in the direction of Somerville, where he learned that the whole country was swarming with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, ready to pounce on him. Forrest, with the additional responsibility of protecting his captured beef cattle and wagons, was in a hopeless position it would seem. Halting a few hours before reaching Somerville, he sent some three hundred armed men and about a thousand without arms to get in the Federal rear, and, moving boldly with the remainder of his command until he met the enemy's pickets, he drove them in. About the same time the detached force charged into the Federals on the other side, Forrest sent forward a flag of truce demanding the unconditional surrender of the enemy, consisting of 5,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry, and the Federal commander, believing that he was surrounded by a large force, began a hurried retreat in the direction of Memphis. Taking advantage of the fright, Forrest led his escort company and McDonald's Battalion upon their retreating columns, riding them down and scattering them in all directions.

The victory was so complete that the unarmed men joined in the pursuit and captured several hundred prisoners, from whom they secured arms, etc.

Leaving the Federal command scattered and in great disorder, Forrest marched toward Memphis, creating the impression that he would attack the place, which caused the Federal commander, General Hurlbut, to hurry all the troops along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, from Corinth westward to Memphis, and also recalled the forces he had sent from Fort Pillow. The heavy rains had in the meantime caused the Forked Deer, the Hatchie, and the Wolf rivers to overflow their banks, so that they could not be crossed at all, which left the Federal forces in Forrest's rear utterly harmless.

While the enemy was hurrying to Memphis, Forrest suddenly changed his course to the south, and crossed the Memphis and Charleston Railroad at Mount Pleasant into the Confederate lines, with a thousand head of cattle and a large number of wagons and stores of different sorts. The cattle were sent to feed the Army of Tennessee.

Many amusing incidents occurred during the stampede of the Federal forces at Somerville. In the pursuit of a column of these fugitives, a Confederate officer, Lieutenant Livingston, received orders to turn back with his company. He shouted after them: "Get out of our country, you worthless rascals."

In the rear of the Federals, on a horse somewhat slower than the rest, was a trooper, who, turning his head, exclaimed in unmistakable brogue and with the ready wit of his country-

men: "Faith, ain't it thot same we're trying to do jist as fast as we can?"

Forrest had then reached safe ground, and we can but wonder how it was possible for him to escape with his wagons, cattle, and unarmed men in the face of the manifold dangers which environed him.

Leaving Jackson, Tenn., on a march of one hundred and fifty miles, with three thousand unarmed men, a large wagon train, and hundreds of cattle, thoroughly surrounded by more than 20,000 of the enemy (which General Hurlbut admits in his official report), having to cross three overflowed rivers, with the loss of less than thirty men, seems marvelous. And almost any other man, to have thought of such a possibility, would have been regarded as foolishly rash and perilously vain.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, writing from Memphis on January 12, 1864, in summing up Forrest's operations, said: "With less than 4,000 men, Forrest moved right through the Sixteenth Army Corps, passed within nine miles of Memphis, carried off one hundred wagons of provisions, seven hundred head of beef cattle, and innumerable stores; tore up railroad track, cut telegraph wires, ran over our pickets with a single Derringer pistol, and all in the face of 20,000 men, and without the loss of a man that can be accounted for."

Arriving at Holly Springs, Forrest found that the almost incessant rain for a week was giving way to clear, cold weather.

On December 28 the command moved toward Como, Panola County, Miss. Forrest reached Sucotobia late Wednesday evening, December 30, and remained there until Friday morning, January 1, 1864, thence to Como.

Between Como and Senatobia runs the Hickahala River, which the entire command crossed, including the artillery and wagons, on the ice. It was the coldest day known to the oldest inhabitants, and will never be forgotten during the life of those who encountered its horrors.

The writer was ordered to move with a small squad of men as rapidly as possible ahead and press into service every able-bodied negro to be found and put them to work chopping down timber and building fires.

Arriving at Como, there was not a member of the little party able to dismount without assistance, but the few citizens and negroes of the town set to work to throw us out, and within a half hour or so we were able to begin the work. The men were scantily clad, and, with less than a blanket each, their suffering was fearful, so much so that numbers of the young recruits which followed out of West Tennessee left their commands to return home.

In the meantime, Forrest had been appointed a major general and put in command of all the forces in North Mississippi and West Tennessee. He set to work to organize his force into regiments and brigades. Four brigades were formed, the first under Brig. Gen. R. V. Richardson; the second under Col. Robert McCullough, composed of the 2nd Missouri, Willis's Texas Battalion, Faulkner's Kentucky Regiment, Kinzer's Battalion, the 18th Mississippi, and a fragment of the 2nd Arkansas, commanded by Capt. F. M. Cochran.

The third brigade was under Col. T. H. Bell, and the fourth was commanded by Col. J. E. Forrest, a brother of the General. In all, there were about 6,000 men, rank and file. The brigades commanded by Cols. McCullough and J. E. Forrest composed the first division, and it was commanded by Brig. Gen. James R. Chalmers. The other division was commanded by Brigadier General Richardson for a short time, but finally by Brig. Gen. A. Buford.



These details having been accomplished, Forrest moved his headquarters to Oxford, and left General Chalmers at Panola. While at Oxford, the squads which had been sent after the deserters returned with nineteen of them, whom they delivered to General Forrest. He gave orders that in consequence of this desertion and disgraceful conduct, the whole lot should be shot, and instructions were issued that the executions would take place at an early date. The news spread like a cyclone, and very soon prominent citizens and ladies, also every clergyman in Oxford, waited on General Forrest with urgent appeals to forgive the boys and spare their lives. Some of the officers advised Forrest that they had intimations of meetings among the soldiers. But he was unmoved, and apparently determined on the executions. All preparations were carried out, and on a bright morning, the 20th of January, 1864, the procession of wagons containing the deserters, sitting on their coffins, moved through the streets to a skirt of woods just west of the university buildings, where the graves had been dug. The men were made to get out, and the coffins placed alongside the graves. Then all were blindfolded and seated each on his coffin. The company detailed for the purpose marched in front and loaded their guns, and came to a ready. There was but a moment between these men and eternity. The next instant the commands "Aim" and "Fire" would be given. But while they were standing at the ready, Captain Anderson, of General Forrest's staff, announced that the men were pardoned and would return to their commands. The lesson was not lost, and will never be forgotten by anyone who was a witness to the spectacle. As a matter of fact, I do not know of more than a dozen men living who were present at that time. The news scattered broadcast that Forrest had shot a lot of boys who went home, etc., and many people believed to the day of their death that the boys were shot. The writer was present, and the statement is true in every particular as given above.

A short time after the occurrence just mentioned, General Polk, who was department commander, notified Forrest that Sherman was moving from Vicksburg toward Jackson, with a large force; also that a force had moved at the same time up the Yazoo River. This information was quickly followed by news that a column had moved from Memphis toward Panola, and another from Collinville toward Holly Springs.

Jeffrey Forrest was sent to Grenada to watch the column moving by the Yazoo River, while General Chalmers posted McCulloch at Panola, Bell at Belmont, and Richardson at Wyatt, all on the Tallahatchie River. Forrest soon learned however, that a large cavalry force was arranging to leave Memphis, and he at once decided that it was intended to participate in a coöperative movement with Sherman, and that the columns sent toward Panola and Holly Springs were feints.

Sure enough, on the 11th of February, Capt. Thomas Henderson, Chief of Scouts, reported that a force of cavalry about eight thousand strong and four batteries of artillery were moving rapidly in the direction of Germantown. Forrest ordered Chalmers to move with his division to Oxford, leaving one regiment (Falkner's) to guard the river at Wyatt and Abbeville.

Reaching Oxford on the 14th, Chalmers received orders to march with all dispatch toward Okolona, as the enemy, under Maj. Gen. W. S. Smith, about ten thousand strong, seemed headed for the rich prairies south of Okolona, which facts confirmed Forrest's opinions. It was raining almost constantly, and the roads were next to impassable, but we outmarched General Smith's force and reached West Point, Miss., on the 17th. Forrest established his headquarters at Starkville and

sent Col. Jeffrey Forrest with his brigade to meet the Federal column in the neighborhood of Aberdeen.

Colonel Forrest had a number of light skirmishes while General Smith pressed his small brigade back to West Point. Anticipating that General Smith might cross the Tombigbee at Aberdeen, Bell's Brigade was sent to Columbus, where he crossed the river and moved along the east bank toward Aberdeen, but finding that Smith was moving his entire force toward West Point, he took up a position at Waverly. In the meantime, Forrest, with Chalmers, marched with McCulloch's Brigade and two regiments of Richardson's Brigade, to the relief of Col. Jeffrey Forrest.

The situation at this time was critical on both sides. The rivers in front and behind both the Federal and Confederate forces were badly swollen, and there could be no retreat for either. The Tombigbee on the east the Sooh-a-Toucha on the south, and the Okatibbyha on the west were all in flood.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee notified Forrest that he was marching to his support with a brigade of infantry from Meridian, and Forrest hoped to avoid a general engagement until his arrival. Forrest, therefore, went into camp about four miles west of West Point, from whence we could see the eastern horizon lighted up by burning houses, barns, gin houses, fences, and everything which the enemy could set on fire.

The sight so infuriated Forrest that he determined to put a stop to further devastation. The following morning he led McCulloch's Brigade to a crossing on a little river called Siloam, about four miles east, and resolved to do all in his power to stop such an uncivilized kind of warfare. He expected to strike the Federal left flank, but found that the force consisted of but one brigade, which he quickly put to flight. He ordered all his force forward from West Point, and found the enemy in position in a woods four miles from that little city.

Chalmers quickly dismounted his men and moved to the attack. The men went rushing and yelling at the Federal line with as little concern for their lives, apparently, as they would have shown in a skirmish drill. The effect was instantaneous, and the Federals, after firing a round, mounted their horses and galloped away.

In the meantime, McCulloch had sent the force at Siloam helter-skelter. The fugitives, on reaching Smith's main column, added tenfold to the demoralization. The whole force began a hurried retreat. Having the swollen river at their backs, the audacious onslaught of the Confederates made the victory a stampede. The Federals could not be halted. The scene was indescribable. The roads were knee deep in mud and the fields were boggy. Wagons and caissons were left behind, and our men could barely keep in sight of the fleeing house burners. Stop a moment and think of the disparity of the two forces.

General Smith's command numbered ten thousand men and twenty-four cannon. Men who had been selected from the Army of the Cumberland, seasoned and tried troops, with the best equipment, while Forrest's force did not exceed 4,000 men and eight cannon. Bell's Brigade of 2,000 men at Waverly, ten miles distant, when the fight began, did not reach the field until after the rout began. The roads and the whole country were soaked from the continued rain, and the passage of the Federal artillery and wagons left the roads impassable. Forrest made every effort to overhaul the enemy by sending detachments through the fields, but the ground was so rotten it could not be done, although the enemy was encumbered with plunder and hundreds of negroes.

However, Forrest was after them and with unsurpassed impetuosity succeeded in overtaking the Federal rear guard,



several times during the day, with his escort company, and had two or three sharp brushes, but was not able to bring them to a stand.

Night coming on, the command went into camp, but the following morning, February 22, 1864, McCulloch's and Jeffrey Forrest's brigades were in hot pursuit.

Nine miles south of Okolona, Jeffrey Forrest was ordered to take a left-hand road, and cut off the retreat if possible. In the meantime Barteau, with Bell's Brigade, had reached the Federal right flank, which forced the enemy to make a stand at Okolona. Forrest, at the same time had been dogging the rear of the Federal column with his escort company so savagely there was no alternative but to fight. General Smith, therefore, posted his force in a very favorable position across the Pontotoc road, in a skirt of woods. Barteau, with Bell's Brigade, dismounted, charged across a field and met strong resistance and suffered great loss, but just at that moment Jeffrey Forrest struck the Federals in the rear, and caused another stampede. Barteau's men quickly recovered their setback and joined in pursuit. McCulloch reached the field about this time, and his presence added to the confusion of the Federals, and the rout became general. The Confederates, however, in the excitement, lost organization for a time and did not follow up the chase as well as could have been done. In the meantime, General Smith had found a most favorable position eight miles distant from Okolona, and posted his line on a ridge of post oak timber. Forrest soon got his men in hand and sent McCulloch to the left and Jeffrey Forrest to the right, with orders to drive into them. Jeffrey Forrest, at the head of his brigade, accompanied by Col. D. M. Wisdom, made the attack with great vigor. The Federals fired a volley into his ranks as he approached and Colonel Forrest fell, mortally wounded, about fifty yards from the enemy's line. The enemy was pushed back, and soon General Forrest, hearing of the wounding of his young brother, galloped to the spot where he lay, dismounted, raised his head, and with passionate tenderness begged Jeffrey to speak. He died in his arms. They were throughout life devoted. The General was the oldest and Jeffrey was the youngest of the family. The general had been unwearied in his efforts to give his brother an education, and he felt his untimely loss. The flower of his life had been snatched from him.

Laying down the body, Forrest spread his handkerchief over his dead brother's face and, calling on a member of his escort to remain with the corpse, he mounted his horse and said to those who were present: "Follow me." Then turning to his bugler, he said, "Garis, sound the charge," and away he dashed, followed by those present, with the fury of a hurricane. They galloped into the enemy as some of them were mounting to retreat, and the spirit and animation of the spectacle so enthused the other Confederates that they rushed forward like a mighty storm and trampled down everything in their front, driving the enemy in the wildest confusion and capturing all his artillery, wagons, and a thousand prisoners, besides a great quantity of supplies and several hundred negroes, who were running away with the Yankees. The pursuit was kept up until night. It was a wonderful achievement.

I was induced to write this story because of a remark made to me by an old comrade I met during the reunion of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., held at Alexandria, November 25-26. He said: "Forrest's Cavalry was the greatest body of soldiers ever assembled." I answered: "They were made so by Forrest's example."

## SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

JOHN HANCOCK, MASSACHUSETTS.

Among the many striking characters of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence is John Hancock, president of the Continental Congress and the first to affix his signature to the document.

He was a graduate of Harvard, a wealthy man and a courtly figure; gold and silver adorned his garments, and on public occasions his carriages, horses and servants in livery emulated the splendor of the nobility. His mansion displayed the magnificence of the courtier rather than the simplicity of a republican. Rivaling the British in the gorgeousness of his attire, John Hancock was in striking contrast to the colonists, who effected a plain mode of dress. Because of these tendencies, doubts of his patriotic integrity were circulated.

John Hancock was an eloquent orator, and in commemoration of the Boston Massacre he delivered such a stirring speech no doubt was left in the mind of anyone as to his perfect patriotism. Hancock from this time became as odious to the royal governor and his adherents as he was dear to the Republican party. By this speech he put his life in jeopardy.

The British were determined to capture him, and we all know what his fate would have been had their efforts proved successful. John Hancock was spared to render his country splendid service. In promoting the liberties of his country he unstintingly expended great wealth and was willing to make many sacrifices. At the time the American army was besieging Boston, the destruction of Boston was considered. By the execution of these plans Hancock's whole fortune would have been sacrificed. Yet he immediately acceded to the measure and declared his readiness to surrender his all should his country require it.

His memory as one of the immortal signers of the Declaration, who pledged for their country's sake their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors, is a cherished ideal in the hearts of all Americans.

BUTTON GWINNETT.

Twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars was the price paid recently for an autograph of Button Gwinnett, one of the three Georgia signers of the Declaration of Independence. His autograph is said to be the rarest of any of the fifty-six signers.

Gwinnett, the son of a minister, was born in England in 1732. He received a good education and was not illiterate as is commonly supposed. He emigrated to America and settled in Savannah in 1775. Here he became a successful business man and planter. He purchased a plantation on St. Catharine's Island, off the coast of Georgia, procured a number of negro slaves, and gave his attention to agriculture.

Previous to 1775, Gwinnett had not taken an active part in politics, but the subsequent enthusiasm with which he maintained Colonial rights attracted the attention of his fellow citizens. At a meeting of the Provincial Assembly held in Savannah in January, 1776, he was appointed a representative in Congress, signed the Declaration, and in October was reelected for the ensuing year.

In February, 1777, he was appointed a member of the State government and is said to have furnished the basis of the Constitution which was finally adopted. Within a year after his first appearance in public life, he was appointed President of the Provincial Council, the highest station in the province, through the death of Archibald Bullock. As commander



in chief of the Army of Georgia, he headed the expeditions against the British forces occupying St. Augustine.

At the time when he represented Georgia in Congress, Gwinnett became candidate for brigadier general of the Continental brigade to be levied in Georgia in opposition to General Lachlan McIntosh, but was unsuccessful in the election. This defeat so embittered the signer that they were enemies ever afterwards. In a session of the Assembly, Gwinnett was insulted by McIntosh, and the former challenged him to a duel. They fought with pistols at a distance of twelve feet, both were wounded above the knee, and Gwinnett died shortly afterwards.—*From a series issued by the Sesqui-Centennial Publicity Department.*

#### WHEN GENERAL MULLIGAN WAS KILLED.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

On the 24th of July, 1864, near Kernstown, a suburb of Winchester, Va., where more battles were fought during the war of the sixties than anywhere else in the South, occurred the death of James A. Mulligan, commanding Federal forces. He was a brave old Irishman, and, like many of his countrymen who were fighting on our side, lost his life for a cause he considered right. In one of these numerous engagements in the Valley between the Confederates under Early and the Yankees under Sheridan, we lost brave old Colonel Monahan, of the 5th Louisiana Regiment, at the time in command of his brigade. Too corpulent to keep up in a headlong charge, he always rode his splendid bay horse to carry him over ditches and rough ground. He was leading his men when a ball passed through his body and ended his career as a soldier of the Confederacy.

When Cleveland was elected President, he rewarded Mulligan's widow, who was living in Chicago at the time, by appointing her postmaster at that city in place of Mrs. Logan, widow of General Logan, who was very popular with his political party at the time.

After our demonstration against Washington, D. C., we retraced our route and waded the Potomac at White's Ferry into Virginia, and rested awhile at Leesburg. The next day we reentered the Valley at Snicker's Gap and made our camps nearby in the open country. By some oversight, our officers neglected to leave any pickets in the Gap to guard against a sudden approach of the enemy, who were following after us to capture, if possible, our wagon trains.

Late in the afternoon of July 18, a large force of their cavalry, finding this place unoccupied, placed their artillery there and opened on the camp of Gordon's Brigade. Our men seized their arms and were ready to meet their attack; but another large force, at the same time having crossed the mountains farther to the north, advanced on us from that direction. These two divisions united, and we had quite a fight with them, which lasted till a late hour of the night. While we occupied their attention in front, General Rodes struck them unexpectedly on the flank and routed them, killing and capturing many of them. The next day we followed after them many miles to the north in a running fight, in which there were few casualties on our side.

But this was only a part of the enemy's plan. I suppose the authorities at Washington were exasperated by the boldness of General Early in his attack on the national capital, and they determined to send a large force to the Valley to capture him and his whole army. This, the main army, was advancing from Shepherdstown in Early's rear along the Valley Pike.

As soon as he was made aware of this, Early began a re-

treat to the vicinity of Strasburg, where he rested his army two or three days and awaited developments.

In the meantime reinforcements for the Confederates arrived; and since the enemy had stopped their advance near Kernstown for some reason and did not show any disposition to fight, Early assumed the offensive and decided to capture General Mulligan and his army.

I don't know how many men he had, but from the length of his line of battle, which extended at least three miles, he must have had several divisions.

The enemy's line when we drew up in front of them extended from southwest to northeast about that distance. It was evident to the minds of the Confederates, as soon as the skirmishing began, that aggressive leadership was lacking in the ranks of the enemy, and that victory would be easy.

But that was not what Early wanted. It was his purpose to capture the whole force sent against him and show the authorities at Washington his contempt for their effort to take him and his army. His plan was to make a heavy demonstration along the whole line except on the enemy's extreme left, where General Breckinridge was to face on them in a rapid charge, so as to get into their rear, when the whole line would move forward and rout the enemy, thus cut off from any way of escape toward the Potomac and safety.

Everything was carried out according to the plan. Breckinridge moved forward, and a bitter engagement began. The enemy was driven forward, and we who were facing Mulligan and his men on their extreme right could hear, far to the north, the angry rattle of musketry and the boom of artillery, and we knew that our men were far in the rear of those we were facing. We (Gordon's Georgia Brigade) were lying flat on our faces in a piece of woodland to avoid the balls of the enemy, while our skirmishers, concealed in a ravine below us, were having a lively time with those of our friend Mulligan over the way around a large handsome brick residence and apple orchard about the premises. This house must have been his headquarters, for here he was mortally wounded perhaps by the sharpshooters of Gordon's Brigade and taken into it, where he died that night. He must have endeared himself to the occupants of the house by his kindness to them, for we heard that his death was very much regretted by them and all who knew him.

But the noise of battle in their rear was a warning to the enemy in our front which they were not slow to heed, and they proved to us that they had as good legs as we had and knew how to use them when in a tight place. Seeing their lines beginning to waver, the whole Confederate force moved forward in a rush, but the fighting, though sharp, was over in a few minutes, for the enemy, after the wounding of their general, had lost heart and thought of nothing but making their way to the fords of the Potomac and safety in their fortified position on Maryland Heights. They managed to escape from Breckinridge in their rapid flight. We pursued them through Winchester to Stephenson's Depot, and then camped after dark. The cavalry pressed after them, now fleeing in great confusion, and found the road strewn with abandoned wagons, ambulances, dead horses, and every manner of army equipment.

As we rushed past the residence where Mulligan was lying wounded, we could hear him groaning, and we were told about the circumstance. Though an enemy, we could not refrain from sympathizing with him in his suffering, for he had the reputation of being a magnanimous foe.

General Mulligan had served early in the war out in Missouri against General Price, and, if I am not mistaken, was captured by the Confederates.



Among the soldiers of this army who saved themselves from capture with the greatest difficulty was Maj. William McKinley, who afterwards was elected President of the United States. It so impressed him that he never forgot his experience in this affair.

General Breckinridge's failure to push in a little farther so as to block the Valley Pike alone saved them.

What old Jube would have done with so large a bunch of prisoners at a time when all Southern prisons were overflowing with captives is a question.

## LAST OF C. S. ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

(Continued from December number.)

It was on Sunday, the 30th, after passing through Cross Keys and over the Enoree River, that we learned from a Kentucky soldier, seated on the yard fence in front of a farmer's residence, that Captain Williams, of the 9th Kentucky Regiment, had been killed in a fight with a civilian that morning, and that his body was in the house awaiting burial. When we came up with the brigade that night, I learned from Lieutenant Morgan something more of the affair, as his brother, Capt. Job M. Morgan, quartermaster of the 8th Tennessee, was a witness of the killing.

On May 1, we marched until near the Saluda River and went into camp to await our turn to be ferried across. At Abbeville we came up with the Confederate States treasure in charge of Capt. William H. Parker, Superintendent of the Confederate Naval Academy. The steamer Jamestown was the school ship and the home of the Academy. It was kept in James River between Richmond and Drewry's Bluff. On the 2nd of April, Captain Parker was ordered by the Secretary of the Navy, S. K. Mallory, to take charge of the Confederate treasure with his corps of midshipmen and entrain for Danville. From that time until the 2nd of May he had guarded it, conveyed it from Richmond to Danville, through North and South Carolina, into Georgia, and back to Abbeville by railroad and wagon train. Here, by order of Secretary Mallory, he turned it over to Gen. Basil Duke intact. Captain Parker, in his account of this trip, published in the *Richmond Dispatch*, July 16, 1893, pays a glowing tribute to his corps of officers and midshipmen for their discipline, integrity, and fidelity under the most trying circumstances. The corps consisted of officers besides Captain Parker: Captain Rochelle, Surgeon Garrison, Paymaster Wheeler, Lieutenants McGuire, Peek, Sanxy, and Armistead, and about sixty midshipmen. On the 4th of May, while still in camp near the Savannah River, we were paid off in specie. A blanket was spread on the ground, on which a bucket of Mexican silver dollars was distributed in little piles, one for each member of the company, twenty in each pile, and gold and small change added to make very nearly \$26. Although I had been with them a very short time, they very kindly shared equally with me, giving me very nearly \$26. Some years ago there were stories written about the disposal of this money which reflected on Wheeler's men. To refute these fictions, I will give as brief an account as possible of its disposal, quoting from M. H. Clark, whom I have already mentioned, and who was appointed by President Davis as Assistant Treasurer, and who acted as the last Treasurer of the C. S. A. government.

The whole amount of the treasure which, it appears, reached Charlotte, is put at \$327,022. Major General Breckinridge took command of the troops at Abbeville and marched with them across the Savannah River. Dibrell's Brigade stopped near the river, while the others went on to Washington.

By request of the men, General Breckinridge stopped the train and took out \$108,322.90, which, at \$26 each, would pay off 4,166 men, and this was paid out on the next day, the 4th of May. Other payments included the President's guard, consisting of disabled Confederate soldiers commanded by three one-armed officers, Captain Coe, Lieutenants Brown and Dickinson, unattached officers; Captain Parker and the midshipmen and officers; a few men of the Marine Corps; a part of General York's Brigade, and many other government employees. President Davis ordered the specie silver, amounting to about \$40,000, to be paid over to Major Moses, quartermaster, to buy rations for paroled soldiers on the way to their homes to relieve citizens of the burden of feeding them. Captain Clark says the last payment, made at Washington, Ga., was \$86,000 in gold coin and bullion to a trusted naval officer to be taken out of the country to be held for the Treasury Department. In the article I have quoted from Captain Parker says that this was not done, that it was not taken out of the country, and that this money was not accounted for. No attack was ever made on the Confederate Treasury. It was guarded faithfully from Richmond to Washington, Ga., and nearly all of it disbursed there, nor did Mr. Davis receive any of it in person. The train was never with him. He found it at Abbeville and left it there, and Captain Clark says he did not pay out any money to him.

There was no rioting at Washington, though the town was filled with soldiers under no command. Money from the banks of Richmond, accompanied by the bank's officers, amounting to about \$230,000 which had been with the train up to this time, was turned over to these officers. I have seen it stated that a mob captured this money and divided it among themselves; that the banks tried very hard to recover their money, but never did succeed.

We had learned on the 3rd that General Johnston had surrendered on the 26th of April, and that General Dibrell considered his division entitled to the same terms. On the 5th, we moved camp up the river to where the Broad flows into the Savannah, a beautiful camping ground in a grove of oaks and hickory, with bowlders of gray rock scattered through the wood and the river convenient for bathing. It was now generally known that the President had left the cavalry and that negotiations were now in progress for surrender. Men talked of going home and began to prepare for that event. Many of them expected to take up farm life again and raise horses for the then depleted market. With this end in view there was a lively trading of horses, and a mare that possessed the qualities of a breeder rose steadily in value, and many a silver dollar went in boot between a gelding and a mare, while the possessor of a large white stallion was the envy of the command. Going home to many of these Tennesseans and Kentuckians was a rather serious business, as they would meet neighbors against whom they had been fighting for four years. Several of our company continued their journey to the Mississippi River and, no doubt, got over that stream. We remained in camp here until the morning of the 8th, when we marched to Washington, Ga., for the purpose of being paroled. There was a very small force of Yankees in the town, probably a company. Several of the best scribes were busy filling out the parole blanks. On the morning of the 10th, to my surprise, the bugler sounded "boots and saddles," and the command broke camp and moved out on the road to take up the line of march. The Federal officers having received orders to parole the divisions, allowing none to keep their horses save the officers, General Dibrell decided to march his men as near their homes as possible, so that they could disperse and retain their horses. Learning that some of the men who were dismounted were



going to take their paroles and go home by rail, I rode my horse down to the provost marshal's office, and, in company with the dismounted men, got my parole. I then rode back to the company, bade them a long farewell, and turned my face homeward.

In 1866, I received a letter from Lieut. J. H. Morgan saying that at Chattanooga, Tenn., the men of Dibrell's command were halted and their horses taken from them by the Yankees; that an order was issued soon afterwards restoring the horses, but that many of them were not returned. Some years ago Congress appropriated \$30,000 to pay for these horses that were thus taken contrary to the terms of the surrender of Lee and Johnston, and the men were reimbursed. Lieutenant Morgan became Attorney General of Tennessee and died about 1900.

Federal cavalry having torn up the road through South Carolina made it necessary for me to ride to Chester to take the train. I met Gen. Josiah Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, in citizen dress, traveling in a one-horse spring wagon, drawn by the sorrel stallion which he had brought all the way from Richmond. The wagon seemed to be loaded with personal property. He stopped to make inquiries about the road, etc., which I answered as best I could, and we then passed on.

I spent the night in Abbeville, and on the 12th I passed through Cokesbury and crossed the Saluda at a ferry. Everything was very quiet as I rode through South Carolina. As a rule, the negroes had not left the plantations, and I could see them at work in the fields every day. I shall never forget these last views of a closing era. I remember passing a field of young corn across which there marched slowly, with hoes in hand, about twenty negro men and women, fighting grass. They were neatly dressed and kept the line dressed as straight as a company of soldiers. Behind them walked, with head erect and stately tread, a negro man clad in a dark Prince Albert coat, dark pants, white collar, and necktie. "You are having the work done?" I said. "Yes, sah, I am gwine to have some of it done." On Sunday the 14th I crossed Broad River. It was a quiet, bright Sabbath day, and along the road I could not help observing the order with which the negroes observed it. There was a group of negro quarters on the roadside, and the negroes were seated in front of them. Everything was in the best of order, the negro women dressed in neat, clean homespun checks, with clean white handkerchiefs tied turban fashion around their heads, all looking the picture of health and contentment. This was the last picture of the old time, for when I reached Virginia the liberty license idea had filled the negroes' heads and they had crowded to the cities.

Early in the afternoon I stopped at a house near Chester to get lunch and the lady gave me a slice of ham and a slice of bread. Her son, when I told him I would have to leave my horse, gave me a twenty-dollar bank note, stating solemnly that it was good Yankee money. As there was, for very good reasons, nothing better to do, I gave him the horse and Colt revolver for the bank note. This was just four weeks since I had, on Easter Sunday, "joined the cavalry." I entered Chester just before dark. The place was filled with paroled soldiers. I saw no Yankees. I took the train for Charlotte on Monday morning, May 15, and found my parole good for railroad fare to my home, as an order had been issued granting this privilege for sixty days to all paroled soldiers. At Charlotte I was joined by R. F. Bell, a young soldier of the 30th Virginia Regiment, on his way to his home in Spotsylvania County, Va. He was accompanied by a member of Barringer's Brigade, who had two very bad saber cuts on the head, received in a charge in the last fighting in Virginia. Bell

was not yet eighteen years old. He was sick in a hospital in Richmond and paid a negro ten dollars to carry him on his back to the depot to leave the city, and kept going until he reached South Carolina.

In Charlotte I discovered that my twenty-dollar bank note would not pay for two drinks of lemonade; had to produce the hard specie. Learned here that some of Johnston's army received one dollar and fifteen cents pay in silver when paroled.

On the 16th we took the train for Danville, where I found, to my disgust, that the train for Richmond in the morning would be a freight. Bell secured sleeping room on a flat car and made our blanket bed with a Pennsylvania Yankee returning home on furlough. The Yank was very happy and took a great liking to Bell. Thus was the bloody chasm spanned when two Rebel boys slept peaceably under the same blanket with a Yankee soldier. At Burkville Junction we took the top of a box car on a freight train for Petersburg, arriving just before night. Early the next morning I went out on the street to buy something to eat. The town was patrolled by Yankee sentinels at almost every square. The first one halted me and asked if I had a knife. I asked him what he wanted with it, and he said "to cut those military buttons off!" said I could cut them off or go to see the provost marshal. I had at some expense and trouble procured Virginia State buttons and valued them very highly, so I started for the provost marshal's office, and as soon as out of the sight of the sentinel, cut them off and put them in my pocket. This was a general order, and many paroled soldiers evaded it by covering the brass buttons with cloth. Many of us had no change of citizen's clothes to wear. On the 18th Bell and I took train for Richmond. At Manchester we found the bridges burned, and we crossed on a pontoon bridge. At Franklin Street I met my one-armed brother, Lieut. George P. Haw, on his way to Newport News prison camp and hospital to visit my brother William, who had been desperately wounded at Five Forks and was confined in that camp, called the "Bull Pen." Bell and I remained in Richmond that night and on the 19th walked about the town to see the effects of the fire. We found a good part of Main and Cary Streets in ruins and Yankee sentinels at almost every square. Numbers of negroes were loafing on the streets, having come in to town to fully realize their freedom. On the 20th of May we took train on the Virginia Central Railroad (now the Chesapeake and Ohio) for our homes. R. F. Bell was a brother of J. B. Bell, book-binder, stationer, etc., of Lynchburg, Va. He died in that town about 1903.

#### *SOUTH CAROLINA'S REPRESENTATIVES IN THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.*

SKETCHES COMPILED BY MRS. A. A. WOODSON, EDGEFIELD, S. C.

When the First Provisional Congress of the Confederacy met in Montgomery, Ala., in 1861, the delegates from South Carolina were W. Barnwell Rhett, Christopher G. Memminger, William Porcher Miles, James Chestnut, Jr., Robert W. Barnwell, William W. Boyce, Lawrence M. Keitt, and Thomas J. Withers. When the President for the infant government was chosen, the vote of the entire delegation was for Jefferson Davis, and all of these gentlemen were likewise present at the signing of the Constitution which, while it was formulated on lines adopted by the Constitution of the United States, differed from it in several vital points. South Carolina was allowed two Senators and six Representatives, and the Senators chosen were Robert W. Barnwell and James M. Orr.

Dr. J. L. M. Curry, writing of the Constitutional Convention, says: "The Constitution of the Confederate States as



the instrument of government is the most certain and decisive expression of the views and principles of those who formed it, and it is entitled to credence and acceptance as the most trustworthy and authoritative exposition of the principles and purposes of those who established the Confederate government."

It is concerning the members of that Congress and their compeers of the permanent Congress who represented South Carolina, however, that we purpose to write. Representatives chosen for the permanent Confederate Congress were James L. Orr, Senator; Lewis Malone Ayer, Armistead Burt, W. D. Simpson, M. L. Bonham, Jehu A. Orr, and James H. Witherspoon. The permanent Congress of the Confederate States met in Richmond, Va., on February 22, 1862, and declared Jefferson Davis elected President for a term of six years.

Robert Barnwell Rhett, a native of Charleston and a member of that large and distinguished family which has held positions of honor and trust in the State and had worked for her best interests, was sent as a delegate to the convention which resulted in the organization of the Confederate government and the naming of the President. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, was nominated by Rhett to be president of the Provisional Congress, and Rhett himself was made chairman of a committee to draw up a constitution, the directions being that it must conform to the Constitution of the United States as nearly as possible. Thomas R. R. Cobb, of Georgia, a member of that committee, wrote the Constitution of the Confederate States, and the original draft in Mr. Cobb's handwriting is to be seen in the University of Georgia. This first Provisional Congress adjourned March 16, 1861, to meet again in May. The second session, which was a called session, met in Montgomery, April 29, 1861, and adjourned May 21, 1861. Robert Barnwell Rhett, who had previous to hostilities, served in both Houses of the United States Congress, was defeated for reelection from the third South Carolina district by Gen. Lewis Malone Ayer. Of Rhett, Gen. James Chestnut said: "He was a very bold and frank man, one who was not afraid to avow his opinions and act upon them." In the First Provisional Congress he voted for Mr. Davis for President and Mr. Stephens for Vice President.

Christopher Gustavus Memminger, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury in President Davis's cabinet, also attended that First Provisional Congress in Montgomery. He was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, on January 7, 1803, and was brought to America as an infant. At four years of age he was left an orphan and was placed in the Charleston Orphanage. From there he was adopted by Mr. Thomas H. Bennett, reared and educated carefully, graduating at the South Carolina College. He chose the profession of law and for nearly twenty years was chairman of the finance committee of the South Carolina House of Representatives. At Montgomery he drafted the Constitution of the Confederate States of America, and upon the organization of the government was appointed by Mr. Davis as Secretary of the Treasury.

William Porcher Miles, a third distinguished delegate, was the son of James F. Miles and his wife, Sarah Bond Warley, daughter of Felix Warley of Revolutionary fame. He was born on July 4, 1822, and educated at Willington Academy in Abbeville County and at the College of Charleston, where he graduated with first honors. Studied law, served as mayor of Charleston, and was a member of the National House of Representatives, 1856-1858-1860. He was elected a member of the Secession Convention of South Carolina, signing the famous ordinance in December, 1860, and was made chairman of Foreign Relations. He was chosen as a deputy from South Carolina to the Constitutional Convention, and upon

the organization of the government of the Confederate States, he was elected a member of its Congress from Charleston district and in that body was chairman of the Military Committee. During the bombardment of Fort Sumter, he acted as a volunteer aide to General Beauregard. He was chairman of the Flags and Seals Committee in the Provisional Congress, and planned to use a St. Andrew's Cross, his design being one of the four submitted to Congress. After the war he went to Virginia, having married a daughter of Oliver Berne, Esq., of that State. He resided in Nelson County until he was called back to South Carolina to be president of the South Carolina College in 1883. Later he moved to Louisiana.

In Kershaw County may still be seen the lovely old home of the Chestnuts, where lived Gen. James Chestnut, Jr., a descendant of the Kershaw family. His ancestors, among whom were Joseph Kershaw and John Chestnut, first settled in Charleston and afterwards pushed up into the interior. James Chestnut served during Nullification Days on the staff of Gov. Stephen D. Miller, whose daughter, Mary, became his wife. As a volunteer aide on Beauregard's staff, he was chosen by that officer to go with the committee demanding the surrender of Fort Sumter from General Anderson. As a member of the Constitutional Congress, he was one of the signers of the Confederate Constitution. He was later chosen to serve on the staff of President Davis. Writing of the election of Davis and Stephens, he said: "Before leaving home, I had made up my mind as to who were the fittest men to be President and Vice President, Mr. Davis and Mr. Stephens." Chestnut had been a member of the United States Senate from South Carolina, 1859-60, and was associated with these two in Washington.

Immediately after the secession of the State, the convention of South Carolina deputed three distinguished citizens—Robert W. Barnwell, James H. Adams, and James L. Orr—to proceed to Washington and treat with the government of the United States for the delivery of forts, magazines, and lighthouses "with their appurtenances within the limits of South Carolina, etc., and for the continuance of peace and amity between the commonwealth and the government at Washington." Robert W. Barnwell later became Senator in the Confederate Congress, first in Montgomery, and then in Richmond. Writing of him, William Porcher Miles says: "If I were to select anyone as having special influence with us, I would consider Mr. Robert W. Barnwell as the one. His singularly pure and elevated character, entire freedom from all personal ambition or desire for place or position, as well as his long experience in public life and admirably calm and well-balanced mind, all combined to make his influence with his colleagues very great. But neither could he be said to lead the delegation. He had no desire and never made any attempt to do so." President Davis wrote: "It was my wish that Robert W. Barnwell, of South Carolina, should be Secretary of State. I had known him intimately during a trying period of our joint service in the United States Senate, and he won alike my esteem and regard. Before making known to him my wish in this connection, the delegation from South Carolina, of which he was a member, had resolved to recommend one of their number to be Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Barnwell, with characteristic delicacy, declined to accept my offer to him." Mr. Barnwell was a member of President Davis's personal staff at the time of his capture.

William W. Boyce was a son of Robert W. Boyce, of Newberry County, his grandfather, John Boyce, emigrating to the United States from Ireland in 1765. He married Elizabeth Miller and served in the Revolution, the son Robert (father of



William W.) marrying Lydia Waters, daughter of the famed Philemon Waters. William W. Boyce was a prominent lawyer of Fairfield County when he was called to the service of the Confederacy. In 1858 and 1859 he had been a representative in the National Congress, and in 1861 was elected to the Confederate Congress from Fairfield District. As a member of the Constitutional Congress he was a signer of the Constitution.

Lawrence M. Keitt is best known in South Carolina as a brave officer of the Confederacy who made the supreme sacrifice. He was born in Orangeburg, October 4, 1824; was graduated from the South Carolina College in 1843, and admitted to the bar in 1845. He served in the State legislature in 1848, and was elected to the United States Congress in 1852 as a State Rights Democrat. He resigned his seat in Congress upon the withdrawal of his State from the Union, and was sent as a delegate to the Provisional Congress in Montgomery, where he was conspicuous in forming the permanent congress and Constitution. In 1862 he entered the Confederate army, and served gallantly as colonel of the 20th Regiment, South Carolina Volunteer Infantry. At the battle of Cold Harbor he was mortally wounded and died in Richmond on the following day, June 4, 1864.

Thomas J. Withers was born in 1804 at Ebenezer, in York County. His father was Randolph Withers, of Virginia, and his mother a Miss Bailey. He became a journalist and a personal friend of Gov. Stephen D. Miller, the great exponent of nullification in South Carolina. Withers was a strong advocate of State Rights, and in 1861 was brought into active service as a delegate from South Carolina to the Provisional Congress. He died that same year.

James Lawrence Orr was born at Craytonville, Anderson County, S. C., May 12, 1822. He was educated at the University of Virginia, studied law, established and edited the *Gazette* at Anderson, opposed nullification, became prominent in politics, and served in the United States Congress for five consecutive terms. For sixteen years he opposed secession, but when that issue became a fact in South Carolina, he went with his State and was one of the commissioners sent by the State to treat with President Buchanan. In December, 1861, he was elected Senator from South Carolina to the Confederate Congress, having previously been in command of a regiment in the field. In February, 1862, he went to Richmond to take his seat, and served until the end. He was the first governor of his State elected after the close of the war, and it is a peculiar fact that during his term of office (1865-66), South Carolina was under two governments—military, under Canby, and civil, under Orr. He was deposed under act of the Federal government, later became circuit court judge, and in 1872 was appointed by President Grant as United States Minister to Russia. He died in St. Petersburg, while in service, May 5, 1873.

Lewis Malone Ayer, ex-Senator of the United States, and a member of the Confederate Congress, was born November 12, 1821. He is said to have walked three miles to school when a small boy, and at twelve years of age was sent to Edgefield to attend the old Male Academy, where he spent two years, later attending school in Winnsboro. He graduated from the South Carolina College in 1838, and at the University of Virginia in 1841, the following year receiving his diploma from the Harvard Law School. He practiced law at Barnwell Courthouse, was elected to the State legislature in 1848 and 1852, and in 1853 was made brigadier general of the Third Military District of South Carolina. In 1860 he was chosen to represent his district in the United States Congress, but on the secession of South Carolina, he

resigned his seat and came home to assist in forming the new government. He was a member of the Secession Convention and signed the ordinance. In 1861, he was elected to the Confederate Congress from the same district, defeating Gen. D. F. Jamison, who had been president of the Secession Convention. In 1863, he was reelected to Congress, defeating Hon. R. Barnwell Rhett, and served in this body until the close of the war.

Armistead Burt was a prominent lawyer in his adopted town of Abbeville and a life-long friend of the great statesman, John C. Calhoun. A half century ago, Mr. Burt played a large part in the making of South Carolina; now he lies in an unmarked grave in old Trinity Episcopal Church yard in Abbeville, where he died in 1883. He was born in old Edgefield District, November 16, 1802, and in his youth was taken to old Pendleton, where he was educated at the excellent academy there. He was elected to the United States Congress from Abbeville District in 1841, serving until he retired in 1852. He practiced law in Abbeville until the day when a mass meeting was held on "Secession Hill" in his town, participating in the deliberations of that meeting. After secession had been determined upon, he was sent as an envoy to Mississippi to ask that State to unite in forming the Confederacy. He was elected to the Confederate Congress and ably served, and it was in his home in Abbeville that the last meeting of the Confederate cabinet was held, there being present President Davis, Secretary of War John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of State Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of the Navy S. R. Mallory, and Postmaster General John H. Reagan. Armistead Burt was with the President on his departure from Richmond, and a member of the family of the writer remembers this occurrence.

Judge W. D. Simpson was born in Laurens, S. C., October 27, 1823. He graduated with distinction from the South Carolina College in 1843 and studied one year at the Harvard Law School. He married a daughter of the Hon. Henry Young, one of the most prominent and successful lawyers of the Western Circuit. Before the war, Simpson represented Laurens County in the legislature several times, and was a member of the State Senate when the State seceded from the Union. In the beginning of the war he was at the siege of Fort Sumter as an aide on General Bonham's staff. After the first battle of Manassas, he returned to Laurens, where he was elected major in the 14th South Carolina Regiment, of which he afterwards became lieutenant colonel. He participated in the battles of Bull Run, Seven Days' Fight, Cold Harbor, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, and Harper's Ferry, before being called home to represent South Carolina in the Confederate Congress, succeeding M. L. Bonham, who had been elected governor of the State. In 1876, he went into office as lieutenant governor with Hampton, assisting in casting off radical rule in South Carolina.

Gov. Milledge L. Bonham, son of James Bonham, was born in that section of old Edgefield which is now Saluda County, on May 6, 1815. He was graduated from the South Carolina College in 1835 with second honors, and studied law, but was soon called to serve his country as a member of the staff of General Bull in the Seminole War. He was admitted to the bar in 1837, and in the Mexican War served as colonel of the 12th Regiment of Infantry. On his return to Edgefield, he was made solicitor for the Southern Circuit, serving 1848-50. In the meantime he had become a major general in the State Militia. In 1856 he was elected to the United States Congress, resigning in 1860 on the secession of his State. Upon secession he was detailed as major general to command South Carolina troops, and was later appointed brigadier general in the Con-



federate army. He was in command of forces at First Manassas, but was called home to serve as a representative in the Confederate Congress, and in 1862 was chosen governor of the State. At the expiration of his term he returned, in 1864, to the army, serving again as brigadier general. He represented Edgefield in the State legislature, 1865-66. He married Ann Patience Griffin, daughter of N. L. Griffin, Edgefield lawyer and statesman. He died in 1890, and is buried at the Bonham place on the Saluda River.

Judge Jehu A. Orr was the youngest son of Christopher and Martha McCann Orr, and was born at Craytonville, Anderson County. He held the commission of colonel in the Confederate army and served as a member of the Confederate Congress. After the war he moved to Mississippi, where he became a circuit judge.

James H. Witherspoon, a member of the Confederate Congress, was a descendant of the prominent South Carolina family of that name which settled in Williamsburgh District and among the Waxhaws. He gave able service as a member of the House of Representatives of the Confederacy.

*References for Study.*—Cyclopedia of Eminent and Representative Men of the Carolinas, Volume I; Chapman's History of Edgefield County; Davis's Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government; Miller's Almanac of Eminent Men; Woodrow Wilson's History of the American People; The South in the Building of the Nation; The Library of Southern Literature; South Carolina Division, U. D. C. Catechism of Confederate History; Miss Rutherford's Scrapbook; O'Neill's Annals of Newberry; J. L. M. Curry's Southern States in the American Union.

[NOTE.—The call came to the Historian of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C. for the above information when she was on the eve of departing for the Richmond convention, which was to be almost immediately followed by the South Carolina Division convention. She called upon Mrs. Agatha A. Woodson, a faithful lover of Confederate history and former Historian of the Edgefield Chapter, to come to the rescue and her prompt response is gratefully appreciated.—MARION SALLEY, *Historian South Carolina Division.*]

## EXPERIENCES OF A WAR-TIME GIRL.

BY MRS. JOHN P. SELLMAN, FREDERICK, MD.

Early in July, 1864, my friend, Mrs. White, wife of Col. E. V. White, commanding the 35th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., called at the home of my father, Mr. C. T. Hempstone, near Leesburg, Va., to invite me to spend a few days with her at "Temple Hall," the home of Mr. Henry Ball, where Mrs. White, her children, and nurse, stayed for many months, just as they did at my father's home. That afternoon we planned a little trip across the Potomac River into Montgomery County, Md. The Yankee pickets having been withdrawn from the "Banks of the Potomac," we deemed it safe to make the trip to procure clothing for our dear Maryland boys in gray. With Betty and Kate Ball and their brother George we went in a two-horse open wagon to the home of Mrs. White's mother, Mrs. Gott, of Gott's Mill, near Dickerson. In the afternoon George Ball returned home, and Mrs. White's brother, John Gott, and I went on horseback to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sellman, near Clarksburg, who gave us cloth and boots. Their two sons were in the Confederate army, Alonzo being in White's 35th Battalion, and Wallace in Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry. Soon afterwards Wallace died in the Valley of Virginia of typhoid fever.

On the outskirts of Barnesville we stopped at the home of

Cap. and Mrs. William O. Sellman, whose oldest son, John Poole, ran away in the spring of 1861 from Brookville Academy where he was a student, and crossed the Potomac into Virginia to fight for State Rights and constitutional liberty. He joined Company K, 1st Virginia Cavalry. After serving in it one year, he and eighteen other young men met at Hanover Junction, Va., and organized Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, which was the nucleus of one of the most famous cavalry commands in the Confederate army.

Capt. William Sellman's daughter, Mary Jane, slipped a bundle of calico under my saddle as I sat on my horse, and we returned to Mrs. Gott's and spent the night. The next day we tied the cavalry boots to our hoop skirts and wound them in cloth and calico in and out until we were burdened with weight. Thinking all was safe for our return, we started for home, but before reaching the Potomac we learned that pickets had been placed there again. Our hearts were full, and we trembled in fear of losing our treasured collection. We returned to Mrs. Gott's and hastened to secrete our much-valued articles by stringing them on ropes and suspending them in cuddly holes in the wall. We made ourselves comfortable, trusting for an early opportunity to return to Virginia, but ere the lapse of another day, Mrs. White was arrested by order of Major Thompson and taken to Muddy Branch, where he was stationed. Late that night he sent an ambulance with four guards for the Ball girls and me. It was well after midnight when we joined Mrs. White. We spent the rest of the night in a guarded house, which was infested with vermin. We kept our tallow dip burning, but the pests swarmed all the more. Early next morning we were taken in an ambulance to Washington and placed in Capitol Prison in close confinement, as we were accused of being spies and were threatened with hanging. Mrs. White and I were in room No. 41. Our furniture consisted of iron cots with straw beds; the rough gray blankets we hung at the window to shade our eyes from the glaring sun. While there, kind friends living in Washington visited us and did what they could to make us comfortable. I still have several cards that came with baskets of fruit and delicacies, which I shared with the soldiers confined in Capitol Prison.

Mrs. White was taken ill, and, as soon as she was able, was moved to a boarding house, and I was sent to nurse her. A Dr. Ford attended her. After three weeks we were paroled and given a pass. We first went to the home in Georgetown of a Mr. Williams, a relative of Mrs. White, who brought us in his carriage to Rockville, a distance of twelve miles, where we dined with Mrs. Bouie, and then went on to Mrs. Gott's. There we obtained our same collection of supplies and left for home, notwithstanding the Potomac was heavily guarded. Mr. Gott took us to Edward's Ferry as the safest place to cross the river. Mr. Will Jones, who was clerking in a store there, came out to help us out of the wagon. As he lifted me, I whispered: "Lift me down carefully, or my hoops may tilt and show the boots and materials."

The many letters I received from soldier friends while in prison I was unwilling to give up, so, in packing my valise, I placed them on top, that they might be seen by the Yankee guards who would search our baggage. When they opened my valise and the letters rolled out by the dozen, which I purposely arranged to aggravate the inspector, I laughed, which was considered a great insult, and he exclaimed in anger: "If I had my way, I would send you straight back to prison where you came from."

We crossed the Potomac in a skiff. I was obliged to stand, on account of the cavalry boots dangling from my hoop skirt. When we reached the Virginia shore, we walked to a house on



Goose Creek, where we had dinner, I have forgotten the name of the people, but they kindly sent us in a one-horse wagon to my home at Leesburg, where we were heartily welcomed by our loved ones. In a few days, our dear boys in gray of Colonel White's Battalion, hearing of our return, came to see us in my father's home, and we distributed the supplies we had collected.

It was in the Episcopal Church in Leesburg that I first saw John Poole Sellman; he was with Mr. Horatio Trundle. My sister Jennie whispered to me: "There is Johnny Sellman." That evening he came to my father's home and spent the night, leaving the next morning for Charlottesville to join the army. In October, after my return from prison, Mr. Sellman procured a furlough and came to Leesburg to spend a few days, and while at my father's home, a squad of Yankees invaded the town. Hearing they were near, he mounted his horse and fled to a near-by corn field, where he was captured, taken to Old Capitol Prison, and placed in close confinement, under threat of being hanged. In February, he was sent to Old Point Comfort, and from there on to Richmond to be exchanged.

While in prison Johnny Sellman took from his tin cup of soup a small beef bone, from which he made with his pen-knife a Maltese Cross, carving his initials upon it, and filling them with red sealing wax, using a common brass pin to make pin and catch, so that he might wear the cross on his coat. This cross is now one of my most cherished possessions. On February 13, 1866, I married him, and we lived near Barnesville until his death in 1908, after which, with my two daughters, I came to live in Frederick, Md. My only son, his father's namesake, lives in Washington, Ind.

In 1862 I made a small Confederate flag, the "Stars and Bars," for Mr. Sellman, which he carried through the war. It was used by my little grandson, Hunton Dade Sellman, when he helped unveil the Confederate monument in Rockville, Md., on June 3, 1913.

After the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, the 13th, 17th, 18th, and 21st Mississippi Regiments and the 4th South Carolina Regiment encamped near Leesburg until March 7, 1862. As soon as they arrived, several boys who were ill of typhoid fever were brought to my father's home and remained for weeks. Among them were Adjutant Nicholson, 18th Mississippi; Tip Williams, Charles Russell, and Capt. Edward Fontaine, all of Company K, 18th Mississippi. Captain Fontaine was an Episcopal clergyman, and preached one Sunday in St. James Church, Leesburg. When able to leave us, he received a furlough and went home, unfit for active service.

After the battle of Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861, a hospital was established in the clerk's office in Leesburg, where my mother frequently went with one of her servants to carry food and minister to the comfort of the wounded and dying soldiers. In this battle, Jack Pettus, son of the governor of Mississippi, Mr. Halloway, Mr. Terrett, and others of Company K, 18th Mississippi, were killed. They were buried in Leesburg cemetery, and my sister and I took care of their graves. The best of all we had was kept for "our boys in gray."

Our growing crops were destroyed by the Yankees, fields of wheat just ready to harvest were trampled down, hogs butchered, and horses driven off. Several times there were threats to burn our home.

I was a young girl then, now I am in my eighty-third year, but have never forgotten the horrors of the War between the States, nor my love for the Confederacy.

## WHEN CHRISTMAS CAME TO JOURNEY'S END.

BY BEATRICE KENT, OAK PARK, ILL.

(Continued from December.)

"Rest, sleep," her voice was tremulous. "I will return to-morrow."

How she got through that evening Anne never could tell. She only knew that she ran every step of the way back to the house and sped up to her own room where she sat wide-eyed, hands tightly clenched, and forgetful of time until Mary Vaill came anxiously to inquire if she was ill.

Then the Vance pride came to her aid, and she laughed away Mary's fears as she rearranged her disordered attire and once more a glorious, shimmering vision descended the broad staircase and rejoined her guests.

Dawn was breaking when the final adieux were spoken and all had departed except the house guest. Anne, at her father's side, bade each a smiling farewell. Then with a hasty kiss she left her astonished parent staring as she sped up the staircase.

In her own room she found Drucie, her black maid, and still with the new, grave, wondering mood upon her she allowed Drucie to remove the elegant ball gown and place about her shoulders a soft blue negligee with snowy swansdown trimmings. Lounging in a great carved chair before the fire, she lay back dreamily while the girl unbound the shining copper-gold hair and let it fall a gleaming mantle over her shoulders. Even the entrance of Mary Vaill, who was to share her room because of the crowded condition of the house, failed to arouse her, and her apathetic replies nearly drove the black-eyed, raven-haired beauty frantic.

"I do declare, Anne," she cried in vexation, "you are provoking. Whatever can ail you that you are so abstracted. Never tell me you are not smitten of Captain John. None but a girl in love would act as you do."

Anne started. A wave of crimson swept from throat to brow. She turned a frightened gaze upon Mary, which fortunately the latter failed to see and with an effort roused herself and feverishly chattered airy nothings and bits of gossip about the ball.

After a night of restless turnings and troubled dreams Anne woke to a world of gloom. Dark storm-filled clouds hung over a chilly world, until the atmosphere reflected the sullen sky. A light fall of snow blanketed the countryside and a penetrating dampness crept into one's very marrow.

The promise made the previous night weighed heavily upon Anne. No thought of not keeping it ever occurred to her. She had told the delirious highwayman that she would visit him on the morrow, and the promise would be fulfilled. But how? All day she sought a chance in vain. The guests at Journey's End (and there were many) roved about everywhere. They seemed to be especially interested in the guardhouse and its suffering occupant. A whispered inquiry of Dustin informed Anne that the prisoner was still "mighty sick." It was after dinner that evening that the first opportunity occurred. Mary Vaill, at the spinet, was delighting an admiring circle, Captain John and others were playing at cards. The opportunity had come. Hastily snatching a long cape from her room Anne threw it over her shoulders and, opening the side door sped down the path to the guardhouse. The barred door, was closed, but upon peering through then arrow paneled opening Anne discovered Dustin dozing in a chair. She softly called his name, and he sprang hastily to his feet and removed the fastenings. The heavy door swung open with a grinding sigh. Anne entered.

She bent over the sick man timidly. His eyes were open, but showed no recognition. She spoke scarcely above a whisper.



"Are you feeling better?" There was no reply. She looked at Dustin inquiringly.

"He's been that-a-way all day, Missy. Seems like he cain't rouse himself."

"Is he worse?"

"Dunno. Capt. John Vance came to see him this mawning and talked to him about the awful crime he committed, and, though I don't know what was said, 'cause I warn't heah all de time, this robber got sort o' violent, and after Captain John left I found him lying on the floor, and I reckon he must er hurt hisself, 'cause he had a big bruise on his haid."

She turned again to the sick man.

"How could such a man be a robber, Dustin?" she spoke more to herself than to the freedman. Her soft, white hand passed lightly over the robber's head, smoothing back the silky brown hair. She bent over him, her lips close to his ear.

"Won't you rouse yourself? It is Anne speaking."

"Anne?" the name came thickly, in a whisper, "Anne, don't let him come near me again."

"You mean Capt. John Vance?"

"Yes," it was a gasp.

"Captain Vance will not harm you." Anne was much troubled at the turn the conversation had taken. "You are now my father's prisoner, not Captain Vance's. Some day you will be taken away from Journey's End and"—

The robber interrupted her.

"Don't let them take me away until after Christmas, promise, promise."

"I cannot. But I am sure you will not be removed until next week at the earliest. To-morrow will be Christmas Eve, and then"—

"Great God, so soon," he half rose. "Mistress Anne, will you leave me? I must think. O, that my brain were clear."

Anne turned in amazed and offended dignity.

"Sir," she began haughtily. The robber held out a hand.

"I beg of you, bear with me," he said huskily, "I suffer mentally and physically."

She did not doubt him. Great pity welled into her heart, her eyes, her voice.

"Won't you let me help you?"

"You have, more than you realize. Mistress Anne, why have you been so good to me?"

"Why—why—because you were ill. I could not help it." She felt confused.

A strangely tender light came into the brown eyes.

"Mistress Anne, we do many things because we cannot help it."

"I must go," Anne drew her cape about her. The stranger held out his hand. Perforce she laid her own within it. Slowly, deferentially, he raised it to his lips, and the lingering pressure thrilled her. She, always so proud and defiant, felt like a child before this man. The glance she gave him was almost timid.

"Dustin, see your mistress to the house," there was a ring of authority in the command. The incongruity of a prisoner ordering his jailer about did not seem to occur to any of them. Anne passed out, followed by Dustin.

As she vanished up the brick paved walk a tall soldierly figure glided out of the shadows and entered the guardhouse. He gazed earnestly at the robber, now lying inert with closed eyes. A few moments' scrutiny seemed to satisfy him, and he touched the sick man lightly on the shoulder. The brown eyes opened and looked up in astonishment. The newcomer bent over him.

"I was not mistaken this morning," he said in a tone of triumph, "I thought I had seen you before. It was at Mini-

sink and prisoners had been brought in—deserters trying to join the British"—

"Who are you?" asked the sick man. The stranger bent and whispered a name that produced a magical effect upon his listener.

"I have prayed for help to come. Thank God, it was you. Bend lower, I would tell you all; but first guard against interruption by Dustin."

The stranger laughed.

"Dustin can be trusted; I have already talked with him. Fear not and speak freely."

Christmas Day at Journey's End. And what a memorable occasion. The greatest day of all the year in that Virginia household. The beautiful old mansion was a picture with its polished floors where ruddy fires cast long, flickering shadows of red. Twined up the curving oaken staircase were sprays of holly and evergreen and mistletoe. Great wreaths of the same hung in every window, and the snapping logs sent their fragrance into every room.

In the dining room long tables were set—the one covered with satin damask and glittering silver and decorated china was to serve the master and his guests. Another smaller, less pretentious table was for the servants, for, following an old Scotch custom, Major Vance, in whose veins ran the blood of Scottish kings, on this one day each year feasted with his every servant and menial. The stable boys, the farm hands, even the prisoner from the guardhouse would dine on this one occasion with the master of Journey's End.

The table groaned with tempting viands—sweet Virginia ham, luscious crown roasts, game, sauces—all the delicacies of a well-stocked plantation were displayed as the guests took their places. The negroes, all except those serving the dinner, stood each at his place. Alone, pale but composed, very thin and weak, his arm in a sling, stood the highwayman. His pose was easy, though his ankles were bound together by a chain. Major Vance approached him.

"No man in chains can dine with me. Will you give me your word not to try to escape if I release you during dinner?"

"Yes," the tone was curt, and neither voice nor gaze faltered.

"Remove the chains from this man and give him a seat at my table."

There was a quick protest from Captain John, which his kinsman silenced with a wave of his hand and a brief remark: "It is my wish. He is a white man."

Anne was greatly perturbed. She sat opposite her father at the long table, and the blue satin of her gown rose and fell with tumultuous heartbeats. By what strange freak of fate had the man who had so persistently intruded upon her thoughts of late been chosen to be her guest this Christmas Day.

At her right hand sat Captain John, his dark handsome face expressing keen displeasure whenever he glanced toward where the highwayman was seated. As for the prisoner himself, he sat silently at ease while a servant carved his turkey and filled his plate. Anne stole many a timid glance at him, but aside from a low bow when first meeting her eyes, the bandit ignored her existence. He looked very tall in his black garments and white linen stock. His brown hair was brushed smoothly back and fastened in a club following the custom of the day. His face, clean shaven, revealed a well-shaped mouth and square white teeth, and his long eye-lashes effectively concealed the expression in his eyes.

Once, conscious of his riveted gaze, Anne looked at him to find him reading the ancient slogan of her house, which was carved above the great fireplace:



"Vance, advance, thy will is might  
In court, in forum, or in fight.  
Life guards thy honor, love thy troth;  
True happiness doth crown them both."

The plates were filled, the repast about to begin, when—

Without was a great tramping of horses, a servant flung wide open the doors to admit two gentlemen, one tall, slender, handsome, the other vigorous, imposing. Both removed their hats. There was a murmur from all: "His Excellency!" "Lieutenant Hamilton!"

The gentlemen bowed low, the ladies bent in deep curtsy. Anne came forward to her father's side.

"General Washington," and the host of Journey's End extended a welcoming hand, "this honor and pleasure are indeed splendid. A merry Christmas to you, sir, and a dinner awaits you."

"I will partake of the dinner most gladly, Major Vance, but will be obliged to leave, perforce, immediately after. My mission is both important and secret, else I should not be traveling upon Christmas Day."

"Your pleasure, sir," and Major Vance led his distinguished guests to the table. "You know my daughter, Anne, and my sons, Andrew and Joseph."

Each greeted the venerable officer in turn.

"My niece, Mistress Mary Vaill, Captain Somers, Mrs. Leslie, Mr. Elkins, Mrs. Glass"—He stopped abruptly. He had reached the prisoner. Anne held her breath; what would follow? The highwayman had refused to give a name.

His excellency extended a hand, his face wearing one of his rare, sweet smiles. "I need no introduction to this gentleman. Capt. John Vance, I am very pleased to meet you again."

There was a moment of stunned silence; Anne saw the room reel. She watched General Washington grasp the hand of the prisoner, she was conscious of her brother Andrew's quick leap across the room, where he grappled with the man from New York, almost her fiancé. She heard her father roar:

"What, sir. Do you know this man?"

"Certainly," replied His Excellency. "It is Capt. John Vance, of Albany, whom I had the pleasure of decorating for services at Minisink, and complimented him upon the great numbers of prisoners his company had captured."

Then the room reeled again, and Anne sank fainting to the floor.

She came back to the conscious world with the odor of a pungent restorative in her nostrils and opened her eyes to find herself lying upon a divan in the hall and to see Mary Vaill hovering above her. Through the open door of the dining room could be seen the diners, and Mary's voice was triumphant as she exclaimed:

"There. She is coming around nicely. I will go back to my roast duck." And without more ado she vanished.

"Anne," a voice that thrilled her spoke her name. She quickly turned her head. A handsome bronzed face was near her own, a pair of magnetic brown eyes gazed into hers. She drew back with a little gasping cry and covered her face with her hands.

"Is it true? O, what must you think of me?" she cried incoherently.

"I love you, Anne," an arm clasped her. "Look at me, sweetheart; let me read your eyes."

She gazed at him piteously.

"Whatever I did, I couldn't help it," she said slowly. He gazed a moment into her eyes, then pressed his lips to hers.

"No more could I."

After a few rapturous moments, Anne heard the whole

story—how the false Captain John, who was really a renegade named Hatfield, whom he had known and to whom he had told his mission, had set upon the young officer as he journeyed through the mountains; how, while being conveyed as prisoner, John had learned not only that Hatfield intended exchanging identities with him, for he had stolen his credentials, but that by some means he had learned that General Washington was to travel the mountain defiles near Journey's End on Christmas Day. And the highwayman had planned to have his men set upon him, slay his escort, and hold the General for ransom.

Andrew Vance, while visiting the guardhouse, had recognized the prisoner, and, desiring to know the reason he had assumed the other's guilt and not declared himself, went back and stayed with him that evening after his sister had left. Captain John revealed the whole truth to him, and together they planned to frustrate the kidnapping. Andrew had sent an armed posse to the place planned for the foray, and the unexpected recognition of Captain John by General Washington—something which no one had counted upon—brought about a crisis. Hatfield had been captured, as well as his confederates, and now lay under strong guard in the prison that but a few hours before had housed the man he had wronged.

The host of Journey's End came to the door.

"Will you not join us?" he asked. "I would drink his Excellency's health."

Anne and Captain John hastened forward. They once more took their places at the table.

"To General George Washington, his health and good fortune."

The toast was drunk, standing, then Lieutenant Hamilton followed with the old Virginia Yuletide wish:

"The blessings of another year be on this hearth  
And on all who gather there,  
Upon the master and the mistress and the guests  
Who share their fare.  
And here may friend and traveler find,  
Forever at the Christmastide,  
A welcome hand to make him ask  
A blessing on this fireside."

Once more the glasses were filled. Captain John rose, every eye upon him. His handsome brown eyes found Anne's face. He turned and glanced slowly down the long line of guests.

"To Anne Vance, my beloved future wife."

He drained the glass, snapped the stem and shattered it, then before them all, amid the babble of congratulations, he took the blushing, tearful Anne in his arms and kissed her.

#### A RECKLESS VENTURE.

BY D. C. GALLAHER, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

On a cold day in the winter of 1864-65, I left camp near Orange Courthouse on the Rapidan River for my home in the Shenandoah Valley, on a "horse furlough." The Southern cavalryman, unlike the Northern, furnished his own horse and equipment, and when his horse became disabled, he was given a short furlough to get another one. Mine was practically on three legs, so lame that I was compelled to walk many a mile leading or driving him ahead of me.

The first night I reached Charlottesville, about thirty miles away. Realizing that my furlough was short, I trudged along as fast as I could, and with an early start the next morning, I hoped to reach my home at Waynesboro that day. It was



very cold and the road was frozen, and without anything to eat for self or horse, which limped along, I keeping warm by walking most of the way. We finally reached the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountain at Afton, a station on the railroad, where a Mr. Goodloe, who was strewing fodder in his barnyard, recognized me and urged me to spend the night with him, not to attempt to cross the mountain that night, as the road was covered with ice and my horse could not walk over it, and that both of us would probably perish. I thanked him, but said: "No; I am going to see my mother to-night, sure." He gave me a pitying good-by. When I got up to the bridge over the railroad at Afton, I hesitated between scaling that ice-covered mountain road, two or three miles in distance of ascent and the same in descent, or to lead my horse along the railroad through the mile-long tunnel.

It had become very dark. I chose the latter, and my plan was to keep between the iron rails and, if I heard a train coming, to leave my horse to his fate and to run as far as I could and lie down as far away from the track as possible.

My poor horse hobbled along as fast as I could urge him, leading him in pitch darkness, and just as we emerged on the west side, I heard a freight train coming through the tunnel from the east.

After three miles more of limping along, I was under my mother's window at nearly midnight calling to her. She said she thought she was dreaming about me when she first heard my call. In a short time I was sitting by her fire, devouring a warm supper which she had hastily prepared.

This incident illustrates the hardihood and reckless chances of war which no wealth could now tempt me to face.

## NOVEMBER ON AN OLD BATTLE FIELD.

BY VIRGINIA LUCAS.

The little pools of color glow  
In God, his sight;  
And oak and chestnut trees arow,  
And maples dight  
In yellowing crimson, fill the woods  
With amber light.

Now in late fall the grass is green  
And fields upturn  
Their glittering spears of emerald sheen;  
Near by the burn,  
By scattered ranks, ambrosial ragweeds yearn  
For other lands. The sun-bright fire  
Has riven them of the heart's desire:  
Their spirits burn.

And delicate tints of autumn rose—  
Dogwood and vine—  
Sadden the wildest longing glows;  
They, too, have known some world divine—  
Or stars ashine.

But still the ash and strawberry tree  
And shellbark's gold  
In radiant show and panoply  
Their cohorts hold:  
While in deep pools of color, shining bright,  
Red sumac points to heaven, in God his sight.

## WHEN VICKSBURG WAS BESIEGED.

(The following letter was written by Maj. W. C. Capers, of the 1st Louisiana Artillery, Gibson's Brigade, during the siege of Vicksburg, his letter being dated April 27, 1863. It is interesting to have this expression from one who was taking an active part in the defense of the then little river town, and to know how he felt about it.)

I have been placed in possession of two sheets of paper ornamented with an engraving of Vicksburg, a place that this war has rescued from comparative obscurity and invested with an interest and celebrity not inferior to the most renowned cities of ancient or modern times, and upon the fate of which the eager eyes of the whole civilized world are turned, one portion anxiously looking for and expecting its downfall, the other hoping and praying that it will withstand the shock of battle throughout the protracted and unequal contest and exhibit to the gaze of wondering millions the glorious symbol of our young Confederacy high above its battered ramparts, "torn, but flying."

Whatever may be its ultimate destiny, it has already become a place of historic prominence and will live in song and story as long as thought and language shall endure.

Unborn millions will linger in mute astonishment over the page that records the valor and heroism of her patriot defenders, even when their names shall have been lost in the rolling murmurs of the by-gone; and the hills which have rocked to the tread of a mighty soldiery and trembled beneath the roar of artillery will become invested with a classic grandeur and renown that will excite the admiration of all ages and nations, even down to the "latest syllable of recorded time."

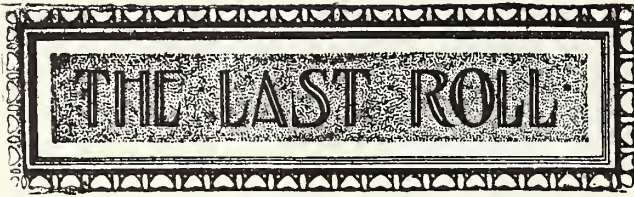
Poetry will commemorate in heroic and undying verse the brilliant achievements of the past and the present and sigh in mournful numbers over its melancholy fall, should the fortunes of war so determine. This cruel, unnatural war has given birth to romances of deeper dye and tragedies of wilder interest than the pen of novelist ever wrote, and Vicksburg is not without her share. Some future Cooper will weave into the many-colored hues of romance these campfire experiences and throw around the unhonored graves of those who poured out their hearts' best blood in its defense that respect which is due to their memories, but unacknowledged by the world, known and felt only by the survivors of many a scene of fearful conflict.

Vicksburg is immortal, though her batteries may be dismantled and her gallant soldiers forced to retire before the countless hosts that now threaten her with destruction.

Centuries may roll away, and, like Priam's capital, its ruins may alone mark the spot of its former greatness, but, like the princes and heroes of Illium, its chief defenders will find the record of their well-doing on the page of history, which will survive the wreck of matter and invite the sympathy and admiration of all after time.

The curious traveler, or wandering philosopher, may muse amid its molding ruins, all silent, dark, and obscure, but the whole drama of its early and gigantic struggle for independence will reappear before this mental vision in all its original grandeur and sublimity; and as he cons the page that tells of those who struck so nobly and so well in freedom's holy cause, his eye will rest upon the name of none that will shine with a brighter, purer, steadier luster than that of Brig. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Vicksburg's noblest, best, and most skillful commander.





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

Blow out, ye bugles, over the rich dead!  
 There's none of them so lonely and poor of old,  
 But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
 They laid the world away, poured out the red  
 Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be  
 Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene  
 That men call age; and those who would have been,  
 Their sons, they gave their immortality.

—*Rupert Brooke.*

#### CAPT. F. G. OBENCHAIN.

Capt. Francis Gardiner Obenchain, C. S. A., known in Pemberton's army as the little "Fighting Sargent," and perhaps one of the youngest Confederate captains, passed quietly in his sleep into the Great Beyond while on a visit to his sister at Marion, Va., on October 9, 1926, at the age of eighty-three years. He was born in Buchanan, Botetourt County, Va., on February 15, 1843, and in 1875 married Anna, youngest daughter of Col. A. S. Brown, a retired banker of Memphis, Tenn. She and four daughters survive him.

Francis Obenchain was prepared in the private school of Mr. William R. Galt to enter the Virginia Military Institute, where his brother Maj. William A. Obenchain, C. S. A., was graduated in 1861, and he immediately entered the Confederate service, though but eighteen years of age, and served for the entire four years. He was the last captain to command the famous Botetourt Artillery at the siege of Vicksburg. He first won distinction at the battle of Port Gibson on May 1, 1863, when the battery with six splendid guns, which constituted the Botetourt Artillery, and of which he was then orderly sergeant, was placed in the front to be sacrificed, if necessary, in an effort to hold General Grant in check. It fired the first gun in the battle about daybreak, and soon attracted upon it the concentrated fire of two or more Federal batteries. It bore the brunt of the engagement, and, being in an exposed position, lost heavily in men, guns, and horses. At noon, the lieutenants being killed and the captain wounded, the command of the battery devolved on young Obenchain, then but twenty years of age. He was the last to leave the field late in the afternoon, and, with two guns, all that could be brought off, and which are still to be seen at Vicksburg Military Park, he rendered excellent service in covering the retreat of the Confederate troops. For this he was promoted for "distinguished valor and skill," and, at the siege of Vicksburg, commanded a force of infantry and artillery.

At the close of the war, Captain Obenchain engaged in various enterprises, but for more than forty years he was a broker in Chicago. He was an inveterate reader and student of history and possessed a remarkable memory. All of these attributes he retained to the last day of his life. When Vicksburg Military Park was laid out some years ago, he supplied much valuable information to the government, together with

maps, which were accepted as authentic. One of these he had made when a lad, after the battle of Port Gibson. In recognition of his assistance, he was invited to attend the formal ceremonies at the park as a guest of the War Department.

Francis G. Obenchain was descended from a long line of American patriots who had served their country in the colonial wars and the Revolution. He was a lineal descendant of Louis Du Bois, one of the founders of New Platz, in 1660, in what is now the State of New York, and of Benjamin Borden, of Colonial Virginia. His great grandfather was one of the little band of one hundred Virginians who accompanied Gen. George Rogers Clark in the conquest of the Northwest Territory during the Revolutionary War.

At his grave in Wytheville, Va., were gathered, beside his family, the few remaining Confederate heroes who live in this locality and the loyal Daughters of the Confederacy of the Wytheville and Marion Chapters, who laid him to rest in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains that he had loved so well.

#### JOSEPH NICHOLAS THOMPSON.

Joseph Nicholas Thompson, son of Lawrence and Rebecca Brigham Thompson, was born in Franklin (afterwards Colbert) County, Ala., near what is now Barton Station, at the ancestral mansion, Mountain Home, on March 27, 1844. He died on November 13, 1926, the last of his family, having survived three sisters and a brother.

Joseph Thompson received his education at a select preparatory school near Nashville, Tenn., later entering the Montgomery Bell Military Academy of that city. When war was declared in 1861, with other comrades, he was fired with the excitement and enthusiasm for the Southern cause, and wished to volunteer in her service, but his father, being an old man, objected to his entering the army, and compromised by inducing him to attend the LaGrange Military Academy, and should the cadets be called to service, then he should volunteer and serve. When the State accepted the volunteer service of the LaGrange cadets, Joseph Thompson was one of the ten selected to assist Captain Hunt, military instructor (a West Point graduate), in drilling the new recruits who were fast assembling to fill the ranks of a regiment.

On March 12, 1862, these troops were mustered into the Confederate States army and ordered to Corinth, Miss., where the regiment became known as the 35th Alabama Infantry, Loring's Division, and the war record of Joseph Thompson follows the history of the 35th Alabama Infantry, which saw service at Baton Rouge, around Vicksburg and Jackson and Corinth, Miss.; at Kenesaw Mountain, Marietta, Peachtree Creek, and Atlanta, Ga. At the battle of Franklin, Tenn., the 35th Alabama was all but decimated, and in the charge on the breastworks Joseph Thompson was desperately wounded, taken prisoner, and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. In the spring of 1865, he was paroled and sent to City Point, Md., for exchange; was detained at Point Lookout, Md., until June, 1865, and was finally paroled and sent South. He returned to Alabama in August, 1865, bravely determined to become an honorable, patriotic citizen.

He assisted in organizing W. A. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., and was its Commander for many years, and to the time of his death he was devoted to the memory of the Southern cause. For several years he served as brigadier general commanding the 3rd Alabama Brigade, U. C. V., and was on the staff of two Commanders in Chief. For some years he was a great, but patient sufferer. A braver, more patriotic, nobler, or more charitable spirit was never among us, for he loved and feared his God and loved his fellow man.



## MAJ. J. L. McCOLLUM.

In the death of Maj. J. L. McCollum, of Atlanta, Ga., the VETERAN marks the passing of another devoted friend. He was a close friend and associate of its late founder and editor. Death came to him on December 8, 1926, after a brief illness.

Major McCollum was the oldest man in point of continuous service connected with the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, his service beginning in July, 1871. His first railroad service began in 1866, when he was with the Willa Valley Road running from Chattanooga to Trenton, and he was later made its agent at Chattanooga. When this road was taken over by the Alabama Great Southern, he was appointed superintendent and later was master of transportation until his change in 1871. For sixty years, without the loss of a single day, he was on the roster of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, and fifty-eight of these years was as an official of the road. In November last he was honored by being elected president of the "Old Guard," the honor organization of the road, succeeding the late J. H. Latimer, who died during the year.

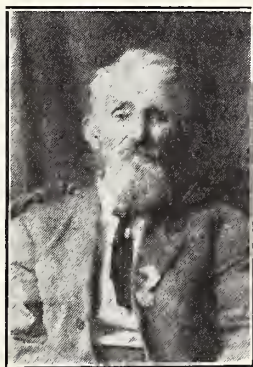
J. L. McCollum was born May 10, 1842, in Dade County, Ga., of Scotch ancestry. As a boy he attended the country schoolhouse built of logs. When war broke out in 1861, he enlisted for the South and became a member of the "Raccoon Roughs," a company made up of Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama men, and commanded by John B. Gordon, later brigadier general, C. S. A. He was serving on the staff of General Gordon near the close of the war, and seven days before the surrender he was captured and sent to prison, where he remained for three months after the war was over. Major McCollum was ever faithful to the cause for which he had fought and was prominent in the association of United Confederate Veterans, serving on the staff of different Commanders in Chief from its organization.

## JAMES WALTER BURNS.

James W. Burns died at his home in Henderson, Ky., on April 15, 1926, at the ripe age of eighty-four years. He was born in Salem, Ky., February 16, 1842, and the next year his parents removed to Smithland, Ky., where his father died in July, 1849. Walter was then sent to the home of an uncle at Cadiz, Ky., and later went to Mississippi and made his home with an uncle there until 1857, when he returned to Kentucky. In July, 1861, he gladly offered his services to his beloved Southland, enlisting at Princeton, Ky., in Company C, 3rd Kentucky Regiment, and served faithfully and continuously until January, 1865, when he, with a number of other dismounted men, was honorably discharged at Corinth, Miss.

He returned to Kentucky and resumed the pursuit of farming. He professed faith in Christ in 1869, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Cedar Grove, later removing his membership to Bennett Memorial Church at Henderson, where he had resided since November, 1918.

Comrade Burns was married to Miss Martha Alice Sills in August, 1870, and to them eleven children were born, his wife, with three daughters and five sons, surviving him. He was a man of upright character, kindly disposition, loved by all who knew him. He was buried in his beloved gray uniform.



J. W. BURNS.

## W. A. RAWLS.

William A. Rawls was born in Tallahassee, Fla., August 26, 1851, and on December 5, at the age of seventy-five years, he sank to his eternal sleep. His service to the Confederacy was when, as a cadet of fourteen years old at the seminary west of the Suwanee, he was called to the defense of the colors of the Confederacy at Natural Bridge, Fla.

He was graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1872 and immediately following his graduation became a civil engineer and engaged in building a railroad east of Tallahassee, which is now the Seaboard Air Line. After serving several years as an engineer he entered the drug business in Tallahassee, in which he was very successful. He served eight years as State chemist of Florida, resigning to enter the banking business, and was elected cashier of the Capital City Bank, which institution he helped to organize. He resigned from this position to reënter the drug business in Pensacola. He retired from active business in 1920 and moved to Tallahassee; he was always active in State, county, and city politics, having served as chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee during some of the most exciting times of Florida politics.

As a member of the legislature from Leon County for two terms, as well as city councilman of Tallahassee for a number of years, he rendered most efficient service in the interest of his county and city.

Mr. Rawls took a deep interest in the reunions of the United Confederate Veterans, and was always a very conspicuous figure at their meetings.

He is survived by his wife, a son, and four daughters.

Members of Camp Lamar, U. C. V., served as honorary guard at the burial.

## GEORGE A. HILL.

George A. Hill, eighty-seven years of age, born in Bourbon County, Ky., in 1839, but a resident of Shelby County for many years, passed away on October 28, 1926, and was taken to his old home for burial. He was laid away in his uniform of gray, which he loved so well to wear at the reunions, and his casket was draped with a large Confederate flag.

In Cynthia, Ky., at the beginning of the war, he joined the Confederate army as a member of Company D, 9th Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade, with which he fought at Shiloh, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, and other places.

On December 15, 1862, he was transferred to Company A, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, of Gen. John H. Morgan's command, and remained with that regiment as orderly sergeant until the close of the war. He was captured twice, but escaped both times before reaching prison. He was an active member of Camp John H. Waller, of Shelbyville, Ky.

[Graham Brown, Shelbyville, Ky.]

## J. W. SHEPPARD.

J. W. Sheppard spent four years of service in the War between the States, serving as a loyal and faithful soldier of the Confederacy. He was with Company D, of the 8th Texas Regiment, Hall's Brigade, Walker's Division.

Comrade Sheppard was born in Alabama, July 18, 1841, but the greater part of his life was spent in Texas, and from that State he enlisted as a Confederate soldier. He was held in high esteem in his adopted State. He died at the home of his son near Colorado, Mitchell County, Tex., on March 15, 1926.

[His friend, E. M. McCreless, Colorado, Tex.]



## JASPER N. PRATER.

After a short illness Jasper Newton Prater answered the last roll call at his home in Lake Charles, La., on May 4, 1926.

He was the youngest and last surviving member of a prominent Southwest Louisiana family, and was born October 22, 1845, in Calcasieu Parish.

Although living many years beyond the allotted span of life, scripturally speaking, he was still in the vigor of his mentality, and seemed only in his prime. No man was better known or better loved in the community, and his passing left a vacancy that will not be filled easily. A devoted husband and father, his family was deprived of a manly protector, whose constant endeavor in life had been to shield and benefit those he loved.

The community lost an eminent and patriotic citizen, devoted to the cause of liberty and progress, ever ready to respond to the call of duty, and who never failed to advocate the right and espouse the cause of the oppressed. The poor and unfortunate of any race or color always had his sympathy and help.

For thirty-five years he was a director of the First National Bank of Lake Charles, a consistent member of the Baptist Church for years, and a Mason of long standing.

In the War between the States, he served with Company I, Capt. J. W. Bryan, of the 28th Louisiana Infantry, under Colonel Landry. After the surrender, he returned to his home and, by his industry, perseverance and indomitable courage, built up a handsome competency.

On February 1, 1866, he was married to Miss Martha L. Hewitt, who died March 13, 1900. Twelve children were born to this union, of whom six sons and four daughters survive him, with his second wife, who was Miss Ida M. Mitchell, of Lake Charles.

He was a member of Calcasieu Camp No. 62, U. C. V., of Lake Charles, and his veteran comrades attended the funeral in a body. The flag-draped casket was tenderly borne to its last resting place in Orange Grove Cemetery by his six sons.

His was truly a beautiful and useful life, standing out as a beacon to the community in which he lived.

## VIRGINIA COMRADES.

In reporting the deaths of two Virginia soldiers, Horace A. Hawkins, of Richmond, Va., writes that "they were good men, their records that of every real soldier. About all we can do for them now is to make this record of their service for the Confederacy, which will be of interest to their surviving comrades and valuable record for the future."

James Walter Brunet, a native of Richmond, Va., died on November 29, 1926, at his home in Petersburg, in the eightieth year of his age. He was a member of the staff of the Virginia Division, U. C. V., with rank of brigadier general.

At the age of fifteen, Walter Brunet enlisted in Company K, 32nd North Carolina Regiment, Daniels's Brigade, Rodes's Division, and served throughout the war. He was a good soldier and had a record for bravery and devotion to duty. He was well and widely known. Some forty years ago he went to Richmond from Petersburg and was made assistant foreman of the old *Richmond Dispatch*, which position he held for many years. Among the printing fraternity he was well known before the advent of the typesetting machines, being one of the masters of his trade. He was laid to his final rest in old Blandford Cemetery at Petersburg.

On November 29, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, John W. Johnston died at his home in Winchester, Va. He served as a member of Company K, 5th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall

Jackson's Brigade, and was one of the men who stormed the heights at Gettysburg. Capt. George W. Kurtz, commander of the company to which comrade Johnston belonged, died a short time ago.

Comrade Johnston is survived by one brother. He was buried in Stonewall Cemetery in Clarke County, Va. His record as a soldier is one of which his comrades were proud, for he never flinched in face of the greatest dangers in the discharge of his duties.

## DR. WILLIAM P. MCGUIRE.

The death of Dr. William P. McGuire at his home in Winchester, Va., in his eighty-first year, caused an unusual break in the entire medical and surgical circles of Virginia and great personal grief among the thousands who knew him and honored him, for he was truly an exceptional man—in medical and surgical renown, in business, and in all civic enterprises, as well as a Christian gentleman, a faithful vestryman of the Episcopal Church for more than a half century, and a gallant Confederate soldier. His life was crowned with unusual honors. For many years, up to his death, he was President of the Merchants' National Bank; became president of the Medical Society of Virginia; on the boards of directors of many large enterprises, etc.; but the greatest ornament of his honored life was his conceded eminence as a surgeon. This is no wonder, for he was one of a family distinguished as surgeons, his father, Dr. Hugh H. McGuire, having many years ago established and was the head of a medical college of high rank in Washington; and his brother, Dr. Hunter McGuire, was Medical Director on the staff of "Stonewall" Jackson, who expired in the arms of his beloved surgeon, who later in Richmond became, perhaps, the most eminent surgeon in the whole South. Aside from the honors bestowed upon Dr. W. P. McGuire, he always had time and inclination, despite his onerous duties, to win and hold the affection and pride of an unusually large family connection and host of friends all over the State. His wife, who passed away some years ago, was the daughter of the late and nationally known Hon. John Randolph Tucker.

When but a mere boy Dr. McGuire joined Chew's Battery, a distinguished command, served gallantly until the war ended, and was captured. Upon his release from prison soon after Appomattox, returning home to Winchester, he began the study of surgery and after graduation with distinction he added great luster and fame to his profession.

[D. C. Gallaher, Charleston, W. Va.]

## COL. WILLIAM CARROLL VAUGHN.

A great loss has been sustained by the Chicago Camp, No. 8 U. C. V., in the passing of its beloved Commander, Col. William Carroll Vaughn. He was also the oldest member of the Camp, having reached the age of ninety-one years. He was born in Shelby County, Ky., March 16, 1835; served as a soldier of the Confederacy in Forrest's command, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Shiloh; when exchanged, he joined the Confederate cavalry under Gen. John H. Morgan.

Colonel Vaughn had been a resident of Chicago for about fifty years, and Commander of the Camp of Confederate Veterans for the past ten years or more; only three members are left. He bore the title of colonel by U. C. V. appointment. He was a writer of ability, and some of his contributions, both of prose and poetry, had appeared in the *VETERAN*. He was known as the oldest member of the printing fraternity of Chicago, and, notwithstanding his great age, had continued actively at work in late years. Of his nine children, three daughters survive him.



## GRAY ELLIS.

On November 2, 1926, at the age of eighty-one years, veteran Gray Ellis heard the last bugle call for Taps and passed peacefully into the great beyond.

He was born in North Carolina, December 29, 1845, and went to Alabama when only four years of age, his father settling at Warsaw, a small town near Gainesville. When war was declared and companies of soldiers were being organized all over the South, Gray Ellis, then a boy of sixteen, enlisted and joined the 36th Alabama Regiment, Holtzclaw's Brigade. This company was formed at Gainesville and made up of men from all parts of Sumter County. Young Ellis served three years in the Confederate army, his services confined almost exclusively to the Army of Tennessee. He was under galling fire in many battles, notably at Resaca, New Hope Church, Chicamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Franklin, and in smaller battles. Twice wounded, he was confined in a hospital for some time with a broken leg and had to use crutches for some time afterwards.

His last illness was brought on by a fall which broke his leg below the hip, and, after being taken to the hospital, pneumonia developed and he quickly succumbed. His last request was that he be buried in his beloved gray uniform, which he had worn to many reunions and which he so loved. He was buried by the side of his beloved wife in the cemetery at Gainesville. He is survived by a son and a daughter.

Of late years, Comrade Ellis had lived in Gainesville, and at one time his home was on the site of General Forrest's surrender. When this house was destroyed by fire, he gave the land to the United Daughters of the Confederacy as a site for a monument to General Forrest, to preserve this historic spot. The marble shaft which now stands on the cliff overlooking the Tombigbee River will be a lasting memorial not only to General Forrest, but to the genial old veteran who was proud to honor with his substance the memory of a brave and beloved officer who fought so gallantly for the Southern cause.

[Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Ward, Gainesville, Ala.]

## FRANKLIN OLIVER ADAMS.

On the morning of November 14, 1926, the soul of Franklin Oliver Adams returned to Him who gave it, after a long and well-spent life of eighty-two years. He was the son of Israel and Elizabeth Adams, born September 26, 1844, in Adams County, Miss. In 1879 he married Susie, daughter of H. W. M. and Elizabeth Drake, who survives him with four sons and two daughters, also ten grandchildren.

Comrade Adams served the Southern cause in Cameron's Battery, Harrison's Brigade. He had been a life-long resident of Tensas Parish, La., living at Locust Ridge. This property was entered by his grandfather and has remained in the family. He was a most successful planter, valuable citizen, and staunch friend, charitable and kind.

Living his entire life on his ancestral home, his record has been one of unbroken success covering more than sixty years in harness. Assuming charge of the property upon the death of his father before he reached his majority, he had operated it successfully. A man of sterling worth he embodied all that made for good citizenship, enjoying the love, respect, and regard of his every acquaintance, irrespective of race, creed, or color. Possessed of personal magnetism, physical and moral courage and intellect above the average, his influence was great. Though not a Church member, he was a consistent Christian throughout his long life, attending the Methodist Church. Beneath a mound of flowers he sleeps peacefully in the Natchez cemetery.

## JAMES W. REDDEN.

After a long illness, James Walker Redden died at Mokane, Mo., on October 28, 1926, at the age of eighty years. He was born near Nashville, Tenn., March 2, 1846, but had lived in Missouri since shortly after the close of the War between the States. He was a great-grandson of William Walker, a Virginian, who served through the Revolutionary War and then with his young bride went out to Tennessee, settling in Hickman County, about forty miles from Nashville, where he became one of the most influential citizens of that State. His son, William Walker, was also so loyal a sympathizer and helper of the Southern cause during the War between the States that his lands were confiscated. His daughter, Mary Walker, had married John Redden, and they were the parents of James Walker Redden, who enlisted for the Southern cause at the age of seventeen and served until the close of the war. He was with Price in the memorable last march through Missouri, and fought in the battle of Lexington.

After the war, James Redden went to Callaway County, Mo., where he was married in 1871 to Miss Sarah Janet Hays, a member of one of the oldest families of the county, and one of the best, being a direct descendant of Daniel Boone's daughter Susanna, who married W. M. Hays and lived in St. Charles County, but whose children later removed to Callaway County and were the early settlers there.

Comrade Redden was a member of the Methodist Church, a consistent Christian, and an honorable citizen in the fullest sense of the word. He led in all things for the betterment of his community. For many years he operated a large fruit orchard north of Mokane. His wife survives him with two sons and two daughters. He was laid to rest in the Mount Zion Church Cemetery, and in the funeral services every honor was accorded him as a leading citizen, and many beautiful floral tributes, the offering of friendship and love, covered the lowly mound.

## DR. SAMUEL H. AUSTIN.

Dr. Samuel Hunter Austin, of Lewisburg, W. Va., died at Charleston, W. Va., on the 16th day of November, 1926, and was buried with Masonic honors from the Old Stone Church at Lewisburg, on the day following.

Dr. Austin was born in Augusta County, Va., on the 18th day of March, 1840. He was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, 1856-60; he attended a medical school at Winchester, Va., in 1860-61, and entered the Confederate service in June, 1861, Company B, 22nd Virginia Infantry, at Ripley, now West Virginia, with the rank of lieutenant, and was promoted to captain at the battle of Lewisburg. Later he served as assistant surgeon. He was honorably discharged about April 13, 1865, having served under Generals Wise, Floyd, Loring, and Early.

Dr. Austin located at Lewisburg at the close of the war and was married to Mary Copeland McPherson, of that place, on the 12th day of June, 1865. Later he graduated at the Medical College of Virginia, at Richmond, and entered upon the active practice of his profession, and during his long career as a physician he was universally loved and respected and enjoyed an extensive acquaintance throughout his State.

He is survived by his wife and the following children: Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, of Charleston, W. Va., First Vice President General, United Daughters of the Confederacy; Mrs. W. Gaston Caperton, of Slab Fork, W. Va.; Mrs. John D. Pugh, of Baltimore, Md.; Samuel M. Austin, of Lewisburg, W. Va.; Mrs. D. Meade Mann, of Richmond, Va.; E. H. Austin, of Rocky Mount, N. C.; and Mrs. G. H. Caperton, Jr., of Rush Run, W. Va.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*  
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. .... *First Vice President General*

MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. .... *Second Vice President General*  
186 Bethlehem Pike

MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. .... *Third Vice President General*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. .... *Recording Secretary General*

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. .... *Corresponding Secretary General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. .... *Treasurer General*  
Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. .... *Historian General*  
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. .... *Registrar General*  
5330 Pershing

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. .... *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. .... *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Foru, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Greeting and best wishes to each Daughter in our great organization upon the beginning of a second year of this administration.

For my reflection to this position of trust and importance, I extend to each my sincere appreciation of the confidence thus expressed and promise my best service.

The attention of members is called to the change in officers. Those newly elected are as follows:

Second Vice President General, Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, 186 Bethlehem Pike, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

Recording Secretary General, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Troy, Ala.

Registrar General, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, 5330 Pershing Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Treasurer General, Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Box 556, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Ramsey, former Treasurer General, U. D. C., offered her resignation at the last meeting of the Executive Committee, which was accepted. It being the duty of the President General to fill any vacancy occurring between conventions, this matter was taken up immediately with the Executive Committee and the Finance Committee, then in session, and, upon the unanimous vote for Mrs. Blenner as Treasurer General, she was duly appointed by the President General.

Attention is called to the correct address of the Treasurer General. The address is Box 556, Richmond, Va.

Those who expressed concern as to the time taken in printing and distributing the Minutes of the general convention will feel reassured at learning that the stenographic report and all reports of officers and Division Presidents and Committees, etc., are now in the hands of the publishers, with the assurance that the Minutes will be out on February 1, according to the requirements of the By-Laws.

The Directors of the Woodrow Wilson Memorial Scholarship will serve this year in collecting the amounts pledged by Divisions in completing this fund. This will be completed by these payments and the appropriation made from the General Fund in Richmond.

The World War Records Committee was discharged, having served honorably and completed its work.

The Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation Committee was also discharged, being a special committee for a specific work, which was brilliantly and satisfactorily performed.

Four new committees were authorized: Committee on Proper Design of the Flag, Committee on Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation, Committee on Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship, Committee to Devise Plan for Securing Endowment for Oxford Scholarship.

The Richmond convention is now a matter of history. It is outstanding as one of the most brilliant and successful conventions ever held by this organization.

The Daughters of Richmond were unfailing in planning and executing those things which made the convention successful. All thanks are due them for their constant thought and devotion to the comfort and happiness of the members present.

No one in Richmond, in Virginia, or in other States, reading the accounts of the proceedings, could fail to be impressed with the vitality and power of the organization.

Year by year the women are educated in the work and become trained and efficient. The Past Presidents General are the type of women who do not feel that they have received a diploma and can remain at home and leave the work to others, but are present in force with all their experience and devotion to the cause to help in the doing of great things.

These women, as well as those on the list of Honorary Presidents and committees, are women of dignity and acknowledged social prestige, whose wish for the organization is that it may always be recognized as a body of women functioning with wisdom and dignity. To that end all things are planned, and it is hoped that each Daughter will pledge anew her loyalty and devotion to the organization, to its high aims and ideals.

RUTH LAWTON.

## SOCIAL FEATURES OF THE CONVENTION.

Incident to the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Richmond, Va., a very beautiful service was held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on the morning of Sunday, November 14. After a most impressive sermon by the rector, Rev. Beverly Tucker, D.D., a Confederate flag was presented by the Daughters of the Confederacy to St. Paul's Church, in appreciation of its splendid Confederate history. One had but to recall that here both General Lee and President Davis worshiped, and that here centered many sacred memories of that time, to feel the spirit of such a service.

Crowded into the week that followed were so many pleasant and interesting events, and so many varied social features, that to attempt to give an account of all of that part of the convention would be to fill many pages of the VETERAN.

The week's social program had its beginning with the President's dinner on Monday evening. The Flemish room of the Jefferson Hotel was beautifully decorated with red and white roses, as were also the long tables. Place cards were in the form of little folders, showing on the inside an engraving of the White House of the Confederacy and on the opposite page the poem "Virginia." During the dinner, Miss Alfreda Peel, of Salem, Va., in costume of the sixties, sang charmingly many Southern folk songs and old ballads collected from the



mountains of Virginia and North Carolina. Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, President General, was guest of honor, and Mrs. A. C. Ford, President of the Virginia Division, was hostess.

The local convention committee, Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, chairman, was hostess on Tuesday to the President General and other U. D. C. officers at a luncheon, which was a most enjoyable affair. On Tuesday afternoon, Richmond's four D. A. R. Chapters—the Commonwealth, the William Byrd, the Chancellor Wythe, and the Nathaniel Bacon—gave a reception to the convention and all visiting D. A. R.'s at the Mayo House. These hostesses left nothing undone that would contribute to the pleasure of their guests. The rooms were beautifully decorated, the music was lovely, and their hospitality most enjoyable.

Immediately following the short program of welcome on Tuesday evening in the auditorium, a reception to the entire convention was held in the parlors of the Jefferson Hotel. This was a most brilliant assemblage and one that will long be remembered. The receiving line, which extended almost the entire length of the parlors, began with the President General, the general officers, the Past Presidents General, and ended with the Division Presidents. Even the spacious floors of that magnificent hotel were taxed to the utmost to accommodate the crowd.

Some pleasant social affair was planned for the officers and guests every day during the week. One of the most delightful of these affairs was the luncheon given by Miss Sally Archer Anderson at her home on Franklin Street on Wednesday.

The Colonial Dames gave a tea for U. D. C. officers and all visiting Dames on Wednesday afternoon, and the Woman's Club entertained the convention at their beautiful club on Friday afternoon.

As it is the custom to take one entire afternoon for recreation and play, Thursday was the day upon which centered much of interest. Beginning with a luncheon given at the Confederate Home by the Sons of Veterans, the afternoon was a continuous round of sight-seeing and pleasure. Interesting addresses were made by the hosts of the luncheon, and a thoroughly enjoyable musical program was rendered during the meal by a negro quartet. Immediately afterwards, guests were taken for an automobile ride, the course of which included a visit to Hollywood Cemetery, St. John's Church, the Battle Abbey, and many points of historic interest. Later the members of the various Divisions were entertained at teas in their honor at many of the lovely and hospitable homes in the city. The only regret was that it was impossible for one to attend all these pleasant functions.

The ballroom of the Jefferson Hotel was the scene of the annual Pages' Ball on Friday evening. This is one of the most pleasant events of the convention, and each year the wonder grows how so many beautiful and charming girls can be found. Surely no more beautiful group has ever graced a ballroom floor than the pages of this convention.

Another feature of the convention which is always looked forward to with pleasure is the Jefferson Davis Highway Dinner. This year, under the able management of Mrs. John L. Woodbury, chairman of the Highway Committee, it was held in the Palm Room of the Jefferson and was a memorable event. Among the speakers was Col. Warren Jefferson Davis, of California, who, it will be remembered, received a Cross of Service at the Hot Springs convention of 1925.

The War Directors' dinner, with Mrs. P. H. P. Lane as hostess, was also most pleasant.

A fitting close for a week of brilliant entertaining was the reception given by Gov. and Mrs. Harry Flood Byrd at the

Executive Mansion on Saturday afternoon, the last day of the convention. The stately old Mansion looked very lovely, and there was a feeling that nowhere was more genuine Virginia hospitality dispensed than here. Governor and Mrs. Byrd were assisted in receiving by the President General, her officers, the Past Presidents General, and the President of Virginia Division.

Following the close of the convention, on Sunday a pilgrimage was made to Williamsburg, where service was held in old Bruton Church, followed by luncheon at William and Mary College. Later the journey was continued to Jamestown Island, and there under the shadow of the old church tower and within the confines of that historic shrine, another service was held. Dr. Goodwin, of William and Mary College, conducted both services.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Arkansas.*—A most successful convention of the Arkansas Division was held at Arkadelphia. The Ladies' Library Building, where the meetings were held, was beautifully decorated with flags, flowers, and Southern smilax, and was filled to capacity at each session by interested delegates and visitors.

An interesting feature of the convention was the book, "History of Arkansas's Part in the War between the States, and the Days of Reconstruction," which, fresh from the press, was displayed for the first time and offered for sale.

Encouraging reports were made by officers and chairmen of committees and showed much progress along all lines of work. Particularly was this noticeable in scholarships taken, loan funds increased, and in the number and quality of essays submitted.

An hour was given to the Margaret Rose Children of Confederacy Chapter of Little Rock, and their little President, Elizabeth Walker, read their splendid report.

Mrs. George Hughes, of Benton, was elected Division President to succeed Mrs. Lora Goolsby, of Fort Smith, the beloved retiring President.

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*Kentucky.*—The annual convention of the Kentucky Division, was held in Hopkinsville and Fairview, Ky., October 20, 21, 1926. The Chapters of these two towns were joint hosts, the first day's session being held in Hopkinsville and the second day's session at Fairview, the birthplace of President Davis.

Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Historian General, gave a most interesting address on Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, on Historical Evening. Hon. Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, visited the convention and spoke regarding the life of President Davis. The President's report showed progressive work, three new Chapters having been organized, and one new C. of C. Chapter formed at Lexington with twenty-six members. The Kate M. Breckinridge Chapter, of Danville, received a prize of a beautiful loving cup for securing the most new members based on percentage of enrollment. The W. N. Bumpus Auxiliary of the C. of C., Owensboro, received a medal given for most new members. Mrs. J. Harris Baughman, of Danville, presented the President with a gavel made from wood taken from the battle field at Perryville, Ky. Louisville will entertain the 1927 convention.

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*Missouri.*—The dedication of the Liberty Memorial, a monument erected by the people of Kansas City in memory of the heroic dead of the World War, was perhaps the greatest event in the history of Kansas City. One hundred and fifty



thousand persons attended the dedicatory exercises and heard the address given by President Calvin Coolidge, who, with Mrs. Coolidge, was a guest of the city for the day. The members of Camp No. 80 U. C. V., were invited to attend the exercise and were given splendid seats. Gen. A. A. Pearson, Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., and Mrs. Pearson, were among the six hundred guests who attended a luncheon at the Hotel President in honor of President and Mrs. Coolidge. The members of Camp No. 80 and a number of the members of the five Chapters U. D. C. were invited to be on the reception committee to welcome Queen Marie of Rumania and her children, who were also guests of the Memorial Committee in the evening. Queen Marie extended greetings and placed a wreath upon the monument in the name of the king of Rumania. It is with appreciation that the members of the U. D. C. acknowledge the kindness of the memorial committee in thus honoring the Confederate veterans upon this eventful occasion.

At the annual reunion of the Missouri Division, U. C. V. held in Kansas City, October 1, 2, Gen. A. A. Pearson was reëlected State Commander. General Pearson is the typical Southern soldier and gentleman.

Mrs. James S. Eldredge entertained the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Kansas City, with a luncheon on November 15. Mrs. J. B. Robinson was honor guest. A happy diversion in the program was the presentation of a birthday cake to Mrs. Allen L. Porter by the Chapter President, Mrs. Robert W. Smith. Mrs. Porter responded with cordial words of greeting to the members.

A most interesting souvenir, in the scrapbook of the R. E. Lee Chapter of Blackwater, is a picture of the George B. Harper Camp of Confederate Veterans, taken when they and their wives were guests of the R. E. Lee Chapter at a picnic last summer at Chateau Springs. Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, State President, and Mrs. E. C. Hunt, Past State President, were guests.

Mr. H. J. Gorin, of the Confederate Home at Higginsville, sends a most interesting account of an entertainment given recently at the Home. About one hundred and fifty guests assembled to enjoy the program, prepared and supervised by Mrs. M. C. Duggins, of Slater, Mo., who is chairman of the "Men and Women of the Sixties." Mrs. Duggins is familiarly known at the Home as "Our Virginia." An excellent program was given by artists who accompanied Mrs. Duggins from her home town. Mrs. Charles Schmidt, Rocky Moore, and Mrs. Vermillion rendered a number of familiar songs with repeated encores, which were greatly appreciated. Mrs. Chambers, matron of the Home, assisted the committee in serving refreshments during the evening. Mrs. Smitherman thanked the visitors in behalf of the women of the Home for their kindness in bringing so much cheer to them.

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*Virginia.*—Recently, in one of our daily papers, a very pathetic story was printed about a veteran at the Confederate Home in Richmond who, fearing he would have no flowers on his casket, and loving them so, bought a little bunch of artificial flowers and requested the Superintendent to place them on his coffin when he died.

Lee Chapter, U. D. C., was so touched by the story, and, fearing there might be other gray-clad warriors who loved flowers also and longed for them at their funeral, the Chapter decided to place flowers on every casket which otherwise would go without them. We consider this token of our love and affection for the veterans of the Home a rare privilege for service.

The Chapter will also give the veterans and the women at the Confederate Home a dinner during the Christmas holidays. This is in addition to the regular monthly entertainments given both "Homes."

New members are coming in at every meeting, and the Chapter is active in all work of the Virginia Division.

William Calmes Black, the only man in Montgomery County, Md., to ask to be transferred from a practically exempt class in order to volunteer, was the first recipient of a Cross of Service at the hands of Arlington Chapter, of Clarendon Va. The Chapter made it a memorable occasion, inviting the Camp of S. C. V. to unite with them at their meeting in November, at which time the decoration was bestowed, and also having as their guests the American Legion of the town and the Legion Auxiliary.

The Adjutant of the Sons, Mr. R. B. James, was master of ceremonies, and Commandant French made a brief address explaining the meaning of the Cross. Mrs. C. C. Moffatt, the Chapter President, had a few words to say, and Miss Margaret Rees, the Legion's representative at Philadelphia and a former President of Arlington Chapter, C. of C., made the presentation. The C. of C. Chapter, of which Mr. Black's small daughter is secretary, furnished an interesting program of music and recitations, and Mrs. Lloyd Everett, Third Vice President of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., paid a tribute both to the recipient of the Cross and to his grandfather, Capt. William C. Black, through whose service the award was made, and ending with the recitation of an original poem, "The Service Cross." In her remarks she stated that Captain Black, who served the Confederacy as Chief of the Foreign Supply Office of the Trans-Mississippi Department, had been so successful in getting cotton through the blockade, both by ship to the West Indies and wagon trains to Mexico, and in bringing in supplies—not one of his ships or wagon trains ever having suffered capture—as to earn from President Davis the title of "The most useful man in the South," while his enemies bore testimony to his untiring and successful activity by expressly exempting him from the general amnesty after the cessation of hostilities and confiscation of all his property. Two of his letterpress books, believed to be among the very last official records of the Confederacy, were presented by his granddaughter to the Confederate Museum a few years ago. Eleven of his sixteen grandsons served in the World War, and Arlington Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, owes a fourth of its membership to his great-grandchildren.

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*West Virginia.*—The twenty-eighth annual convention of the West Virginia Division was held in historic Shepherdstown on September 21–23, with a good attendance. Shepherdstown's reputation for hospitality was fully sustained, and every minute was enjoyed to the utmost.

The most important work of the convention was a complete revision of the State constitution and by-laws.

The hearts of all were saddened to learn of the death of Miss Orra Tomlinson, the former State Historian, which occurred in May at her home in Charles Town. Miss Tomlinson held the office for years and made such a wonderful Historian that she and her work will never be forgotten. A special memorial service was held for her at the Memorial Hour.

The main feature of Historical Evening was the reading of extracts from an unpublished book, "Personal Recollections of a Young Confederate Soldier," by the late Henry Kyd Douglas, of Stonewall Jackson's staff. The extracts dealt with the history of Shepherdstown and its vicinity, and were read by John Kyd Beckenbaugh, a nephew of the author.

A most delightful reception was held on the evening of the



21st at Bellvue, the magnificent colonial home of Mrs. Minnie Reinhart Ringgold. Quite an attraction at the reception was a real old-time negro mammy, Aunt Sallie Stubbs, leaning on her cane at the head of the stairway to greet the ladies when they went to remove their wraps.

At the close of the convention automobiles were provided for a ride over the Antietam battle field, and to the monument on the banks of the Potomac erected in honor of James Rumsey, the first man to invent and successfully sail a boat by steam.

The meeting next year will be in Hinton.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. B. M. Hoover, Elkins; First Vice President, Mrs. Edwin Robinson, Fairmont; Second Vice President, Miss Sallie Lee Powell, Shepherdstown; Recording Secretary, Miss Loretto Keenan, Clarksburg; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Anna Feamster, Alderson; Treasurer, Miss Mary Calvert Stribling, Martinsburg; Historian, Mrs. John C. Dice, Lewisburg; Registrar, Mrs. Nelle Huneke, Charleston; Director Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. Charles L. Reed, Huntington; Custodian Crosses of Honor, Miss Maria Vass Frye, Keyser; Honorary President, Mrs. F. J. Manning, Charles Town.

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*Oklahoma.*—Officers of the Oklahoma State Division elected in 1926 are: President, Mrs. Hettie Work, Durant; First Vice President, Mrs. George Dismukes, Chickasha; Second Vice President, Mrs. R. Roy Evant, Oklahoma City; Third Vice President, Mrs. Minnie Sawyer, McAlester; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. H. A. Wakefield, Tulsa; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Count Dunaway, Shawnee; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. J. Bray, Henryetta; Treasurer, Mrs. Victor Cochran, Tulsa; Registrar, Mrs. Fred Morris, Antlers; Historian, Mrs. L. A. Morton, Duncan; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Carrie I. Jones, Sayre; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. W. E. Durham, Oklahoma City; Auxiliary Director, Mrs. W. T. DeSpain, Enid; Chaplain, Mrs. G. H. Hester, Muskogee; Parliamentarian, Mrs. T. F. Gorman, Bartlesville; State Editor, Mrs. C. A. Galbraith, Ada.

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*South Carolina.*—The many friends of Capt. M. M. Buford, of Newberry, were distressed to know that for the first time since the organization of the State fair he was not able to attend this year, owing to his continued illness. It was at Captain Buford's suggestion that free admission had been granted to Confederate veterans each year. He has been ill since February and was unable to attend either the State reunion of veterans or the general reunion for the first time in their history and has been greatly missed by his comrades.

In the county of Orangeburg there lives possibly the most remarkable woman in the State of South Carolina. To begin with, she has celebrated her ninety-ninth birth anniversary, which in itself is a remarkable fact; then a fact that is of more particular interest to all lovers of the Confederacy is that she is, perhaps, the only living woman in the State who had a husband and two sons in the Confederate service. She is Mrs. Olivia Pooser. Although she has passed many milestones along life's journey, Mrs. Pooser does not dwell too much on the past, but lives very decidedly in the present. Indeed, so modern is this woman, now nearing the century mark, that she voted in the election of 1924. She is an honorary member of Paul McMichael Chapter and is still active enough to attend meetings.

She proudly wears a "Bar of Honor" presented by the Confederated Southern Memorial Association to mothers of the Confederacy, and has attended two State reunions within recent years.

*Tennessee.*—Mrs. A. R. Dodson, of Humboldt, Historian of the State Division, has gotten out a handsome booklet for the Historical Department, in which she stresses the study in State history in addition to the general course of study in the organization for the Daughters and Children of the Confederacy. A list of the "Days of Abservance" is given also a list of the prizes offered by the State Division and the rules of contest. The booklet is handsomely illustrated, and a credit to the Division.

## WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The VETERAN has received reports of the passing of a number of our dear Confederate women of late, mothers and wives who had a part in the war through their sacrifice and devotion to the Confederate cause no less noble than that of their sons or husbands. Mention is here made of several who have died within the past month or so.

Mrs. Cornelia A. Yerger, widow of Col. Edward M. Yerger, of Jackson, Miss., died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. G. Curd of Saverton, Mo. Readers of the VETERAN will recall the interesting reminiscences contributed by her in the VETERAN for December, 1924. She had passed into her ninety-fifth year. Interment was in Greenwood Cemetery, Vicksburg, Miss.

Mrs. Louise Samira Hartsfield, wife of Col. J. M. Hartsfield, Commander of R. E. Lee Camp, of Fort Worth, Tex., died in that city at the age of eighty-one years. A little more than sixty years of happy married life had been theirs, and both were in their eighty-second year. Her husband and only brother served in the same company of the 17th Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, and the brother was killed in one of the last battles of the war.

## THE SERVICE CROSS.

BY CATHERINE C. EVERETT.

"The brave give birth to the brave"—how true  
This bit of garnered wisdom of the years.  
The men in gray, who wrote in blood and tears  
Their country's saddest, yet most glorious, page,  
Have left to us a mighty heritage  
Of fortitude, of flaming courage high,  
Of valorous deeds, and names that will not die  
While time shall last; and then—they left us you.

Manning, Lejeune, and York—the list would grow  
Too long if we should try to name the ones  
Whose valor brightened the World War—the sons  
And grandsons of the men who followed Lee.  
But we rejoice that all the world could see  
How, when the long roll sounded, Dixie gave,  
Gave swiftly, gladly of her sons—the brave  
Unto the brave give birth, this truth we know.

With crosses twain we point our heroes' worth;  
Bronze Honor Cross for veterans of the gray,  
Gold Service Cross for you, their sons, to-day,  
And write your record with that matchless host,  
That deathless band, the South has honored most,  
And gladly honors now, afresh, to-day  
In you, their sons, as proudly we say:  
"The brave unto the brave have given birth."



## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."  
KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.  
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPICS: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

#### U. D. C. Program for January.

The historical program for this year will take up the members of the Confederate Congresses. Each month the State Historians will have a general article in the *VETERAN* dealing with the State's representatives.

It is hoped that this program will bring to light some hitherto unrecorded history. The U. D. C. membership is requested to look up all old diaries, any memorial books which may have been printed by the families of these men.

It will not be an easy matter to get the facts in regard to all of them, but we must remember that all of the history of the Confederacy was not made on the battle field. The Congress which carried on the government, their plans and policies, their struggles, economic and political, will be the object of our research this year.

#### PROVISIONAL CONGRESS.

*First Session.*—Assembled at Montgomery, Ala., February 4, 1861. Adjourned March 16, 1861, to meet the second Monday in May.

*Second Session (called).*—Montgomery, Ala., April 29, 1861. Adjourned May 21, 1861.

*Third Session.*—Richmond, Va., July 20, 1861. Adjourned August 31, 1861.

*Fourth Session (called).*—Richmond, Va., September 3, 1861. Adjourned same day.

*Fifth Session.*—Richmond, Va., November 18, 1861. Adjourned February 17, 1862.

#### PERMANENT CONGRESS (FIRST).

*First Session.*—Richmond, Va., February 18, 1862. Adjourned April 21, 1862.

*Second Session.*—Richmond, Va., August 18, 1862. Adjourned October 13, 1862.

*Third Session.*—Richmond, Va., January 12, 1863. Adjourned May 1, 1863.

*Fourth Session.*—Richmond, Va., December 7, 1863. Adjourned February 17, 1864.

#### PERMANENT CONGRESS (SECOND).

*First Session.*—Richmond, Va., May 2, 1864. Adjourned June 14, 1864.

*Second Session.*—Richmond, Va., November 7, 1864. Adjourned March 18, 1865.

(In the following list of names of representatives from the States "P" indicates the Provisional Congress, and 1 and 2 the First and Second Permanent Congresses.)

South Carolina seceded December 20, 1860.

Senators: Robert W. Barnwell, 1, 2; James L. Orr, 1, 2.

Representatives: R. Barnwell Rhett, P; Robert W. Barnwell, P; Lawrence M. Keitt, P; James Chestnut, Jr., P; Charles G. Memminger, P; William Porcher Miles, P, 1, 2; Thomas J. Withers, P; William W. Boyce, P, 1, 2; James L. Orr, P; Milledge L. Bonham, 1; John McQueen, 1; James Farrow, 1, 2; Lewis M. Ayer, 1, 2; William D. Simpson, 1, 2; James H. Witherspoon, 2.

### PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY 1927.

In addition to the questions and answers each month, we will make a number of historical tours through the South, so each member of the C. of C. is asked to trace a map of the United States on a piece of cotton cloth with India ink. Make the map about two feet wide and a foot and a half high. Do this in January, and we will mark the tours with colored pencils later.

All places are to be located on the map and something about them put in the notebooks.

#### JANUARY.

Mark Fort Sumter. What did President Lincoln promise in regard to sending supplies here? Did he keep his word? Was this an act of war? Read "Kree," by Armistead C. Gordon. Library of Southern Literature, Volume V, 1911.

Catechism on Confederate States of America, based on "U. D. C. Catechism for Children," by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone (1912), revised and enlarged (1926) by Miss Decca Lamar West in honor and loving memory of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone.

Questions and answers will be printed each month, and it is hoped that every member of a Chapter of Children of the Confederacy will memorize all of them.

1. What causes led to the War between the States from 1861-65?

The disregard on the part of the States of the North for the rights of the Southern States.

2. How was this shown?

By the passage of laws annulling the rights of the people of the South, rights that were given to them by the Constitution of the United States.

3. What were these rights?

The right to regulate their own affairs, one of which was to hold slaves as property.

4. Were the Southern States alone responsible for slavery?

No; slavery was introduced into the country in colonial times by the political authorities of Great Britain, Spain, France, and the Dutch merchants, and in 1776, at the time of the Declaration of Independence, slavery existed in all of the thirteen colonies.

5. How many of the colonies held slaves when the Federal Constitution was adopted in 1787?

All except one.

6. Did slavery exist among other civilized nations?

Yes; in almost all; and our mother country, England, did not emancipate her slaves until 1843, when Parliament paid \$200,000,000 to the owners.

7. After the first introduction of slavery into the colonies, how was the African slave trade kept up?

By enterprising ship owners of New England, who imported the slaves from Africa and secretly sold their cargoes along the coast, after the States of the North had abolished slavery.

8. Why did not slavery continue to exist in the States of New England?

Because it was found unprofitable, and they sold their slaves to the States of the South.

NOTE TO DIRECTORS.—Chapter directors will please enlarge upon the action of the colonies in regard to the slave trade, also explain why the indictment of King George in regard to the same was left out of the final draft of the Declaration of Independence.



## U. D. C. PRIZES FOR 1927.

*The Raines Banner.*—To the Division making the largest collection of papers and historical records and doing the best historical work.

*Youree Prize, \$100.*—Awarded by Cross of Service Committee to Division directors on a per cent and per capita basis.

*Jeanne Fox Weinmann Loving Cup.*—To the Division reporting the greatest amount of historical work done in its schools. Annual competition.

*Blount Memorial Cup.*—To the Division bestowing the greatest number of Crosses of Service during the year. Annual competition.

*Alexander Allen Faris Trophy.*—To the Division registering the greatest number of U. D. C. members between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. Annual competition.

*Orrin Randolph Smith Medal.*—For the best report of a Jefferson Davis Highway director.

## ESSAYS (WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF U. D. C. CHAPTERS).

*Rose Loving Cup.*—For best essay on Confederate surgeons and hospitals.

*Anne Sevier Loving Cup.*—Given by the three daughters of Gen. T. K. Churchill—Juliette C. Hankins, Emily C. Califf, Mattie C. Langhorne—for best essay on "The Right of Secession." Annual competition.

*Mrs. John A. Perdue Loving Cup.*—For the best essay on home life behind the lines: substitutes for food, clothing, etc.

*Hyde-Campbell Loving Cup (formerly Hyde-Campbell Prize)*—For best essay on poetry of the South.

*Twenty-Five Dollars.*—Offered by Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Cary, of Virginia, for best essay on "Mosby's Rangers," a memorial to her father, Rev. Sydnor G. Ferguson, one of Mosby's men.

*Twenty-Five Dollars.*—Offered by Miss Mary D. Carter, Virginia, to U. D. C. member selling greatest number of copies of Horton's Youth's History.

*Anna Robinson Andrews Medal.*—For best essay on "The Confederate Peace Conference" in Washington, February, 1861.

*Roberts Medal.*—For second best essay submitted in any contest.

*Martha Washington House Medal.*—For the best essay on Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston.

## RULES.

1. Essays must not contain over two thousand words. Number of words must be stated in top left-hand corner of first page.
2. Essays must be typewritten, with fictitious signature. Real name, Chapter, and address must be in sealed envelope, on outside of which is fictitious name only.
3. Essays must be sent to State Historian, who will forward to Historian General by October 1, 1927.
4. Essays on all subjects given may be submitted, but only two on each subject can be forwarded by State Historians.
5. Prize winning essays to be property of the U. D. C.
6. These same rules apply to essays submitted by C. of C.

## C. OF C. PRIZES.

*Robert H. Ricks Banner.*—To the C. of C. Chapter that sends in the best all-around report.

*The Grace Clare Taylor Loving Cup.*—Given by Mrs. Charles S. Wallace to the general organization to be presented to the C. of C. Chapter registering the most new members during the year.

*Anna Flagg Harvey Loving Cup.*—Given by Mrs. J. P. Higgins in memory of her mother. To the Division director who registers the greatest number of new members in the C. of C. Annual competition.

*Florence Goalder Faris Medal.*—To the Division director who registers the second highest number in the C. of C. Annual competition.

*Mrs. W. S. Coleman Loving Cup.*—To be offered to the Chapter director who places the greatest number of books in school libraries. Books on Confederate history to be used as supplemental reading. Annual competition.

## ESSAYS.

*Mrs. J. Carter Bardin.*—Five dollars in gold to the boy or girl of Confederate lineage, between the ages of ten and twelve, for best essay on "Arkansas Soldiers of Gen. Sterling Price's Command." In memory of her grandfather, Henry L. Cordell, an Arkansas volunteer.

*Mrs. May Avery Wilkins, Seattle, Washington.*—Five dollars in gold for best essay on "Causes of the War between the States." Open to students west of the Mississippi, between ten and twelve years old.

*Mrs. Bennett D. Bell.*—In honor of her black mammy, Matilda Cartwright, five dollars in gold to the C. of C. member writing the best essay on "Mammy in the Old Plantation Days." Preference will be given to paper giving incidents which have never been in print. Contestants will give authority.

## AN ANNUAL CELEBRATION.

The following comes from Capt. John L. Collins, of Coffeeville, Miss.:

"On the 10th of November, the Yalobusha Chapter of the Mississippi Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, gave the veterans, wives, and widows their annual feast. For many years past they have been reminding us that we have a warm place in their hearts for the four years spent in our younger days in repelling the invaders of the sacred domain which our fathers established. The day was auspicious for such an occasion. There were eight veterans, ranging in age from eighty-two to ninety years, all full of that spirit of patriotism which had inspired their young manhood sixty years ago, and which has never been 'downed.'

"Thirty-five years ago, E. C. Walthall Camp, No. 1301, U. C. V., was organized at the old historic county seat of Coffeeville, Miss., and named in honor of that general famous at the period just a century ago. And on April 6, 1862, in the battle of Shiloh, she gave six of her leading citizens in an hour's time, which in the annals of history should be observed. One of these distinguished men, Col. A. K. Blythe, under the administration of President Buchanan, was minister to Spain. Lieut. Col. D. L. Herron, Capt. F. M. Aldridge, Lieut. Whitfield Morton, Capt. George Hairston, Capt. Joseph Caldwell, and James Bellamy, a handsome, gentlemanly soldier, whose father was a wealthy planter, were the other heroes. Thus it was that Coffeeville paid, in that battle alone, a ransom that deserves special mention when the historians verify and give to future generations the story of the martyrs of our glorious cause of 1861-65.

"The Coffeeville Daughters displayed an unusual effort in all the arrangements for making the day memorable in every way. Handshaking came as the joyous 'capstone' to end the day's proceedings, with a 'God bless you. We hope to see you present next year at our annual convocation.' And so mote it be."



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*  
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*  
Athens, Ga.  
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Again, my dear coworkers, through Divine Providence, I am permitted to send you most affectionate greetings and cordial good wishes in the dawning of the new year, 1927, and to bid you Godspeed in your efforts to perpetuate, to carry on, this "our bounden duty and service," in the same loyal spirit which has in all these years since 1865 animated and encouraged the older associations, which we point to with pride as the oldest patriotic organization of women in America. Columbus, Richmond, Atlanta, Memphis, Montgomery, and others flung their banner to the breeze way back in 1865, and have stood in *unbroken* line each year in paying tribute to our immortal heroes of the sixties.

As Methodism dates back to John Wesley, so the Memorial Associations began with Columbus, Ga., leading, and other States rapidly falling into line until the whole South rose *en masse* in beautiful tribute on our Southern Memorial Day. With heartfelt sorrow we realize that a few of our charter Memorial Associations, which entered into the Confederation in 1900, have fallen by the wayside, victims to the new order of things seemingly, unconscious of the fact that in so doing they were selling their birthright, forgetful of the heritage bequeathed them by their own mothers. The Southern Memorial Day is ours by inheritance. A chartered organization, national in its scope and by the spirit of the devoted Southern mothers who conceived the idea, we pledge anew, on the threshold of another year, our best efforts to sustain the sacred trust which they have reposed in us, pursuing our way in the quiet dignity befitting the descendants of the gentlewomen of the old South.

With pride in your constancy, with joy in your steadfastness, and congratulations upon your achievements, I again wish you each and every one a new year of increased activity, of peace and happiness in every home and fireside, and I pray God's richest blessings on you in this new year, which is full of promise to all that diligently seek.

Yours in loving service,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*, C. S. M. A.

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

In writing of her inability to attend the meeting of the Confederate Memorial Association at the Marietta Golf Club, on November 17, Mrs. R. L. Nesbit, of Atlanta, Ga., tells of the memories brought up in that connection, saying:

"How that sacred name, Memorial Association, recalls the vivid past, how many dear faces rise before me in the vista of

bygone years, and how gladly would I join in recalling scenes and struggles when our Marietta Memorial Association, with the help of Kenesaw Chapter, U. D. C., was waging what we often feared was a losing fight to reclaim and beautify our long-neglected and desolate Confederate cemetery. We hadn't a dollar in our treasury, and brave hearts were needed to undertake the stupendous task; but that forlorn waste, gradually yielding to the encroachments of broom sedge, persimmon, and sassafras bushes, appealed to every sentiment of gratitude and patriotism. There over three thousand soldiers had been removed from Chickamauga battle field and from all along the line of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, under the devoted direction of Miss Green and Mrs. Williams, of Columbus, Ga., by State enactment, and with aid from the State of Georgia. Here rest in their last grim sleep soldiers not only from Georgia, but from every Southern State, including Maryland and Missouri, having made their last stand in defending Georgia soil and Georgia homes.

"Gen. William Phillips always stoutly maintained that ours, the Marietta Memorial Association, was the first to celebrate the 26th day of April after it had been declared the legal holiday. Be that as it may, since that first celebration, there has been no break in the record. Even in the terrible days of Reconstruction, when the struggle for rehabilitation, for even existence, was being fought by a stricken and impoverished people, that lonely spot was never forgotten. Each 26th day of April would witness the memorial service, sometimes by only a few devoted members, when a hymn was sung and a prayer was offered under the canopy of heaven—if raining, under a tent or other temporary awning—and with such flowers as could be gathered from desolated gardens. But gradually the State of Georgia seemed to forget its obligations, and it remained for our Association to step into the breach and reclaim this desolate spot. That we accepted the trust and filled the obligation, let the history of that time testify. Sewers were put in; drainways repaired; every unsightly bush removed; shrubbery planted; the whole place sodded in grass; a marble headstone placed for each waiting soldier; a speaker's stand of brick and marble built; also a marble gateway and fountain; and, lastly, a peerless monument. Then the little cannon captured from the cadets of the Georgia Military Institute, so long a prisoner in New York, was brought home and stands guard on the brow of the hill just across from the site of the Military Institute, which was burned by Sherman's soldiers. The Marietta Golf Club house now stands on this spot."



The Memorial Association of Marietta, Ga., recently entertained at luncheon at the Golf Club. The honor guests were Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General, C. S. M. A., and many other distinguished guests, including Gen. J. C. Lynes, honorary member. At the close of the luncheon, Mrs. Lyon, President of the local organization, was presented with a memorial pin.

## OUR WOMEN IN THE SIXTIES.

In reading the following story, one can realize the wonderful strength and tenacity of the Confederate troops when having such women back of them, even though facing odds of four to one in troops thoroughly equipped and having the world at large to draw upon for additional men, while the Confederates had only their own people to supply their necessities, and with a country surrounded by a blockade so drastic that it was almost a miracle for people or commodities to "pass through the lines." Mrs. M. R. Lyon, of Marietta, Ga., gives this interesting account of the resourcefulness and energy of one brave Southern woman during those terrible four years and her undaunted courage in the face of almost impossibilities:

"In 1863, my brother, Capt. Sam Y. Harris, was in Virginia with Longstreet's Division. A fellow soldier of his command, going home on furlough, offered to take any message to Captain Harris's family at their home, 'Noon Day,' about seven miles from Marietta, Ga.

"The message Captain Harris sent was for a new suit of clothes. You can imagine the consternation this request must have caused his devoted family. There was no cloth to be bought, as everything had been used for uniforms months before. The soldier comrade would return in a week's time to carry the package to Captain Harris. There was no time to be lost, for he must not be disappointed. What did these splendid, indomitable people do, exemplifying the true spirit of the unconquerable South? His father had the sheep that were grazing in the meadow brought to the yard and sheared, while Mrs. Harris, with the assistance of her daughter, Mrs. Jim Latimer, and a faithful servant carded and spun the wool into yarn and wove it into cloth, then dyed the goods, and, with wonderful skill and patience, made it into a suit of clothes for their dear soldier at the front—all within a week's time.

"That is the spirit of our grand old Southland, and it is with us yet!"

Mrs. Lyon also mentioned some of the many substitutes used during those times of stress and anxiety when the real thing could not be procured. Ink was made out of ink balls, and she says that it was better ink than we had in this late war. Tea of dried raspberry leaves; coffee of parched rye, ground and boiled. No sugar came into the South toward the latter days of the war, but sorghum syrup was used and found not a bad substitute. Home-made candles were fine, made of tallow and beeswax. A curious dip called "Betties" were useful and easy to make, the wick being wrapped around a stick, though one had to be careful that the stick did not catch on fire while the wick was burning. Salt was very scarce, and often it was necessary to dig up the earth in smoke-houses, dripping it like lye and boiling it down until only salt remained. Beautiful straw hats were made of dried shucks, which were plaited and sewed together. When prettily lined, they were very becoming to the fresh young faces, whose owners were proud to wear them.

Homespun dresses, the thread dyed with a decoction of barks from the woods near-by, adorned lithe young bodies

and matronly figures, all woven and made at home. When a "store-bought" dress was brought to light from the depths of some old treasure chest or trunk, what rejoicing there was. Its valuable material was used only as trimming, or buttons were covered with it, showing resplendent on a garment of far humbler origin.

A book could be filled with accounts of the ingenuity and endurance of the Southern women during the war under privations so bravely borne, and the spirit of sacrifice which gave courage to the heart and strength to the arm of our Confederate soldier, who was never conquered, but—out-numbered!

## A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR.

*My Dear Coworkers:* As 1927 is ushered in, may we not rededicate ourselves to the perpetuation of the work so nobly begun by our sainted mothers and grandmothers? What you are doing in your Association is of interest to others, so I am relying on your aid in making our memorial page one of interest, knowledge, and inspiration.

Cordially,

MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor.*

## RETURN OF THE COLORS.

An interesting and touching incident connected with the annual Memorial service in the Confederate section of Arlington Cemetery was the return of an old flag which had been carried by "Mosby's Men." A few of those men were present at the services, and the flag was presented to Capt. Frank M. Angelo as the representative of the old command, and when the last survivor of that famous band shall have passed away, the colors will be placed in the Battle Abbey at Richmond, Va., with other sacred and historic relics of the Confederacy.

This old flag had seen service. It was "made and presented by the ladies of Mosby's Confederacy, Fauquier, Loudoun, and Fairfax Counties, 1863," and was to be "preserved as an incentive to the valorous spirit of the fighting youth of a united nation." Bunting was a scarcity in those days, and the blue field of this flag had been cut from the blouse of a Union soldier; the red stripes are of fair quality bunting, while the white stripe is of unbleached cotton. But it was an emblem of the loyalty and devotion of Southern women, and as such it was cherished by Mosby's men, under sacred promise that its colors should lead only to victory.

At the close of the war the flag was hidden by Captain Whitescarver, who afterwards entrusted it to Capt. Harry Hatcher. It passed in turn to Capt. Fountain Beatty, and it last went to Lieutenant Dorsey, of Company C, who at his death left it to his son to be cherished as a sacred trust. This son, George Maynard Dorsey, now of New York City, kept it in a safe deposit vault from 1907 to 1926, when he took it to Washington and presented it to the survivors of the old 43rd Battalion, men who had followed it through the war and fought under it at Sharpsburg, Winchester, and Kernstown, practically the entire Valley Campaign, under the leadership of Stonewall Jackson, Ewell, Early, and A. P. and D. H. Hill. The few survivors present were moved to tears when Captain Angelo recalled the original presentation over sixty-three years before; none of them had seen the flag since the close of the war.

After the flag was received by Captain Angelo, followed by the United States Military Band, he led a procession around the Confederate monument, all the spectators taking part—an inspiring sight.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

LUCIUS L. MOSS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LAKE CHARLES, LA.

## GENERAL OFFICERS.

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 JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry, S. C. . . . . *Inspector in Chief*  
 JOHN A. CHUMBLEY, Washington, D. C. . . . . *Judge Advocate in Chief*  
 DR. W. H. SCUDDER, Mayersville, Miss. . . . . *Surgeon in Chief*  
 Y. R. BEASLEY, Tampa, Fla. . . . . *Quartermaster in Chief*  
 MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, 821 Southern Building, Washington, D. C. . . . . *Historian in Chief*  
 B. T. LEONARD, Duncan, Okla. . . . . *Commissary in Chief*  
 REV. H. M. HALL, Johnson City, Tenn. . . . . *Chaplain in Chief*

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CHARLIE M. BROWN, Asheville, N. C. . . . . Army of Northern Virginia  
 SUMTER L. LOWRY, Tampa, Fla. . . . . Army of Tennessee  
 EDMOND R. WILES, Little Rock, Ark. . . . . Army of Trans-Mississippi



## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

DR. W. E. QUIN, Fort Payne. . . . . Alabama  
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock. . . . . Arkansas  
 JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill. . . . . Central Division  
 ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C. . . . . District of Columbia and Maryland  
 SILAS W. FRY, 245 Central Park West, New York, N. Y. . . . . Eastern Division  
 JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee. . . . . Florida  
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 J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington. . . . . Kentucky  
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 LON S. SMITH, Austin. . . . . Texas  
 R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke. . . . . Virginia  
 E. L. BELL, Lewisburg. . . . . West Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## ANNUAL DUES AND OTHER INTERESTS.

### PAY ANNUAL DUES AND RECEIVE CERTIFICATE.

Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., says that the experience of the Divisions during the past few years has shown that the most progressive Camps secure the dues of their old members before the first of the year, thereby enabling them to devote their efforts during the year to the securing of new members and the real work of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Collect at once all Camp dues (\$1 for old members, \$2 for new members) and remit to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, 609-615 Law Building, Richmond, Va. As soon as dues are received, individual membership cards, engraved in four colors, will be sent for distribution to the members paying.

The next convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held in Tampa, Fla., April 5-8, 1927. The railroads have already granted a *reduced rate* to the members of our organization. The certificates, which will enable a member of the Sons to purchase a ticket at the reduced rate, will be issued only to the *paid-up members* and "Official Ladies" of the Confederation. Individual membership cards will be issued by general headquarters only upon the receipt of dues from the Camp. Admittance to the social functions of the convention and the registration at the convention headquarters, which will entitle the members and delegates to badges, will be limited to the paid-up members who hold the 1927 membership cards, issued by general headquarters.

A fifteen-day excursion to Havana, Cuba, leaving Tampa on the 7th and 10th of April, has been secured for *bona fide* members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the members of their families at a greatly reduced rate. Hundreds of Sons will take advantage of this excursion. Further details of the excursion will be sent you at a later date.

It is suggested that you begin at once a campaign to increase the membership of your Camp. Begin now to collect and remit the 1927 dues on all old members so that you can devote the time between January and the convention in securing new members.

## MEMORIAL TO PRIVATE HECTOR W. CHURCH, COMPANY H, NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY, U. S. A., 1864-65.

In his native town of Oxford, Chenango County, N. Y., there died in July, 1920, an old Union veteran of the War of 1861-65, who left a most noteworthy will. This will, executed May 29, 1920, gave his old home to an old friend, a small legacy to another friend, and "all the rest, residue, and remainder of my property . . . to the Southern Society known as the Daughters of the Confederacy." This Society was instructed to use a certain part of said residue "toward perpetuating the fame of four Confederate heroes: 'Jefferson Davis, Gen. Robert E. Lee, Gen. John B. Gordon, Gen. Jubal Early, . . . and the residue as they deem best'"—an instruction which the Daughters of the Confederacy have doubtless carried out wisely and well, as is their wont.

This will and its spirit and purpose so aroused the admiration of a comrade of Washington Camp No. 305, Sons of Confederate Veterans, that he suggested to some personal friends that a copy of the "Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee," by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee, Jr., be bought by subscription, because it represented most truthfully the best in the South, and be sent to the Oxford Memorial Library and there be deposited and dedicated to the honor and the memory of Hector W. Church. This suggestion started a movement to honor this Northern admirer of some of the great leaders of the South, and the response was so prompt and so cordial that not merely one volume but some fifty or sixty valuable books and pamphlets were soon bought and have been sent to Oxford as the foundation of the Memorial, and contributions are still going forward and will continue to go.

These books, moreover, are already doing their work of realizing an often-expressed wish that lay very near General Lee's heart, the wish that sectionalism might pass away and reconciliation might draw near between North and South on the basis of good citizenship and kindly feeling.

## AN OLD PLUG OF TOBACCO.

Capt. Roby Brown, of Shouns, Tenn., as gallant a Confederate as ever led men to battle, at a Confederate reunion in Bristol, Tenn., was presented with a very unique and interesting souvenir by the mayor of that city. It was an aged piece of plug tobacco, manufactured by hand, and with it was this memorandum:



"This piece of tobacco was made by the Reynolds Tobacco Company, of Winston-Salem, N. C., in 1856, and was on its way to the Federal government to be distributed to the Federal soldiers when it was wrecked near Glade Springs, Va., in 1863, on the property of one Mr. W. M. Byars, who claimed the government owed him for right of way of the railroad, which they had taken over, and when the train was wrecked he took his negroes and carried off a large quantity of cotton goods and about 3,000 pounds of tobacco.

"The tobacco was hidden in the attic and walls of the home and was not discovered until 1924, or sixty-eight years later.

"The stamps on the boxes show this tobacco is seventy years old, and is given you as a souvenir by one Mr. N. H. McClellan, of Glade Springs, Va., who is a third cousin of General McClellan, of the Federal army, and whose own father was a Confederate soldier stationed at Saltville, Va., to protect the salt works during the war."

## PATRIOTIC ANCESTRY.

One of the Sons who addressed the veterans at the meeting in Port Arthur, Tex., has a particularly illustrious ancestral war record. He was St. Clair Favrot, Baton Rouge, La., Past Commander, Louisiana Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. Favrot had a great-grandfather in the American Revolution, a grandfather in the War of 1812, several uncles in the Mexican War, and his father shouldered a Confederate rifle in the War between the States; and just to prove that he was worthy of that noble lineage, Favrot himself was a member of the United States fighting forces in the Spanish-American unpleasantness.

Favrot is secretary of the Louisiana tax commission.

## CAMP NOTES.

Officers for 1927 of Camp Sterling Price, St. Louis, Mo., are: Commander, Joseph Mullen; First Lieutenant Commander, Norman L. Lincoln; Second Lieutenant Commander, Edward C. Fisher; Adjutant, William L. Ross, Jr.; Treasurer, J. W. Estes; Quartermaster, Cortez Kitchen; Historian, M. N. Davis; Color Sergeant, Chilton Atkinson; Chaplain, R. B. Gibson.

\* \* \*

The W. D. Simpson Camp, of Laurens, S. C., was issued a charter on November 11, 1926. H. Y. Simpson was elected Commander, and W. D. Ferguson, Adjutant. Other members of the Camp are: S. C. Owens, W. P. Hudgens, C. H. Roper, C. H. Casque, J. C. Todd, Albert C. Todd, J. A. Franks, R. E. Hughes, and S. W. Deen.

\* \* \*

The Charlie Crockett Camp, at Wytheville, Va., was recently organized. J. L. Porterfield is Commander; the Adjutant is John W. McGavock, Jr. The other members of the Camp are: R. C. Patterson, John W. Robinson, James M. Graham, Thomas E. Simmerman, J. M. Kelly, John T. Wassom, Rev. F. J. Brooke, Jr., W. H. Simmerman, Curran F. Sanders, H. M. Hauser, and David S. Blair.

\* \* \*

The William E. Jones Camp was recently organized at Abingdon, Va. S. F. Hurt was elected Commander, and J. G. Penn, Adjutant. The applications of the following members were approved: Alex Stuart, John M. Litton, W. Y. C. White, G. I. Miller, R. J. Summers, M. H. Davidson, E. C. Hamilton, Dr. F. H. Smith, Dr. P. S. Smith, Dr. J. C. Motley, I. B. Wells, C. J. Brown, C. C. Wright, G. G. Preston, R. K. Lowry.

## THE IDEAL OF A STATE.

What constitutes a state?  
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,  
Thick wall, or moated gate;  
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;

Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No—men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

Men, who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;  
Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain—

These constitute a state;  
And sovereign law, that with collected will  
O'er thrones and globes elate,  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

Smit by her sacred frown  
The fiend dissension like a vapor sinks;  
And e'en the all-dazzling crown  
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

—Sir William Jones.

## TWO FAMILIES OF OCTOGENARIANS.

A letter comes from Mr. Graham Brown, of Shelbyville, Ky., inclosing a clipping in regard to three brothers Mitchell, Confederate veterans, whose combined ages total 253 years, all being in the eighties. These brothers—G. W. Mitchell, aged eighty-one; Joseph Mitchell, aged eighty-five; and Nathan Mitchell, aged eighty-seven—all entered the Confederate army from Trigg County, Ky., but the two first named now live in Louisville.

Thinking he could "equal or beat that record," Mr. Brown says: "I called on Mr. Isaac Garrard Marksbury, of this city, who is eighty-eight years of age, and learned that his two brothers, who were with him in the Confederate army, are still living. John Emerson Marksbury, of Emerson, Mo., is eighty-six years old, and William H. Marksbury, of Nevada, Mo., is eighty-four years old, their combined ages being 258 years. I regard these as two very fine family records."

Comrade A. C. Burnett, of Cadiz, Ky., also writes about the Mitchell brothers, and adds an interesting little incident in connection with the service of Joe H. Mitchell, who "was badly wounded at the battle of Jackson, Miss., and reported dead. A card was pinned on a dead soldier with Mitchell's name on it, and this man was buried at Lauderdale Spring, Miss., and on the grave stone was the name of 'J. H. Mitchell, 8th Kentucky.' With a card on him bearing the name of the dead soldier, Mitchell himself was sent to Mobile with a number of badly wounded men. His family and friends mourned him for quite a while as dead, but he is very much alive yet. At this same battle of Jackson, he rescued a ten-year-old girl from a house in the line of battle which had been struck by shell several times, and at the reunion in Atlanta a few years ago he met this girl, then a gray-haired woman."



## A CONFEDERATE CEMETERY.

With one bright lane of native pines  
Mild art is here content;  
A simple slab each grave defines—  
No more has beauty lent.

But some one filled with Southern pride,  
Among the rest has led  
A shaft with this sweet thought supplied!  
"To the Unknown Dead."

The soldier who this grove supplied,  
That buried here might be  
The Southern dead, now sleeps beside  
His "buried chivalry."

## PEMBERTON'S CAVALRY.

A writer in the *Columbus* (Ga.) *Ledger* brought out the fact that the late Dr. John D. Pemberton, pioneer druggist of Columbus, was the originator of the famous Coca-Cola drink, which has made the fortunes of other people, as he sold the formula.

Dr. Pemberton was engaged in the drug business in Columbus when, in June, 1864, he organized Pemberton's Cavalry, in which were enrolled a number of the pioneer residents of that community, and he served with that organization through the remaining months of the War between the States. The organization was commanded as follows:

Captain, J. D. Pemberton, first lieutenant, J. A. Frazier; second lieutenant, A. G. Redd; third lieutenant, H. L. Thomas; first sergeant, John Sanders; second sergeant, J. L. Biggers; third sergeant, B. A. Clark; first corporal, L. J. Biggers; second corporal, Charles Spear; and the following enlisted men:

W. H. Brays, Ben Bethune, J. J. Cox, J. C. Cook, Sr., Ben Culpepper, Ed Culpepper, J. D. Carter, A. A. Chapman, J. H. Ennis, Able Edge, John Fuller, Cash Fisher, Robert Green, L. D. Gray, S. S. Hughes, B. W. Howard, M. T. Hollis, William N. Jones, H. L. Jones, William A. McDougald, Edward McLaran, Jerry Massey, Hiram Massey, William J. McBryde, Sr., William J. McBryde, Jr., William Munn, A. Morrison, Jep Morrison, LaFayette Morrison, William Nunnally, John Osborne, William Parkman, John Powers, Seab Parker, George Sapp, Sandy Sapp, George Schley, Robert E. Stockton, Richard Taliaferro, Z. A. Willis, Robert Willis, M. C. Wooten, George White, Daniel Williams, W. E. Wardlaw, John Wardlaw, Woolfolk Walker, Daniel Wynne, and Mort Weems.

This data was secured from Judge R. J. Hunter, of Columbus, now eighty-six years young. If any of the members are now living, it would be interesting to have an account of the service of this cavalry command.

## A GRANDMOTHER'S AUTHORITY DURING THE WAR.

BY D. C. GALLAHER, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Almost every one can recall his dear, good grandmother's indulgence and her imperious authority when asserted in his childhood especially, if not later. The scene and instance here recorded were at a Southern lady's home in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, soon after the close of the War between the States. Several gentlemen from the North, sitting upon the porch overlooking the lawn, were enjoying a recital by my brother of the battle on March 2, 1865, at Waynesboro,

Va., in which he recalled how the Yankees, after driving the Confederates out, had galloped over the lawn, flower beds, etc., of our mother and captured a dozen or more prisoners there.

Now, all of her life our mother was wont to sit in her room at the window, looking out upon her flowers while she was reading, sewing, or crocheting, and when we, her little children, while playing, would trespass upon her flowers or shrubbery, she would give a warning or threatening tap upon the window with her thimble or crochet needle, which was straightway heeded by our scampering away. This tradition of the authority of that thimble-tapping signal was handed down to her grandchildren, who always respected it. So in the midst of this war recital by my brother, a little grandson eagerly listening, inquired: "Uncle Charley, didn't grandmother tap with her thimble on the window at the soldiers running over her flowers?"

The little fellow supposed that of course and instantly, General Sheridan would have called a retreat of his whole army if grandmother had only tapped on the window!

## COMMENDS HORTON'S "HISTORY OF THE WAR."

In the following, Gen. Morris Schaff, whose book on "Jefferson Davis, His Life and Personality," gave him wide favor in the South, commends the republication of Horton's "Youth's History of the War." Writing to Miss Mary D. Carter, who sponsored the republication of this book, he says:

"I was truly glad to hear that your undertaking of bringing out Horton's History had been so successful. The South, and especially your dear old Virginia, owes you a debt of gratitude for what you have done in throwing the light of truth on the cause for which so many fell. Yes, I'm truly glad you have been rewarded for carrying on your battle, almost alone, against the defamers of your homeland.

"The great myth, planted and nourished by the Republican Party, is fast losing its leaves, and I predict that more of them will fall on the coming out of Beveridge's 'Life of Lincoln.' I knew him slightly, and he is an opinionated man; but in his talk he has given me the ground for my expectation.

"Of course, use anything that will help you in my 'Life of Davis,' who ultimately will stand out as the first gentleman of his day."

## NEGRO STORIES AND SAYINGS.

Rev. Dr. Henry M. Wharton has been requested to compile the stories and sayings of the old-time negro of the South as far as they may be gathered from all sources.

Dr. Wharton, having been born in Culpeper County, Va., in the year 1848, his father a slave owner, was reared among the negroes of the plantation, and, is, therefore, familiar with their dialect.

He is the compiler of "War Songs and Poems of the Southern Confederacy," and is, at this time, one of the chief officers of the United Confederate Veterans.

It is his request that any reader of this notice, who can recall any story or saying of the negroes of the Old South, will kindly send it to him.

His address is 224 West Lafayette Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

B. T. Clark, of Tupelo, Miss., is so interested in the VETERAN that he plans to have his children and grandchildren keep up the subscription after he is gone, and if other veteran subscribers would make the same provision for the VETERAN's future, it would be assured. Try to get the young people interested now.



# WILLIAM and MARY QUARTERLY HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Published by the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia

## EDITORS

J. A. C. CHANDLER  
President William and Mary College

E. G. SWEM  
Librarian William and Mary College

The purpose of the *QUARTERLY* is to print new information relating to the history of Virginia

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### ONLY A DUD.

While he was making his way about his platoon one dark night, a sergeant heard the roar of a "G. I. can" overhead and dived into a shell hole. It was already occupied by a private, who was hit full in the wind by the noncom's head. A moment's silence—a long, deep breath, and then—

"Is that you, Sarge?"

"That's me."

"Hot dog! I was just waiting for you to explode."—*Everybody's*.

### DOUBTFUL HONOR.

Ceredo, W. Va., has a strange history. The town was started by some mistaken Abolitionists, who felt that the way to get away from slavery was by planting colonies in the South. Ceredo was first selected for that purpose by the noted

philanthropist, Eli W. Thayer. It is situated where the Big Sandy River empties into the Ohio. It makes a present adventure into the news columns by Mr. and Mrs. Lott M. Wellman establishing a record of five sets of twins and thirteen children in their married life of thirty-six years. Mr. Wellman is fifty-seven and his wife fifty-three.—*National Tribune*.

A NEW PLANT.—"Yes," the teacher explained, "quite a number of plants and flowers have the prefix 'dog.' For instance, the dog-rose and dog-violet are well known. Can any of you name another?" There was silence, then a happy look illuminated the face of a boy at the back of the class. "Please, miss," he called out, proud of his knowledge, "collie-flowers!"

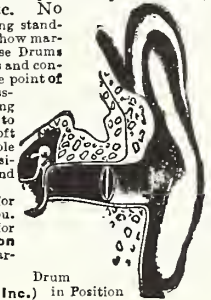
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### THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

It is officially announced that an oak tree, cut down during the demolition of the historic Wingerworth Hall, Derbyshire, was at least 3,000 years old, weighed 15 tons, measured 18 feet round the butt, and had a first branch six feet in girth.

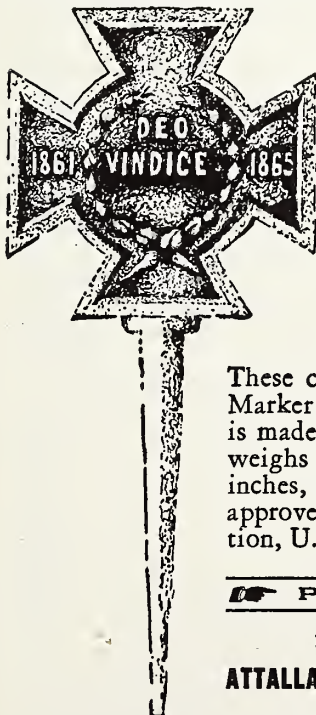
Wood from this tree is being used in work at the ancient parish church of Bakewell, celebrated for its association with the Manners family, including the famous Dorothy Vernon, who eloped with Lord Manners.—*Canadian American*.

Hubby (at golden wedding).—"Well, dear, all the years have flitted by, and I haven't deceived you yet, have I?"

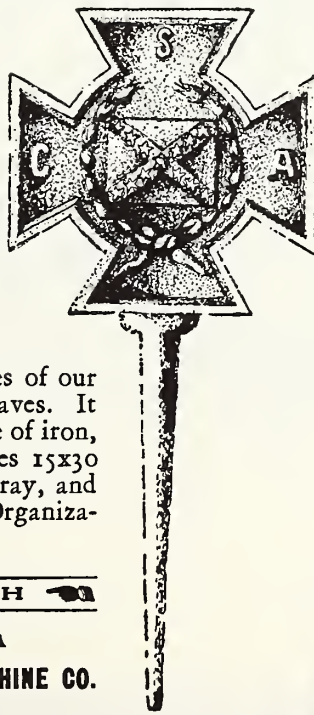
Wife.—"No, John, but goodness knows you've tried hard enough."—*Answers*.

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We  
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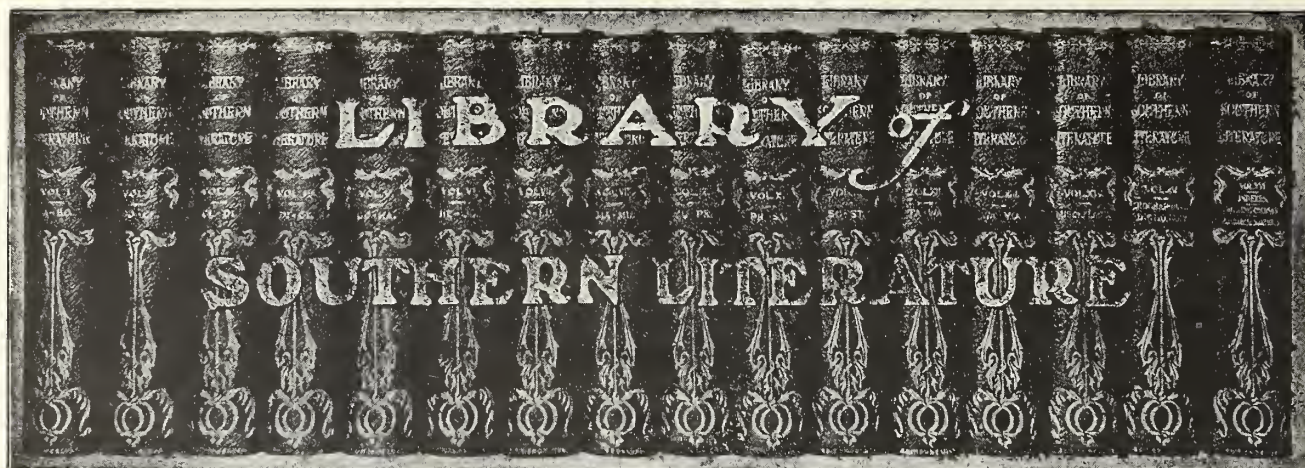
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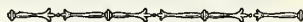


## DAUGHTERS OF DIXIE

UPON the Daughters of the South devolves an obligation as sacred as high heaven---an obligation to keep ever before her children the lofty ideals or chivalry for which the South has always stood. It is she alone who must instill in them a reverence for the heroic men and for the patriotic memories of a 'storm-cradled nation.' The broadest duty to her country demands this service at her hands. As the divinely appointed guardian and teacher of the young, it is to her that the youth of the South must look for instruction."

### *"AMPLITUDE of KNOWLEDGE" for a vital duty*

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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

FEBRUARY, 1927

NO. 2



**REPRESENTATIVE GROUP, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY**

The President General and General Officers grouped in front of the Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Va., during the convention in November, 1926. Seated are: Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, First Vice President General; Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, President General; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Second Vice President General. Standing: Mrs. A. J. Smith, Recording Secretary General; Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Historian General; Mrs. W. J. Woodliff, Registrar General; Miss Jessica Smith, Color Bearer; Mrs. R. P. Holt, Custodian of Crosses; Mrs. F. C. Kolman, Corresponding Secretary General; Mrs. R. H. Ramsey, Treasurer General.



## BOOKS WORTH WHILE.

To those who are interested in making a collection of worth-while books on Southern and Confederate history the following list will present some valuable offerings:

Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson. Two volumes; cloth bound.....	\$7 00
Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Gen. A. L. Long. Good copy; cloth.....	5 00
Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alfriend.....	4 00
Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones.....	4 00
Destruction and Reconstruction. By Gen. Richard Taylor.....	4 00
Service Afloat During the War between the States. By Admiral Raphael Semmes. Good copy; original edition.....	7 50
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A. T. Ransone, of Hampton, Va., wishes to get all information possible on the part of the 9th Virginia Infantry, and particularly Company E, in the War between the States.

Mrs. Allan P. Adair, Paris, Ky., makes inquiry for the record of her grandfather, B. F. Denton, as a Confederate soldier. His home was in Kerry County, Tex., at time of enlistment, and thinks he served in the 36th Texas Infantry. He was known as Corporal Denton, and was under Price and Van Dorn; was wounded at the battle of Richmond, from which he never fully recovered.

Frank H. Covington, of Bennettsville, S. C., is anxious to get the war record of William Harrison Fisher, who was born at Roseboro, N. C., and is buried at Tolarsville. It is hoped that some comrade of the war can furnish this information.

G. W. Anderson, of Rochelle, Tex., writes in behalf of Mrs. Mary E. Grimes, a Confederate widow now ninety-seven years old, for whom he is trying to secure a pension. Her husband, James Alexander Grimes, joined Gano's Brigade, and after two years' service he was drowned in the Mississippi River. Any information will be highly appreciated.

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Miss Elizabeth Carithers, 524 Meigs Street, Athens, Ga., asks that any readers of the VETERAN who can give information on the service of Isaac Henry Mitchell, who went out from Newton County, Ga., in the 3rd Georgia Regiment, will kindly communicate with her in the interest of getting a pension for his widow. He was in Captain Lucky's Company, under Colonel Wright; was transferred to the 9th Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, and served four years in all. His widow lived in Madison County, Ga., but had not been able to get the papers properly certified.

Mrs. Powell Nolen, of 1804 Long Avenue, East Nashville, Tenn., would like to hear from any comrade of her father, J. W. L. Nevils, better known as Watt Nevils, who served in the 11th Tennessee Regiment. He was a Mason and an Odd Fellow. His wife still lives, also four children.

Miss Alice Rollins, 205 South Denton Street, Gainesville, Tex., wishes to communicate with anyone who can give information on the war record of her father, Richard Stowers Rollins (Dick Rollins), who enlisted from Pendleton County, Ky., and served with Morgan.

Mrs. E. A. Haesener, 816 Myrtle Street, Erie, Pa., daughter of a Confederate veteran, is interested in securing for a museum in California a Missouri or Tennessee Confederate button.

Col. W. A. Love, of Columbus, Miss., also has a number of copies of the VETERAN for sale at a reasonable price. Those needing to fill out volumes may find the missing numbers here.

Anyone having the Virginia volume of the Confederate Military History (Volume III) for sale will please communicate with Roy B. Cook, Charleston, W. Va.



# Confederate Veteran

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No. 2.

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## LAST BUT ONE OF CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Gen. John McCausland, one of the last two brigadiers of the Confederate army, died at his home in Mason County, W. Va., on Sunday, January 23, 1927, in his ninetyeth year. A sketch will be give in March number.

## OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS, U. C. V.

### HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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The General Commanding herewith announces appointment of his Official and Personal Staff for the term of his administration. All comrades will properly recognize these appointees.

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## Confederate Veteran.

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E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### SACRED ANNIVERSARIES.

January 14.—Matthew Fontaine Maury.

January 19.—Gen. Robert E. Lee.

January 21.—Stonewall Jackson.

### THE SPIRIT OF LEE.

Reports come of general observance throughout the South of the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee, January 19—great as the military leader of Southern armies, but greater even as their leader in the acceptance of conditions after the fighting was done. It is apparent from these reports that writers and speakers are dwelling more and more upon that wonderful spirit which enabled him to accept the result of that unequal struggle without bitterness, the determination to redeem those four years of war with the greatest constructive accomplishment in peace, the wise counsel he gave, and the example he set his stricken people—the spirit which has more than all his military glory made him the idol of the South and the admiration of the outer world. As Lee the Christian, Lee the peacemaker, Lee the educator, his fame grows with the years.

Nine States of the South have made January 19 a legal holiday and his one hundred and twentieth anniversary was honored in Congress. On the 21st of January, a special tribute to Stonewall Jackson was delivered before the House of Representatives by Col. Charles M. Steadman, the only Confederate veteran in Congress.

In "The End of an Era," John S. Wise writes of General Lee:

"A few weeks ago I stood for the first time upon the steps of his beautiful Arlington. The Potomac of history and song rolled at my feet, and just across the river glittered a world city in its magnificence. As I gazed upon the panorama, with its cloud-capped shaft in honor of another, but not greater, patriot in the foreground, I saw not the enemy's graves scattered thick around me, I thought only of him whose matchless and immortal spirit so dominated the scene as to eclipse all else. Beyond the massive columns of the portico I looked up at the windows and wondered from which one he had oftenest looked out upon this fairest picture in all the land. Then my thoughts traveled to that quiet retreat, far away from his lordly Arlington, where, in supreme dignity and with a resignation little less than divine, he gave those last years to training the youth of his State, refusing the riches that England and his devoted South eagerly offered him. I turned away, sad at heart, and yet with a thrill of pride and exaltation in the majesty of the man who had counted this regal estate and the highest military honors of the other side as nothing when duty was in the balance.

"It is impossible to speak of General Lee without seeming to deal in hyperbole. Above the ordinary size, his proportions were perfect. His features are too well known to need description, but no representation of General Lee which I have ever seen properly conveys the light and softness of his eye, the tenderness and intellectuality of his mouth, or the indescribable refinement of his face. I have seen all the great men of our times, and have no hesitation in saying that Robert

E. Lee was incomparably the greatest looking man I ever saw. Every man in his army believed that he was the greatest man alive. Their faith in him alone kept that army together during the last six months of its existence. Whatever greatness was accorded to him was not of his own seeking. He was less of an actor than any man I ever saw. But the impression made by his presence and by his leadership upon all who came in contact with him can be described by no other term than that of grandeur. When I have stood at evening and watched the great clouds banked in the west and tinged by evening sunlight; when on the Western plains I have looked at the peaks of the Rocky Mountains outlined against the sky; when, in mid ocean, I have seen the limitless waters encircling us, unbounded save by the infinite horizon—the grandeur, the vastness of these have invariably suggested thoughts of Gen. Robert E. Lee. . . . When he said that the career of the Confederacy was ended; that the hope of an independent government must be abandoned; that all had been done which mortals could accomplish against the power of overwhelming numbers and resources; and that the duty of the future was to render a new and cheerful allegiance to a reunited government—his utterances were accepted as true as Holy Writ. No other human being upon earth, no other earthly power, could have compelled such prompt acceptance of that final and irreversible judgment.

"Of General Lee's military greatness, absolute or relative, I shall not speak; of his moral greatness I need not. . . . The man who could so stamp his impress upon his nation, rendering all others insignificant beside him, and yet die without an enemy; the soldier who could make love for his person a substitute for pay and clothing and food, and could by the constraint of that love hold together a naked, starving band and transform it into a fighting army; the heart which, after the failure of its great endeavor, could break in silence and die without the utterance of one word of bitterness—such a man, such a soldier, such a heart must have been great indeed, great beyond the power of eulogy."

### MOTORCADE FROM TAMPA.

A special invitation is extended through the VETERAN by the Chamber of Commerce of Palmetto, Fla., to all reunion visitors to be the guests of that city in a motor trip from Tampa into the Manatee section, where is located the historic old Gamble mansion and other points of interest. Palmetto is some forty miles south of Tampa, and that city is coöperating closely with Tampa in the effort to make this reunion notable for its entertainment of the veterans and other visitors at the time, and this motor trip will be an interesting close of that occasion. There will be plenty of cars furnished for all who will signify that they wish to take the trip, which will be from Tampa into the Manatee section and return. Send your name to R. S. Campbell, Secretary Chamber of Commerce, Palmetto, Fla., as early as possible and have the reservation made.

CROSSES OF SERVICE.—Request comes from Mrs. R. P. Holt, Recorder of Crosses of Honor and of Service, to explain that, owing to her serious illness, many had to be disappointed in not getting the Crosses of Service for bestowal on January 19. This she regrets exceedingly, but it could not be helped. She will not be able to take up the work again before the middle of February.



## THE LIGHTED TORCH.

[Address by Judge A. Farrel Chamblin, Commander of Camp Robert E. Lee, S. C. V., Chicago, Ill., at an entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Blankley, of the S. C. V. Camp, in honor of the U. D. C. Chapters of Chicago.]

*Confederate Veterans, Sons and Daughters of the Confederate Veterans, friends and fellow citizens, brothers and sisters of a common tongue and of the blood of the Anglo-Saxon people:* I greet you with sincerity and with a heart o'erflowing, striving to convey through the medium of words the pent-up love and faith in a cause that has been engraved upon that tablet which death nor time cannot efface—the conscience of living souls.

Our ancestors, unwilling to bow beneath the degrading power of tyranny, believing in the right of every man to pursue and enjoy life, liberty, and happiness, left the land of their fathers and journeyed o'er sea and land. They carved homes out of forests; tilled the soil; established commerce with foreign peoples and among themselves; they established schools to educate their children and the first university in America, Mary and William College. They had a glorious vision, and to the end of life labored to see that vision carried on.

Uniting with their brothers in the North, they threw off the yoke of a tyrant king and a blind government, the British Empire. Consider for a moment the trials of Washington and Marion; their struggle to unite thirteen States, widely separated geographically and having but one common thought, liberty or death. They gained liberty, although many a brave and fearless soul gave his all that his descendants and those of his fellow men might enjoy that liberty.

Time passed, and this youthful nation became a world power. Yet at the same time a separation came to pass within the boundaries of this republic. In the North, because of its rigorous climate, agriculture declined, while the manufacturing industry increased. In the South agriculture flourished beneath a kindly sun. Slavery passed from New England and the Northern States because economically it could not exist. No fanatical theory drove slavery from the North; cold survival of the fittest method of producing labor choked it out. No devastating war drove slavery from the North under the guise of noble desire; stern compulsion caused its atrophy.

It is a heartening fact that no Southern man and no Southern ship ever transported a single negro from his African home to America or any other shore. It must be remembered that only one nation in the world frowned upon, and in its Constitution forbade, the African slave trade, and that nation was the Confederate States of America. But when fanatics rave about a principle regardless of the results of their fanaticism; whether reformations reform or deform; whether a Christ be crucified, or witches burned; or rivers run red with the blood of brothers—beware the day and shun such maniacs as one shuns a leper.

We all know the cost, though we of the present generation little realize the agonies, the woes, the bitterness, and awful experiences of those who actually participated in the conflict.

The South stood up to a man for State Rights and the sanctity of the home and the supremacy of the white Anglo-Saxon race. The cause was lost by overwhelming numbers and at a fearful cost, but the sanctity of the home was defended even in the face of defeat.

Facing ruined homes, demolished plantations, and poverty beyond belief, these undaunted men and women took up the broken threads and wove a fabric that must endure until the

end of time. A people who gave to the world Washington, Marion, Andrew Jackson, Calhoun, Davis, the immortal Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Poe, Clay, Page, and Wilson; such a people survive fire, famine, flood, hatred, war, poverty—yes they triumph over death—and pass along through time to that bourne whence no traveler returns, victorious in defeat.

There is a crying need to-day for men and women of courage, of high resolve, to accomplish deeds as well as words; to act as well as think; men and women who will live their faiths, who will shine forth a beacon light in the storm of thoughtlessness. Men and women who each and every one

can carry a harmonious message to their "Garcia." Men and women with a divine love for country, for liberty, and for their sacred homes.

We are here to-day enjoying a communion of thought, and from that thought there must spring forth a message to our fellow men. We have a duty to perform, a trust to carry on, a torch, a light to bear. Our duty—the duty of a father to his home, the duty of a husband to his wife, the duty of a patriot to his native land. Our trust, the



JUDGE A. F. CHAMBLIN.

priceless heritage our fathers bestowed upon their sons, and which we, too, must bestow upon our children, the Constitution of our fathers. Our torch—the flaming torch of liberty, not a groveling subservience to fanatical theory, rather the freedom of the eagle, the unconquerable spirit of Washington.

To give the Constitution of our fathers the breath of life our immortal Washington gave his whole heart and his courage. To support that Constitution, Patrick Henry spoke those fiery words: "Give me liberty or give me death." Henry Clay stood aloft, a living flame of eloquence for State Rights. Jefferson Davis fought for those rights and was loyal to them to his death.

Veterans, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederate Veterans, to-night your ancestors behold you, their children, and must they see the sacrifice of State Rights, the sanctity of the home, the freedom of religious beliefs, for which they gave their glorious youth, their all; for which the immortal mothers gave flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone, blood of their blood upon the altar of liberty? Shall they have died and suffered in vain? Must their agonies, their griefs, their sacrifices go down in defeat?

To-night the souls of unnamed heroes and heroines look down upon us, and in the whispering breezes and again in the deep silence of the night, do we not hear a message? Could you look the immortal Robert E. Lee in the eye and grasp his hand without a quiver? What would you say to that champion of the Constitution of our fathers, John C. Calhoun? Would Francis Marion be proud of your patriotism? Could Thomas Jefferson read the present Constitution with unclouded eyes? What message would Jefferson Davis give to your eager ears? Stonewall Jackson, I fear, would blush with shame to see his fellow men in such bondage.



We, the living endowment of our noble ancestors, have a duty to fulfill, a labor to perform. The Anglo-Saxon blood of the South has ever stood for right against might since history began, and that group of Anglo-Saxons, wherever they may dwell, be it east, west, north, or south, must continue to so stand, firm as the granite hills of their native land, resolved that government of the people, for the people, and by the people shall not perish from the earth.

My comrades, pause for a moment and in your mind's eye visualize that host of known and unknown dead whose souls are journeying from Elysian fields to sanctify our banquet hall to-night—shall they behold their glorious sacrifice lost in vain, that only in memory's echoing vaults shall dwell freedom, honor, sacred home?

From the Valley of Virginia, from the levels of Henrico and Hanover, from the slopes of Manassas, from the swamps of Port Hudson, from the woods of Chancellorsville, from the heights of Fredericksburg, from Antietam and Gettysburg, from the Spotsylvania wilderness, and from unnumbered unmarked graves, a silent host assembles to impress us that soon we, too, will be among their number; that we must bear their burden and so live that we may dwell in the land of our fathers with liberty, with a common faith, and with a holy love until the end of time.

Souls of our fathers, gathered 'round,  
Winging in Honor's brilliant light,  
Speak! Break the silence with a sound;  
Grant us a message here to-night.

Shades of the immortal Past!  
Wherein uncounted heroes dwell;  
Withdraw the curtain 'round you cast  
By Time and Death's unfathomed spell.

Speak once again, Brave Washington!  
Admonish us that we may see  
That trust and righteousness be done;  
Advise us, O Immortal Lee,

Grant us an audience divine  
From our immortals now with thee;  
That wisdom from their lips sublime  
May guide us through eternity.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW.

(A new book on "The American Civil War," by David Knowles. Oxford University Press. Reviewed by Matthew Page Andrews, Historian.)

During the past few years the English people have shown a marked increase of interest in American history. Mr. Francis W. Hirst, a distinguished British economist, has brought out the most interesting and valuable single volume biography of Thomas Jefferson produced in either country. He has risen above prejudices, preconceptions, and especially the basic errors as to cause and effect which are all too common in the histories and biographies of Jefferson's own country.

It is unfortunate that David Knowles, in his book on "The American Civil War," has failed to rise above the obstacles scaled by Mr. Hirst. Although working in a different field, he encounters the same partisan misunderstandings; but his vision is too often on a level with them rather than

above them. For example, he fails to grasp the all-important fact that the fundamental points at issue between the warring sections were economic and political rather than moral. He has, not unnaturally, lost himself in the mists of *emotional befuddlement* that have obscured the treatment of the subject. His unfortunate assumption of the preëminence of the moral motive leads him into constant error throughout his first two chapters. Unconsciously, he has to twist his facts to suit his primal preconception; or perhaps it would be better to say he doesn't get at sufficient facts to offset a false conception that is almost universal in American historical exposition.

Error begins with the first pages, in which he asserts, with assurance, that, from the beginning, the South promoted the aristocratic theory of government, while the North promoted the democratic one. There is, of course, *some* color for this statement; but it is a half-truth, and a half-truth is more dangerous than a whole fabrication. For instance, we have Jefferson, Madison, Mason, and Monroe as the leading architects of the democratic principle—all products of the South. On the other hand, we have the New England theocratic principle, which prevailed for many years after the founding of the Puritan colony; following which we have, from out of the North, the Federalist-Hamiltonian aristocratic principle of birth and wealth—Winthrop's government by the few—until the wave of Southern democracy swept the Middle States and New England into an almost unanimous acceptance of a new order. The beneficent effects for the whole country of this peaceful *invasion and capture of the North* lasted until the "direct action" Renaissance of Federal interference with State sovereignty broke out afresh in New England, greatly to the dismay of her less emotional and more intelligent citizens; for there followed *an invasion of the South by force of arms*—regardless of how much both sides were to blame for the conflict.

When Mr. Knowles attempts to say something pleasant about the Southern end of the controversy, he seems to feel that an immediate explanation or apology is due! It is, therefore, diverting to read the following (*italics inserted*): "It," the social and political order of the South, "had undoubtedly many grave faults, *but it is dead now.*" Whereupon one almost seems to look for a literal adherence to the benevolent maxim: "Nothing but good should be spoken of the dead." But no, the good or much of it, is buried with their bones; and the evil lives after them; in fact, Mr. Knowles seems to think the South "has left no impress upon the nation"—and yet the morning's mail brought the writer a notice by a nationally minded Northern writer that the republic needs to "keep alive the traditions and ideals of the South as never before"; and a society has been formed in Boston to renew interest in the fundamental principles especially stressed by representative Southern statesmen, which principles, because of false interpretation, seem "sad" or even "wrong" to Mr. Knowles. There should be nothing sectional or partisan in the treatment of this period. History should be written impartially, and it seems fair to ask that the Southern viewpoints should be accorded equal respect with those of their Northern brethren. "Both sides were right," wrote Charles Francis Adams; and he added that, had Massachusetts been invaded as Virginia was, he hoped he would have had the courage and character to take the stand of Robert E. Lee.

The ideals and principles of local self-government established by Jefferson Mr. Knowles seems to attribute to John C. Calhoun, whom he calls the evil genius of the South. Again, when the author says that the lower class of Southern whites "were treated with a contempt as great as that of the



old French *noblesse* for the peasant," he indulges in unpardonable exaggeration. He should read Jefferson's remarks on this very subject. Mr. Knowles labors under the impression that the Southerners were "unintellectual," whereas these same "unintellectuals" were those who made the Union possible and directed the expansion of the republic. His references to Governor Berkeley and his opposition to education apply to one of English birth. Berkeley's contemporary and antagonist, Nathaniel Bacon, a Virginian and a rebel against Berkeley's tyranny, would have served as a better example of the Virginia viewpoint.

Not unnaturally, considering the partisan material upon which his story is based, the writer says that "the first steamboat, the first [steam] railroad, and the first telegraph appeared in the North." As a matter of fact, all these things appeared first below the Mason and Dixon Line; and, of the three, only the telegraph may be considered of Northern origin. If Eli Whitney gave to the South the cotton gin, Cyrus McCormick gave to the Northern wheat fields the reaper. These and numerous other Southern inventions, with the discovery of anesthesia, do not fit in with the broad generalization in regard to the Southern people which Mr. Knowles characterizes as "their very slowness of reflection." The South produced the Humboldt of the Western World—perhaps the greatest scientist of America, who saved British as well as American commerce untold millions of pounds and dollars. In the books available to Mr. Knowles this notable name may be scarcely mentioned, if at all; and the writer recalls Julian Street's astonishment over his "discovery" of this man when on his tour of the South for *Collier's Weekly*. One is reminded of H. G. Wells's statement that "George Washington was indolent." Here, Mr. Wells, in attempting to compress the alleged characteristics of Southern character, makes out a terrible arraignment of the British generals, who, with superior forces, were not sufficiently active to capture this "indolent" Virginian!

In spite of all this, there is no doubt that Mr. Knowles desires to be fair, and thinks he is. He has seen some things not generally disclosed in the sources he quotes or his brief digest of war events (223 pages), but he has consulted one source rather than two sources on a two-sided subject. Mr. Knowles affirms that, "when the Constitution was framed, slavery had been tacitly [why 'tacitly'?] accepted, but already New England had fallen foul of the delegates from the South on a proposal to forbid the slave trade." If this sentence means what it says, Mr. Knowles could not more completely "have fallen foul of" the truth. As a matter of fact, all the New England delegates, in association with but *some* of the Southern delegates (the rest being strongly against it), favored the continuance of the slave trade! The author gives no intimation that the slave trade was conducted by English vessels or by vessels from New England and the upper Middle States, and it appears to have been established by Arthur H. Jennings that not a single Southern ship ever engaged in the slave trade.

Again, depending upon false sources for his information, Mr. Knowles gives the impression that the South was provincial while the North was always national. Perhaps the reverse is the truth in regard to the history of the Union—until the time when an element in the North sought to override the Constitution to the detriment of Southern rights, a statement vouched for by Northern men, including Abraham Lincoln. From 1793 to 1860, most of the secession talk originated in the North, some of it in the midst of the second war with Great Britain, and three-fourths of the successful nullification proceedings of the pre-war period.

Mr. Knowles does not at all understand—and the errors of omission in American history are responsible for his mistake—that in opposing slavery in the Northwest, the citizens of that section were not emotionally excited over the "moral issue." They had exactly the same idea as the Californians of our own day in excluding the Asiatics. In ante-bellum days these men of the Northwest opposed slavery in the territories because they opposed the introduction of an alien race; and they did not care whether the negroes were slaves or freemen. They made laws in the States of the Northwest with a view to excluding the free negroes. Mr. Knowles, again misled by his sources, bases the protest on humanitarian grounds.

Nowhere does Mr. Knowles realize that the indirect taxation imposed by the Federal government upon the agricultural South was many times more burdensome than anything proposed to the detriment of the American colonies by the British king or Parliament. The influence of the fiction which has been mistaken for history is apparent when Mr. Knowles speaks of "the breeding of slaves for death, or shame, the lash, the bloodhound, and the branding iron," etc. The reference to "the bloodhound" would be funny if the principal sentimental episode of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were not so tragically misleading to millions of good people. It is possible that there were three bloodhounds in the entire South during the pre-war period, and possibly none of these three were used for the tracking of runaway slaves! Yet one writer in so reputable an organ as the *Century* told of the killing of scores of these terrible criminals on the plantation of Jefferson Davis—when Davis, for some reason best known to himself, objected to having any dogs on his place at all!

Our author is under the false impression that the mid-century English economic system had not begun in the North; yet the factory régime prior to the opening of the war was vastly more arduous than the conditions under which the negroes lived on Southern plantations—and the whites of the factory system were representatives of races developed by hundreds of years of civilization, whereas the negroes were representatives of a race which had then in their native land no development beyond that of savagery or even cannibalism.

Mr. Knowles admires Abraham Lincoln above all men and simultaneously admires the ideas of the abolitionists; but, unfortunately, he does not know that he cannot admire both at the same time for the same thing. Lincoln disliked the abolitionists; and that element was about the only element in American life which he openly denounced in unmeasured terms. In fact, in 1852, he spoke of the abolitionists as deserving the just "execration" of all patriotic citizens; and "execration" was a strong word in Lincoln's vocabulary, for he was cautious in his public statements. Of course, this denunciation did not include *emancipationists*, North or South. The abolitionists (referred to by Lincoln) defied the Constitution and the laws and labored for disunion. During the war, Wendell Phillips said he had worked "for thirty years for the dissolution of the Union." In clinging to his theory that the war was fought by the North on a moral basis, Mr. Knowles ignores President Lincoln's repeated protestations of noninterference with slavery where it existed; and that he declared the Emancipation Proclamation was a war measure. In addition, Mr. Knowles probably had no opportunity of discovering that the War President approved of the original form of the Thirteenth Amendment, which would have made it impossible to interfere with slavery in the South. Additional errors of omission in American history.

Mr. Knowles is generous in his praise of Robert E. Lee ?



both as man and soldier, and he does not fall into the mistake made by General Sir Frederick Maurice, in his recent very admirable appreciation of Lee, the soldier, when he pictured Lee as spending the remainder of his days regretting the part he played in the War of Secession! Which cannot by any means be reconciled with Lee's own statement that, "we had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor."

Instead of this error, however, Mr. Knowles falls into that of repeating the story about Lee telling of the Puritan legislator and his devotion to duty, in regard to which it has been shown that there is no basis other than the lively imagination of a newspaper reporter.

However, one would like to say good things about this book despite the fact that one feels sorry that the well-intentioned author has fallen upon misleading sources for his material; for it is intended to be a condensation of the war story, presumably for the benefit of English people. Consequently, it is a pleasure to state that in the matter of the military campaigns, Mr. Knowles has done excellent work. This is his forte, even though he admits he is a layman on the subject. It is most unfortunate that he should be so misled as to cause and effect, with the likelihood of misleading his fellow countrymen and others who will naturally turn to a small volume, such as this one, to get a bird's-eye view of the great American conflict.



DOWN IN GEORGIA.

T. E. Etheridge, Adjutant of South Georgia Camp, No. 819 U. C. V., of Waycross, Ga., is here shown with his young friend, Miss Alexandria Morrison, also of Waycross, who was one of the pages to the President General during the Richmond Convention, U. D. C. Comrade Etheridge served a little over three years in the Confederate army, Company I, 57th Georgia Regiment; was wounded three times—at Vicksburg, at Kenesaw Mountain, and at Decatur, Ga.; stacked arms at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

## SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY: STEPHEN HARRIS RUSHING.

CONTRIBUTED BY HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. FRED W. BRADT, HISTORIAN LOUISIANA DIVISION, U. D. C.

One of those who served with the Medical Department of the Confederate army, which service has not had adequate recognition by the writers of our Confederate history, was my father, Stephen Harris Rushing, of Louisiana. He was born October 26, 1830, in Wadesboro, Anson County, N. C., and came of a family of wealth and influence. His father, Col. James Madison Rushing, was colonel of militia organized to keep down Indian raids. His parents removing to Belmont, in Sumter County, Ala., in 1832, in that State he grew up, finishing his college course at Green Springs College and then attending the University of Pennsylvania, where he received his diploma in medicine in 1853. He returned to Alabama and practiced for several years, then, in 1856, he located at Evergreen, Avoyelles Parish, La. In 1857 he was married to Miss Flovilla J. Duvall, a descendant of prominent old families of Maryland and Louisiana, and they reared a family of three daughters.

Dr. Rushing came of good old fighting lineage, for his ancestors fought under Sumter and Marion in the Carolinas, so when war came on in 1861 he joined the Evergreen Invincibles, which was Company H, of the 16th Louisiana Infantry. At Corinth, Miss., he took his medical examination and was sent to the Army of Tennessee as surgeon on the staff of General Finley, Bate's Division. He was field surgeon for the entire four years with the exception of the time he served as post surgeon at Rome, Ga.

It was while he was stationed at Rome that my mother went down to be with him. She and a party of friends had many frightful experiences and narrow escapes on this hazardous trip, traveling by hack, on horseback, or on foot, and part of the way on flat cars. She crossed the Mississippi River at night so near the Yankee gunboats that at times the oars could not be used. The last lap of the journey was made in a box car, but the party was happy to get any mode of conveyance. At last she reached Rome, when she found that Dr. Rushing was out dining with General Forrest and staff. But he soon came in, happy to welcome her; twelve months had passed since they last met. She had a pleasant stay in Rome, and the time came all too soon when Dr. Rushing was ordered back to the field. He was in the battles of Chickamauga, Atlanta, and others in which the Army of Tennessee had a part, and was paroled at Meridian, Miss., in 1865. He then returned to Evergreen, there to begin again to build a home from the ashes of the beautiful past.

In 1882, Dr. Rushing removed to Alexandria, La., where he built up a large and lucrative practice, and for many years he was surgeon for the Texas and Pacific and the Missouri Pacific Railroads, serving at Coronor the last four years of his active life. He was a Mason, a member of the Episcopal Church, and a member of the Jeff Davis Camp, U. C. V. His life was long and useful, filled with kindness and charity, and many there are who were blessed by his tender ministrations. After months of ill health, he passed away on a beautiful, bright morning, April 20, 1905, and he and his loved companion of so many years rest side by side in beautiful Mt. Olivet Cemetery at Alexandria. Treasures left to their children and grandchildren are our mother's reminiscences of 1861-65, which tell of courage and devotion and loyalty of men and women of the Old South, and a picture of my soldier father in his Confederate gray.



## COLD STEEL FOR THE YANKS.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

In previous articles in the *VETERAN* the writer has tried to shed some light on the weapons used by the men who fought and died for Dixie. These articles have told of the shoulder arms—muskets, rifles, and carbines; the hand weapons—pistols and revolvers, swords and knives, and of the Confederate armories. In the following article the aim is to tell something about the pikes and lances of the Confederacy, with a brief mention of the bayonets, for the bayonet of an army musket is evolved from the ancient pike.

Turn back the pages of history and you will read that the favorite weapon of the rebel and revolutionist is the pike. In the absence of other and more deadly weapons, it is the popular arm of a public uprising. It is a crude but formidable weapon in hand-to-hand fighting, which accounts for its popularity.

It may surprise some students of war history to learn that thousands of pikes were made to arm Confederate infantrymen, and that cavalry lances were used in battle by both sides.

No article on pikes of the War between the States would be complete without some reference to those made for the John Brown raid, because that was a prelude to the sectional conflict.

The John Brown pikes were made by Charles Blair, of Collinsville, Conn., and C. Hart, of Unionville, Conn. Blair made one thousand, and Hart is said to have contracted for ten thousand at twenty-six cents each. They were lighter than the usual pike, and had slender, wide blades. When Lee captured the John Brown "fort" at Harper's Ferry in 1859, he took possession of four hundred and eighty-three of these pikes. Others were found in boxes on the Maryland side of the river. Some of these are said to have been issued to Virginia recruits in the early days of the war.

In the early part of the war, before the arms purchased in Europe began to come through the blockade, and before the captured weapons reached any appreciable amount, the Confederate authorities were unable to arm the great number of volunteers. They even went so far as to refuse to receive volunteers unless a man brought his own gun. In this emergency the government fell back upon pikes.

In February, 1862, resolutions were presented in the Confederate Congress instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the propriety of arming troops with pikes, lances, or spears. Another set of resolutions provided for twenty regiments of pikemen. Finally, in April, Congress passed an act "to provide for keeping all firearms in the armies of the Confederate States in the hands of effective men." It provided that two companies of each regiment should be armed with pikes. It was signed by President Davis, April 10.

This action of Congress had the approval of the military leaders. General Lee wrote to Colonel Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, April 9, 1862, that "one thousand pikes should be sent to General Jackson, if practicable."

General Jackson wrote to Col. S. B. French, March 4, 31, 1862: "Let us have a substitute so as to make the arm six inches longer than the musket with bayonet fixed."

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in a letter to Adjutant General Cooper, February 9, 1862, discussing the shortage of firearms for cavalry, suggests "equipping a large body of lancers. These weapons can be furnished easily and soon would be formidable, much more so than sabers, in the hands of new troops, especially against the enemy's numerous artillery. The shafts should be about ten feet long and the heads seven or eight inches. Those furnished to us are, many of them, of

heavy wood and too short, the heads too thin and unnecessarily broad. Ash is the best wood."

General Gorgas, writing in the *Southern Historical Papers*, said: "In the winter of 1861-62, while McClellan was preparing his great army near Alexandria, we resorted to the making of pikes for the infantry and lances for the cavalry. Many thousand of the former were made at various arsenals, but were little used."

Gen. John B. Magruder, said: "I recommend the arming of cavalry with lances and shotguns."

The newspapers also approved the plan. The *Richmond Daily Examiner* of April 5, 1862, contained a lengthy article urging the concentration of lancers and pikemen and the provision of a special drill for them. But the plan did not meet with the approval of the soldiers. In many instances the issuance of pikes to volunteers almost caused open mutiny. In other cases the men quickly "lost" the cumbersome weapons.

While many regiments in training camps and coast defenses were armed with pikes, diligent search of the records reveals only one instance in which infantry pikes were actually carried by troops at the front. It is recorded that DeGournay's Heavy Artillery was armed with pikes during the seven days' battles around Richmond. However, in the hard-fought battle of Valverde, N. Mex., in February, 1862, Texas cavalry armed with lances charged on foot in the face of a deadly artillery and small-arms fire and captured the McRae Battery. Colonel Slayback's regiment, of Shelby's Division, was armed with lances in Texas in 1865.

The *Lynchburg (Va.) Republican*, of January, 1861, said the county court has ordered the fabrication of four or five hundred lances for home defense.

It is a fact of more than passing interest that the first pikes made for defense of the South were manufactured in Baltimore. After the bloody riot of the 19th of April, 1861, when the 6th Massachusetts Regiment was mobbed in Baltimore on its way to Washington, the city ordered pikes made at the Winans Locomotive Works in South Baltimore for defense against "Northern invaders." The order was filled with a rush, because by April 26, it is said, two thousand were ready and were removed to the City Hall. Later they were removed to the warehouse of John S. Gittings, Gay and Second Streets.

When General Butler took possession of the city he demanded that the pikes be turned over to him. Police Marshal Kane, of Baltimore, refused to give up the pikes without an order from the mayor, so on May 14, Colonel Hare, with a detachment of a New York regiment, surrounded the warehouse and carried off 3,500 pikes and 2,900 old muskets belonging to the city authorities.

The Winans pikes, often called Marshal Kane pikes, were heavy weapons, with short, thick shafts, and hand-forged blades. The latter were very crude and hardly any two of them were shaped exactly alike.

Apparently, Georgia took the lead of Southern States in the manufacture of pikes. Shortly after the fall of Fort Donelson, Governor "Joe" Brown, of Georgia issued a proclamation to the mechanics of the State asking them to make pikes to arm the troops, and announcing that patterns could be had at the Ordnance Office at Milledgeville. On March 12, 1862, Major McIntosh, Chief of Ordnance, announced that he would pay \$5 for every pike accepted, the shaft to be of white oak, ash, or hickory, and the head of well-tempered steel.

Peter Brown, master armorer, was designated to inspect all pikes. Records show that from March 18, 1862, to April 26, 7,099 pikes were accepted and paid for. The largest manufacturers were J. D. Gray, Samuel Griswold, William J. McElroy & Co., John Esper, and D. B. Woodruff.



At the request of President Davis, 1,200 of these pikes were sent to arm troops concentrated at Chattanooga. Pike were issued to the 31st Georgia Infantry and almost caused a revolt. About 5,000 Georgia-made pikes were stored at Milldegeville and destroyed when the Federals captured the place November 22, 1864. Others were stored in the arsenal at Augusta and captured at the close of the war. Many years after the war, the Augusta pikes were sold at public auction and found their way into various museums and private collections.

Alabama early took steps to arm her troops with pikes. The legislature in 1861 appropriated \$6,000 to purchase from Alexander McKinstry 1,000 pikes and 1,000 Bowie knives to arm the 48th Regiment of Alabama Militia. A large number of pikes were destroyed by the Federal force which wrecked the Confederate plants at Tallassee near the close of the war.

The Mississippi legislature, by an act passed at the session of 1862-63, provided for the payment of \$750 to Read & Dickson for 300 lances.

In North Carolina, Governor Clark wrote, June 6, 1861: "Colonel Estvan, at Wilmington, proposes to instruct a company in the use of the lance, which he recommends as a very effective weapon, and says a company or regiment armed with it becomes a most formidable corps. In the great scarcity of arms of every description, I am willing to arm a company with the lance which Colonel Estvan proposes to instruct and drill."

Estvan had a sword factory at Wilmington. He was a Hungarian who left the South early in the war, went to New York, and wrote a scurrilous book about the Southern leaders. As a historian, he ranks with Baron Munchausen.

Early in 1862, Gen. S. B. French wrote to Governor Clark for 700 muskets for Fort Fisher. The Governor answered that he had no muskets, but would send pikes. In the State museum at Raleigh are a number of pikes of native manufacture.

General Beauregard reported, July 23, 1863, that there were 3,000 pikes or lances in Charleston Arsenal. When the Federals captured Knoxville, Tenn., they reported the capture of 2,000 pikes at the arsenal. These excerpts from the records show that many thousands of pikes were manufactured throughout the Confederacy.

The pikes made in the South were of great variety and sizes. Most of the Georgia pikes were strong, simple weapons, with a seven-foot staff and a twelve-inch double-edged blade about two inches wide at the base with a narrow hilt. Some of them were decorated with the letters "C. S. A." and eleven stars. Very few bore the name of the maker.

Another popular form has, in addition to the straight blade, a curved hook or bridle cutter, as it was known in the days of chivalry. With the hook the pikeman was supposed to cut the bridle of a mounted man's horse and drag the rider from his steed. Very simple in theory, but rather difficult when the cavalryman was armed with carbine or pistol.

Col. William Preston Johnston, in his life of his father, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, says: "At Bowling Green a distinguished Tennessee politician called on General Johnston and requested him to make a contract with parties in Nashville for the manufacture of spears, with a bill hook or sickle attached to the head, with which foot soldiers could attack cavalry, the sickle to be used in cutting the bridle reins and pulling the troopers from their horses. General Johnston asked what the troopers would be doing with their pistols while the spearmen were trying to cut the bridle reins."

The *Richmond Examiner* of August 10, 1862, says: "It is proposed to arm some companies with the Polish scythe, a scythe fastened to the end of an eight- or nine-foot staff."

The same newspaper of June 10, 1861, says: "Major Baugh, of Memphis, Tenn., has had sixty-four Irish pikes made there for a company just organized. They are about ten feet long, with a bayonet head for thrusting and a hook for cutting."

And on January 3, 1862, the *Examiner* says: "Capt. Franz Reuter, of the Louisiana *Staats Zeitung*, has invented a new pike and has sent a model to Gen. M. Grivot. It is a scythe blade fixed on a ten-foot pole, which is sheathed in iron. At the base of the blade is a strong, sharp hook. The idea is to draw in and spear later."

Evidently the *Examiner* editor had some doubt about the effectiveness of the pike.

On January 28, 1862, the *Examiner* says: "The coast guard regiments will be armed with Alabama pikes manufactured under an appropriation of the State legislature. This weapon has a keen, two-edged steel head like a Bowie knife near eighteen inches long, with a sickle-like hook, very sharp, bending back from near the socket."

Some of these pikes with the hooks attached had the heads made of one piece of metal. Others had the straight blade in one piece and the hook in another.

Still a third pattern had a head like a three-leaf clover. There was a leaf-shaped center blade, about ten inches long, and two smaller blades about four inches long. Each of these blades was double-edged. This seems to have been a Georgia type.

But the most curious of all was an "automatic" pike. One newspaper describes it in this manner: "Among these is a pike invented by Rev. Dr. Graves, a Methodist preacher from Vermont. The eighteen-inch blade is sheathed in the end of the pole and shoots out when a spring is touched."

General Gorgas, in the Southern Historical Papers, writes: "I remember a formidable weapon which was invented at that time in the shape of a stout wooden sheath, containing a two-edged straight sword some two feet long. The sheath, or truncheon, could be leveled and the sword liberated from the compression of a strong spring by touching a trigger, when it leaped out with sufficient force to transfix an opponent."

A similar weapon had a collapsible blade, fourteen inches long, which could be pushed back into the pole when not in use. When the blade was bared for use it was held in place by a catch.

The lances used in the South were usually of one kind. There was a long, slender staff of ash, brass mounted, with a thin spear head of iron, with hilt. As a rule, there was a small pennant of the Stars and Bars. The heads were so thin that they were easily bent or broken. The lances used by the Texas cavalry are said to have been of stouter build and more serviceable.

#### BAYONETS.

The bayonets used in the Confederate armies were much the same as those used in the Federal armies. These were the ordinary, triangular bayonet, with socket, for the long musket, rifled and smooth bore, and the various types of sword bayonets such as were used on the 1855 model short rifle made at Harper's Ferry. The short Enfield rifle, large numbers of which were imported from England by the South, had a saber bayonet with a blade shaped like a yataghan.

The *Richmond Examiner* of July 2, 1861, announced the proposals for the manufacture of 3,000 saber bayonets, Harper's Ferry pattern, would be opened July 4. The rifles made at Fayetteville, N. C., and some of those made by Cook & Brother at Athens, Ga., had saber bayonets. The commandant of the Selma (Ala.) Arsenal reported April 11, 1863, that machinery for making bayonets had been completed.

Adjutant General Cooper issued an order, dated January



14, 1864, directing that the manufacture of sword bayonets be discontinued.

In the early part of the war bayonets were not popular with the Southern volunteers. Members of the old militia organization had been trained in the manual of the bayonet and appreciated its value, but to the average soldier, especially if he were from the rural sections, the bayonet was simply a "bit of tomfoolery" designed to add to his burden on the march, and he managed to lose it as soon as possible.

On February 1, 1864, Gen. J. E. Johnston reported that more than half his infantry were without bayonets. By that time, however, the Confederates had learned how to use and appreciate them.

There was one type of bayonet used in the South which probably was distinctive. That was the sword bayonet, with a basket hilt and blade like a navy cutlass. It was of English manufacture and made for the short Enfield navy rifle. They were purchased for the Alabama and other Confederate cruisers. It is also said that two companies of the 21st Mississippi Regiment were armed with Marine Enfields with cutlass bayonets in 1861. The long sword bayonet imported for the North Carolina Rifles, made by Mendenhall, James Gardner, with their twenty-six-inch double-edged blade, is also distinctive in character.

#### EVELINA—LAST OF THE OLD VIRGINIA SLAVES.

BY CASSIE LYNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

There recently passed away at the home of her "white folks" in the city of Washington, D. C., a character that was known throughout Virginia as "Evelina," a little black negro woman, who loved her mistress more than freedom. Her life was the highest testimonial to the great friendship existing between the slaves and their owners. A clergyman from Pennsylvania, after reading over her remains the beautiful rites of the Episcopal Church, exclaimed: "I feel that I have missed a great deal in my life not to have had a faithful negro mammy." Another commentary came from an Englishman who witnessed her burial, one of whose family was a member of Parliament, who declared: "We have nothing like this, and never heard of it on the other side."

Evelina never accepted *emancipation*, for she was happy in her environment and jealous of her caste, holding herself far above the "free niggers," with whom she seldom associated. Once an insurance agent approached her and urged that, as old age was rapidly advancing, she should take out a burial policy; but she scouted the idea, saying: "I don't need nothing like dat, for I belongs to de Miss Moncures of Virginia."

These ladies were daughters of her former mistress, Mrs. Georgia Bankhead Moncure, of famous old Somerset in the county of Stafford, which suffered constant depredations in the years of war. Burnside's army camped on this plantation, and one day, Evelina then a girl, appeared before her mistress, weeping, and asked: "What's gwine break de dawn if de Yankees keep on stealing all our roosters?"

Somerset is one of the historic homes of the Old Dominion, dating back to Colonial days, when the worthy Parson Moncure, to save the lives of his slaves from the malaria of the marshes, left his Clermont estate on the Potomac and built here his summer seat, which was in time contracted into Somerset.

This worthy Scotch dominie had been ordained by the Lord Bishop of London, and his wife was a daughter of Dr. Gustavus Brown, of Dalkeith, Scotland, whose Maryland descendants numbered, among other distinguished men, Francis Scott Key,

author of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Parson Moncure was brother-in-law to Governor Stone, one of Maryland's signers of the Declaration of Independence. His old Church, Aquia, is one of the stateliest edifices in Virginia, with square pews, a high sounding board, and special seats for bishop, priest, and clerk. While beneath the communion table of white marble is the Moncure family vault, where the good parson rests with his spouse, having left his children to the custody of his wife's first cousin, George Mason, author of the Bill of Rights. One of his daughters married Governor Wood, the founder of Winchester, Va., who presided at the trial of Aaron Burr; and another daughter wedded Mr. Robinson, and became the mother of Moncure Robinson, of Philadelphia, who was considered the greatest civil engineer America ever produced, having built the Pennsylvania Railroad; while his brothers, Conway and Edwin, rose high in compiling the laws of Virginia. Their sister was Mrs. Barton Haxall, whose youngest daughter married Gen. Robert E. Lee's son, Capt. R. E. Lee. All these Moncure descendants had been baptized at Aquia Church and had partaken of communion from the famous Colonial silver service which has been buried in three wars. Old Aquia is endowed, thanks to the Robinson generosity, the custodians of this fund being Mr. Barton Haxall Cameron, and Mr. James Ashby Moncure, of Richmond, so that it is in an excellent state of preservation, though the old historic walls still show where the Yankee soldiers wrote their names when they camped there in the sixties. When Evelina, the little negro girl, became terribly afraid lest she be forced to leave her friends to journey North, where already most of the darkies had gone, far from the hills of old Stafford, Mrs. Moncure told her she had better go, for she might become separated from her kin; but Somerset meant to her "home, sweet home."

When Evelina was a little girl, John Moncure IV, who was a grandson of the old parson, was still alive, a venerable old



EVELINA—FAITHFUL SERVANT

gentleman of the ante-bellum days, whose reputation for justness, benevolence, and kindness was so great that three separate estates of negroes were left him by their own request. These darkies dreaded being sent to Liberia, and as a free negro had no property rights then in Virginia, all felt they would be better and safer at the quarters for the servants at Somerset than under any other provision. Mr. Moncure's brothers shared his reputation in their communities, one

being Chief Justice Richard Cassius Lee Moncure, of Glencairn, for thirty-five years president of the Virginia Supreme Court; the other was Hon. William A. Moncure, of Ellerslie, who was



auditor of the State when Gov. Henry Wise hung John Brown.

In a "Book of Personal Property," Evelina's value is set down as being \$500 when four years of age, but, as she lived to be over ninety, her worth compounded with the passing of



COLONIAL AQUIA CHURCH NEAR FREDERICKSBURG.

the years, so that no estimate could be placed on her except in the equivalent which her mistress's children manifested in the great respect and care shown her in her declining years. She lacked for no comforts, but had every luxury that could be bestowed. When she died, the Daughters of the Confederacy sent a beautiful memorial of flowers from Fredericksburg, Va., and the aristocracy of the State followed the humble slave's casket to the Moncure graveyard, where bowed heads showed the reverence due to her life of selfless love in ministering to the comfort of all she knew. Her heart had been torn with grief a few years ago when Rev. John Moncure V, the archdeacon of Philadelphia, was drowned in attempting to rescue a negro man from drowning, a convict whom Dr. Moncure had known when he was city missionary of Richmond, Va. So noble was this sacrifice and yet so natural and consistent with Dr. Moncure's life, that the Scottish Rite Masons (Thirty-Third degree) have perpetuated his name in the John Moncure Lodge of Norfolk, Va., and a Boys' Lodge in Richmond is called for him.

When the war began in 1861, Evelina's brother early went off with Burnside's army and later became General Grant's body servant; so Evelina became very fearful lest he return to Stafford and force freedom upon her. She then and there severed all dealings with the colored race and clung to the Moncure family. She felt there were no people in the world like those she loved and served. Many of the famous figures in that mighty drama were personally known to her, for Mrs. Georgie Bankhead Moncure was nearly related to Gen. Bankhead Magruder.

On the adjoining plantation lived Mrs. Mary Ashby Moncure, whose brothers were the immortal Gen. Turner Ashby and Capt. Dick Ashby, who sleep in the same grave at Winchester. Mrs. Georgie Bankhead Moncure's sister Nora had married Maj. Henry Lee, a brother of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and, accompanying her mistress, Evelina used to visit at Ravensworth, where Major Lee then lived, though this place later passed to the children of Gen. Rooney Lee and is now owned by Dr. Bolling Lee, of New York. The Moncures and Lees were closely related, their grandmother being Anne Lee, of

Ditchley, the sister of Richard Henry Lee, the signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The young Moncure men, whose fathers Evelina had nursed, bore her flower-covered casket with tender reverence to the grave for the little old slave at her mistress's feet, beneath the pines. Many negroes had gone through curiosity to view her remains when she lay in the Somerset parlor, beneath the portrait of the lovely Dorothea (which once hung in the governor's mansion at Williamsburg), who was Mrs. Moncure's ancestor, the sister of Lord Spottswood's wife, who had been a lady in waiting to Queen Anne. Strange contrast this, the little black negro woman, who looked so black against her white-lined coffin, and this Colonial belle (who eloped with the dashing Raleigh Minor) smiling, in her court satin, down on the humble servitor of her descendants in those cruel days of Reconstruction that tried men's souls, for it was then that Evelina proved her worth, verifying scripture as "one that serveth" with the "well done, thou good and faithful servant"—who never left her post of duty till the angel of death set her free.

## INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

A. H. Duncan, of St. Louis, Mo., is eighty-four years old, but his handwriting is as firm and clear as that of a young man, and he has a vivid memory of his war experiences. The notice given him in the *VETERAN* for October brought him a letter from his old school-teacher, Dr. A. P. Waterfield, of Union City, Tenn., of whom he writes: "I went to school to Dr. Waterfield in Calloway County, Ky., in 1854, when I was eleven years old, and he was twenty-one. I have not seen him in over forty years; I am now in my eighty-fourth and the Doctor in his ninety-fourth year. His letter was a great surprise to me and was greatly appreciated, for I think a great deal of him. I did not know there was anyone living who knew me seventy-two years ago.

"I read the account in the *VETERAN* of that match drill between the 15th Mississippi and the 3rd Kentucky Regiments in 1863. I was there and took part in that drill. The writer tells it very well, but he made a mistake, in telling of Colonel Thompson's being killed later on at Paducah, Ky., in saying that he was on foot. I was commanding Company H, of the 3rd Kentucky, and was within thirty feet of Colonel Thompson, who was commanding our brigade, known as the Kentucky Brigade, composed of the 3rd, 7th, 8th, and 12th Kentucky Regiments. Colonel Crossland, of the 7th, succeeded Colonel Thompson. We were near the fort. We got behind the houses on each side of the street and did not go any farther; this was about four o'clock in the afternoon. We had the Federals in the fort. The cannon ball that killed Colonel Thompson came from a gunboat, which was some distance out in the river. I suppose we were within one hundred and fifty yards of the Ohio. We had gone there on a forced march from Mississippi and had ridden over thirty miles that morning. We began fighting about two thirty. Our horses had given out; of twenty men in my company only twelve men and myself got in the fight, and four of the twelve were killed, one being killed in the street and the others by cannon balls from the gunboats passing through the houses. Every man of my company who was hit was killed. We withdrew as soon as it was dark enough to keep the Yanks from seeing us, because our backs would be toward them and we could not shoot at them."



*HOW FORREST SAVED THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.*

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

There is nothing in the science of war, nor in the history of wars, more wonderful than General Forrest's defense against the onslaughts of the Federal army of seventy thousand seasoned soldiers, under General Thomas, who were in hot pursuit of Hood's defeated army leaving Nashville. The story has been told numerous times by as many writers. I, myself, have done so before, but it cannot be told too often, for in all history there has been nothing in military affairs so marvelous. The accomplished British major general, Sir Frederick Maurice, wrote interestingly of that campaign and declared that Forrest was the master of strategy. But even that cultivated soldier and educated gentleman was not able to portray the wonders performed. No one can do so, even though he had participated in the struggle.

I was with the command from the time the army crossed the river at Florence, November 15, 1864, until General Hood recrossed the Tennessee River at Bainbridge, December 27. I was with the rear guard from the day we left Brentwood, December 17, every day, every minute of the time, until we reached Bainbridge; but I freely confess my inability to describe what I saw, I cannot write satisfactorily of the most notable scenes even, which are as clear in my mind to-day as an awakening dream, certainly not in the graceful, musical-sounding phrases General Maurice uses, but I can tell in plain and simple language what Forrest accomplished; and in writing the story again, I do so with the hope that those who read it will keep afresh in the minds of their children the grandeur of the Confederate soldier. If I can persuade one man to teach his children the true history of the War between the States, I shall feel that I have done well.

I cannot give credit to all those who were glorious figures in the battle front, for that would include the name of every man Forrest had, but I hope I can attract the attention of those people among us who are becoming careless, or indifferent, to the cause and the memory of the Confederate soldier, the men who proved themselves heroes in war. Noblemen in peace, and an honor at all times to the South; whose patience throughout privations outlasted the war itself, and whose behavior in battle gave them the glory of renown. Those men must not be forgotten. I commanded General Chalmers's escort company during that time. Every man in that company was a soldier. We were all boys, not one over twenty-five. I was nineteen, and I would love to pay tribute to each of them. So far as I can learn, not one remains; they have all gone; and I do not know personally of but one man who shared the hardships of that campaign. There may be a few others, and it may be that I could recollect them if I heard their names, but the only one I can identify is the Hon. J. P. Young, of Memphis. He was a member of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Rucker's Brigade, and no body of soldiers was ever superior to them. I received a letter recently from Judge Young, who told me that he was "living quietly in Memphis." I have known him more than half a century, and during those years he has filled the measure of God's noblest creation.

The first day of December, 1864, the morning after the battle of Franklin, was clear and balmy, but the men of the Army of Tennessee were sad and discouraged. Five thousand of their comrades who had shared the hardships and dangers of four years of bloody war lay dead or wounded on the field in front of the Federal breastworks. Their precious lives were wasted; but they were honored in death. The memory of their glorious deeds should inspire the youth of all ages to nobler ends, and we may without vanity and without sectionalism feel a pride in them.

Leaving Franklin, Hood's army numbered 18,000 infantry, 1,700 cavalry, and fifty-eight cannon. Total 22,000 men, including the artillery, while Thomas's army, before the battle of Nashville (according to Swinton's "Battles of the War," pages 451-55) numbered 50,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, and seventy-four cannon. Total, 70,000 men including artillery. That an army so superior in numbers and equipment as that commanded by General Thomas should be beleaguered so long by one so inferior in everything but courage and devotion seems remarkable indeed, but it is a fact which has no parallel in war. It has been claimed that Thomas delayed the attack in order to organize a cavalry force strong enough to destroy Hood after he defeated him; but that is not borne out by results. The Federal army under Thomas was large enough to occupy every foot of the breastworks in front of Nashville with double ranks of infantry, while Hood's position, necessarily much longer, was defended with a mere skirmish line. He did not have men sufficient to encircle the Federal works at two paces apart, and there were numerous gaps of several hundred yards where there was not a man to guard the lines from attack.

After the battle of Franklin, General Forrest, with Buford and Jackson's divisions, 3,000 men and eighteen cannon, began a series of characteristic operations, destroying railroads and telegraph lines on the way to Murfreesboro, where he went to guard the army against any flank movement. He captured and destroyed every blockhouse on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad between Nashville and Murfreesboro. Bates's division of infantry was sent to co-operate with Forrest. The cavalry reached the vicinity of Murfreesboro December 5, but Bates did not arrive until the following day.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to describe the battle of Nashville or the fearful results that befell Hood's army, but to recite the events in which Forrest's cavalry coöperated with that army.

Forrest, at Murfreesboro, left Chalmers with Rucker's Brigade and two regiments of Biddle's Brigade with the army at Nashville. Chalmers had his headquarters at the famous and beautiful home of Gen. W. H. Harding, Belle Meade. About 2 A.M., December 15, a messenger reached General Chalmers from General Hood, with advice that the enemy was getting in motion for an attack. Chalmers and his staff and escort hurried over to Rucker's position on the Charlotte Pike, near the Cumberland River, and found Rucker hotly engaged. The ground was covered with sleet and snow, and a heavy fog so enshrouded the ground and the enemy's movements that they burst forth on our lines unawares, like a mighty current. The attack was first made on Rucker, and was supported by numerous gunboats in the river. A division of cavalry, closely followed by infantry, moved along Charlotte Pike. Simultaneously with a like movement over the Harding Pike, Ector's Brigade of infantry on the Harding Pike was swept back by a column ten times as strong, and the brigade was forced to swing eastward, or toward Chalmers's position, leaving a gap of a full mile unprotected, and opening the Harding Pike where Chalmers's wagon train had been left, and which was captured by the enemy.

Chalmers and Rucker, however, maintained their position boldly. They did not retire until the Federal guns were heard several miles in their rear. Chalmers held his position against a full division of the enemy until he ascertained that Hood had been defeated. He then found his small command of less than two thousand men cut off from the Confederate army. He began to retire about four o'clock in the afternoon, crossing to the Harding Pike, which he reached after dark. Finding



the enemy in his front and in his rear, he continued across the country toward Brentwood, where he learned that Stewart's corps had reformed. Thomas opened the battle by an attack on our left, but quickly hurled the mass of his big army upon Hood's right flank and doubled the Confederate line back on the center. The double line of Federal infantry rushed pell-mell over the lean and thin Confederate columns on the right and center, and forced them back.

The weather was bitter cold, and fully half of the men in Hood's army were without shoes. The country was rough and rugged, and the wonder is that the Confederates were able to offer any resistance under such conditions. Chalmers ordered Rucker to take position on the left of Stewart's corps to protect the flank of the army. This he succeeded in doing about daylight of the 16th. Very soon he was attacked by a strong cavalry force, evidently bent on getting in the rear of Hood's army.

Rucker notified Chalmers, who moved with his staff and escort and Forrest's old regiment to his assistance, but as he was crossing the Granny White Pike, he met a cavalry force which also sought to reach the flank. Colonel Kelly quickly formed his regiment and opened fire, while Chalmers, with his escort, dashed into the enemy's rear. The boys yelled continuously, and the enemy, unable to account for the enthusiasm of the attack, fell back, leaving the pike in our possession.

Let me remark right here: Could anything be superior to the conduct of those escort boys, only a handful charging a brigade of the enemy and putting them to flight? I am proud to know I was there and one of them.

About this time, daylight, Cheatham's ambulance train was passing along and would have fallen into the enemy's hands but for Chalmers's prompt action with the escort.

In the meantime Rucker was hotly pressed, but maintained his position until about 3 P.M., when Chalmers, with his escort, went to find General Hood. During his absence, a message was received from General Hood, which was handed to Rucker, in which it was stated that the army had been defeated at all points, and that he must resist the Federal cavalry on the Granny White Pike—they must be held at any sacrifice. Rucker was the man to do that thing, and without delay he formed his men across the pike, determined to stop the Federal cavalry or die in the attempt. Leaving Colonel Kelly in command, Rucker galloped down the pike with his escort (a company of boys who had volunteered from the Military Institute at Tuscaloosa, none of them over sixteen years of age) to find a favorable position and throw together some breastworks. He had scarcely begun making piles of rails and logs when Kelly was attacked by an overwhelming force. That gallant officer maintained a desperate fight against great odds for two minutes or more, but fell back to defeat an effort to get in his rear. Rucker, in the meantime, had been busy building his rail breastworks with the aid of the 7th Alabama cavalry. At the time he was apprised that Kelly had been driven back, the 12th Tennessee reached him. He quickly posted that regiment behind the frail defenses and galloped across the pike to dispose the 7th Alabama as he wanted it.

After arranging the latter regiment Rucker returned to the pike where he left the 12th Tennessee and rode into a regiment of Federal cavalry. It was getting dark, and he did not at once discover they were Federals. Rucker promptly inquired: "What regiment is this?" He was quickly answered by a Federal officer who advanced to meet him. They then discovered they were enemies.

Both drew sabers at the same time, and spurred their horses

to the conflict. Both dashed at each other with undaunted spirit. It was bitter cold and neither could manage his horse as he wanted. Rucker struck at his foe with all his might, missed him, and dropped his saber, but, being in immediate contact, he grappled and wrenched the Federal officer's sword from the latter's grasp. Finding the Federals advancing on him from all sides, he dashed toward the right, hoping to escape in the darkness, but the Federals shouted, "Shoot the man on the white horse," and hundreds of rifles were fired at him, one ball striking him in the left elbow and shattered the bones. Only a moment before, Rucker had sabered a Federal who was trying to head him off.

Rucker's horse fell throwing him against a pile of wood which knocked him speechless. The enemy rushed at him like hungry wolves, and many of them, dismounting, struck him with their guns and treated him with savage brutality, excusable only as the act of savages. However, Rucker survived these injuries, and was taken to Nashville, where his arm was amputated at the shoulder. He had been commissioned a brigadier general a few days previously, but had no knowledge of the fact until after the close of the war.

Rucker won his spurs on fully a hundred fields. He was a dashing officer, and his services would have been recognized sooner but for the fact that the War Department could not keep pace with Forrest and his cavalry.

During the excitement attending Rucker's capture, the enemy became so interested in ascertaining who he was that they neglected the proper vigilance and Major Randolph, commanding the 7th Alabama Cavalry, soon discovering they were Federals, fired a volley into their ranks, killing about twenty and wounding a number of them. Rucker's escort of boys raised a yell and galloped in the direction of the enemy. The Federals scattered and, though hard pressed by the 7th Alabama and the boys, escaped in the darkness. To the 7th Alabama is due the highest praise for their conduct on this occasion. Officers and men displayed the finest courage, and it can be said with truth, that they checked the Federal advance and prevented the enemy from getting in our rear.

Rucker's escort company of cadets referred to, having learned that their chief was killed or captured, boldly dashed into the enemy's rank, with great effect. The audacious warriors of Napoleon on the field of Austerlitz were not greater than those boys, not superior to them in courage. Brilliant, courageous, dashing, they were ready to fight any odds. Nothing could break their spirits, seeming never to tire. They were always ready. Within six months they fought in over twenty engagements, and half of them were left on the field. What a crime to have those brave boys killed!

The shattered and separated regiments of Rucker's Brigade bivouacked in sight of the Federal camp fires. Chalmers, in the meantime, learning of the distress in Rucker's Brigade, began to get the command in order. By 3 A.M., the regiment began to fall in the rear of Hood's army to cover the retreat to Franklin.

The Confederate infantry—defeated, discouraged, and disheartened—was passing until late in the night. There was no organization. The men were worn out by fatigue and hunger. Hundreds fell by the roadside, exhausted, and they slept by the roadside on the frozen ground until aroused by Forrest's cavalry and told to hurry on. More than half the army was barefooted. Men stumbled and staggered over the rough, frozen ground with bleeding feet and with expressions of despair on their faces. No troops ever suffered greater hardships.

Had the Federal cavalry been handled as Forrest would



have handled it, not a man of Hood's infantry would have escaped during the night of December 16. The enemy did not press our retreating forces with vigor as Forrest would have done, they were very slow to attack.

We arrived at Franklin, crossed the Harpeth River, and found that Stephen D. Lee's corps, though greatly reduced in number, had preserved its organization and stood in line to meet the advancing enemy.

General Buford, with Lyon's and Bell's brigades, joined General Chalmers, and the latter, assuming command of all the cavalry, reported to General Lee for orders. General Forrest had not yet joined the retreating army on his way from Murfreesboro. The Federal cavalry soon reached the north bank of the river and began shelling our line. The fire was responded to with great spirit by Lee's batteries, and we could see the Federal cavalry scatter. General Lee, riding along by a stone fence encouraging his men, was wounded by a fragment of shell and was forced to turn the command over to General Stevenson. No man in the Confederate army (D. H. Hill excepted) had the undaunted composure of Stephen D. Lee. I have seen him amid the bursting of shells and rattle of musketry when he seemed absolutely regardless of the situation. I have seen him when the earth quivered with explosions, but he never gave the slightest evidence of distress. Some day I shall write a paper and compare him and D. H. Hill as the bravest, coolest men in battle in all the ages.

Stevenson soon fell back to a more favorable position, leaving Chalmers with the cavalry to watch the Federals. The enemy did not follow with the energy we expected, although they were troublesome. About six miles south of Franklin, Chalmers halted and formed on both sides of the pike, along a ridge which commanded the approach, and waited the onset.

Very quickly the Federals began to form in our front. They began throwing shells all about us. Chalmers had eight guns massed on the pike, manned by splendid gunners. We felt very confident they would make it hot for the enemy. It was sleeting and getting dark. Soon the enemy, in column on the pike, and in line on both flanks, charged against our position. When they were about two hundred yards distant our guns opened with canister and grape.

They reeled, thrown back in disorder, leaving the pike filled with dead and wounded men and horses. They evidently had not noticed our guns in their front. We did not pursue, but awaited another attack, which was also defeated, and Chalmers fell back to the line formed by Stevenson. During the two charges made by the enemy, men on both sides mingled in hand-to-hand conflicts. General Chalmers himself killed two Federal officers, and his accomplished adjutant general, W. H. Goodman, one time surrounded by several of the enemy, fought himself clear of all of them. General Buford had a desperate encounter with a Federal, both using sabers; Buford was wounded, but killed his antagonist.

Reaching Spring Hill, we were reënforced by Armstrong's Brigade. The weather was dreadful and the roads were in awful condition. Men and horses were covered with frozen mud, and they were worn out, hungry, and sleepy. The creeks were all out of their banks. A halt was made to give time for wagons, artillery, and infantry to cross Rutherford Creek. Here we found the remnant of Cheatham's corps formed behind breastworks. Lee's corps crossed and Cheatham's men took their place with the rear guard. Chalmers also crossed and formed line to protect Cheatham when he should fall back in his turn. The enemy moved against Cheatham with energy, but the barefooted, hungry, and

freezing men had regained some of their spirit and drove them back. In the meantime, all wagons were moving south, and the balance of Hood's army had crossed Duck river at Columbia. Cheatham and Chalmers held their positions six miles north of Columbia during the night of December 18. When Forrest joined us with Ross's Brigade and his escort, about 2 A.M., Cheatham's corps did not exceed 1,500 men, and they were in a pitiable state of destitution.

When day had dawned and we all knew that Forrest was with us, the atmosphere cleared up and all doubt was removed. The men believed that he could whip a brigade of the enemy single handed. The cavalry moved with renewed energy, and they gave spirit to the infantry. Forrest offered to relieve Cheatham, who willingly consented, and with his small force crossed the river safely. Forrest soon crossed also, and the men went into camp for the first time since the 15th. Forrest and Chalmers, with their staff and escorts, spent the night at the splendid home of Col. Granville Pillow, a few miles south of Columbia. Forrest's escort occupied the stables, while Chalmers' escort lay on the long front gallery, holding the reins of their horses and acting as guard for the generals.

During the night of December 19, General Hood sent a member of his staff to Forrest, asking him to come to his headquarters. Hood was in distress, and stated to Forrest that he entertained little hope of being able to save his wagons and artillery and discussed the best means of disposing of the train. Forrest said to General Hood: "Give me Walthall with the men he can muster, and I will undertake to hold the enemy until the army has crossed the Tennessee River with all the artillery and all the wagons." The roads were in a dreadful condition where the wheels had broken through the frozen ground leaving rough places, and it seemed impossible to move over it. Forrest told General Hood he would not allow the enemy to interfere with his movements for the next forty-eight hours, by which time he hoped that the army and wagons and artillery would be well on the way.

Mrs. Pillow provided a hot breakfast for the generals and their staffs, and the writer was among them. There was a big dish of fried ham and plenty of bread and coffee. Never before had I relished a breakfast as that one, and the gracious and elegant Mrs. Pillow will linger in my memory to the end. During the breakfast, Forrest told of his interview with General Hood and said: "We will hold them until Hood has crossed the river." (Continued in March number)

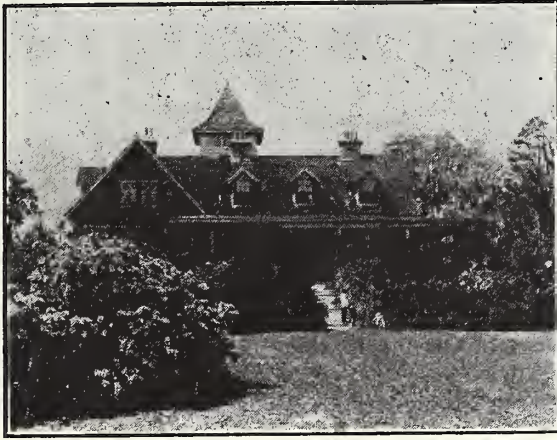
#### THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GARDEN IN THE WORLD.

Far up the Ashley River, where the waters of the Atlantic only ebb and flow languorously, where each bank is lined for miles with the greenest marsh grass, overhung by great moss-draped oaks, there is a garden spot so lovely it seems to have been dropped from a fairy tale. It is like the storied gardens, with beautifully kept walks, rustic bridges over placid waters, a canopy of silver-gray moss suspended from wide-spreading oaks, a carpet of green velvet shot with violets, and all around are walls of flowers. Here is a huge snow bank of white azaleas and at its edge, dripping over against it like a blood-red fountain, another great mass of flowers; its neighbor, in turn, a shade paler, and farther and farther on more and more exquisite banks of bloom. Here and there a giant camelia japonica tree raises its limbs, covered with smooth, dark-green leaves and wax-like flowers—red, mottled, and white. Another turn in the path and a beautiful rhododendron comes in view, and over against the cottage, near the middle of the garden, is a blaze of golden banksia. There are dozens of walks and acres upon acres of



flowers. The eyes are filled with color and grace, the senses caressed by the intoxicating perfume from millions of fragrant flower cups. It is a sight worth traveling many miles to see.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

This description of the beautiful Magnolia Gardens, some miles up the Ashley River from Charleston, S. C., is enough



A GLIMPSE OF COTTAGE AND LAWN

to draw visitors from the farthest boundaries of this country. There is nothing like it in the whole world, and we should be proud that only in the Southern section of this country could such a garden exist. The height of its beauty comes early in the year, when other sections are still wrapped in winter's covering. "The *camelia japonicas* are in bloom from early February to about the middle of March; the *azalea indicas* generally reach the height of profusion about the 10th of April, but are very beautiful from the end of March through April." Then the stately *magnolia grandiflora* opens its heavy white blossoms, filling the air with their rare fragrance, which we associate so closely with the days of the old, old South.

A little history of this garden of enchantment will be of interest, and the following is taken from its history as written by Mr. C. N. Hastie, the present owner of Magnolia Gardens:

"For about two hundred and twenty-five years the estate named Magnolia-on-the-Ashley, but now better known to the public as Magnolia Gardens, has continuously been owned by the Drayton family and their descendants. The colonial mansion of brick was destroyed by fire in the revolutionary period, and a second dwelling was burned during the War between the States.

"The old steps of this second residence now lead up to the present cottage, the springtime residence of the owner. A short time after inheriting this plantation, then comprising 1,872 acres, the Rev. Grimke Drayton, owing to failing health, was ordered by his physician to spend his life in the open air. He conceived the idea of creating a garden, and thus was commenced the wonderland whose unrivalled beauty to-day is a monument to his exquisite taste and rare poetic feeling. The first plants of the species known as *Azalea Indica* were planted by Mr. Drayton in 1843. These plants were imported into this country from the Orient to Philadelphia, Pa., but the climate of Pennsyl-

vania proved to be too severe for them, and Mr. Drayton was requested to try them in South Carolina. The garden, comprising twenty-five acres, reveals the success of the experiment. In addition to the immense collection of azaleas, there is a very valuable collection of the *Camelia Japonica*. Probably nowhere else may be found as many different varieties of these beautiful plants and flowers.

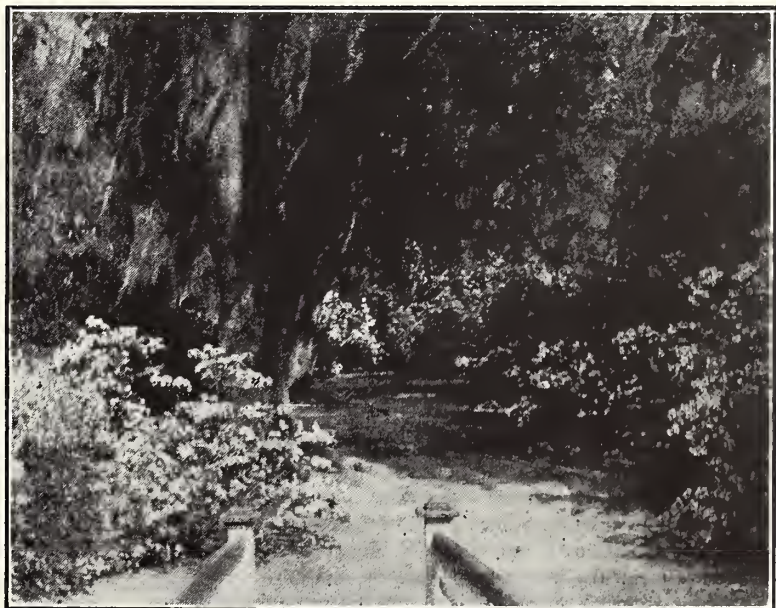
"The camelias bloom somewhat earlier than the azaleas, so that tourists rarely see them in great profusion. This estate took its name from its many fine specimens of the *Magnolia Grandiflora*. In early May the bloom of these trees adds an aftermath of loveliness to the garden. Among many other interesting trees and shrubs there is a specimen of the California redwood. The parent tree was blown down in a cyclone, and the present tree is one of its branches, having sprung up from the recumbent trunk.

"When phosphate rock was discovered, Mr. Drayton sold most of his acreage to mining companies. There are heavy deposits of this rock underlying the garden and lawn.

"In front of the present residence, skirted by magnificent live oaks planted when the estate was young—a marked contrast to the exotic bloom and riot of color of the garden, lies the lawn, the Englishlike dignity of which is a restful feature. This lawn is traversed by an avenue of live oaks equal in stateliness to itself. The garden has never felt the touch of a professional landscape architect, for, upon the death of Mr. Drayton in 1891, the care of it was assumed by his granddaughter, who inherited his love of and skill with flowers. The direction of the garden is still in her hands, and only as a result of her unceasing attention has the standard set by Mr. Drayton been maintained. When Mr. Drayton passed away, the property was inherited by his eldest daughter, Julia Drayton, wife of the late William S. Hastie, of Charleston. Mrs. Hastie died in 1920, leaving Magnolia to her only surviving son, C. Norwood Hastie."

This article would not be complete without the tribute to this beautiful garden by John Grimball Wilkins, who furnished all the material and the pictures. He writes of it:

"Owen Wister gives in 'Lady Baltimore' a little picture in words of these gardens, but no writings of its wonders will make much impression—it must be seen to be appreciated.



ONE OF THE LOVELY WALKS IN MAGNOLIA GARDENS.



"You cannot sit at home on a dull, misty day and appreciate the description of a sunset. You must go to the summit of Mount Mitchell in the Black Mountains some summer afternoon, watch the big red globe falling lower each second, it seems, toward the tall ranges, the little white clouds getting gilt edges on them, the long shadows creeping up the side of the great mountain; the sky now crimson, now changing into different colors; the mountain is so still, as the night comes on; over yonder those high peaks get lost in the distance. So you must see Magnolia Gardens, the whole country along the Ashley River, the long avenues of the old homes hold a charm for most people; to see a beautiful sunset or a lovely garden like the one I am trying to write of it must be visited.

"Some of you folks who live in a country where the winter hates to leave you, where the wind blows cold and raw in the last of March and the month of April, just pack up your grip and run down to Old Charleston in South Carolina, see these gardens on the Ashley, with the air warm and sweet, where the sky is nearly always blue, a city like Los Angeles, Calif., full of sunny days, and when you go home again you can say to those poor unfortunates who stayed at home: 'Why, I have seen a flower garden down near Charleston so beautiful that I just can't describe it to you. You must go yourself some day, before the flowers leave, for they cannot stay too long; as beautiful faces soon fade, so do the azaleas and the jasmine.'

"Come down here in the low country of the old Palmetto State, see the avenues and the old places in the early spring, feel the warm sunlight, and listen to the winds blowing through the pines and gray moss, take a trip up the Ashley River in April, when the old City by the Sea with her red-top houses lies so quiet by the Bay, the boats are sailing just off the Battery around the buoys as the wind comes from the Atlantic.

"A big sight-seeing auto will take one over the fine roads through the very heart of Dixieland by a wide country highway to Magnolia Gardens on the Ashley, there to get a view of the most delightfully sweet and naturally beautiful gardens in America or, maybe, the entire world, for France or any part of the old continent cannot show such scenes of beauty. Journey up the Ashley and get an inspiration to take back with you to the folks at home. When early spring comes to the low country, it is still blowing bleak in the Piedmont at Greenville, S. C., and other places up that side. Come down from the Blue Mountains of North Carolina, where the winds blow cold across the long ranges in the early spring, to a section of South Carolina where it is a pleasure to live.

"Old Charleston has recently built two fine hotels, the Francis Marion and the Fort Sumter, the first at the intersection of our busiest streets and the other 'down on the Battery,' 'Old White Point Gardens' of colonial days. These are luxurious and comfortable homes to live in while visiting the Magnolia Gardens and other places about the most historical and charming city in all America—Charleston, S. C., a city that in the rush of modern ideas has never lost its Southern ideals. The spring days in this part of the South have no equal; the skies are the bluest and softest, the old city by the sea is like no other town in Dixieland. Charleston is more like Richmond and New Orleans, yet, in wonderful traditions that still cling to her, leads them all.

The sweet, clear chimes of old St. Michael's Bells float so softly out of the old church spire along the river front and out



A TROPICAL SCENE IN MAGNOLIA GARDENS.

to the sea. Five times these old bells have crossed the ocean to their old home back in England, and when the War between the States was going on and Fort Sumter was guarding our port, St. Michael's bells were taken up the State and buried away from the harm of the enemy's shells. They are getting old now, and some day they will cease to ring from the big white steeple. From the windows of the ancient spire you look far away over the old town, so quiet and sunny, down below you in the streets. From the old Battery, with its high sea wall, the wide bay with little boats sailing about, just let your eyes run on toward the ocean. There is Fort Sumter near the bar; nearer is Castle Pinckney and Ripley's Light—why, it's a scene that must bring the dearest memories to anyone who has been forced to live away from Charleston.

"Why, of course, the mountains of North Carolina are very beautiful—Linville, Mt. Mitchell, Pisgah, the French Broad Valley, the greatest pleasure ground in all the world—but the old places along the Ashley River—Lambs, Middleton Place, and Magnolia Gardens are so different. Both States should be proud of what nature has given them to enjoy. Let us not draw contrasts, but give each section its due, all lovely places make the world sweeter. What does it matter what country claims them, for the real Garden of Eden is where you are the happiest. The home of long ago, the old oaks by the spring, the familiar faces now gone, every one should have a Garden of Eden all to themselves.

STILL YOUNG—A beautifully written letter comes from John H. Bonner, of Tyler, Tex., with his renewal for the VETERAN, and he says: "I still find much in the VETERAN to interest me and gladly renew my subscription. I am now eighty-five years old, or will be on the 12th day of next month, and my dear old wife, who is sitting in the room with me, will be eighty-four on the 30th of March. We will have been married sixty-two years on the 8th of next month; both of us are in splendid health. I served four years to a day in the War between the States. The first eighteen months I was a member of Company A, 2nd Texas Cavalry, and the remaining time I was a member of Company C, 18th Texas Infantry, Waul's Brigade, Walker's Division.



## ST. MICHAEL'S BELLS.

I wonder if the bells ring now, as in the days of old,  
From the solemn star-crowned tower with the glittering cross  
of gold,  
The tower that overlooks the sea, whose shining bosom swells  
To the ringing and the singing of sweet St. Michael's bells.

I have heard them in the morning when the mists gloomed  
cold and gray  
O'er the distant walls of Sumter looking seaward from the bay;  
And at twilight I have listened to the musical farewells  
That came flying, sighing, dying from the sweet St. Michael's  
bells.

Great joy it was to hear them, for they sang sweet songs to me  
Where the sheltered ships rocked gently in the haven—safe  
from sea;  
And the captains and the sailors heard no more the ocean's  
knells,  
But thanked God for home and loved ones and sweet St.  
Michael's bells.

They seemed to waft a welcome across the ocean's foam  
To all the lost and lonely: "Come home, come home, come  
home!  
Come home, where skies are brighter, where love still yearn-  
ing dwells!"  
So sang the bells in music—the sweet St. Michael's bells!

They are ringing now as ever. But I know that not for me  
Shall the bells of sweet St. Michael's ring welcome o'er the sea;  
I have knelt within their shadows, where my heart still  
dreams and dwells,  
But I'll hear no more the music of sweet St. Michael's bells.

O, ring, sweet bells, forever, an echo in my breast  
Soft as a mother's voice that lulls a loved one into rest!  
Ring welcome to the hearts at home, to me your sad farewells  
When I sleep the last sleep, dreaming of sweet St. Michael's  
bells!

—Frank L. Stanton.

## DEFENSE OF JOHN YATES BEALL.

CONTRIBUTED BY ISAAC MARKENS, NEWARK, N. J.

John Yates Beall was charged with the violation of the laws of war in capturing and sinking steamboats on Lake Erie, acting as a spy near Suspension Bridge, N. Y., and unlawful warfare as a guerrilla.

After two unsuccessful attempts and escape, he was, after the third operation on December 14, 1864, caught while lingering at the railroad station at Suspension Bridge, N. Y., by a local policeman, sent to New York, where he was confined in police headquarters, and then lodged in Fort Lafayette on the lower bay. There he occupied a room with Gen. Roger A. Pryor, but recently captured in Virginia. Beall wished Pryor to act as his counsel. To this Charles A. Dana, then Assistant Secretary of War, objected on the ground that "under no circumstances can a prisoner of war be allowed to act as counsel for a person accused of being a spy." Thereupon, James T. Brady, a foremost New York lawyer, forty-four years old, was selected as Beall's counsel. Brady, who had been admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, had speedily become in demand in the most important litigation involving questions of medical jurisprudence and divorce cases, such as that of Mrs. Edwin Forrest in 1859. He appeared as counsel for Daniel E. Sickles on the latter's trial for the assassination of Philip Barton Key in Washington, when

his success in saving Sickles is well known. Out of fifty-two capital cases in which he was retained he never lost but one—that of Beall. The government Judge Advocate, John Bolles, took the ground that there was nothing of Christian civilization and nothing of regular warfare in Beall's operations.

Brady contended that Beall was no spy, no guerrilla, nor was he amenable to a military commission. "Although not permitted by law to receive any compensation for his services," said Beall's friend, Daniel B. Lucas, of Virginia, "Brady generously came forward and undertook his defense. Those who had long admired the intellect were now taught to appreciate, with equal admiration, the courage and generosity of Mr. Brady."

Early in his address, Mr. Brady said of Beall: "His ancestors emigrated many years ago from the north of Ireland. He was a man of considerable property in the South, and he entered into the fight which is now going on from such motives as had impelled men of high intelligence, and men who, however deeply influenced to such an opinion, really think, as we sincerely believe, in the sacred cause that we sustain, that they were acting from the most laudable motives. And while I presume that all the gentlemen in this room, like myself, feel that this battle should never cease on our side until we have imposed again the authority and power of our government over all the territory we ever possessed, and even feel, as I do for one, that when that shall have been accomplished the power of this government should be felt in other directions whenever the justification arises; yet we would be false to our Maker if we supposed that all the men who fought on the other side were hypocrites and fanatics, or were impelled by such bad motives as impelled men to perpetrate crime. It would be inconsistent with my views of the majesty and justice of the Almighty that he should permit such men, led by such intellects, to act entirely from unreasonable and blind and wicked impulses.

"That we have justice on our side is undoubtedly, in our belief, certain; but soldiers, whatever civilians may do, will never look at an enemy like the one we are contending against as utterly bereft of reason, as inferior to us, and not exactly level with the brutes. The accused has been intelligently educated, and whether it makes for or against him, he has received sound moral culture. His mother and a sister have exercised over him those ennobling influences which in the homestead exercise their great power over all of us in childhood and afterlife; and, being a gentleman of education, a graduate of the University of Virginia, he has his own views about this case and has communicated them to me, and I will present them to you.

"I wish to say to this court, on the honor of a gentleman, that I never have supposed that Lord Brougham's definition of the duties or rights of an advocate was correct. I have never entertained the idea that it proceeds, in the view of refined society or in the view of any instructed conscience, further than this, that an advocate may fairly present honorably whatever any man who is accused would have the right in truth to say for himself and no more. With that view of the duty which I am attempting to discharge on this occasion, I present in the first place the prisoner's proposition that this court has no jurisdiction of the matters which are here being investigated; that the trial of these offenses should take place in a general court-martial, organized according to the well-established principles of the laws of war; and that a military commission, though it may exercise power over the citizens of the government which establishes it, cannot, according to the law of war and of nations, take cognizance of the specific accusations presented here. I have never examined this ques-



tion at all until this trial arose, and I say to you that the questions involved in this case, except so far as I have derived my knowledge from my general reading as a lawyer, are new to me. Some of them seem to be novel even in reference to the large experience of the Judge Advocate General.

"Captain Beall, in the charges and specifications, seems to be treated in two aspects—one as a mere individual, engaged in the perpetration of an offense against society at large; and the other, in the character of a military man, offending against the laws of war. If what is here presented against him in the proof shows that he has only committed some offense against general society cognizable in the ordinary courts of judicature, then he would be entitled under the Constitution of the United States to a trial by jury. That right accompanies him as a citizen of the United States, without any reference to what any revolting States may declare, or whatever the South may say or think. We have not given up a single provision of our Constitution in regard to these matters, although we have heard of, and the government has acted on the idea of, the suspension of the *habeas corpus* and done other acts incident and proper to a state of war, so that some of the provisions of the Constitution have been to a certain extent interfered with.

"Now, in the expedition of Lake Erie, with which the accused is connected, and the other attempt on the railroad, offenses were committed cognizable by the laws, in one case of Ohio, and in the other of New York, punishable by these laws; and if the evidence should establish that the persons engaged in either of those acts were acting irrespective of character as soldiers of the Confederate government, then we respectfully submit that neither this court nor a court-martial would have authority to try the accused. If one of our soldiers should straggle and go into Richmond or into any of the towns along the path of Sherman's army and remain there and secrete himself and commit larceny or burglary, he would not be amenable to any court-martial in the South for any such act, as we understand it; and we apply the same principle to the same act perpetrated in our lines by a Confederate soldier. The perpetration by a man who happens to be a Confederate soldier within our territory of an offense in the commission of which he acts not in any military capacity or quality, is not an offense which a court-martial or military commission can take cognizance of. As to the charge of his being a spy within our lines, what are lines? I see no proof whatever to justify that accusation. Now, let me come to the definition of the word 'spy.' We know it comes from the French word *espionner*, to observe with the eye. The definition is certainly not broad enough, because a blind man might be a spy and a very good one. He may roam through the country as a blind beggar, and through his ear receive intelligence to his side of the greatest service.

"And if actual observation with the eye were necessary, Major André was not a spy, for he made no observations within our lines that could be of any possible service. He was not there for that object. He came there to meet Arnold, to get dispatches with a view to deliver them to Sir Henry Clinton. He was convicted of being a spy because he was within the enemy's line to receive intelligence and deliver it to the commander in chief of his own army that it might be used against the colonies. This is a very clear case of being a spy. Just as clear as the case of Davis, who was convicted the other day, a man who was carrying dispatches from Canada to the South, and passing through our lines for the purpose of communicating that intelligence. And I cannot imagine how all this sympathy is wasted on André, which I am sorry to say has found its way into the excellent work of Phillimore on

International Law. It is true that André had on a uniform; but it was covered over with an outer coat. There was an actual concealment of the true character of the man, and he was traveling with a false pass, and I may say, from Arnold, and Arnold had the impudence to insist that André should be surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton because he was traveling under this traitorous pass given by him; and André the less deserves our sympathy because one letter of his addressed to Colonel Sheldon is in existence, mentioned in 'Irving's Life of Washington,' showing that he intended to take advantage of a flag of truce for the purpose of holding his communications with Arnold, and if anything on earth known among men, recognized by society, and sustained by humanity is deserving of veneration, it is a flag of truce—that divine aspect of heaven amidst the grim and bloody horrors of war.

"There must, to constitute the crime of a spy, be something in the nature of a disguise and the purpose of it to clandestinely obtain information to communicate to the enemy. General Johnson, when captured by General Hancock, had no uniform on. He had a round hat and was very ordinarily attired. He was found in our lines, and in citizen's dress. Where he got that dress, how long he had worn it, whether he had any other for the last five years, we know nothing about. But whatever may have been his dress at any time while within our territory, when will this Honourable Court say that the accused was within our lines, which is essential to constitute his being a spy? What are, in a military sense, the lines of the United States army, for the purpose of determining the question of one's being a spy, or any other question, I have not the capacity to give this Honourable Court any information. I don't see how Beall was within our lines in a military sense, because he happened to be in the State of Ohio taking passage on a steamboat, or up at Niagara in the State of New York, which was never for one moment subject to any kind of military occupation. But suppose it should appear that the accused was in disguise, or without uniform, and within our lines, what was he here for? Was he here to work as a spy? Why, not at all. The evidence not only fails to show that, but directly establishes that he was not. A man belonging to the Confederate service might come within our lines without his uniform for a very lawful purpose. He might come to perform an act of humanity, he might come to see a friend or relative, not to speak one word on the subject of war. According to the digest of the opinions of the Judge Advocate General, merely for a citizen to come secretly within our lines from the South, in violation of paragraph 86, of General Orders 100, of 1863, does not constitute him a spy. A rebel soldier, cut off in Early's retreat from Maryland and wandering about in disguise within our lines for more than a month and seeking opportunity to join the rebel army, but not going outside our lines since his first entering them, is held not strictly chargeable as a spy.

"Now, on this subject, we find that Beall did not come here as a spy, nor for any such purpose. He came on one occasion to assist in a demonstration for the relief of the prisoners on Johnson's Island, a specific purpose of war if he acted in a military capacity; and in the other case, he was in the State of New York engaged in the capture of a railroad train, so as to get possession of the mails and money in the express safe; and coming for either of these purposes, he did not come to lurk or make himself a spy in any way, and on that subject the Judge Advocate has been good enough to present the letters and diary of this young man to prove his declaration. In his diary he takes credit to himself and thanks the Lord that he can say: 'I never stained my hands with the blood of any fellow man except in lawful battle.' I can assure you that



there is nothing in that man's nature which does not make it abhorrent to him to do anything than what a misled Virginian would think was just and manly on the side to which his conscience, conviction, education, and military attainments led him. I think, therefore, that I am warranted in saying the charge of being a spy is not only not sustained but entirely disproved. He did not come as a spy, he did not lurk as a spy, he sought no information, he obtained none, he communicated none. He was arrested at Niagara on his way to Canada, having, according to his declaration to government witnesses, reached Baltimore after the failure of his expedition on Lake Erie, had been provided with funds, and was making his way to Canada. He was just exactly in the condition of that soldier in Early's army referred to, waiting for an opportunity to return to the rebel force. He was anything and everything but a spy. He was acting under a commission, he was in the service of the rebel government, he was engaged in carrying on a warfare; he was not endeavoring to perpetrate any offense against society. He is not amenable to this tribunal, but must answer to the ordinary courts of the State within which the crime was committed.

"According to the Judge Advocate General, 'the charge of being a guerrilla may be deemed a military offense *per se*, like that of being a spy.'

"I shall look to other authorities on that subject. Originally we find from looking to history that an enemy was regarded as a criminal and an outlaw, who had forfeited all his rights, and whose life, liberty, and property were at the mercy of the conquerer. That was softened down from such rugged asperity by the advance of civilization and Christianity, but essentially the principle remains. The soldiers who surrounded Captain Beall on his way to this court, and, unknown to their superior officers, when the opportunity presents itself, murmur out in his hearing words that would denote that he was contemplated by them as a murderer, an outcast, and a villain, have not brought themselves to understand, to contemplate the dreadful fact that war is nothing but legalized deception and fraud and murder. If I slay my fellow being upon a provocation or insult, if he should assail the reputation of my mother, or offer insult to my sister in my presence, and in a moment of passion I slay him, by the law of the land I am guilty of murder, although the circumstances might recommend me to the clemency of the court; and yet, if, in obedience to the call of my country, I go against the phalanx of men who have done me no personal wrong, do not I always gain my military triumph by the massacre of these innocent men? If you march your battalions against the conscripted armies of the South, who suffer but the innocent? while the guilty leaders, the wicked men who set this rebellion on foot, have thus far escaped and seem destined to escape whatever may be the issue of the war. Soldiers like you (members of this commission) are not to be horrified by the fact that men engaged in a warfare, who treat you and consider you to be their enemies, take possession of your steamboats, obstruct railroads in endeavor to throw railroad trains off the track. It is very horrible to contemplate when you look at it through the lens of ordinary society. But has it not been customary in this war, in all these expeditions called raids, for leaders to earn brilliant reputations by, among other things, tearing up rails, removing them, intercepting and stopping railroad cars, without reference to the question of who happened to be in them? It is death, desolation, mutilation, and massacre that you are permitted to accomplish in war, and you look at it not through the melancholy necessity that characterizes the awful nature of war. You must change your whole intellect and moral nature to look at it as it is, the *ultima ratio*

*regum*, the last necessity of kings. Where do you draw the line of distinction between the one you call a guerrilla and the act of one you call a raider like Grierson? Where do you make the distinction between the march of Major General Sherman through the enemy's country, carrying ravage and desolation everywhere, destroying the most peaceful and lawful industry, mills and machinery, and everything of that nature? Where do you draw the line between his march through Georgia and an expedition of twenty men acting under commission, who get into any of the States we claim to be in the Union and commit depredations there? And what difference does it make, if they act under commission, if they kill the innocent or the guilty? There are no distinctions of that kind in war. You kill your enemy, you put him *hors de combat* in any way, with some qualifications that civilization has introduced. You may say it is not allowed to use poisoned weapons, and yet we use Greek fire. You may not poison wells, but you may destroy your enemy's property. Even Cicero in his oration against Verres, when the question arose whether the sacred things were to be preserved in warfare, said: 'No, even sacred things become profane when they belong to an enemy.' At the outbreak of this war the Savannah privateers were captured, they were held and tried as pirates. I was one of the counsel for the accused. The jury in the city of New York disagreed. In Philadelphia they convicted some of them, and the Confederate government proposed retaliation and took an equal number of our men, their lot being determined by chance, and secured them to be executed in case death were visited upon any of the privateers; and one of the men who was so held in Richmond was Major Cogswell, who has just left this room, and for the first time in my life I had an involuntary client, because the life of my friend Cogswell was dependent upon the result. Very soon, however, the government set aside that idea and gave up the notion that privateers were pirates. Do you remember the case of the 'Caroline,' which occurred in 1840, when the British government sent its officers within our lines and took a steamboat from one of our citizens and set fire to it and sent it over the Falls? And you remember the diplomatic controversy that arose in which it was claimed by England that the principle of *respondent superior* must apply, that it must be settled by the government whose agents the perpetrators of that offense were; and although McLeod was tried in New York and escaped by the strange defense of proving himself a liar, by proving that he would not have done the things that he boasted he had done, the idea has not yet been removed that it was something to be settled in the international relations of the two governments. You cannot convict any man as a guerrilla who holds a commission in the service of the Confederate government and perpetrates any act in that capacity. He is not self-organized, nor self-controlled. He is acting under authority of our foe, and he is regarded as under so much protection as belongs to the law of war.

"You will find that in this case Captain Beall was acting as an officer of the Confederate government, either in command himself of Confederate soldiers, or under the command of some Confederate officer, as in the attempt on the railroad where Colonel Martin, of the Confederate service, was in command. Commissioned officers of the Confederate government engaged in depredation for the purposes of war within our territory are not guerrillas within this definition recognized by any books I have referred to. The question is whether there is any proof that Captain Beall was a guerrilla, a marauder, self-controlled, not acting by authority of his government, without a commission, a mere self-willed and self-moving depredator.



"As to Beall's statement when arrested, that he was an escaped prisoner from Point Lookout, Md., the fact is that Captain Beall was a prisoner, and at Point Lookout, was taken by our forces and exchanged. In his statement when arrested that he was an escaped prisoner, he was acting the part of human nature. He wanted to be released, if possible. He got the officer who arrested him to suggest that he was an escaped officer, a thing involving no turpitude or wrong. It is the right of every man in society to escape the consequences of his actions, it is the right of society to punish him. The statement of witnesses that Beall had a bottle of laudanum in his pocket when captured, which Beall said was for the toothache, does not concern us, whether he had the toothache or intended to poison himself. He had a right to poison himself, except as between Captain Beall and his Maker, or Captain Beall and his government, but it is wholly immaterial what that was for.

"And then as to the proof offered of Beall's attempt to bribe his custodians in the New York police station while awaiting trial, what would either of you gentlemen of this commission do if you were captured by the enemy? Get away if you could. Whether the accused did or did not offer \$1,000 to the witness, Hays, for that purpose, all this does not bear on the case. Now this escape, which in the law books is sometimes called flight, is sometimes given in evidence as a circumstance tending to fix crime. In war if a man is taken prisoner and afterwards escapes, his escape is sometimes the most *poetical* transaction in his life, and his daring in getting away entitles him to as much glory as courage on the battle field. We read it in romance and poetry, and it stirs our heart as much as anything in the record of battles.

"Therefore, I think we have two distinct questions here, and only two. Is the accused proved to be a spy? And is he found to be a guerrilla? What proof is there for the purpose of establishing these charges? In the one case we say he was shown to be within our lines, if within our lines at all, not for the purpose of acting as a spy, but for other developments and proved objects inconsistent with his being a spy. In the other case, it appears that he was not a guerrilla because he was a commissioned officer in the Confederate service, acting under authority of that government during war, in connection with other military men, for an act of war. If so, then he is not amenable to this jurisdiction. If I had been before a tribunal not accustomed to look at war with its grim visage, with the eye of educated intelligence, I should apprehend that the natural detestation of violence and bloodshed and wrong would pursue this man; but however wrong the South may be, however dismal its records may remain in the contemplation of those who have the ideas of patriotism that reside in our minds, yet not one of you gentlemen would even be willing to acknowledge to any foreigner hating our institutions that you did not still cling to the South in this struggle, wrong and dreadful as it has been, and award them the attributes of intelligence and courage never before equalled, and certainly never surpassed in the annals of the human race. Bad as their acts may be in our contemplation, have you any doubt that in the conscience of that man, in the judgment of his mother, in the lessons he received from his father, he has what we may think the misfortune of believing himself right?

"The mother and those sisters who are watching the course of this trial with their hearts bleeding every instant to think of the condition of the son and brother, who would not care if he should be shot down in one hour in open battle, contending for the principles which they, like him, have approved, if he were borne back to that mother like the Spartan son upon a shield, she would look on his corpse and feel that it was

honored by the death he received. But she would be humiliated to the last degree if she supposed he had departed from the legitimate sphere of battle and turned his eyes away from the teachings of civilization and become a lawless depredator and deserving and suffering ignominious death.

"I leave his fate in your hands. I have endeavored to avoid any attempt to address to you anything but what becomes the sober reason of intelligent men. There are occasions when the advocate may attempt, if he possess any endowment of that nature, what is commonly called eloquence, what is known as oratory, but I never consider that in a court like this any address of that nature is appropriate in any sense or degree. This is a thing to be reasoned upon. You will view it through the medium of reason with which the Almighty has endowed you, and I think I may say to my client that whatever conclusions this court reaches, it will be that of honorable and intelligent gentlemen, who would convict him, if at all, not because he is a Southern officer, but because it is the imperious necessity of the law that they deem to be sufficient."

Mr. Brady, after the execution, said: "I never before saw a human being whose composure in meeting his doom was equally perfect, while at the same time he displayed nothing of the bravo."

His friend and biographer, Daniel B. Lucas, wrote: "If this man were wrong, he perished at least on the side of defense, and in obedience to the voice of his State, whom his father had taught him it was religion to obey; and, dying thus, he perished nobly and bravely."

#### BEAUTIFUL STRATEGY AND MAGNIFICENT FIGHTING.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, FLORENCE, S. C.

In the course of my reading, I have never yet come across the writer who, to my mind, brought out the full glory that belongs to the side of the South in consequence of the battle of the Wilderness. And though my pen may not set forth what I seem to see, I will make the effort to bring into view certain facts, and develop some lines of thought that may enhance our admiration for the matchless fighting power of Lee and his soldiers in the year 1864 and so make this article of some value to the veterans of that most terrible of all the years of our warfare, the most terrible, for, from May 4, 1864, to April 9, 1865, there was hardly an hour that knew not the toll of death in our serried battle line. There was very little marching for Lee that year, but the fighting was unrestrained.

Meade, the Federal general of the year before, had from July 3, 1863, to February, 1864, the solemn duty of fighting Lee. He had a far more numerous army and was for every day of the time in close proximity. He was superseded, and the fighter, Grant, given the place of decision, because Meade would neither fight when Lee advanced on him, nor even when he himself had advanced and found Lee ready. But Grant was given an even more powerful army, in fact, just as large a force in every branch as he desired. And once more the season for strenuous activity was at hand. What now would the *fighter* do?

Grant succeeded to Meade's position on the terrain or strategical field as well as to his forces. Grant had to begin, not as McDowell, McClellan, Pope, in a measure, Burnside, and Meade had done, at Washington, or the Potomac, but from where the armies then were, facing each other across the Rapidan. His communications were already established. When these were not changed, General Lee knew Grant would try to cross the Rapidan or the Rappahannock above Fred-



ericksburg, inasmuch as below that town they would be based on the Potomac at Acquia Creek. But Grant was really in a fix, for Pope had once tried crossing where the railroad crosses, and just below Lee stood at Mine Run; Meade had tried at Germana Ford; Hooker had used Ely's and United States; Sedgwick knew what Banks's Ford led away from; and Burnside had made supreme test of the crossing at Fredericksburg. The hairpin bend of the Rapidan and the high banks on the Confederate side forbade the railroad crossing entirely, and all below Lee's position at Mine Run consigned a crossing army to a subsequent march through the Wilderness; still Grant was Grant and would surely cross if he could, Wilderness or no Wilderness. All the same, he was in a fix and full of anxiety about his crossing.

Grant has criticized Lee as not being essentially an aggressive general, but here Lee had the choice between comparatively easy defense and very much more dubious aggression, and deliberately chose the rôle of aggression. Military writers tell us that to defend a crossing is much easier than to beat an army after it has once made its crossing good, but the defense is a mere warding off a blow, while the latter course is a life-and-death matter. Grant said at this time that if he should beat Lee, it would be all well and good, but if Lee beat him, the remnant of his army "could cross back on a log." Lee did not want to deter Grant, but to whip him, or shock him, at the least, and in all Virginia there was perhaps no terrain where numbers and artillery could be equalized so well as here in the Wilderness.

And that is why (chiefly) General Lee did not take a position below Germana and Ely's Fords while allowing Grant to cross, but, as seems strange to a layman, on the side away from Richmond, risking a great deal thereby. He wanted Grant in the Wilderness. He blocked him off from any other course, compelled him to lose the advantage of numbers and artillery.

Where was General Grant going from the river? That is very important as showing what Lee accomplished. His march after crossing was toward Shady Grove, by way of Parker's store—*i. e.*, not through the Wilderness toward Richmond by Spotsylvania, as Lee by the battle compelled him, but to a point west of Spotsylvania. Parker's store is four miles from the Brock Road, west of it and out of the Wilderness. Grant did not like the Wilderness. Lee, by keeping his position on the river, thereby risking a great deal, gave Grant no choice. Moreover, it gave Lee two fine roads at right angles to Grant's march anyway he made it, except by turning down stream toward Fredericksburg, by which to fall on his moving columns. On one of these roads, so broad was it, Longstreet came up two columns, or eight men abreast.

The point is that Grant did not choose his crossing, but the one designated by Lee, and that Lee dared a great deal to force it on him. Shady Grove was between Lee and Richmond, and also Lee's line of communications (the Central Railroad) not far beyond. Only a Lee, it seems to me, could have been so daring with so much at stake.

Grant's reasons for going by Shady Grove and not Spotsylvania were governed by the following facts: The distance between the crossing place and the Central Railroad, on which Lee's supplies came from Richmond, is less than thirty miles, and once there Grant would not only be able to cut Lee's line of supply, but to get his own by rail, for the Orange Railroad (his present line) connected at Gordonsville with the Central. As he had ordered three small armies to come from the Valley down the Central by way of Charlottesville, the matter of going a very little west would be small in itself and bring a quicker meeting with the Valley forces. Again, too,

once on that railroad, he would have rounded the headwaters of two rivers—the Mattapony and the North Anna. When Lee forced him to Spotsylvania he was mixed up in the headwaters of the Mattapony, and later found Lee preventing the crossing of the North Anna at Hanover Junction. Grant had decided, therefore, to cross east of Lee at Germana Ford, and move around Lee a little west of south, get out of the Wilderness as quickly as possible, make for the Central about Fredricks Hall station and cut Lee's communications even before he reached the railroad, forcing Lee to battle in behalf of these vital matters.

Of course, the failure of Lee to do more than kill, wound, and capture some 17,000 of Grant's men and compel him to the Spotsylvania route, and thence north of both of the rivers, was disappointing in the extreme, but the other hoped-for results were lost by the vagaries of battle, Longstreet's wounding, and an obstinate refusal of Early to accept perfectly trustworthy information. All the fine points of a beautiful strategy were exploited in full view. General Lee even stood ready to strike the Valley forces if they got as far as Gordonsville before they could join with Grant.

The tactics, unless indeed they be really a part of the strategy, were just as beautiful. Lee had a turnpike and a broad plank road that met Grant's line of march at right angles, the first at least four miles south of the Rapidan and the second nearly three miles farther, while an ordinary road still more south might also be used for the march of the third section of his army (Longstreet's Corps). Grant would be obliged to halt after crossing with so large an army, 140,000 or more in aggregate, and take time to move south on two roads, at least. They could not get by without Lee's striking them, and to strike the rear even would bring the advance to help protect the trains, and the whole march, in fact. Then when Grant's army was concentrated, or perhaps huddled even, in the conflict with two parts, the third part would fall on its flank by the third road and press it back to the river and trains. All of this was carried out fairly well, and, in places, beautifully, but the chances of battle constantly demand change of tactics and here was no exception to the rule. Ewell did his part almost perfectly. Hill was assigned too heavy a task for his forces. Longstreet did not come on the field quite soon enough and, being wounded by his own men, the flank movement in the flood tide of success was broken up or rather stayed till too late for further execution. Let us remember that all these tactics had to be executed in dense woods and undergrowth with hardly a semblance of a clearing. In the end both flanks of the enemy were rolled up and only night and entrenchments saved them.

Grant, on his part, also used good tactics. He kept his four corps in supporting distance and ordered them to entrench whenever they halted even for a short time. Hancock, moving east of Warren and Sedgwick and so safe from interruption, got his corps beyond all the three roads along which Lee attacked, but had to return when the others were held in battle. Also as each of the two dangerous roads were reached, forces were placed to guard against Lee's approach down those roads.

We may mention that Lee on the first day (May 5) used only some twenty-three or four thousand men to hold Grant, and on the second day used every man of his sixty-three or four thousand for the battle. The artillery could be used but very little, and the cavalry was fighting heavily far down toward Todd's Tavern, barring the way toward both Spotsylvania and Shady Grove. Lee did not have more than fifty thousand infantry, if even that. Lee's aggregate is given as 72,000 to Grant's 148,000 and his "present for duty" as



64,000 to Grant's 122,000. Take any estimate one pleases, the ratio of Lee to Grant is put at practically one half.

One of the peculiarities of the battle field is that it afforded little or no protection to either flank of either army. Ewell had a little for his left, but Grant, caught on a march and fighting for his roads, could not withdraw even behind little Wilderness Run. Grant had the mortification of having both his flanks rolled up by the enemy in his first encounter. And yet Lee's much smaller force allowed no overlapping, in fact Grant, reaching from near the river clear down to Todd's Tavern, far overlapped Lee on both flanks. For a little while on the early part of the 6th, Grant did attack in flank of Hill, but Longstreet stopped that, and flanked in turn with vast success. Grant fought as one taken off guard and seeking only to stave off blows. True he had a plan for the dawn of the 6th, but as soon as Longstreet and Anderson appeared, his aggression was turned to anxious defense once more.

Now for the fighting.

At 11 A.M. on the 5th, as Ewell came down the turnpike he saw Warren ahead crossing it on the road from Germana Ford to Parker's store, but Warren's advance had not reached that store—only cavalry was there. As Hill at the same hour coming down the plank road got near Parker's store, he found that cavalry. Ewell and Hill were nearly three miles apart. Lee was with Hill. Ewell had less than 11,000 at that time on the field. Hill had hardly more than 12,000. The rest of their corps came to the front later. Hill drove the cavalry steadily back for four miles to the Brock Road. There was no infantry of Grant's at the Brock until just in the nick of time a division of Sedgwick's corps arrived, and Hancock returned from far down the Brock Road to help that division. Hancock had 27,000, and Getty had 8,000, while Hill had only 12,000. Hill held his ground till dark and some of the fighting was of the fiercest. The odds against Hill next morning were much greater, and Hill was driven back and criticized, instead of being praised; but let us remember the evening of the 5th from 4:15 o'clock, and the 12,000 against about 35,000, without entrenchments too. Ewell, for his part, managed beautifully. He fought all of Warren's Corps and one division of Sedgwick's. He drove Sedgwick to his trains, and after being driven himself a little, returned, turned his enemy's flank, captured one thousand prisoners, got up his absent troops, entrenched himself in a strong position, and had all things ready for the next day's big battle.

As so often happens, the battle next day centered on the possession of a road, the Plank Road, or rather two roads; for while Grant wanted the Plank, Lee wanted to get also the Brock, so that Grant could not even get to Spotsylvania. Lee gained the issue so far as Shady Grove was concerned by holding the Plank at the junction with the Brock, but Grant held to the Brock, and used it to get to Spotsylvania. Grant had to forego all thought of connecting with the Valley troops, of breaking Lee's communications, of establishing easy ones for himself, of getting round the head of the Mattaponi and North Anna, and being astride the railroad to Richmond unless he fought another battle and gained it.

Poor Hill was told he would be relieved early next morning. He was not. He had not entrenched nor had he gotten up his ammunition. The responsibility for the first may possibly be placed in part on General Lee, but the latter was a blunder of his own. When Grant attacked very early, 5 A.M., and Longstreet was not in sight, neither that noble soldier, Hill, nor the heroes of the evening fight on the 5th were at all dismayed. The two depleted divisions fought certainly five, and according to some, six divisions of the enemy, fought them on flank as well as front. It could not

in the nature of things be as fine a fight as the evening before, but Hancock describes the fighting as "desperate." Hill was broken, but not as some troops are broken. Neither the confusion nor the losses were great, and the troops soon rallied and fought again. What brings it so greatly to the front was the critical situation and fearful consequences, had not Longstreet come up just in time.

A reader gets so mad with Longstreet—at Seven Pines, at Second Manassas, at Gettysburg, and at the Wilderness. He is the splendid fighter and tactician who knows so well what to do and how to do it, and yet does his own way and takes his own time, even though a Johnston or a Lee try to direct him. Here in this battle his wounding is going to stop the battle more suddenly than the death of Albert Sydney Johnston stopped that of Shiloh, and just as there was glorious prospect of so defeating Grant, Meade, and Hancock as to discredit them for good and all; and yet, in spite of every precaution to get him on the field before day, the battle is almost lost before he appears.

When Longstreet steps into the arena of the Wilderness with mind made up to fight then and there, it is not just the arrival of reinforcements, but the arrival of will and skill that was in itself a tower of strength to the Confederate side of the battle. The aspect of things is soon changed.

Longstreet did not appear on the flank of Hancock by way of the by-road south of the Plank Road, as Lee seems to have planned at first, but, because of Hill's extremity, was brought directly to the point of threatened disaster. He rapidly deployed, and, using Anderson's troops, soon flanked and rolled up all the enemy's line south of the Plank Road and as far as the Brock Road, the enemy taking refuge behind their entrenchments. After he was wounded there was a long pause in the battle, and then it ended on that wing by the repulse of Anderson's and Longstreet's men from those breastworks—almost fortifications. Lee's line was then drawn back from the Brock Road, and Grant moved Warren by it to Spotsylvania the night of the next day, the 7th.

On the day of the big battle, Grant brought up most of Burnside's Corps, and Lee all of Anderson's large division of Hill's corps. Their troops were distributed to points of need. Some of Anderson's went to the gap between Ewell and Hill and there met some of Burnside's and repulsed them. Some went to Longstreet for his crushing flank attack. Anderson was "Fighting Dick." When Lee, in 1863, heard of Hooker at Chancellorsville, he sent Anderson with three brigades to delay him. As he (Anderson) stood gun to gun in front of Hooker's immense army, some one asked him what he intended to do. "Fight him, sir; General Lee says so." Lee, with only Anderson and McLaws, fought Hooker all the time that Jackson and Stuart attacked his flank. He succeeded to Longstreet's command on the 7th, and, by a forced night's march, reached Spotsylvania in time to defeat Warren and secure Lee's position in front of Grant. (It was some of Anderson's men who wounded Longstreet and killed Jenkins in the fatal confusion of the Wilderness.)

Ewell did his part all day in holding his line against all attacks and in looking for opportunity to flank, according to orders. The opportunity was found and found early, but not *General Early*. It is a strange thing how often it happened that Gordon, of Early's Division, found an opportunity and begged for leave to take advantage of it and was refused by that able officer. In each case the refusal was well grounded, and yet in the end the subordinate proved right. At Gettysburg, at Cedar Creek, and here at the Wilderness, the same earnest plea was met by the same emphatic denial. On this occasion Gordon conducted a reconnoissance in force to the



flank and rear of Sedgwick about 9 A.M., and found nothing to prevent the rolling up of Grant's right. Early insisted and believed even long after the war that Burnside was there in supporting distance. Gordon could not get Ewell to overrule Early, but did get Lee to overrule both. He went with two brigades near sunset, inflicted a loss of one thousand, captured two generals, and was only stopped by darkness and the dense undergrowth from initiating a most startling confusion on that wing, to say the least. Burnside was not there. No supports were there. Everything possible had been drawn to Hancock on the far left.

It is said that after the battle, Grant threw himself face down on his bed and gave audible vent to his mortified feelings; but unless it was by tears and not curses, the incident does not mean much. At any rate, Lee's "aggressiveness" was recognized.

In conclusion, what is magnificent fighting? I would say that it is seen at its best when against odds, and gains in glory if it is successful; and that it ought in every case to manifest beauty, skill, thought, and power. A fight may be terrible, like a *mêlée* or a storming, or mobbing, with nothing magnificent about it. I think Lee fell on Grant like an avalanche, with definite plan and purpose worked out fully, and that the skill of arrangements as to agents and means and times and movements was only equaled by the order, system, and even rhythm with which those movements were executed. And I think that such execution required courage, coolness, and endurance on the part of the troops that proved the Southern patriot to be a *superb* soldier. The whole battle showed both Lee and his army at the very zenith of their capacity.

It is singular that one of the most smoothly moving of battles should have been carried out in a country where a continuous thicket of undergrowth often hid even adjacent companies from each other's view.

Of course, since Grant still had the Brock Road to go by there was little reason for him to abandon his manifest objective, the Central Railroad. He was now about twenty miles only from it, and as near as Lee who had to move to Spotsylvania to protect his line of supply, and waited only long enough to see that Grant was not going to fight again where he was. He was confirmed in his view by learning of Grant's trains moving toward Fredericksburg for a new base.

## MEMBERS OF THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

(Mississippi's Representatives in the Confederate Congresses—Provisional and Permanent. Compiled by Miss Mary Ratliff, Historian of the Mississippi Division.)

Maj. Ethelbert Barksdale was born in Rutherford County, Tenn. He early entered the profession of journalism and is regarded as Mississippi's greatest newspaper man. He first edited the *Democrat* in Yazoo City, in 1845; afterwards removed to Jackson and, in 1850, took charge of the *Mississippian*, which was the official organ of the State. After the War between the States he edited the *Clarion*, which was then Mississippi's greatest paper and the Democratic organ, 1876-83. He was elected to the Forty-Eighth Congress in 1882, and again in 1884. Gen. Reuben Davis says of him: "He displayed so much force and energy of diction that he carried his audience with him. He was born and reared in Columbus, Miss., and completed his education at Harvard. He studied law, but had neither taste nor patience for the dry and ponderous details of the profession. Like Prentiss and Holt, he was all orator." He filled the office (of legislator)

with efficiency and credit to himself. He had the rank of major in the Confederate service.

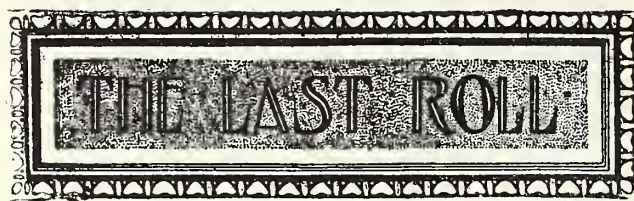
Gen. Reuben Davis was born near Winchester, Tenn., January, 18, 1813. The boy was reared from five years of age in Madison County, Mississippi Territory, on the Indian frontier. He studied both medicine and law, being elected district attorney in 1833, and he states in his autobiography that in the first year's law practice he cleared \$20,000. He was a brigadier general of militia after about 1840. In 1842 he was appointed justice of the Supreme Court. In 1847, he was elected colonel of the 2nd Mississippi Regiment for the Mexican War. He was a member of Congress when the State passed the ordinance of secession, and, on arrival in Mississippi, became first brigadier general and afterwards major general of the Army of Mississippi. Being elected a representative in the Confederate Congress, he was present when President Davis was inaugurated. In 1880 he published "Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians" dedicated to the lawyers of the State by the sole survivor of the bar of fifty years ago.

Walker Brooke, a Whig representative from Holmes County and a lawyer of standing, received the necessary sixty-one votes, and served in the National Senate from 1852-1853, the unexpired term of Senator Foote. He was born in Virginia and educated at the State University, and studied law under Judge Tucker. He represented Holmes County in the Lower House of the legislature in 1848, and the Senate in 1850 and 1852. As a member of the Constitutional Convention, 1861, he introduced a resolution to refer the question of secession to the popular vote. His resolution was rejected, and he said: "I have failed. Should I vote to do nothing? Shall this convention adjourn without action? Should we do so, we would make ourselves subject to the scorn and ridicule of the world. Perhaps already the waters of Charleston Harbor are dyed with the blood of our friends and countrymen. I vote aye."

Wiley P. Harris, son of Early and Mary Vivian (Harrison) Harris, was born in Pike County, November 9, 1818. He studied law in the University of Virginia and began the practice of law at Gallatin. Upon his appointment as Circuit Judge at Monticello, at twenty-nine years of age, he gained a reputation as the ablest circuit judge in the State. Recalling this historic body (Confederate Congress), Reuben Davis wrote: "I must mention one of these delegates, one of the most extraordinary men this State has ever produced, Wiley P. Harris. That name recalls at once to many in all parts of Mississippi the image of a tall, slender figure, crowned by a most intellectual head. Nature seems to have endowed him with all the qualities requisite in a great lawyer and a magnificent orator." He was the first man chosen to the State Convention by unanimous vote. Judge Edward Mayes said of him: "He was a man of purest ray serene, whose wide and varied culture, profound legal learning, exceeding mental power, phenomenal intellectual integrity, devoted and unselfish patriotism, matchless calmness, and wisdom in counsel and unfailing courtesy gave him a unique place in the affections and honor of Mississippians. Added to which, he had a spontaneous, sparkling and pungent wit, which is proverbial to this day throughout the State."

J. A. Orr said of him: "In the power of clear analysis, the power to deal with new questions, Wiley P. Harris stood alone among all Mississippi lawyers." Edward Cary Walthall said: "I feel that I honor myself when I say to you that more than once during my brief public career I have sought to shape my public utterances so that I might earn the sanction of his indorsement when the occasion seemed critical for our people."





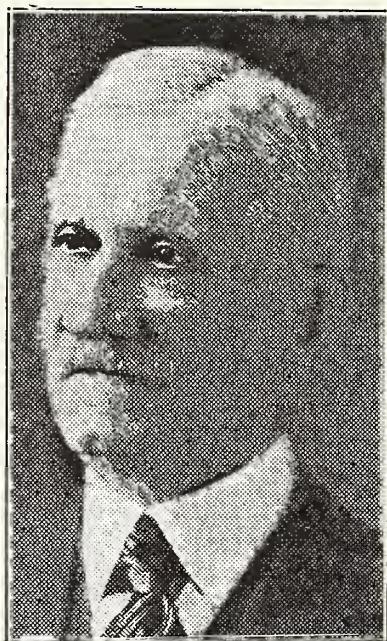
Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

So as each one, each dear familiar form we knew,  
Is lost to sight around the bending road, into  
His Southland's history we look, remembering  
The glory of his youth; we turn each page and bring  
To mind each gallant deed he helped to blazon there—  
There was no deed of courage that he did not dare.

—Mary H. S. Kimbrough.

#### DEWITT CLINTON GALLAHER.

On Christmas Day, at his home in Charleston, W. Va., the book of life was closed for DeWitt Clinton Gallaher, prominent and beloved citizen of that city and section. He was the oldest practicing attorney of Kanawha County, a leader in the profession. His had been an active life until shortly before the end, and his sunny, buoyant disposition made him see the bright side in everything, so that age with him was only in years. His going has left a vacant place in the community which cannot be filled.



DEWITT CLINTON GALLAHER

D. C. Gallaher was born in Jefferson County, Va. (now W. Va.), on August 2, 1845, the son of Hugh Lafferty and Elizabeth Catherine Gallaher. The family later moved to Waynesboro, in Augusta County, and at the age of thirteen he was a student at Georgetown College. At sixteen he was at Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, and a year later he entered Hampden Sidney College, which he left in 1863 to join Company E, 1st Virginia Cavalry, Fitz Lee's Division, J. E. B. Stuart's Corps, A. N. V., and so served to the close of war. In the fall of 1865 he entered the University of Virginia, graduating in 1868. He taught for a year, and then spent two years in study at the Universities of Berlin and Munich. In 1872 he located at Charleston, was admitted to the bar there, and there had practiced his profession for over fifty years, seeking no public office, but serving efficiently in high places to which he was called. But his home and his profession were his chief interests, and he gave them of his

best. In July, 1876, he was married to Miss Florence Miller, whose father was one of the most prominent members of the Charleston bar. She survives him with three sons and two daughters.

Loyal and patriotic always as an American, yet the cause for which he had fought so gallantly in the sixties was ever sacred to him, and throughout his long and busy life it was a hallowed memory. He had been a friend to the VETERAN, interested in its growth, and contributing from his experiences to its columns. A friend indeed has been lost in his going.

#### JACOB LYMAN COOK.

At his home in Montgomery, Ala., on November 3, 1926, Jacob Lyman Cook, soldier of the South in the War between the States, passed to the life eternal. Born November 19, 1844, in Burlington, Iowa, he went with his parents to Memphis, Tenn., and there, at the age of seventeen, he entered the Confederate service at the first call for volunteers. He was made a corporal in Company L, of the 154th Senior Tennessee Regiment, served honorably throughout the war, and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., with Johnston's army.

Jacob Lyman Cook was a descendant of soldiers, and in himself and his posterity was that trait carried on. His great-grandfather, Daniel Van Voorhis, was a captain in the Revolutionary War; his grandfather, Jacob Cook, served as captain in the War of 1812; his father, the late Daniel R. Cook, of Memphis, Tenn., and Marietta, Ga., too old for service in the War between the States, was truly the soldier's friend. His ample fortune was used without stint for their comfort in camp, and the sick and wounded were cared for in his home, under the attention of his wife and daughters; and those who died were tenderly laid away. There was no thought of this expense, nor would he consider its return. At his expense, the body of Gen. Preston Smith was removed to Elmwood Cemetery at Memphis and fittingly marked.

That the blood of patriots was worthily transmitted is shown by the service of the grandsons of Jacob Lyman Cook in the World War, and one of these, Wayles B. Bradley, a cadet, lies by his side, having given his life for his country.

For many years Comrade Cook was prominently identified with the business life of Macon, Ga., going from there some twenty years ago to Montgomery, Ala., which had since been his home. He is survived by a son and two daughters, also one sister. His body was taken back to Macon, and funeral services were conducted from the home of his niece, Miss Kate Crump, with interment in Riverside Cemetery.

"As worthy daughters of a worthy father," the late Mrs. Lelia Cook Crump, and her daughter, Miss Kate, kept open home for the soldiers stationed at Camp Wheeler, near Macon, during the World War, and there was no kindness too great to be extended by these patriotic women to the boys

#### DEATHS IN CAMP PELHAM, ANNISTON, ALA.

Death struck our Camp heavily in the year of 1926. First, on January 17, 1926, L. J. Kiscus, who served with Company F, 38th Tennessee Infantry, was called; on March 15, J. T. Hemphill, of Company G, Cobb's Georgia Legion of Infantry, left us; and on November 20, Felix W. Foster, Cobb's Georgia Legion of Cavalry. He served as courier for Gen. P. M. B. Young, of Georgia, to the end. In the early eighties, he came to Anniston and was elected the first "Intendent" during the term. The town entered the city class, and he was elected the first mayor, and he lived to see our straggling village blossom into a city of more than 25,000 people.

Peace to their ashes! We are now but seven!

[H. F. Montgomery, Adjutant.]



## FRANK GILMER BROWDER.

Many friends were grieved by the passing of Comrade Frank G. Browder, of Montgomery, Ala., and the VETERAN feels the loss of a dear and valued friend. He was among the first subscribers from Montgomery, and he did much in the early years of the VETERAN to build up its patronage in that city. His death was accidental. Although more than eighty years of age, he was still active and vigorous, and still actively engaged in business as a cotton buyer. On the morning of October 20, 1926, he was out inspecting a field of cotton, when an airplane swooped too low and struck him on the head, causing immediate death, a most deplorable and unnecessary end to a worthy life.

Frank G. Browder was born at Olmstead, Logan County, Ky., on June 26, 1843, the son of Senator Robert Browder and Sarah Gilmer, the latter a descendant of the Gilmers of Virginia. When war came on in 1861, he enlisted with Company G, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry, which became a part of that famous command under Gen. John H. Morgan early in 1862. He was with this command until captured on the Ohio raid in 1863 and spent the rest of the war in prison at Camp Douglas, some two years.

After the war Comrade Browder went from Kentucky to Montgomery, Ala., and immediately took his place in the business and social life of his adopted city. He engaged in the business of a cotton buyer, representing the Gilmer Warehouse Company for several years. Later he was with Lehman, Durr & Company, and its successor, the Alabama Warehouse Company, for forty-two years. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and active in all its enterprises. He organized the first Sunday school in the Highland Park section, which later became a part of the city. He was a charter member of the Forest Avenue Methodist Church and chairman of its board of stewards; and he taught the Men's Bible Class there until his sight failed. His wife was Miss Alice Barton, of Kentucky, and he is survived by five sons and two daughters.

## JAMES DEISHER.

James Deisher passed away at his residence at Dagger's Springs, Botetourt County, Va., on December 10, 1926. He was born on February 18, 1843, and for more than fourscore years served in a momentous period in the life of our country. At the outbreak of hostilities in 1861, he volunteered and enlisted in Company K, 60th Virginia Infantry, in which he served with honor until captured and taken a prisoner to Camp Morton, Ind., where he was confined until the end of the war.

Comrade Deisher retained his vigor in a remarkable degree, and was bright and cheerful to the close of his career. An elder in the Presbyterian Church, he was most useful and faithful. A splendid citizen, he was a most influential man in his community. His kind heart made him a benefactor to all, especially the poor, from whose need he never turned away. At one time he owned Dagger's Springs, and was a friend of Gen. Wade Hampton, who came there to fish on his vacation from the United States Senate in Washington. The U. C. V. reunions were a great joy to him because he was bound to his old comrades with hooks of steel. Now he has gone to attend the last great reunion, but his memory is sweet and blossoms in the dust.

He was buried in the old cemetery at Galatia Church, in Botetourt County, Va., near his home, on the banks of the James and in the shadow of the great mountains on which his eyes had rested since infancy.

[Emmett W. McCorkle, Assistant Chaplain General, U. C. V.]

## COL. E. Q. WITHERS.

A soul valiant for honor and right passed on December 3, 1926, with the death of Col. E. Q. Withers, of Macon, Miss.

Emile Quarles Withers was born November 7, 1845, on his father's plantation near Holly Springs, Miss., in Marshall County, and was the eldest son of Albert Quarles and Matilda Jones Withers. He enlisted in Company G, 17th Mississippi Regiment, at Corinth, Miss., on May 27, 1861. Soon afterwards this company was sent to Virginia and was first inducted into the life military at a camp near Manassas Junction. Company G was detached and sent to Michell's Ford on Bull Run Creek, where it remained until July 18, 1861. There the company heard the first shell passing over its head. Company G rejoined the regiment at Elam's Ford on Saturday evening, July 21. The brigade of D. R. Jones, of which the 17th Mississippi was a part, made a futile attack on the enemy's right, and was repulsed. This regiment soon after the battle was moved to Leesburg, Va., and took part on October 21, 1861, in the battle of Leesburg with the 18th Mississippi and 8th Virginia Regiments. This was a signal victory for the Confederates.

In the early spring of 1862 the regiment was moved to the Peninsula near Yorktown, from which place there was a slow move toward the outskirts of Richmond, the various commands being organized into brigades and divisions. They occupied this line until the seven days' fight was commenced. The 17th Mississippi fought at Savage Station and at Malvern Hill, and sometime in August or September, moved north with other commands and engaged in the first Maryland campaign.

Colonel Withers was discharged at Culpeper Courthouse while on the march north to Maryland, he being very ill at the time. He went home and remained until the spring of 1863, when he enlisted in the 3rd Mississippi Cavalry, which became a part of Forrest's command, and then participated in all of its engagements, serving until the end of the war as a lieutenant. He was discharged at Grenada, Miss.

Colonel Withers is survived by his wife, two sons, one daughter, and three sisters.

He was for many years a planter of North Mississippi and a cotton factor at Memphis, Tenn.

## SLATER COWART.

Slater Cowart, beloved citizen of Northumberland County, Va., passed away at his home at Cowart, on January 18, 1926, after a lingering illness, aged eighty-three years. He was a Christian gentleman of noble and lofty impulses—honest, conservative, unselfish—and he lives in the hearts of his people. His life was upon a high plane of thought and action.

Comrade Cowart served in the Confederate army as a member of Company C, 40th Virginia Regiment, enlisting in September, 1861, and took part in many important engagements of his command, among them being Harper's Ferry, Shepherdstown, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and others. He never doubted the righteousness of the cause for which he fought so valiantly. In the cause of Christ he fought as courageously, as persistently, as conscientiously, and when the last battle was over, he sheathed his sword and lay down to quiet slumbers to await the reward of the faithful.

He was a member of Melrose Methodist Episcopal Church, and was superintendent of the Sunday school there for several years. He was at one time member of the local Board of Reviews of Northumberland County.

He is survived by his wife, one son, a daughter, and a sister.



## CAPT. JOHN K. ROBERTS.

A personal acquaintance of President Andrew Jackson and a veteran of twenty-seven battles of the War between the States was Capt. John Kelly Roberts, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Tom R. Gafford, in Nashville, Tenn., on Sunday morning, January 2. He would have been ninety-one years old on the following day.

It is told that Captain Roberts was the next to the last living man who knew "Old Hickory" personally. As a young boy, he was with his father in a wagon going from Lebanon to Nashville in 1845, when they encountered General Jackson at the gate of the Hermitage, and he had the honor of shaking hands with the ex-President.

John K. Roberts was born on January 3, 1837, in Sumner County, Tenn. He lived on his farm in White County for fifty-six years, retiring ten years ago from active management. Up to the end of his life, however, he was able to keep up active participation in his other interests, including a wide reading on religious subjects.

On December 20, 1926, Captain Roberts and his wife celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. She survives him with six sons and four daughters.

Captain Roberts served the Confederacy throughout the course of the war with the 6th Tennessee Regiment. He took part in twenty-seven battles, and was wounded thirteen times, spending several periods in hospitals in Georgia and Mississippi. He was paroled at Gainesville, Ga., and was the recipient of an honorary citation from the Confederate government for bravery on the field of action.

Six of his nephews served as pallbearers.

## RICHARD D. COLLINS.

Taps was sounded for Richard Dillard Collins, aged ninety-one, one of the few veterans of the Confederate army in Henry County, Tenn. The end came at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jennie Brundridge, in Paris, Tenn., in December. Funeral services for "Uncle Dick," as he was best known, were conducted by Capt. P. P. Pullen, Adjutant of the Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., at Paris.

Richard D. Collins was born in Virginia, on April 4, 1835, his parents moving to Henry County when he was about nine years of age and locating in the old Fourth Civil District, five miles north of Paris. He had made his home in Henry County since that time. He was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church and a devout Christian citizen, well beloved by a large host of friends and relatives. He was a member of the Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V. His service as a Confederate soldier was with Company G, 7th Tennessee Cavalry.

In 1860, he was married to Miss Angeline Aycock, who preceded him in death many years. To this union were born seven children, three daughters and four sons. In 1885 he was married the second time, to Mrs. Annie Stevens, who died several years ago.

He is survived by two daughters and one son, also by seventeen grandchildren, twenty-two great-grandchildren, and five great-great grandchildren.

## RECENT LOSSES IN CAMP NO. 27 U. C. V., COLUMBUS, MISS.

P. O. Loftis, Company G, 12th Mississippi Cavalry, died October 9, 1926.

R. T. Wells, Company A, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, died November 23, 1926.

Hampden Osborne, Company B, 53rd North Carolina Infantry, died December 21, 1926.

[W. A. Love, Adjutant, Columbus, Miss.]

## COL. J. B. MALONE.

Col. J. B. Malone, aged eighty-six years, died on January 5, 1927, at his home near Gallatin, Tenn., on the Hartsville road. He had been in declining health for more than a year. He was born at Bethpage, and was one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of Sumner County. He was a member of Donelson Bivouac, Confederate Veterans, of Gallatin, and of the Methodist Church.

Colonel Malone was a brave and faithful Confederate soldier and served through the war, returning from the conflict a cripple for life as a result of a wound in battle. He was a member of the famous 2nd Tennessee Infantry.

Subsequent to the war, Colonel Malone became interested in the turf, and developed some fine horses on his place near Gallatin and for many years served as a judge on the racing circuit in the East and Chicago, enjoying a wide acquaintance. After his retirement from the turf, he manifested an active interest in the politics of the Fourth Congressional District, serving at one time as chairman of the district committee.

Surviving him are his wife and two daughters.

He was laid to rest in the Cemetery at Gallatin.

[There is no mention of a "Col. J. B. Malone" in connection with the history of General Bate's old regiment, and the title was evidently of complimentary origin or from some office of the United Confederate Veterans.—EDITOR.]

## ANDREW J. CONKLIN.

Andrew J. Conklin, was born in New Orleans, La., April 2, 1836, and died at his home in Vicksburg, Miss., on December 21, 1926, having rounded out a life of more than ninety years. He had been a prominent resident of Vicksburg for many years, locating there with his parents about the middle of the last century, and when Vicksburg was but a small village. He had been connected with various local newspapers of Vicksburg in the past. He went through the four years of War between the States as a soldier of the Confederacy, serving with the Vicksburg Volunteers, and at the close he was lieutenant colonel of the 1st Mississippi Militia. Brave and honorable as a soldier, he was no less worthy as a citizen and did well his part both in public and private life. On his ninetieth anniversary, the Daughters of the Confederacy of Vicksburg showed their appreciation of his citizenship by the gift of a handsome silk umbrella, with which went a card of cordial greetings and the wish that health and happiness would ever be the portion of the "beloved veteran, who is so loyal to the U. D. C. and the Confederate cause."

Comrade Conklin was married to Miss Nannie Powell, who died many years ago, and his later years had been spent with the beloved daughter, Miss Nannie, in Vicksburg. The funeral services were conducted by the rector of Christ Episcopal Church, and he was tenderly laid away to await the resurrection morn.

## A. T. WRIGHT.

At his home in Choudrant, La., A. T. Wright died in May, 1926. He would have been eighty-one years old July 4.

On September 15, 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate army in Saline County, Mo., and his command joined Price's army in Arkansas, where he was attached to Company A, of Pindall's Battalion of Sharpshooters, Parsons's Brigade, Price's army. In October, 1863, he was transferred to Company I, 28th Louisiana Regiment, of Mouton's Brigade, Taylor's army, and served until the surrender. He was never wounded, never captured, and never reported sick during his service; took part in four pitched battles and several skirmishes. He was always proud of the part he had taken in the South's struggle for independence.



## GEN. JOHN HARVEY WILSON, U. C. V.

John Harvey Wilson was born in Jennifer, Talladega County, Ala., on January 29, 1845, the son of Hugh Munford Wilson and Mary Ann Persell, of South Carolina. When the tocsin of war was sounded in 1861, he was ready to answer the call, and in February, 1862, at the age of seventeen, he was mustered into service with Company C, 30th Alabama Regiment, commanded by Col. Charles M. Shelley. No braver soldier than John Harvey Wilson fought under the Southern banner.

In the years since the war he was an acknowledged leader in the gray-clad army, and he died honored and beloved by all. He had served the Confederate organization as Brigadier General commanding the 4th Brigade, Alabama Division, U. C. V.; and from 1923 he was Assistant Adjutant General, Army of Tennessee Department, until his death on October 27, 1926, which occurred at the home of his son, C. E. Wilson, in the historic Alexandria Valley.

General Wilson was twice married, his first wife being Miss Ella Hall, of Munford, Ala., and she was the mother of his children. Several years after her death he was happily married to Miss Laura Lee Wheat, of Tuskegee, Ala., who made him a devoted wife and counselor. Three of his sons volunteered in the World War, all winning distinction on the battle field.

To the close of an eventful life his mind held the vigor of intellect undimmed. His integrity, genial manner, and uprightness won the respect and confidence of all with whom he came in contact. No veteran enjoyed reunion with his old comrades more than he, and he attended regularly until a short time before death. He loved the Confederate cause and all the traditions of the old South. In death he wore his beloved Confederate gray, and the gray casket was enshrouded with the Stars and Bars he had loved so well.

## W. C. COOPER.

W. C. Cooper, a resident of Waco, Tex., for the last fifty-two years, died there recently at the age of eighty-four years, after a short illness. He is survived by a daughter and four sons.

Born in Clarksville, Tenn., W. C. Cooper served as a soldier of the Confederacy in the 49th Tennessee Regiment, Walthall's Division, Hood's Brigade, Stewart's Corps. He enlisted at the age of eighteen, at the beginning of hostilities, and served to the end.

Going to Texas soon after the close of war, he located at Waco in 1875, and became one of the prominent citizens of the community and section, being identified with the growth and development of the city. He served several terms as city secretary and was widely and favorably known. He was a man of most generous impulses, untiring in his efforts to aid

others. He was a charter member of Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., of Waco, and ever loyal to the cause which he had given four years of his young life.

## OSCAR M. DAVIS.

With the death of Oscar M. Davis, of Smyrna, Tenn., on January 18, the last of the immediate family of Sam Davis, Tennessee's boy hero, has passed away. Though too young a boy at the time to be a soldier, this little brother had a pathetic connection with bringing the body of Sam Davis back to the old home for burial. With a kind neighbor, Mr. John M. Kennedy, he drove to Pulaski through the war-torn country to secure the body of his soldier brother, which was later interred in the old garden of the country home near Smyrna. Shortly after this he joined the army, and gave his service as a gallant Confederate to the end of the war.

Oscar Davis then returned home and spent the remainder of his life on the old farm, which came to him in course of years from the father who had taught him to love to cultivate the soil. For a short time he engaged in the mercantile business, but most of his life was spent on the farm, and he left home only for occasional visits to neighboring towns. In his later years he was a great reader, and he maintained a keen interest in State, national, and world affairs.

Mr. Davis was a devout member of the Methodist Church. His wife was Miss Ida King, of Smyrna, and she survives him with three sons.

It is a coincidence that the death of Mr. Davis came so close with that of Dr. W. K. Hibbett, of Nashville, his brother-in-law, and one of the leading physicians of Nashville. They had married sisters.

## TAM BROOKS.

Tam Brooks was born on the headwaters of the famous Chickamauga (River of Death) in Walker County, Ga., twenty miles south of Chattanooga, Tenn., November 9, 1845. He joined Company E of the 3rd Confederate Regiment of Cavalry in the spring of 1862. At the time this organization formed a part of the brigade of Gen. Tom Harrison, Wharton's Division, Wheeler's Corps, serving in Tennessee and Kentucky. Tam Brooks was captured at the battle of Chickamauga and taken to Camp Morton prison at Indianapolis, Ind. He escaped from this prison on November 14, 1864. An account of his escape from prison was published a few years ago in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. He made his way to the South with great difficulty and served in a company of scouts at Dahlonga, Ga., and in front of Chattanooga, until the surrender. Comrade Brooks came to Hill County, Tex., in April, 1867, where he had resided ever since, being one of the county's most respected citizens, devoted to its best interests, and enjoying the friendship and confidence of all.

He was married May 5, 1872, to Miss Dora Smith, and reared four children, two sons and two daughters. In addition he is survived by seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. He was a faithful and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church.

He was an outstanding example of that old Southern type of gentleman, who enthroned in his heart every woman as a queen and thought his wife the greatest gift with which God had endowed him and his children a sacred trust, to be trained for God's own special use.

Mr. Brooks died in the early morning of December 19, after a short illness, at his home in Leander, Tex.

[J. H. Faubion, President Williamson County, U. C. V. Association.]



GEN. J. H. WILSON



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*  
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. .... *First Vice President General*

MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. .... *Second Vice President General*  
186 Bethlehem Pike

MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. .... *Third Vice President General*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. .... *Recording Secretary General*

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. .... *Corresponding Secretary General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. .... *Treasurer General*  
Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. .... *Historian General*  
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St Louis, Mo. .... *Registrar General*  
5330 Pershing

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. .... *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. .... *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Forc, *Official Editor*, Clifton Forge, Va.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: May the inspiration of the Jefferson Davis convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Richmond in November, 1926, be of lasting benefit along all lines of our endeavor; but particularly do we hope that it may be far-reaching concerning those things undertaken in the name of, and intended to especially honor, that great statesman for whom the convention was named.

Let us during the year emphasize the purposes of the departments devoted to the name and fame of Mr. Davis.

1. In the historical work of the Chapters may no opportunity be neglected to study and to teach the life and services of Jefferson Davis, his services as a great American statesman and soldier.

It is particularly interesting to record that we are in touch with a gentleman of France who has read recent historical articles on Jefferson Davis published in current magazines, and who writes expressing his interest in the War between the States, and requesting special information on the "War and the Confederate Army." He also requests bibliography, biographies, portraits, etc.

In taking up with this student of history, probably a historian himself, matters Confederate and in referring him to our work in Paris, the library there, and the Confederate material at his hand, we feel that an opportunity has been given us of advancing the truth of the great Southern cause.

2. The Jefferson Davis Highway. Let us keep this undertaking constantly before us, keeping in touch with the condition of the highway in our own State, marking it and beautifying it continually.

The first news of the year which has come to this office in regard to this enterprise comes from Louisiana, where we find Mrs. L. U. Babin, President of the Louisiana Division, and her Daughters pushing the work. They have purchased three marble markers, one the gift of Mrs. Youree, the others to be given by Chapters and individuals. They have pledged to complete marking the Highway at the Louisiana-Mississippi and Louisiana-Texas lines.

3. Miss Decca Lamar West, from her sick bed in a sanatorium in Richmond, is attending to the final plans concerning the boulder to Jefferson Davis at Point Isabel, Tex. With the unveiling of this memorial the work will be recorded as completed.

4. The committee authorized by the convention in Richmond to have charge of the Historical Foundation and to push this to a successful completion has been appointed. The committee, according to the action of that convention, will be known as the Committee on Jefferson Davis Historical

Foundation, and the object will be to raise a sum of thirty thousand dollars with which historical work may be done by the organization. Committee: Mrs. John Francis Weinmann, of Little Rock, Ark., chairman; Mrs. Sallie Lucas Loggins, Greenwood, Miss.; Miss Annie Mann, Petersburg, Va.; Mrs. John H. Anderson, Fayetteville, N. C.; Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, Montezuma, Ga.

This work will be done through directors in the various Divisions.

It is a matter of great regret that the names of these directors, in the majority of cases, were received too late to be published in the Minutes, as the by-laws provide that all material for the Minutes must be in the hands of the printers by January 1. This is very unfortunate, but a determined effort has been made to get the Minutes to the Chapters on time, which required that the printers be handed the material on time.

A request comes from the Recording Secretary General, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., that all applications for charters for new Chapters be accompanied by a typewritten list of applicants in order to insure the correct spelling of names on the charter. It is realized that each application paper must be signed by the applicant in her own handwriting, but accompanying these individual applications is requested the typed list.

It is hoped that Division Presidents will bear this in mind.

## IN MEMORIAM.

It is with an intense realization of the loss we have sustained that we record the passing of our dear friend and collaborer, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Wytheville, Va., who died in December, 1926.

Her brilliant mind, delightful personality, her fine sense of humor, which was both kind and friendly, made her one to be highly esteemed, loved, and honored. Coming of a family distinguished in the military and civil annals of her State and country, she contributed her part to its renown. As Historian General, U. D. C., she gave generously of her brilliant mind and her facile pen. She served when and where she was needed with a readiness and ability which doubled her value. When a strong committee of brightest minds was needed, she was one of the foremost to be selected.

Last year, putting aside her own sorrow and personal preference, she assisted with the work of the Committee on the History of the U. D. C., and remained able and forceful to the last.

While we fully estimate her loss to us, it is not in our hearts to bemoan her going to renew the loving companionship on the other shore.



To our First Vice President General, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, we extend our deepest sympathy in the death of her father and mother. Mrs. Byrne was called home from Richmond where she was attending the convention, as her duty demanded, by the unexpected death of her father, and in a few weeks he was joined by his loving and devoted wife. In this great grief which has come to our beloved fellow worker, we wish her to realize that she is in the minds and hearts of the women of this organization, and their prayers and sympathy are hers.

To Mrs. B. M. Hoover, President of the West Virginia Division, U. D. C., we express tenderest solicitude upon the death of her father, on December 5, 1926.

The ties that bind together the women of this organization are strong and enduring, and especially in times of sorrow and affliction is this realized. It is, therefore, our prayer that those among us who are going through the deep waters may be sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust in Him who does not willingly afflict.

RUTH LAWTON.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Kentucky.*—To the Kentucky Division an announcement most pleasing is that a beacon light is to be placed upon the Jefferson Davis shaft at Fairview, by order of Secretary Herbert Hoover. The shaft, three hundred and fifty-one feet in height, is on the direct line of the air service, and will thus become a landmark both night and day.

Mrs. Lucian G. Maltby, President of the Kentucky Division, as guest of the Lexington Chapter's meeting in December, gave an inspiring account of the constructive work of the U. D. C. and the growth in Chapters and members.

Many of the Kentucky Chapters contributed to the comfort and Christmas cheer of the sixty-one honored veterans in gray at the Confederate Home, Pewee Valley. The annual box from each Chapter contained gifts selected with affectionate care for the aged inmates, many of whom are confined to their beds. Cards of personal greeting, victrola records, tobacco, candy, pictures, magazines, and flower bulbs were among the things in Santa's pack for the inmates this time.

The Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, at Frankfort, celebrated New Year's Day with a meeting at which the hostess was Mrs. Elizabeth R. Redmon and Mrs. G. D. Fendley. The feature of the occasion was an address by Mrs. W. T. Fowler on "New Year's Day of the Sixties." Miss Annie Belle Fogg is President of the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter.

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*Missouri.*—Mrs. M. C. Duggins, of Slater, Mo., was recently appointed by Gov. Sam Baker as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Home at Higginsville. Mrs. Duggins is the first woman to hold a position on this board, taking the place of Col. Joseph F. Duvall, of Richmond, who passed away recently. This appointment meets with State-wide approval of the U. D. C. Chapters. Mrs. Duggins is chairman of the "Men and Women of the Sixties," and does much to make life happy at the Home.

There was a joyous Christmas at the Home. Each Chapter in the State contributed gifts of various kinds, responding heartily to the request sent out by Mrs. Duggins that this might be the "best Christmas" at the Home.

The five Chapters of Kansas City joined in giving a dinner to the members of Camp No. 80 and their wives on December 4. Mrs. Charles H. Boyne, sponsor of the Camp, had charge of the arrangements for the splendid dinner served and the musical program. The regular business meeting of the Camp

closed a most delightful afternoon; about one hundred guests were present.

Mrs. Bayne presented the annual gift from the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, a box of candy to the veterans and their wives at the January meeting of the Camp.

Mrs. W. L. Baldwin was hostess of the George Edward Pickett Chapter on December 13. After the regular business meeting, a short memorial service was given in memory of Mrs. Virgil Jaudon, who passed away a few days before. Mrs. Jaudon was a member of the Dixie Chapter, having served faithfully and well as President of her Chapter for two years, and she will be greatly missed by the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Confederate veterans, who loved her. She had a brilliant mind, a loyal heart, and was a true Southern woman, always a leader, and her Christian influence will be long remembered and greatly missed.

At the social hour arranged by Mrs. Baldwin and Mrs. J. B. Robinson, President of the Chapter, Dr. John F. Vines, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, and Mrs. Vines, who recently came to Kansas City from Roanoke, Va., were the honor guests. Dr. Vines gave a splendid address, after which refreshments were served.

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*Illinois.*—The seventeenth annual convention of the Illinois Division was held at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, October 13, 1926. Under the leadership of its beloved President, Mrs. D. J. Carter, excellent reports of the year's work were given and well-laid plans for future usefulness and growth were outlined. Every obligation to the general organization and to the Division had been met promptly by the Chapters, and enthusiasm and optimism were the keynotes of the convention.

The Dixie Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, under its capable Director, Mrs. John C. Jacobs, a Past President of Illinois Division, presented a most pleasing report. This Chapter is perhaps unique in that it is sponsored by two Chapters, U. D. C., holding its membership through both the Chicago Chapter and the Stonewall Chapter. In this report of the children's work, it was announced that a bazaar would be given by the Dixie Chapter early in December, that the articles for sale would be made largely by the children themselves, and that the entire proceeds would be donated to the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women. Evidently this worthy cause appealed to the love and to the imagination of the children, for they worked diligently and on Saturday, December 11, held a most successful bazaar at the home of Mrs. Jacobs, which netted them, above all expenses, \$50. This amount they turned over promptly to the Illinois chairman for Confederate Women's Relief, and a check was mailed to the Treasurer General.

When pledges were called for on the floor of the convention at Richmond, Va., for this relief fund, Mrs. Carter, Illinois President, pledged \$50 for the Division (\$25 from each of its two Chapters) and \$5 from the Dixie Chapter, C. of C., and now the children have eclipsed the older Chapters, not only being the first to redeem their pledge, but raising the amount from \$5 to \$50, that some dear old lady might have a happier Christmas thereby.

In addition to the two U. D. C. Chapters and the Children's Chapter, Chicago has a Camp of Confederate Veterans and a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans, which latter Camp was organized most auspiciously last year, largely through the initiative of Mrs. Carter and the U. D. C.

Officers for Illinois Division for 1927 are: President, Mrs. D. J. Carter; First Vice President, Mrs. Howard A. Hoening;



Second Vice President, Mrs. M. P. Black; Recording Secretary, Miss Ida F. Powell; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. H. Epps; Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Abernathy; Historian, Mrs. F. O. Potter, Registrar, Mrs. C. H. Cook; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Mary Lee Behan; and three Directors—Mesdames Cecil Prince, H. I. Randby, and A. O. Simpson.

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*Maryland.*—Miss Sally Washington Maupin has been appointed State Editor of the Maryland Division.

Mrs. William Buchanan, President of Baltimore Chapter, has recently received a donation of \$200 from a resident of New York, and the son of a deceased Daughter of the Confederacy, with the proviso that his name be withheld. This amount has been forwarded to Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson for the Maryland room at the Confederate Museum, at Richmond, Va.

Committees of Baltimore Chapter had the distribution of Christmas cheer to Confederate widows and veterans, whose thin gray line grows noticeably less before each occasion.

Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, held an interesting meeting in December, when reports of the Division and general U. D. C. convention were received.

A paper on the life of Woodrow Wilson was read by Mrs. Margaret Grosh, and arrangements were made pertaining to the sending of Christmas stockings to Confederate veterans in the community.

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*Louisiana.*—The Louisiana Division brought happiness to the inmates of the Confederate Home, New Orleans, when, on Wednesday, December 29, the members gathered there for their annual Christmas celebration, under the direction of the Custodian, Mrs. Feeny Rice, who, as custodian, represents the U. D. C. throughout the State. A turkey dinner was served in the main dining room of the Home, beautifully decorated with holly and evergreens sent by Camp Moore Chapter, Tangipahoa. Dinner was served also in the Infirmary, as many of the inmates were sick, and this building had also been made cheerful by decorations and a Christmas tree.

Later a program was given in the Infirmary and presents distributed. Mrs. L. U. Babin, President of the Division, came from Baton Rouge to greet the veterans and to bring them the message ever new: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Fitzhugh Lee Chapter gave a luncheon at the Bienville Hotel on Thursday, December 30, in honor of the President of the Louisiana Division, Mrs. L. U. Babin. Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid was toast mistress, and Mrs. E. L. Rugg, President of the Chapter, gave the welcome address. The speakers of the occasion were prominent members of the Division.

The second meeting of the Executive Board of the Division was held in the Memorial Hall, New Orleans, on Friday, December 31, with Mrs. L. U. Babin, President, presiding. Much important business was transacted. The President told of progress made in marking the Jefferson Davis Highway, and urged the members to work hard for the completion of the State boundary markers.

Natchitoches Chapter was hostess at a beautiful reception on December 7, at the home of Mrs. W. T. Williams, on Cane Lake. This reception was given in honor of Mrs. Fred Kolman, Corresponding Secretary General, who spoke of the work of the U. D. C. and told of the convention at Richmond.

Leesville Chapter also entertained in honor of Mrs. Kolman, on December 8, at the home of Mrs. L. B. Pitre. A splendid program was given. Mrs. Kolman again told of the conven-

tion at Richmond, bringing a message from Mrs. Babin, President of Louisiana Division.

In the death of Miss Mattie Belle McGrath, of Baton Rouge, which occurred early in December, Louisiana has been called to record the loss of her third Past President within the year, Miss Doriska Gautreaux and Mrs. Pinckney Smith having preceded her.

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*Virginia.*—It is with profound sorrow that we report the death of Mrs. A. A. Campbell, which occurred at her home in Wytheville, Va., on November 24. Mrs. Campbell was Past President of the Division, and Past Historian General, U. D. C. Her great intellectual power, her splendid Christian character, and her devotion to the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy have long made her an outstanding figure in the work of her State, and her loss will be keenly felt.

The annual meeting of the Executive Board of the Virginia Division was held at the Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, January 11, Mrs. A. C. Ford, President, presiding. This was a most successful meeting and much business was transacted.

Lee Chapter held a night meeting on Friday, January 7, so that all business and professional women, members of the Chapter, might attend and thereby familiarize themselves with the work of the Chapter. Afterwards a social hour was enjoyed.

This Chapter also gave the veterans and the women at the Confederate Home a dinner during the Christmas holidays. This was in addition to the regular monthly entertainments given both Homes.

New members are coming in at every meeting, and Lee Chapter is active in all work of the Virginia Division.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS

*U. D. C. Program for February.*

The historical program for this year will take up the members of the Confederate Congresses. Each month the State Historians will have a general article in the *VETERAN* dealing with the State's representatives.

The Historian of the Mississippi Division, Miss Mary Ratliff, of Raymond, Miss., has sent brief sketches of the State's representatives, all interesting and valuable, but as a whole a little too long for this space. It is not the intention of your historical committee composed of the State Historians, with the Historian General as chairman, to completely cover all the topic each month, but to indicate to the membership of the organization where material may be found. Each historian will make her work as complete as possible and will add to it during the year, when, if a sufficient amount is sent in, it will be compiled and published in one volume. We greatly desire a good list of reference books for this course, and the members are asked to send them to the Historian General at any time during the year. A list of unpublished material is also wanted that it may be catalogued.

Miss Ratliff refers especially to two books, "Mississippi," by Dr. Dunbar Rowland, and "Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians," by Gen. Reuben Davis.



MISSISSIPPI—SECEDED JANUARY 9, 1861.

The Constitutional Convention of Mississippi of January, 1861, passed the ordinance of secession and a State constitution conformatory to that act, also ordained that the delegation of Mississippi in the Congress of the United States should represent the commonwealth in any Congress that might be organized by the seceding States.

Those who did serve, however, were elected under the provisions of the Constitution of the Confederate States.

The Confederate States Congressmen from Mississippi served in the Provisional Congress, beginning at Montgomery in February and April, 1861, and at Richmond, Va., in July, September (one day), and November of that year. The final adjournment of the Provisional Congress was on February 17, 1862.

During that period the Mississippi delegation consisted of Wiley P. Harris, Walker Brooke, William S. Wilson, William S. Barry, James T. Harrison, Alexander M. Clayton (admitted February and resigned in May), J. P. Campbell, Jehu A. Orr (admitted April 29, 1861), and Alexander B. Bradford (admitted December 5, 1861).

In the committee organizations of the Provisional Congress, Mississippians held the following places: Judge Alexander M. Clayton, chairman of Judiciary Committee; Walker Brooke, chairman of Patents, and also a member of committee on organization of executive department; William S. Barry, of the Finance Committee, Judiciary and Public Lands; James T. Harrison, Postal Affairs and Printing; William S. Wilson, Patents; J. A. P. Campbell, Territories and Accounts.

The Mississippi delegation in the first Congress of the Confederate States were: Albert G. Brown and James Phelan, Senators. Ethelbert Barksdale, John J. McRae, J. W. Clapp, Israel Welsh, Otho R. Singleton, Reuben Davis, Henry C. Chambers, and William D. Holder, Representatives.

During the second Congress Albert G. Brown and John W. C. Watson were Senators, with the same Representatives as the first, with the exception of John J. McRae, whose place was taken by John T. Lamkin.

On account of limited library facilities, sketches of all could not be secured, and on account of the very limited space for this article, only a few words can be said of any one, by which some inspiration may be gained to study the very interesting lives of all of them.

## PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY 1927.

### FEBRUARY.

Locate on the map Montgomery, the first capital of the Confederacy. Richmond, the second capital. Tell something of each city. Trace a route between the two.

Read "Selling a Dog," by Irwin Russell. Library of Southern Literature, Volume X, 4622.

Catechism on Confederate States of America, based on "U. D. C. Catechism for Children," by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone (1912), revised and enlarged (1926) by Miss Decca Lamar West in honor and loving memory of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone.

Questions and answers will be printed each month, and it is hoped that every member of a Chapter of Children of the Confederacy will memorize all of them.

### C. OF C. CATECHISM, FEBRUARY.

1. What great leader in the Northern army owned slaves?  
Gen. U. S. Grant, who continued to live on their hire and

service until the close of the war and after the emancipation proclamation had been published.

2. When the Northern States had sold their slaves to the South, what did they then do?

They organized a party to oppose slavery, called the Abolition Party, which advocated all means to abolish slavery, with no intention of paying the people of the South for their property.

3. When did the South become alarmed?

At the election of Abraham Lincoln by this party, which was pledged to take away the slaves and offer no terms of payment to the owners.

4. Were the leading statesmen of the South opposed to the Union?

No; certainly not.

5. Name some of the leading men of the South who were strong Union men and did all in their power to prevent secession?

Henry Clay (Kentucky), Jefferson Davis (Mississippi), Alexander H. Stephens (Georgia), Col. Robert E. Lee (United States army), Gen. Sam Houston (Texas), and many others.

6. Why then did the North teach that the South opposed the Union?

Partly through misunderstanding of the South's position and chiefly through "political propaganda." (Directors explain and expand this.)

7. When and how did Jefferson Davis publicly proclaim his loyalty to the Union and its ideals?

In his matchless farewell address to the United States Senate after Mississippi had seceded.

U. D. C. PIN.—Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, Va., reports that on the closing night of the convention in Richmond, a handsome, new Confederate pin was handed to her in an envelope marked, "Found by Mrs. J. B. Goode, Rocky Mount, N. C.," but no response has come to a letter sent there. She will be glad to send the pin to anyone making claim and describing accurately. Address her at 218 North Shafer Street, Richmond.

A GIFT BOOK.—The Welby Carter Chapter, U. D. C., will give an autographed copy of "Christmas in Dixie During the War between the States," by Mrs. A. J. Ellis, Historian Johnston-Pettigrew Chapter, Raleigh, N. C., to any C. of C. Chapter sending five cents to defray mailing expense. This charming little story gives Mrs. Ellis's personal recollections of those times. Send stamps to Miss M. D. Carter, Historian U. D. C., Upperville, Va.

AN INTERESTING RECORD.—William and Mary Waller, of Roane County, Tenn., had nine children, none of whom died under sixty-five years of age. Their son, John B. Waller, had five sons and three sons-in-law in the Confederate army. Carr Waller, his brother, had four sons and four sons-in-law in the same army. Their brothers, Edmond and Henry, each had two sons in the Confederate army. Of the twenty soldiers, all but three returned home. The land granted to George Waller, Sr., for services in the Revolutionary War still remains the property of the Waller family in Roane County.—Contributed by Mrs. E. O. Wells, Chattanooga, Tenn.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*  
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*  
Athens, Ga.  
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
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GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
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TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
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WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## THE C. S. M. A. IN 1927.

*My Dear Coworkers:* Just now seems to be an appropriate time to again call your attention and to ask your interest and coöperation in the success which is ultimately assured in the completion at an early date of the imperishable monument on Stone Mountain to our immortal heroes of the Confederacy. Your President General was fortunate enough to have attended the last two meetings in the year 1926 of the Stone Mountain Monumental Association, where every report made indicated rapid progress at a minimum cost. The report that twenty trainloads of granite had been removed from the face of the mountain since early summer, leaving only a small part to be finished, when Mr. Lukeman would begin work on the figures of Davis, Lee, and Jackson, brought the realization that success was truly a matter of less than two years. That the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine being erected in New York City, after ten years of building, is not yet half completed brings a thrill of happy anticipation to every soul who loved and revered our peerless leaders. Let us redouble our efforts as C. S. M. A. workers, and send to our efficient chairman, Mrs. N. B. Forrest, Decatur Road, or to Mrs. T. J. Hight, our Financial Secretary, at Fayetteville, Ark., a contribution, for not one Memorial Association but will want to have some part, no matter how small, in making possible this work that shall tell to ages yet unborn the story of the heroic sacrifices of a people who gave all in defense of a cause which they knew to be just.

## THE CHILDREN'S FOUNDERS ROLL.

Time is short until the reunion and our C. S. M. A. Convention at Tampa, Fla., in April, and not only will the Junior Memorials, but every mother of a Junior will want the privilege of having the names of each of her little family inscribed in the great book designed for perpetuating the names of the loyal descendants of our Confederate ancestors. Miss Willie Fort Williams, Juniper Street, near Eleventh Street, Atlanta, who is the General Chairman, has been ill, but is now recovered, and extremely anxious to be able to make a good report to the convention. Do send to her your one dollar each for the junior members of your family, and let the children feel that they truly have a part and a name that will pass on to the future ages with Stone Mountain. No stronger incentive could be given them than to realize that they, too, are doing their bit in helping to make possible this greatest of all monuments. Do not delay if you want the joy of knowing that you, too, lent what aid you could.

## THE TAMPA REUNION.

Plans are going forward for one of the most splendid reunions yet held. Tampa realizes that this is her very last opportunity of honoring the fast-decreasing ranks of our beloved heroes, and when Tampa swings wide her gates, no more joyous Southern welcome ever could be accorded in honor than will this wonderful city of progress extend to our Confederate veterans and visitors. Our C. S. M. A. expects to open our convention on the afternoon of April 4, continuing through the 8th, and full announcements will be made in March issue of the *VETERAN*. The usual low railroad rates are promised, and with the many new hotels erected during the past three years, ample accommodations are promised all who attend.

\* \* \*

The friends of our beloved Recording Secretary General, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, are sympathizing with her in the desperate illness of her brother.

Mrs. William A. Wright, President for Georgia, and also President Atlanta Ladies Memorial Association, is rapidly recovering from injuries sustained in a severe fall, in November, and we hope to see her at the reunion in Tampa.

\* \* \*

Your President General is spending some time in Florida, dividing her time between Daytona Beach, Bartow, Tampa, and Lakeland, and sends loving greetings and happy anticipations of seeing many of you personally at Tampa.

Again may we ask that you send to our new editor of the C. S. M. A. page in the *VETERAN*, Mrs. Mary Forrest Bradley, any news items or bits of unwritten history. She will greatly appreciate your coöperation, and you will be rendering to our organization a real service, always bearing in mind the fact that the work is yours, dependent upon you, and will prosper as you give your help.

Cordially,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,  
*President General, C. S. M. A.*

A SOUTHERN MOTHER.—In an old book on "Confederate Generals: Who They Are and What They Have Done," is given a little incident in the life of Gen. Leonidas Polk which was typical of the attitude of the patriotic women of the South. The author says: "General Polk told me an affecting story of a poor widow, in humble circumstances, whose three sons had fallen in battle one after the other. She had only one left, a boy of sixteen. So distressing was her case that the



General went himself to comfort her. She looked steadily at him, and replied to his condolences by saying: 'As soon as I can get a few things together, General, you shall have Harry, too.' The tears came into General Polk's eyes as he related this incident, which he concluded by saying: 'How can you subdue such a nation as this?'"

## A CONFEDERATE MOTHER.

BY COL. HOBART AISQUITH, BALTIMORE, MD.

I think it was in the winter of 1864 that our regiment, the 1st Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., was in camp at Hanover Junction, which was only a few miles from the residence of General Wickham. We were ordered to saddle up and go as quickly as possible to the relief of General Wickham's brigade, which was driven back by a superior force of the enemy. When we arrived on the line of battle, he had been driven back immediately in front of his own house, and his mother, with her two beautiful granddaughters, was standing on the front porch, and we, being between the enemy and his house, the balls were spattering uncomfortably thick around those three ladies. Colonel Dorsey, of our regiment, asked me to ride over to General Wickham and ask him to send us a regiment, as we badly needed support. General Wickham told me that we would have to do the best we could as he didn't have men enough for himself, but "ride down to the house and tell my mother and the young ladies that I command them to go into the house." Mrs. Wickham drew herself up as only a Virginia woman of those days could, and said to me: "Go and tell General Wickham that he may command the men of the South, but he does not command the women of the South, and we will stand here and die with you until you whip those Yankees. Go and do it." I wheeled my horse and, without going to General Wickham, rode down to my own regiment, and said: "Boys, Mrs. Wickham says that she and the girls will stand there and die unless we whip those Yankees. Let's do it."

Anyone living in those days and knowing the 1st Maryland Cavalry did not doubt that it was one of the best regiments in the Confederate army. The regiment charged, and Wickham's brigade also charged with us, and I think we ran those Yankees for five miles.

I understood that the Secretary of War sent General Wickham a very complimentary letter upon his generalship and bravery in whipping so superior a force. I thought then and still think that that letter should have been addressed to his mother, Mrs. William Faring Wickham.

## TO FRANK L. STANTON

The Singer of the South in silence sleeps,  
His busy pen is stilled, and kindly hands  
No longer heed the sleeper's own commands,  
For he his final tryst, with Death, now keeps.  
The long, sweet life is spent, now comes the end,  
He found it ever good and loved it well,  
And so he goes to sing where angels dwell,  
Where all the wounds of life begin to mend.

Such rest is his as came to those before  
Who sang their lovely songs in other days  
And went their ways to join the choirs divine;  
And he who loved the music of the yore  
Now hears the chorus of eternal praise  
Amid the glories of that life benign.

—J. B. Calvert Nicklin, in the Lookout.

## A FAREWELL.

Adieu, sweet friends, I have waited long  
To hear the message that calls me home,  
And now it comes as a low, sweet song  
Of welcome over the river's foam;  
And my heart shall ache and my feet shall roam  
No more, no more; I am going home,

Where no storm, where no tempest raves  
In the light of the calm, eternal day;  
Where no willows weep over lonely graves,  
And the tears from our eyelids are kissed away;  
And my soul shall sigh and my feet shall roam  
No more, no more; I am going home.

The last message of Frank L. Stanton, beloved Georgia poet, to the friends who had made this world for him a beautiful place in which to live. These friends were in countless numbers all over this country, people who had been helped by his kindly philosophy of life as expressed in his contributions to the daily press and charmed by the tender sentiment of those "songs which gushed from his heart." The column headed "Just from Georgia," in the *Atlanta Constitution*, which he had filled for over thirty-five years is now given to other material, for the sweet singer of the South has gone home. On January 8 he heard the call "over the river's foam," and his beautiful farewell message was found among the papers he left. Though a native of South Carolina, born in Charleston, February 22, 1857, the greater part of his life had been spent in Georgia and he was known as the "Georgia poet." His father, Valentine Stanton, was a soldier of the Confederacy, and his gifted son gave his meed to the South in his contribution to her literature.

ONE OF THE "TWELVE."—In renewing his subscription, Robert B. Seat, of Pewee Valley, Ky., who served with the 12th Kentucky Cavalry, Forrest's Corps, refers to Captain Dinkins's article in the January *VETERAN* on "Forrest's Wonderful Achievements" as "another one of his splendid letters," saying further: "I have read every one, and no one, I dare say, could be more entertaining or scrupulously correct in detail than Captain Dinkins. He tells it as it happened. I was captured inside the Federal lines in November, 1862, and exchanged at City Point in May, 1863. After a week or ten days in the hospital at Richmond, I was given transportation to Mississippi, where I expected to find Forrest. I made my way across the Charleston Railroad into the Federal lines to get a mount. In West Tennessee I found Faulkner and enlisted in his battalion; in August it was organized into the 12th Kentucky, and I was with it until captured at Selma, Ala., Sunday, April 2, 1865. I am proud of the fact that I am one of the 'twelve,' if only so few are yet 'in the land.' . . . I happened in the Crescent City at the time of the White League fracas, when the carpetbaggers and police were put on the run."

Thanks for the soil's brave lesson! Where the humblest  
daisies nod  
Each breath is praise, all perfect, each bloom is a thought of  
God!  
And the world shall wear a garland of the Harvests' gold and  
white  
Till toil is done and the reapers shall sing Life's last "Good  
night!"  
—Frank L. Stanton.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

LUCIUS L. MOSS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LAKE CHARLES, LA.

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 E. L. BELL, Lewisburg. .... West Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## VARIED INTERESTS OF THE S. C. V.

### COMMANDER LEE MAKES DRIVE FOR NEW MEMBERS.

John A. Lee, Commander of the Central Division, S. C. V., 208 North Wells Street, Chicago, Ill., is very anxious to increase the membership of his Division, comprising the States of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Commander Lee requests the Veterans, Daughters, and all members of the Son's organization residing in these States to cooperate with him in a drive to increase the membership of his Division. You are requested to mail Commander Lee the name and address of any eligible son of a Confederate veteran.

### APPEALS FOR THE MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD PARK.

Nathan Bedford Forrest, Past Commander, and for a great number of years Adjutant in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, in a letter to the present Commander in Chief, Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La., suggests that an appeal be made to the whole South to contribute to the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park fund. Past Commander Forrest suggests that subscription blanks be printed and mailed to every Department, Division, Brigade, and Camp Commander for the purpose of their securing a donation from every interested Southerner.

The organization owes only \$5,000 of the purchase price of \$25,000 on the land it has acquired, and Past Commander Forrest believes one thousand men can be reached who will give \$5 each. The balance of \$5,000 to be paid on the land is in the form of a note, and is due June 1, 1927.

### ANOTHER STERLING SON GONE.

On December 17, 1926, Col. E. B. White, of Leesburg, Va., died. For several years Colonel White had been treasurer and a liberal supporter of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park organization, struggling to build on the famous battle fields of Manassas, or Bull Run, a great memorial to all who fought there with special emphasis in honor of the Confederates. The organization is in litigation to save its charter against what is believed to be an unconstitutional law, and owes only \$5,000 of the purchase price of \$25,000 on the land it has acquired for this great Confederate symbol. Colonel White, through his bank, of which he was president, carried that \$5,000; but since his death the bank demands the

money. The situation is, therefore, critical. Shall we Sons see that great work forever lost for the pitiful sum of \$5,000? But the enterprise is on the very verge of ruin, when \$5,000 will save it. Will the South see the inevitable come? Moments are precious, if you will help.

Colonel White was State Senator, and for many years Commander of his Division and he fought the unconstitutional law vigorously when it was on its passage in the Virginia legislature. This Department joins in the grief every Son must feel in the going of Colonel White.

### MEMORIAL TO GENERAL FORREST.

Nathan Bedford Forrest has been characterized—

By Robert E. Lee as "the most remarkable genius produced in the Confederate army, and a man that I never saw."

By Theodore Roosevelt as "the most remarkable man produced in either the Union or Confederate armies."

By George Creel as "the Gray Ghost of the South, whose terrible harassing embarrassed the Union forces beyond their expectations."

By one of Europe's greatest military strategists as "the greatest cavalry leader of all times."

These characterizations of Nathan Bedford Forrest could be multiplied without limit.

A memorial befitting this great leader of the Southern cause is planned to be placed where, by every show of reason, it should be, at his birthplace, Chapel Hill, Tenn.

The Daughters of the Confederacy at Chapel Hill have been appointed to raise sufficient funds to supplement a like fund appropriated by an act of the legislature of the State of Tennessee for the purchase of the house site of the birthplace of General Forrest and here erect a fitting memorial to this matchless leader.

### LOUISIANA TOWN TO HONOR FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

The second statue erected in the South to the memory of the devoted negro of ante-bellum days has just been completed and is to be dedicated early this spring in the quaint and historic little Louisiana town of Natchitoches. The bronze figure, executed by Hans Schuler, the Baltimore sculptor, is over life size and represents an old negro standing respectfully, hat in hand. The inscription on the limestone base will read:



"ERECTED BY THE CITY OF NATCHITOCHES  
IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION  
OF THE ARDUOUS AND FAITHFUL SERVICE  
OF THE GOOD DARKIES OF LOUISIANA.  
DONOR,  
J. L. BRYAN  
1927."

The memorial had its inception in the mind of the donor, J. L. Bryan, the son of a large slave owner and himself a cotton planter and banker. To the darkies who have served him all his life he felt he owed a debt of gratitude, and in broaching the subject of the statue he expressed the hope that other cities of Louisiana and the South would also pay this tribute to the faithful slave.

## INVITATION TO REUNION VISITORS.

This comes from the Chamber of Commerce of Palmetto, Fla.:

"On account of the Confederate gathering which is to be held in Tampa next April, we wish to express at this time our appreciation of the meeting which will be close to us, and we have been asked to assist in entertaining and caring for the visitors.

"We are arranging a motorcade from Tampa to the Manatee County section the day after the meeting closes in Tampa, and wish to extend to the Veterans, Sons, and all visitors to the meeting an invitation to be our guests on this motorcade.

"The famous historic Robert Gamble mansion is located just three miles east of Palmetto, which is forty miles south of Tampa upon two splendid highways, and we are planning to bring visitors from Tampa and return within the same day.

"We wish to assure all Veterans, Sons, and visitors that we are anxious to do all we can to make the Tampa gathering the greatest one ever experienced by those who visit these occasions annually. We wish to cooperate with you in any way we can. We are in close touch with those in charge of arrangements in Tampa.  
R. S. CAMPBELL, *Secretary.*"

## 1776, 1861, 1914.

In a letter to the *Washington Post* some weeks ago, Lloyd T. Everett, now of DeLand, Fla., refers to an editorial in that paper containing a "statement to the effect that few Americans begrudge the cost of the war of 1861, because such war 'saved' this country, or the United States government." As to which, says Mr. Everett:

"1. Appomattox did not save the United States or their government, simply because victory for Davis and Lee would no more have destroyed said government than victory (by aid of France) for the Continental Congress and Washington destroyed the British government or the British Empire.

"2. The British Empire is better and stronger because of the lesson learned, from the War for American Independence, of respect for the rights of minority sections; and so, in the opinion of many, would be the United States had the war for Southern independence been successful. For this and kindred reasons, many thoughtful American patriots regret the outcome of that war. The sacred right of self-determination is, or should be, the same to students of history and lovers of liberty whether found in the setting of 1776, of 1861, or of 1914.

"A detailed bill of particulars, in support of the above, could be presented; but let a summarized plea suffice for a summary declaration."

## SOLDIERS OF THE SIXTIES.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

When the true and unprejudiced history of the War between the States is written, the verdict of the reading world will be that the Southern soldiers were superior to those of the North. If superior in war, have they proved superior in peace? During the war the North enlisted about a million and a half more men than did the South. The North had all the civilized world to recruit from, besides the many thousands of negroes enlisted in the South. The Northern soldiers wanted for nothing. They were bountifully fed and clothed, and were paid money possessed of a purchasing power, while the Southern soldiers were hardly half fed and clothed. During the last two years of the war the South was impoverished, there was little to buy, and the money the soldiers received would not buy that little.

During all the years of the war the North prospered and was enriched and when the war ended her soldiers went to their homes where all necessities and comforts were plentiful. Perhaps one-third of the Confederate soldiers when disbanded had nothing in the world but the few rags they had on their backs. Thousands, when they got back to their homes, found nothing but lone chimneys to show where their homes had been. Yet the Confederate soldiers went to work with the same determination they had fought and by their labor and wise management built new homes and a new South. No people, under similar adverse circumstances, ever prospered as they have. They had but little means besides that energy and courage which enabled them to win victories that startled the world.

The soldiers of the North were not hampered with adverse circumstances, but were blessed with homes and plenty, and in addition soon began to draw pensions. The feeble and helpless Confederate soldiers did not think of pensions till long after the war, but early in the North pensions were given, not only the soldiers, but to deserters, bounty jumpers, and camp followers. They now look to the government for support, and the more they get the more they want, and the Confederate soldiers are being taxed to help pay their pensions.

I conclude, therefore, that the Southern soldiers are superior to the Northern soldiers as citizens and as men.

A LOYAL SON.—D. C. Barton, of Dublin, Va., sends renewal order to "the most interesting magazine published in the United States," and says: "The only fault I can find with it is that it is not big enough. I always read it from 'kiver to kiver,' but am still hungry for more like it. I am only the son of a veteran, but I am just as much of a 'reb' as my old dad, and he never surrendered either his principles or his arms."

STILL A CONFEDERATE CITIZEN.—A friend sends this little story as clipped from a newspaper and wishes to learn something more of this "Confederate Citizen." This is the story: "Down in Mexico, near Vera Cruz, there is an old man, apparently American, who settled in Mexico shortly after General Lee surrendered. He entertains lavishly; but upon one subject he is quite touchy. 'Are you from the United States?' a newcomer will ask, if no one has put him wise. 'Sir,' the old man will say, drawing himself to his full height, 'I am a citizen of the Confederate States of America. As far as I am concerned, or as far as you are concerned as long as you are my guest, there is no United States.'" Anyone who can give further information of this "Confederate citizen" is asked to communicate with the VETERAN.



THE DICK DOWLING CAMP, U. C. V., OF HOUSTON,  
TEX.

(This brief outline of activities of Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197 U. C. V., of Houston, Tex., was contributed by Mrs. Winnie Nash Lichenstein, who is Assistant Adjutant of the Camp.)

To begin with, Dick Dowling Camp is what may be termed a *live* organization, having an enrollment of eighty members. We have a permanent Camp room in the City Hall, well equipped, with an office where the individual members meet during the daytime as suits their convenience; where they talk over old times, exchange experiences, and revive memories of the heroic days that have passed, and in which so many have taken an active part. Adjoining this office is a larger room, where pictures are hung upon the walls depicting battle scenes and setting forth the valiant spirit of our unconquerable heroes, together with some of the weapons used in those days, some flags and a few relics to remind us further of the days that have gone, and which bring to memory the events participated in by the comrades to cheer their declining years. In the same room the comrades are given a birthday dinner once a month, in honor of a comrade whose birthday occurred during the month. Prominent speakers and visitors are invited to enliven the occasion, and the dinners are prepared and served by the Daughters of the Confederacy, who, of course, feel privileged in rendering this service. In addition to the birthday dinners, we have banquets, parties, and outdoor picnics during the year.

On the first and third Sunday afternoons in each month the Camp meets in the Council Chamber of the City Hall, and after a brief business meeting, an interesting and entertaining program is given, composed of the best talent obtainable in music, vocal and instrumental, and reading numbers. The ministers of the different Churches all add to the occasion by bringing helpful messages; in fact, there is not a dull moment to be found at any of the gatherings. Our dear and reverend comrade, Gen. J. C. Foster, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, is always deeply solicitous for the welfare of each veteran and his family, and of any individual needs they may have. Mrs. Foster is always at the General's side to help in cases of need, in visiting and ministering to the sick, in sending flowers, and in giving cheer and aid where either or both are found necessary. General Foster has appointed many wives of veterans on the Honor Roll of our Camp.

One of the greatest joys of the camp is experienced when the members receive the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. They are always eagerly looking forward to it, and never miss an item of its contents.

Best wishes from the Camp for a happy and prosperous New Year, and the hope of meeting many comrades during the reunion in Tampa, Fla., next April.

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WANTED.—Anyone having a file of Confederate newspapers, complete or otherwise, who will lend, rent, or sell them in the furtherance of research for an important feature of Confederate history, will please address the undersigned. Also would purchase for the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., revolvers stamped "Spiller & Burr, C. S.," "S. W. Cofer's Patent," "Robinson & Lester," and carbines stamped, "J. H. Tarpley's Patent, 1863, B. L." and "Tallassee, Ala., 1864, M. L."—*E. Berkley Bowie, 811 South Eulaw Street, Baltimore, Md.*

TO MARK MISSISSIPPI BATTLE FIELDS.

A bill introduced by Hon. J. E. Rankin, of Mississippi, providing for the inspection and survey of the battle fields of Brice's Crossroads and Tupelo, or Harrisburg, Miss., has been passed by the House of Representatives at Washington. If this should also be passed by the Senate, the first steps will have been taken toward the preservation of these historical landmarks. This bill authorizes the appointment of a commission, under which the inspection and rehabilitation work will be carried on.

There are doubtless many survivors of those battles still living, and it is important that they urge upon their Senators that they get behind this measure and pass it.

"The battle fields of Brice's Crossroads and of Tupelo, or Harrisburg, are within about twenty miles of each other. These battles constituted the culmination of one of the great campaigns of the War between the States, which had two objects in view: The first was to keep General Forrest, the great cavalry leader of the Confederacy, off the rear of General Sherman in his march to the sea; and the second was to destroy the cornfields of the rich prairie lands of northeastern Mississippi, which was known as the granary of the Confederacy. The Federals succeeded in holding General Forrest off the rear of General Sherman, but failed to accomplish the destruction of the cornfields throughout the prairie belt.

"They were two of the hardest fought battles of the war, and there were engaged in each between twenty and thirty thousand men. More men were killed in each of these battles than were killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and more killed at Brice's Crossroads than were killed in the first Battle of Bull Run (Manassas).

"The first of these battles was a Confederate victory and the second was a victory for the Federal forces.

"It is necessary to get a survey of these battle fields now before all of the soldiers who participated in these engagements are dead in order that a correct picture of them may be preserved for placing markers, monuments, etc., in the future."

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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.—Although the fund for the Matthew Fontaine Maury monument in Richmond, Va., has been completed, it is the desire of Mrs. E. E. Moffatt, President of the Maury Association, to continue the efforts to get this great benefactor of mankind better known, not only outside of the South, but among his own people, who are sadly ignorant of his great work. To that end, she continues the offer of the pamphlets written on Maury's life as long as they last. There are four of these now offered, as follows: Sketch of Maury, by Miss Maria Blair; Matthew Fontaine Maury, by Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips; Memorials to the Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury, by John Coke, Miller, and Morgan; and the Financial Prospectus. All for one dollar. Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffatt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

---

COLLECTING NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.—Any of the VETERAN readers who have newspaper clippings giving articles on the War between the States, reminiscences of service, experience of women of the South during that time, and anything that adds to the history of those stirring years, are asked to contribute of these to the collection that is being made by Washington and Lee University. Miss Mary D. Carter, of Upper-ville, Va., will receive these contributions and forward to the University from time to time.



# WILLIAM and MARY QUARTERLY HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Published by the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia

## EDITORS

J. A. C. CHANDLER  
President William and Mary College

E. G. SWEM  
Librarian William and Mary College

The purpose of the *QUARTERLY* is to print new information relating to the history of Virginia

Subscription, \$4.

ISSUED QUARTERLY

Single Copy, \$1.

W. B. Williams, of Clarksburg, W. Va., Route No. 1., has back numbers of the *VETERAN* which he wishes to dispose of; these go back to 1910.

His master asked an old Negro servant to get him a good Christmas turkey. "Mind you, Sam," he said, "I don't want a wild turkey."

"I'll get you a tame one, boss," said Sam.

The turkey arrived. When the father of the family began to carve it his knife struck something hard. It proved to be a pocket of shot. He sent for Sam.

"I told you not to bring me a wild turkey," he said.

"Dat was tame turkey, boss."

"But I found the shot in him."

"Don't you worry, boss. Dat shot were intended for dis niggah."

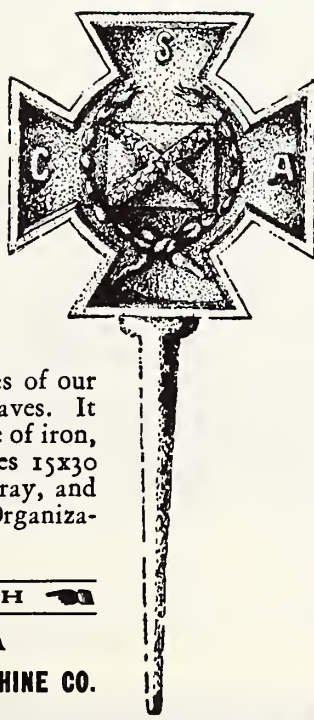
## YEARLY TONNAGE OF PAPER MONEY.

Twelve hundred tons of paper money is being manufactured each year by the United States government to supply the needs of the country. In twelve months approximately 1,000,000,000 new pieces of paper money are put into circulation. The same number are worn out each year. The life of a dollar bill is estimated at six months, or shorter than ever before in history.

The use of proper money in this country has increased threefold during the last fifteen years. At the same time, the government has been seeking ways and means of increasing the life of paper money. Paper which is one hundred per cent stronger than the present standard is to be put into use soon.



"Lest  
We  
Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

PRICE, \$1.50 EACH

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ATTALLA FOUNDRY AND MACHINE CO.

Attalla, Ala.

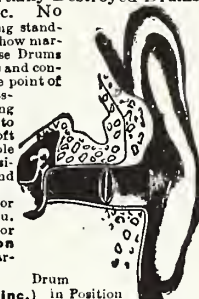
# Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

**Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums** often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn. What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our **FREE 168 page Book on Deafness**—giving you full particulars.



**Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.)** in Position  
396 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

The cost of the annual replacement of paper money is estimated at \$4,000,000. The life of paper money is steadily decreasing, the government reports, due to increased circulation and greater carelessness in handling it.—*Canadian American*.

## OLD IRON.

"I saw him," said the witness, "steal a hammer from a hardware store and bolt for the door, upon which I had noticed he rivetted his attention from the first."

"Yes," said the judge, kindly.

"Well, I tried to hold him, but he gave me a wrench and got a weigh, and then I called a policeman, who nailed him."

"You employed great tack," said the Judge, gravely. "Tin months."—*Canadian-American*.

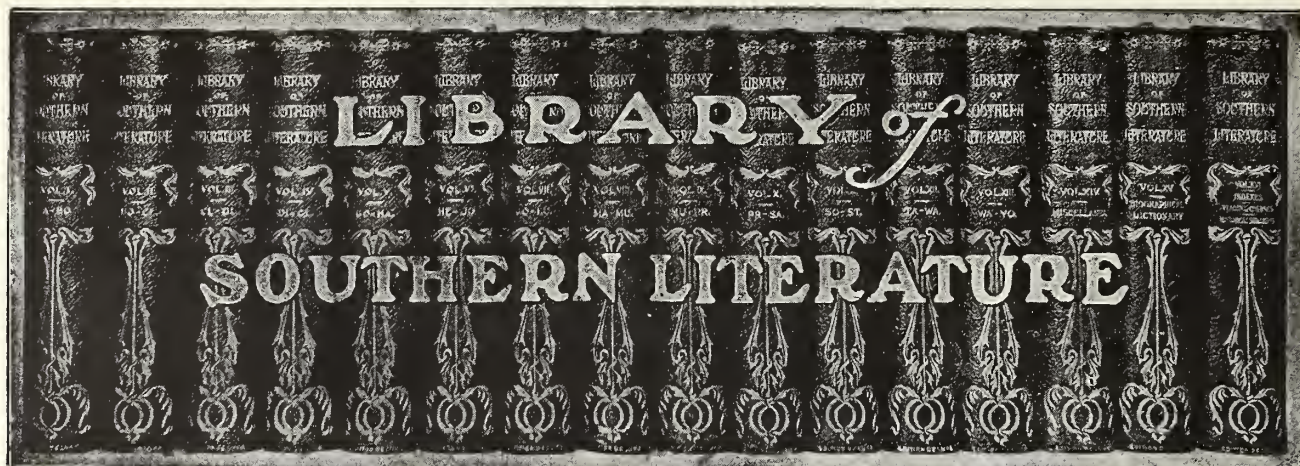
# DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

**BE COMFORTABLE—**Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No sashes or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.



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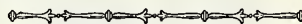


## DAUGHTERS OF DIXIE

UPON the Daughters of the South devolves an obligation as sacred as high heaven---an obligation to keep ever before her children the lofty ideals or chivalry for which the South has always stood. It is she alone who must instill in them a reverence for the heroic men and for the patriotic memories of a 'storm-cradled nation.' The broadest duty to her country demands this service at her hands. As the divinely appointed guardian and teacher of the young, it is to her that the youth of the South must look for instruction."

### *"AMPLITUDE of KNOWLEDGE" for a vital duty*

"It is the duty of the Daughter of the South to inculcate Southern truths at the home fireside; and to supply her with the necessary means for performing this task with thoroughness the LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE has been provided. It should appeal to her as no other work has ever done or can ever do. Why? Because it reflects the innermost soul of the South. It reveals the wealth of thought, of sentiment, and of character by which the Cavalier race has ever been distinguished. It constitutes the fullest, the strongest, and the most complete defense of our people which has ever been made at the bar of public opinion. There is no sinister sectionalism reflected, our thoughts are centered on sectionalism as it relates to home and interest and affection for one's neighbors."



LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE, within its seventeen volumes, by each of its 8,000 pages, furnishes history, traditions pressed through its Literature. It should become the treasure of each household, the beacon light for our children, and does perpetuate the contributions of the South in American letters.

### **FILL OUT AND MAIL TO-DAY FOR OFFER TO THE VETERAN'S READERS**

THE MARTIN & HOYT CO., PUBLISHERS, P. O. Box 986, Atlanta, Ga.

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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

MARCH, 1927

NO. 3



**TAMPA BAY HOTEL, REUNION HEADQUARTERS**

In the heart of a beautiful park bordering the Hillsborough River is the Tampa Bay Hotel, which will be official headquarters for the reunion in Tampa, Fla., April 5-8. Here will be quartered the Commander in Chief, U. C. V., and other leading officers of the organization, with their staffs and official ladies. Tampa is preparing a splendid entertainment for the veterans of the Confederacy.





**BRADENTON**, Florida's Friendly City, invites Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy to visit beautiful Manatee County during the Tampa Reunion in April.

MANATEE COUNTY is the vegetable-raising center of the Gulf Coast, and BRADENTON is the capital city.

MODERN HOTELS, Playgrounds, Hospitality, and Sunshine.

BRADENTON is doing its part to welcome Veterans who come to see the famous Gamble Mansion.

FOR BOOKLET OR ANY INFORMATION, WRITE

**Bradenton Chamber of Commerce**

## **"The Trunk Line of the Confederacy"**

During the bitter, decisive fighting of 1864 about Petersburg, a railroad known as "**The Trunk Line of the Confederacy**" supplied food for men and guns to the forces of General Lee.

Forts "**Hell**" and "**Damnation**" have long ceased spitting fire and death at each other, but "**The Trunk Line of the Confederacy**," now a part of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, is proud of an opportunity to serve again the men of the Confederate army.

Through car and train service to Tampa via the Coast Line offers the only route via Palatka, Deland, Sanford, Winter Park, Orlando, Kissimmee, Haines City, and Lakeland.

Visitors to the Tampa Reunion who have their tickets routed "**Via Atlantic Coast Line**" are assured of a comfortable trip through the most interesting, beautiful, and highly developed section of the South and Florida.

Our resources of men and material are at the service of the United Confederate Veterans and affiliated organizations for the Tampa Reunion, April 5-8, 1927.

W. J. Craig, Passenger Traffic Manager, Wilmington, N. C.

# **Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company**

THE STANDARD RAILROAD OF THE SOUTH



# Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1927.

No. 3.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

### GENERAL OFFICERS.

GEN. M. D. VANCE, Little Rock, Ark..... *Commander in Chief*  
GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn..... *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*  
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

*Assistant to the Adjutant General*

GEN. W. D. MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City, Okla..... *Chaplain General*

### DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

GEN. E. D. TAYLOR, Richmond, Va..... *Army of Northern Virginia*  
GEN. HAL T. WALKER, Montgomery, Ala..... *Army of Tennessee*  
GEN. J. C. FOSTER, Houston, Tex..... *Trans-Mississippi*

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ARKANSAS—Little Rock..... Gen. J. W. Hollis  
FLORIDA—Tallahassee..... Gen. T. J. Appleyard  
GEORGIA—Vidalia..... Gen. M. G. Murchison  
KENTUCKY—Richmond..... Gen. N. B. Deatherage  
LOUISIANA—Coushatta..... Gen. L. W. Stephens  
MARYLAND—Baltimore..... Gen. H. M. Wharton  
MISSISSIPPI—Magnolia..... Gen. W. M. Wroten  
MISSOURI—Kansas City..... Gen. A. A. Pearson  
NORTH CAROLINA, Ansonville..... Gen. W. A. Smith  
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa..... Gen. J. A. Yeager  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Columbia..... Gen. D. W. McLaurin  
TENNESSEE—Nashville..... Gen. John P. Hickman  
TEXAS—Ablene..... Gen. R. A. Miller  
VIRGINIA—Petersburg..... Gen. Homer Atkinson  
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg..... Gen. Thomas H. Dennis  
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles..... Gen. S. S. Simmons

### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. C. I. WALKER, Charleston, S. C..... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga..... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex..... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va..... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va..... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## INVITATION TO OLD COMRADES.

Capt. James Dinkins wishes to get in communication with any surviving comrades of war days who served with Chalmers's Escort under Forrest, and extends to them an invitation to have dinner with him at Tampa during the reunion. Address him at 1727 Bordeaux Street., New Orleans, La.

## WELCOME TO TAMPA.

BY SUMTER L. LOWRY, CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,  
CONFEDERATE REUNION, TAMPA, FLA.

Tampa, the beautiful Bay City, Queen of the West Coast, and Florida's metropolis, is awaiting eagerly the coming of the Confederate veterans, their wives, children, grandchildren, and friends in attendance upon what we hope will be the greatest reunion in the history of the United Confederate Veterans.

The name "Tampa," you know, is an Indian word, meaning "Big Town," and when you arrive and look around a little you will concede the fact that Tampa is living up to her name. She is a "big town," having doubled her population in the last five years; and she is still growing.

Tampa has everything that goes to make up a great city—advantageous situation, unusual natural resources, beauty, salubrious climate, fine water, splendid educational facilities, rail, water, and air connection with the outer world, amusements of great variety and highest character, and, best of all, a citizenry than which there is no finer in all America.

Guests of our city for the first time always express surprise at the size, enterprise, and substantial permanence of the place. Tampa's growth has not been of a mushroom character, but the kind of development that means a looking ahead to a useful and expanding future; not just a little flash-in-the-pan, temporary civic spurt, to end in a few years or to degenerate in the course of a brief period, but a great city, greatly planned, and growing greater all the time.

Florida is not merely a playground for the idle rich or an open-air sanitarium for the nation's invalids. The pleasure seeker finds much here to interest and entertain him, and the sick and enfeebled are always benefited by a sojourn beneath our sunny skies and beside our blue waters; but the real Floridian, whether native or imported, is a sturdy, hustling, energetic, wide-awake person with a vision and with initiative, courage, and persistence enough to make that vision a reality.

Now Tampa wants to show her guests at the reunion all of her beauty spots and the many objects of her civic pride and interest.

Your headquarters will be the beautiful Tampa Bay Hotel, whose gray minarets silhouetted against the sky offer a ro-



mantic appeal, seen at any time of day or in the soft moonlight. This is the only municipally owned hotel in America and is unique in many respects. Its Moorish architecture attracts the attention at once, and its furnishings, including many priceless art treasures, fascinate the lover of the antique and the historic.

This hotel has for its setting Plant Park, which is a remarkable arboretum, containing many historic and unusual trees and shrubs. Here, twice each day during the season, Bachman's "million-dollar band," one of the foremost musical aggregations in America, renders a program of both popular and classical music. This park also contains a municipal playground and tennis court, and the beautiful "Jewel Box Tea Garden," which is a brilliant spot by day or night and a popular resort for the hungry or the socially inclined.

Just a few steps away one will find the new \$750,000 Municipal Auditorium, with a seating capacity of 2,000, where the reunion sessions will be held.

All the veterans will be quartered in barracks located within one hundred yards of the Auditorium and within two hundred yards of the Tampa Bay Hotel. Meals and quarters will be furnished to all who desire entertainment.

The city is remarkable for the number and size of its fine hotels, which are conveniently located and have every modern comfort. Rates will be made by them for the reunion guests. The railroads, steamship and bus lines will also make rates and offer many alluring side trips to other points of interest.

Tampa has 138 churches, many of them majestic and beautiful, representing all shades of religious thought; and the city also boasts \$10,000,000 worth of substantial school buildings and a modern and well-equipped free library, with a branch in one of the city schools.

An ideal convention city, Tampa affords delightful accommodations for visitors, suitable setting for all necessary programs, business meetings, and conferences, and attractions sufficient to fill every free moment and to provide the relaxation and refreshment which will make the trip to Florida a happy memory and a beneficial experience in every way.

April in Tampa is particularly lovely, with its balmy air and golden sunshine, its wealth of bloom, and the constant call of the out-of-doors for golfing, tennis, boating, swimming, fishing, and motoring. Tampa has five hundred acres in parks and playgrounds, no end of swimming pools and accessible beaches, four of the finest golf courses in the United States, over 250 miles of permanently paved streets, and 400 miles of paved roads leading out in all directions.

Gandy Bridge, connecting Tampa and St. Petersburg, was constructed at a cost of \$2,500,000 and is the longest automobile bridge in the world. A ride across this wonderful piece of masonry is a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

For those who prefer indoor entertainment, there are many beautiful clubs, hotel ballrooms, and casinos for dancing, and the best of theaters and pictures, from the new million-dollar Tampa Theater, on down. Tampa has its own symphony orchestra and chorus, besides booking regularly the greatest known musical artists and actors.

The Tampa Board of Trade has over 2,500 active members, and has a number of bureaus, each designed to promote some special civic interest.

Tampa is one of America's most important ports, and vessels come here from all over the world. It is the nearest important port to the Panama Canal and to South America and advantageously located with relation to European, West Indian, Mexican, and Pacific commerce. Tampa ranks second to New York in coconut importation, receives thousands

of barrels of oil from Mexico, Louisiana, and Texas, large shipments of tobacco from Cuba, cedar logs for manufacturing cigar boxes, and mahogany, rosewood, and other hard woods from Central and South America.

Large exports of phosphate, more than three-fourths of the world's supply, are shipped from Tampa's port, and hundreds of thousands of feet of Florida lumber go from here every week to the West Indies and Mexico. Refrigerated vessels carry Florida fruits and vegetables direct from Tampa to many sections of this and other countries.

Industrially, Tampa is without a peer among cities of her size, which is a population of 176,492 souls, according to Polk's Directory for 1926. The manufacture of high-grade Havana cigars is Tampa's leading industry, 456,547,262 having been produced in 1926. This city also has two of the largest cigar box plants in the country, besides several smaller ones, turning out millions of boxes annually.

There are 577 manufacturing establishments in Tampa, employing from five to 1,500 workers and turning out products during 1926 valued at \$100,000,000. There are 93 separate industries here, and the city's weekly industrial pay roll amounts to \$1,200,000.

In spite of the collapse of the real estate boom, the past year has been the best in Tampa's history from the standpoint of industrial development, municipal improvements, substantial real estate development, building, agriculture, and port activities.

And this isn't half what we could tell you about Tampa; but come and see for yourselves. The latchstring is on the outside. We are *glad* you are coming, and we expect to make you glad that you came.

Until we can look you in the eye, grasp your hand, and give you our personal welcome, accept our hearty greetings and prepare for a big time in Florida's "Big Town."

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#### REUNION APPOINTMENTS.

The Commander in Chief, U. C. V., announces the following appointments for the reunion in Tampa:

Matron of Honor for the South: Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, President General, U. D. C., Charleston, S. C.

Chaperon of Honor for the South: Mrs. Josephine Nelson, Houston, Tex.

Sponsor for the South: Miss Margie Vance, Russellville, Ark.

Maids of Honor to the Sponsor for the South: Miss Christine Richardson, Walnut Ridge, Ark.; Miss Gladys Harper, Little Rock, Ark.; Miss Mary Agnes Towers, Jacksonville, Fla.

Color Bearer: Miss Jessica Randolph Smith, Washington, D. C.

---

FOR COMMANDER IN CHIEF.—The name of Gen. Hal T. Walker, now Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., will be presented by Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans, to the convention in Tampa for Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans.

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REUNION RATES.—The rates given by railroads for the reunion in Tampa are set forth in a statement by Gen. C. A. deSaussure, of Memphis, Tenn., Quartermaster General, U. C. V., on page 118 of this number.



## THE HISTORIC OLD GAMBLE MANSION.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

One of the special features of entertainment for the visitors to Tampa, Fla., during the reunion there in April will be a motorcade to scenes of interest in the surrounding country, concluding with a visit to the historic old place known as the Robert Gamble Mansion, which is located at Ellenton, three miles east of Palmetto, and abutting the Tamiami Trail.

At the last regular session of the State Legislature of Florida an appropriation of ten thousand dollars was made in order to restore the mansion to its original state as nearly as possible. The final touches of this work are being made, and on completion the property will be turned over to the State as a Confederate shrine. Gov. John W. Martin appointed a committee to have supervision of this work, consisting of Judge W. T. Harrison, of Palmetto; G. C. Vowell, of Ellenton; and John Campbell, of Bradenton; and the Daughters of the Confederacy have seen to it that the rehabilitation has been properly carried out.

This old mansion is famous for many reasons, but especially because of an event which connected it with the War between the States, for it served as a hiding place for Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the Southern Confederacy, when a price had been put on his head as one of the leaders of the Southern cause, just after the evacuation of Richmond. Mr. Benjamin remained in hiding there for some time, then he succeeded in making his escape one night by crossing the mile-wide Manatee River in a small boat, the river being but a short distance from the mansion; he was then escorted to Sarasota, where he found his way to the Bahama Islands, and from there to Europe, where he was next heard from.

The story of the old mansion begins in 1842, and it is replete with romance and tragedy. Robert Gamble, better known as the Major, was born of an aristocratic family of wealth and industry, yet his future father-in-law objected strenuously to his admittance into the family because he was "a man of the world." He had indeed seen much of the world, for he had spent fifteen years in commercial travels, visiting the West Indies, Florida, and even the West Coast. The Gambles not only operated large plantations in Virginia, but they dealt extensively in West Indian products—sugar, molasses, rum, fruits, and coffee.

Naturally the Major saw service in the Indian wars, particularly in many parts of the South. At one time he campaigned against the Seminoles, driving them into the Everglades following the massacre of Major Dade, near Bushnell. Perhaps that was when his eye first rested on the Manatee

River, which he later surveyed for some distance, with the evident intent of later settlement.

Returning to Virginia in 1842, his mind would revert continually to the canopy of blue sky, where the sun was always shining, and where fruit suitable to sustain life was dangling on every tree.

At last, he was able to win the parents' consent to his marriage with one of the most charming Southern belles, and almost immediately he won her over to the idea of sailing away to Southern Florida. They were accompanied by the Major's brother and his nephew, Robert Gamble, Jr.

There were three sailboats loaded with all the paraphernalia of a colony—mules, horses, and nearly three hundred slaves. It was no mean caravan which sailed up the Manatee until it reached the majestic site the Major had long since decided upon.

Here he built the Gamble Mansion, amid all its rugged beauty and with architectural skill true to Southern colonial style. There were two stories, with a basement its entire length, comprising fifteen rooms. In dimension the building is about sixty by thirty feet, and it is surrounded by eighteen columns extending upward from a broad portico surrounding the mansion and supporting the roof on three sides. On entering the mansion, one passes into a spacious reception hall, which extends the full length of the building down to the dining room, which itself extends from side to side, being fifteen feet wide. The brick for this mansion was kilned on the ground, and portions of the building were constructed of coquina or shell rock, which has weathered the elements as well or better than brick; while the columns, eighteen feet high and eighteen inches in diameter, were also made of coquina blocks cut with the precision of marble. From a distance the building gives the appearance of a great marble structure.

The Manatee River at this point was of sufficient depth to accommodate sailing vessels from here fourteen miles south to its mouth, and the average width of the river is a mile. Out in front of the dwelling, visible from the porch of the mansion, was a private quay for pleasure, and lower down the stream a wharf for boat landing. A broad avenue lined with oaks and flowers led from the mansion to the river, and wonderful drives and walks were laid out through the vast estate leading miles through the plantation to Tampa Bay.

The estate, acquired, some by purchase, some by grant, comprised nearly four thousand acres. The rich soil, needing no fertilizer at all, was converted into a sugar cane plantation, and the fame of the estate spread into all parts of the country. As regularly as the seasons rolled around shiploads of golden brown sugar were put upon the market, and the fall and winter months revealed great prosperity.

Homes had been built in the wilderness, so to speak, for the slaves. Huge boilers were erected and gigantic rollers set to order for the grinding of the cane. The monster chimney which afforded means of draft for the cooking process is preserved intact, and many other remnants are likewise preserved. What he knew of this industry, Major Gamble had learned from the Cuban and Louisiana plantations; he was successful in his enterprise.

The War between the States, which brought hard times and struggles to so many in the South did not except the Gamble plantation. Cuban sugar was on the market with lowered prices, the Gamble plantation was in need of new machinery; everything was in turmoil.



THE OLD GAMBLE MANSION, NOW BEING RESTORED



Due to these conditions and extreme age, Major Gamble sold the property to a Georgia family, Patten by name. Believing that war was sure to come, he was anxious to return to Virginia and be in the thick of the fight, but before he returned to his native State, he had to his credit not only the establishing of a great industry for Florida, but had the Territory admitted into the Union as a State in 1845.

#### *MOST FAMOUS EDUCATOR OF THE SOUTH.*

"When you come to the end, you will find that the only things worth while are character and the help you have given to other people."

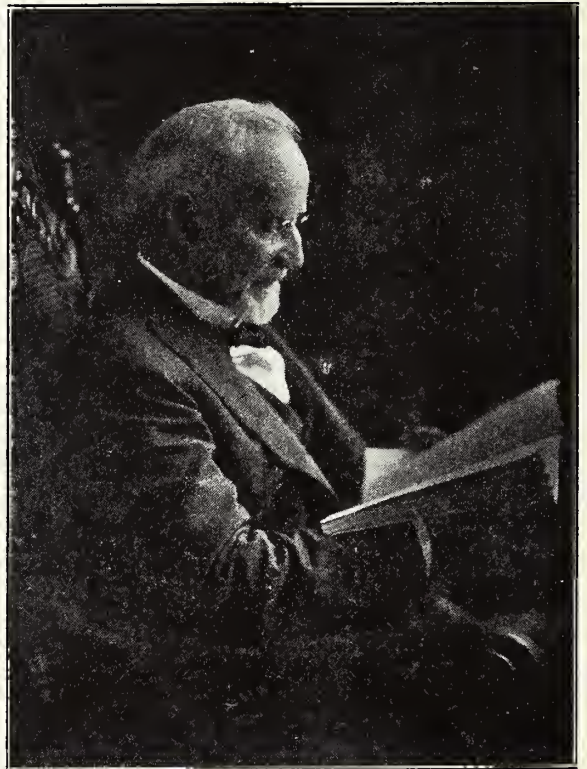
Dying at the age of fourscore and four years, William R. Webb, Sr., founder of the famous boys' school at Culleoka, Tenn., sent forth with almost his last breath a message to his boys, both of the present and the past, to be large-hearted and clean-minded and loyal to the standards he had ever set before them. A part of this message, given above, is an index to the character of this most noted teacher of the South. In his school he was a mold of character, largely by the example of his own life and principles, and though that life ended on the Sunday morning of December 19, 1926, the influence of those fruitful years of activity will live on through the generations to come. "Being dead, he will yet continue to speak."

William Robert Webb was a son of the Old North State, born in Persons County, November 11, 1842, his parents being Alexander Smith and Adeline Stanford Webb. His maternal grandfather was Richard Stanford, who represented North Carolina in Congress and was in charge of the Finance Committee which minted the first dollars, thus he was the real "daddy of the dollar." He died in Washington and was the second of the forty-two congressmen to be buried in the old Congressional graveyard. The mother of William R. Webb was left a widow with eleven children when he was but seven years old, the eldest still in his teens. His early education was under the teaching of an older sister, Susan Webb, and he then entered the Bingham School at Oaks, N. C., to which place the family had moved for the better school advantages; from there he went to the University of North Carolina in 1860. In April of the next year he was a soldier in the ranks of the Confederate army, serving with Company H, 15th North Carolina Infantry. He rose to be a lieutenant of his company, was wounded at Malvern Hill, and then spent a short time at college while recovering from his wounds. On returning to service, he became a member of Company K, 2nd North Carolina Cavalry, and during the last two years of war he was with Generals Stuart and Fitz Lee. Just two days before the surrender at Appomattox he was captured and sent to prison in New York Harbor, from which he was released in July, 1865.

William Webb used to tell a story of how he "tired of prison life, so he swam around the parapet and went into New York for a day of sight-seeing; how he visited Barnum's Museum and took in a show at one of the theaters. Twice his Confederate uniform was observed, and when he frankly told a Federal officer that he had just escaped from the prison, he was laughed at and permitted to go unmolested. He had seventy cents for his day's outing, and after his funds had diminished to a dime, he sought food, finding a Georgia girl in a restaurant who exhausted the pantry to appease his hunger. 'By midnight I was tired,' he said, 'so I concluded to escape back into prison. There were no lights at the prison gate except one candle. A green soldier was on guard, and as he turned his back in walking his beat, I stepped across

the line and asked him to please let me go out on Broadway. He cursed me with great violence into the prison and told me to go where I belonged, and so I escaped back.'"

Returning home after his release from prison, young Webb took up teaching as his life work, his first position being with the Horner School at Oxford, N. C. Tiring of reconstruction methods in North Carolina, in 1870 he went to Tennessee "because it was one of the quietest under reconstruction." Failing to find an opening at schools already established, his youthful appearance being against him, he opened his own school at Culleoka, Tenn., and three years later was joined there by his brother John, who helped to build up this "first



WILLIAM R. WEBB, SR., BELOVED TEACHER.

strictly preparatory school west of the Alleghany Mountains." John Webb also gave his life to the school, dying a few years ago.

In 1886, the Webb School was removed to Bellbuckle, Tenn., and there attained national prominence. William R. Webb married, in 1873, Miss Emma Clary, of Wilkesboro, N. C., and she was his helpmeet through over fifty years of companionship. Their children, four sons and four daughters, were responsive to their teaching and example. William R. Webb, Jr., was long associated with his father in the school, virtually at the head of it for several years, and will carry it on under the same high principles. The youngest of the eight children, R. Thompson Webb, is at the head of the Webb School of California, which he founded in 1922, after some years of experience with his father's school.

While known as the greatest school disciplinarian of his time, William R. Webb, Sr., affectionately known as "Old Sawney," was also the most beloved. He had no hard-set rules for the government of his school, but he expected obedience to such rules as he had; he expected his boys to learn, but he gave them freedom in their method of study. He put them upon honor and held them to that, exacting obedience



and due consideration for one another in all the school association. All were treated alike, the rich and the poor. There were hard times in getting the school started on the road to success, but it came in due time, and this school has furnished boys who have taken the highest places and prizes in the leading colleges of this country, and many have been represented in the lists of the Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford.

An interesting event in the life of the school came after it was established at Culleoka. A thousand-dollar note became due and there was nothing with which to meet it. While out chopping wood and hoeing beans, thinking over the situation, Mr. Webb was notified that an Indian chief with his tribe was at the gate. Chief McCurtin, of the Choctaws, had brought twenty-three of his Indian boys to enter the school. Eight of these boys were accepted, enough to fill one boarding house, and the Chief paid two thousand dollars at once for their tuition. Thus the note was met "as a matter of no moment."

All the more remarkable was the success of this school in that it was never advertised in any newspaper or periodical; it was advertised only by its boys. They went out over the country and took their places as leaders and workers, many of them being placed at the head of other schools, and through this endless chain the principles which he had instilled in his boys were passed on to guide an ever-increasing circle of humanity.

In his late years, Mr. Webb was honored by his State in the appointment as United States Senator to fill out an unexpired term, an honor which came to him unsought. Though his time with that august body was short, he made a notable impression, and his maiden speech in behalf of a certain bill helped to make the law prohibiting the importation of liquor into dry territory. He was always an advocate of temperance, and by precept and example taught the value of a temperate life. Though a Democrat in politics, he was independent in his exercise of its privileges. His religious convictions were deep, and through life he was a consistent Methodist; he lived his religion and instilled its beauties with his teaching—a Christian educator in the true sense of the word. "Character first," was his belief. "If you can't get the boys to love the truth, revere the Bible and Jesus Christ, you have not accomplished the fundamental principles of education."

How like to that other great educator, Gen. R. E. Lee, who also put character and religion first as the great fundamentals of useful manhood, and who said: "If I could only know that all the young men in this college were good Christians, I should have nothing more to desire."

"Give my boys my love," was the last message of "Old Sawney," "and tell them to lead a large life, . . . one that makes the world better because you have lived."

## SHERMAN'S TRAIL THROUGH SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY ROBERT W. SANDERS, D.D., GREENVILLE, S. C.

My first footfall on the devastated and desolated track of Sherman's cruel hordes was at Winnsboro, S. C., say thirty to forty miles north of Columbia, the capital of the Palmetto State. It was in early May, 1865. My oldest brother and "Jack," our faithful negro cook, formed our small company. Although now free, Jack seemed as anxious as we were to get back to the old home and plantation in Barnwell District, of which he had as fond memories as did my brother and myself. I hope I may, at some time, tell in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of Jack's love and loyalty.

A boy, not quite seventeen years old, I had volunteered in the Confederate army on James Island, in August, 1864, and

upon the evacuation of Charleston, February 17, 1865, our regiment went on foot up the Carolina coast under Generals Hardee, Beauregard, and Johnston, as far as Greensboro, N. C., about five hundred miles of trudging and rambling through all sorts and conditions of weather and other almost unbearable experiences. Meantime, we had taken part in Johnston's last two battles with Sherman, at Averasboro and Bentonville, N. C., March 16, 19-21, 1865.

After the surrender at the old Bennett House, whose negotiations continued from April 23 to April 26, 1865, we were discharged from military service and turned loose to go home in the best ways we could, and by routes and in such squads as were practicable. My own dear old home was about three hundred and fifty miles distant, and we made it on foot in about fourteen days, begging rations for subsistence along the whole way. The treatment by citizens on this memorable journey was usually very kind and cheering. We slept at night in the woods along the roads, asking nothing of the people except something to eat.

Until we arrived in Winnsboro, we had not seen the evidences of Sherman's destructive methods along his line of march. It was here that we began to behold the shocking signs of almost unbelievable cruelties that marked his raid through South Carolina. Every railroad that his army struck, from Savannah to Winnsboro, had been torn to pieces, including the burning of all bridges and other combustible appurtenances of every railway line and stream he crossed or along which he moved. The railroad iron, everywhere, had been stripped away from the crossties, and in many cases, wrapped around trees by the use of heat and machinery, so as to render all repairing slow and difficult, if not impossible.

Ginhouses, mills, factories, barns, residences, smokehouses, cotton, and other products had been reduced to ashes. Old men, women, and children had been left out in the cold and the rain, and were driven almost to actual starvation in some places, after the Federal soldiers had consumed or destroyed provisions all over the country that was traversed. Horses, mules, sheep, goats, hogs, fowls, and even the dogs had been carried away or killed and left for the buzzards, whose soaring and searching for and consuming of dead carcasses had not ceased for weeks after the several corps of the Union forces had gone through the land on different public roads, from Savannah to the northeastern boundaries of the down-trodden soil of the Palmetto State. Columbia had been reduced to ruin from torches handled by Sherman's men on the night of February 17, 1865.

For months after the war closed, there were families of our best people along Sherman's trail who had no meat, and scarcely bread enough to sustain life. In many places where the live stock had been taken, the people went to work with only hoes and other hand implements to cultivate the soil. Returned Confederate soldiers—some of them formerly wealthy—joined in with the laboring forces on the farms in order to till the land and procure subsistence. The people had little or no money, scant supply of clothing, mostly homespun; and shoes were hard or impossible to obtain for a long time. My own shoes having been worn out when Johnston's army reached Greensboro, I was fortunate enough to draw a pair of heavy ones. They were too large for me, but I wore them on the long march homeward and had to use them, and no others, for months after arriving at home on foot, May 13, 1865. Hides and leather were very scarce.

Of course General Sherman may not have known of all of the barbarities of some of his men; and fairness to him might exempt him as a commander from some ugly things of which his army was guilty in certain sections of the country



But all who know the history of his march to the sea and up to Greensboro from Savannah, also know of his relation to the unnecessary and ruthless destruction of private property and the forlorn condition of helpless people who, as he must have known, were left on his trail to suffer in various ways entirely out of harmony with the spirit and conduct of any war carried on by any civilized people.

I may here remark how uplifting and cheering it is to an old ex-Confederate to contrast the high-toned orders of General Lee with those of some commanders of Northern armies, 1861-65. Note the great Lee's instructions given when the Army of Northern Virginia invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania. How proudly may we speak of Lee as "The General," "The Christian Soldier," and the "Gentleman," when we recall his constant gentleness and magnanimity. And Gen. Robert E. Lee's nobleness of spirit and conduct in war always found a similarity or likeness in the military career of all of our Confederate officers, with exceedingly few, if any, exceptions at all.

I may add that in South Carolina, the suffering and humiliation consequent upon the war, and especially along Sherman's line of raiding, had to be borne for ten years or more, until deliverance from oppression and misrule was brought about by the "Hampton Campaign" in 1876. The people became so sick of the prevailing conditions that they determined to be rescued at all peril; for they could endure it no longer. And so, through Gen. Wade Hampton's intrepid courage, organizing power, and wise leadership, the burdensome yoke of tyranny and rapacity was rolled off and final triumph came.

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#### GEN. JOHN McCausland, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

It was at the ripe age of ninety years that Gen. John McCausland, unsundered soldier of the Confederacy, surrendered to the great enemy of mankind, passing from sleep into death on the night of January 23, 1927, at his home, McCausland, in Mason County, W. Va. Owing to the recent heavy rains and high water, making roads impassable, his body was taken down the Kanawha River to Charleston on a barge, decorated in Confederate flags, which made a most imposing spectacle.

The career of General McCausland as a Confederate soldier stands out for several unusual incidents, chief of which was the burning of Chambersburg, Pa., when the people of that town did not respond to his demand for tribute; and his defense of the city of Lynchburg, Va., which brought expressions of appreciation from the residents and the gift of a handsome sword as a more substantial form of expression.

John McCausland, the father of General McCausland, was a native of Tyrone, Ireland, who came to America when of age and located at Lynchburg, Va., where he married Harriet Kyle. He became a prominent merchant and later located in St. Louis, where the son, John McCausland, was born September 13, 1837. In 1849, he went with his brother to Point Pleasant, in Mason County (now West Virginia), where he received his preparatory education, and in 1857 graduated from the Virginia Military Institute with first honors. Subsequently he was an assistant professor in that institution under Stonewall Jackson. Upon the secession of Virginia, he organized the famous Rockbridge Artillery, and was made its commander, later being called to mobilize Confederate forces in the Kanawha Valley, and upon the organization of the 36th Virginia Infantry, he took command of it as colonel. This regiment was distinguished under his leadership in the West Virginia campaign with Floyd's Brigade. Joining Gen.

Albert Sidney Johnston at Bowling Green, Ky., in the latter part of 1861, Colonel McCausland commanded a brigade of Floyd's Division at Fort Donelson, and took his Virginians out before the surrender there. Reorganizing at Nashville, he remained at Chattanooga until after the battle of Shiloh, then moved on to Wytheville, Va. He was in the campaigns of 1862 and 1863 in Southwestern and Western Virginia and in the Shenandoah Valley under Generals Loring, Echols, and Sam Jones. At the battle of Cloyd's Farm, where Gen. A. G. Jenkins was mortally wounded, Colonel McCausland assumed command and made a gallant fight, retiring in good order, after repulsing the attacks of the Federal cavalry, and taking two hundred prisoners with him. In this engagement the Confederates were outnumbered over three to one. For his part in this and later movements, he was promoted to brigadier general and put in command of Jenkins's Cavalry Brigade.

After the battle of Port Republic on June 5, 1864, McCausland stubbornly contested the advance of the Federals under Hunter and Crook all the way to Lynchburg, and in recognition of his defense of that city the citizens presented him an address of congratulations, with a handsome cavalry officer's outfit—horse, sword, and spurs. He made a gallant fight at Cold Harbor, and captured Hunter's artillery and wagon train at Falling Rock. He won a handsome cavalry victory at Frederick City, and joined in the demonstration against Washington with Early's command, actually getting into the adjoining town of Georgetown. Returning with Early to the Shenandoah Valley, he was ordered to make a raid upon Chambersburg, Pa., and destroy it in retaliation for the Federal devastation in the Valley of Virginia. After giving the citizens the privilege of buying their protection for \$100,000 in gold, or \$500,000 in paper money, to recompense the victims of Hunter's raid when the Virginia Military Institute was burned, of which privilege the citizens did not avail themselves, Chambersburg was burned. For this, long after the war, he was bitterly criticized, and it caused him to leave this country shortly after the war.

McCausland was later in command of a brigade of Lomax's Cavalry Division during the Valley campaign against Sheridan, and subsequently was attached to Rosser's Brigade in the fighting before Petersburg. He made a gallant fight in the battle of Five Forks, and was then with the forces of General Lee at Appomattox, but did not surrender there. He took his command over to Lynchburg and disbanded it without the formalities of surrender.

After his voluntary exile of two years, during which time he was in Canada, England, France, and Mexico, he returned to his own country and State, locating in Mason County. He took up many thousands of acres of the rich farming lands along the Kanawha River, which he drained and made into one of the finest farms of the section. He built a large home from stone and wood on his own property, and there reared a family of three sons and a daughter. Among these he divided his 6,000 acres, retaining his residence in the home he had built, where he continued to live with his daughter, Charlotte.

The life of General McCausland on his farm was grand in its simplicity; there was no seeking of public honors. He loved to farm, and made a success of it, giving to it that devotion which had made his success as a general of the Confederacy. He held the confidence of his fellow men and the good will of all who knew him.

Thus has passed the last but one of the Confederate brigadiers. May there be for him a heavenly reunion with his gallant followers of the sixties!



GEN. MATHEW CALBRETH BUTLER, C. S. A.

BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Just a little tribute to Gen. M. C. Butler, the great cavalry leader of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, whom I saw for the last time in Washington, D. C., when he represented South Carolina in the Senate of the United States.

The Butler family that represents this branch in the Palmetto State is, without doubt, one of the most distinguished in our entire country, and especially in South Carolina. The name has been famous in our history from the earliest Colonial period, all through the years that followed.

Pierce Butler was a signer of the Federal Constitution of our country and a man of great power in Charleston in the early days of South Carolina (or Carolina). In St. Michael's Episcopal Church you will find a beautiful tablet in honor of the memory of Pierce Butler, who came from Ireland and settled in Charleston.

Pierce Mason Butler, of Edgefield, S. C., was governor of our State from 1836 to 1838, and afterwards colonel of the celebrated Palmetto Regiment that went to Mexico in the time of war with that country. Colonel Butler was killed on the battle field of Cherubusco, leading his men in a desperate charge, on August 20, 1847.

The Butler family of old Edgefield, S. C., is connected by blood to many illustrious names of America—Commodore O. H. Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, that brave sailor who made the American flag respected on the seas; the Pickens family of Upper South Carolina, Gen. Andrew Pickens, a soldier of the Revolution, the commander of the brigade militia in the upper part of South Carolina. Like Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox," he kept the Red Coats on the constant move in the Piedmont section.

In the beautiful valleys of Virginia with Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart, and Wade Hampton, M. C. Butler led his soldiers in gray, fighting under the Southern Cross, and, after the surrender at Appomattox, he returned home to South Carolina and stood like a rock against the Carpetbag rule, those days of awful reconstruction, when Wade Hampton and M. C. Butler scattered the Republicans and Southern scallawags like the wind moves the rice straw out in the barnyard. Two names in our history stand out so bravely when we remember or read about Reconstruction days—Wade Hampton and Mathew Calbreth Butler.

Not more than four miles out of Greenville, on the Pelham Road, is situated the Butler Hill, the early home of Gen. M. C. Butler, and near by is a cool spring surrounded by great flat rocks, on which are carved the names of many of his family. How, as a boy, I would wander down to this quiet spot and read the names almost covered with moss and listen to the little branch singing on through the woods. Just below stretched out big fields, and in the far-away distance the great Hog Back Mountains, a spur of the beautiful Blue Ridge, seem to touch the very skies in the soft, sweet air.

Whenever I visit my old home near Greenville, S. C., I go into the beautiful Piedmont country. How the little village I first remember has grown into a big, busy city, but the country has not changed so much since the long ago. Just before me stretches the Blue Mountains of North Carolina—the Hog Back and Old Glassy, that shines like silver when the rain has fallen on its huge sides. From the Old Butler Hill the view is perfect, wonderful, so peaceful, as you look away over the fields and the high mountains in the far distance, and this was the boyhood home of our great cavalry leader, Mathew Calbreth Butler.

In the year 1876, when South Carolina was in the hands of the illiterate and stupid negro, backed and encouraged by the

Republican carpetbag governor, Daniel H. Chamberlain, when the old Palmetto State, one of the most cultured and historical in all of our wide sunny Southland, was under negro rule, General Butler, in August, just after the Hamburg Riot in July in Aiken County, nominated, at the first Democratic convention, Wade Hampton for governor of South Carolina. The negro and Radical rule of stealing and murder was drawing to a final close. The Ku-Klux Klan was doing its work nobly, quietly, and bravely up to 1870. In 1876 the old soldiers commenced their march again, those Red Shirts that rode by night and by day, until every Yankee carpetbagger of the North had decided to change his place of residence to a more icy and congenial climate; the atmosphere of South Carolina was getting entirely too hot for their frozen natures, and, ever since that period, South Carolina and her people, with a few exceptions, have in their hearts no love or admiration for the Radical party. Other Southern States may cultivate the Republican party, but not old South Carolina, her memory is too vivid, her heart too sore.

Wade Hampton and M. C. Butler fought together in the valleys of old Virginia and returned after the surrender back to their homes in South Carolina to do their part in bringing the State out of the cowardly Republican rule back to the sanity and safety in the Democratic Party.

## MY GARDEN.

If twenty kings should ask of me  
The favor of my property,  
All things should go except this one—  
My garden drinking in the sun.

Four walls and comfort I'd resign  
If hollyhocks might still be mine;  
Spirea would be wealth indeed,  
Though food and clothing I might need.

Some friendly asters would supply  
A bed beneath the summer sky;  
Beneath a grapevine I could creep  
As winds of Yule began to sweep.

The earnings of the year I'd spare  
To hold secure my garden fair,  
And face with cheer a pilgrim's plight  
To keep my pansies dewy bright.

But what I'm saying—beg your pardon—  
Is simply this: I like a garden.

—Thomas Curtis Clark, in the *Christian Century*.

WITH THE ALABAMA ARTILLERY.—Frank M. Jones, of Palestine, Tex. (701 West Main Street), gives something of his experience as a soldier when renewing his subscription, saying: "In 1861, I joined Company G, Montgomery Grays, 6th Alabama Regiment. I served in the Army of Virginia the first twelve months, and was present at the first battle of Manassas. Afterwards I reenlisted and joined J. F. Waddell's Alabama Artillery and served till the surrender. I was in Bragg's raid in Kentucky and around Vicksburg, Miss.; was badly wounded at the battle of Baker's Creek, and was carried into Vicksburg on the night of May 17, 1863; stayed there till sometime in August, when we were sent home *via* New Orleans. We were exchanged, and I joined my company in Dalton, Ga., in April, 1864, and was in camp till Atlanta was evacuated. I will be eighty-nine February 17, 1927. If there are any survivors of Waddell's Artillery, Company G, 6th Alabama, please communicate with me."



## COMMENT ON HISTORICAL LITERATURE.

BY ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, CHAIRMAN HISTORY COMMITTEE,  
S. C. V.

Mr. Hendrik Willem Van Loon made a great stir with his "Story of Mankind." I missed it, and I am not sorry, for if he is as superficial in that tremendous field as he is in the tale he tells of Confederate doings and ideals, it may be interesting reading, but is worthless as history.

In his writing of "America" he comes now to the Confederate period, and in a popular magazine (and the February issue) he sets forth a good deal of rather fantastic stuff. You may judge of some of it in this limited review.

He starts off with a head note from "The Venerable" Bede: "If he commits falsehoods to writing he will be unacceptable to God, who will distinguish in his judgment between falsehood and adulation." Here he gives us fair notice that he believes what he says, and that is more than some of these "history" writers can say with candor. They put forth false and misleading propaganda, and they know they do it, and it is their purpose to do it!

In this story, quite naturally, Mr. Van Loon proves himself an ardent Lincolnite. Propaganda fed, and what little he knows of the subject based on books setting forth not history, but mythology, he presents the usual spectacle of complacent adulation of his idol. He does not go so far as that hysterical writer in a national "weekly," sometime ago, who went into a state of coma over Lincoln's "unearthly beauty." No, he even goes so far in an opposite direction as to speak of him as a "funny-looking giant" and as an "ambulating clothes horse." Where Mr. Van Loon revels is in his discovery of Lincoln's "mind." Others have jubilated over his "humanity," but Mr. Van Loon admits the Emancipation Proclamation was purely a harsh war measure intended to influence European nations, etc. Of course he knows nothing of Lincoln's complacent view of the probable servile massacre of women and children in the South as a result of an emancipation proclamation, nor Lincoln's statement that he did not disapprove the measure because of that probability and danger. *That* side of Lincoln's "humanity" has been so carefully kept from general circulation that the slightest mention of it throws the addicts into convulsions the country over. Mr. Van Loon sees little in Lincoln to admire that is not overshadowed by this "mind." It fills the picture for him. It so far outclasses the mind of Mr. Jefferson Davis, in this author's opinion, that the result of the war was from the start a positively foregone conclusion. None of the mighty struggles of armies and navies could forestall nor change the result inevitable from this possession of this "mind" by the head of the United States government. This is a new angle at least, and we can be thankful for that. Lincoln's "beautifully patterned, analytical mind" which "goes straight to the heart of any question" puts Mr. Davis altogether out of the running and makes the result of all this disturbance a matter merely of a few Lincoln moves. And then the story goes on to explain why it does not!

Well, the "Rebellion" is on! Strange as it may seem, this archaic word is the term Mr. Van Loon uses to describe the struggle between the States. Southern officers of the army of the United States "desert," he says, when they hasten to the defense of their mother States! (What sort of a "mind" has Mr. Van Loon, we wonder?) Then, most wonderful of all, he puts his finger, unerringly, right on the sore spot of the whole trouble, right on the spot where the war started. Fort Sumter was fired on, he has discovered, and there the beans

were spilled! Here was committed by the Southerners an "overt act of war," which gives their "arch enemy," as he types Lincoln, the thing he has "prayed" for all this time, "a loyal nation behind him." This loyalty subsided to such an extent that the draft was substituted and a bounty of one to two hundred dollars offered for those intense patriots who were willing to take it and risk their hides to save the nation. "Enterprising business men," says this writer, "had gone to Europe and filled whole ships with Belgian and Polish and English immigrants, who entered the army as soon as they set foot on our free soil and divided their bounties with the enterprising business men." Tut, tut! There may have been a number of Poles and English and Belgians here and there paid to enter the Yankee armies and help destroy the South, but in some way the masses of German mercenaries are overlooked here. These Germans were in the Northern army in thousands. There were whole Hun regiments, brigades, and divisions, brought over to subjugate the South—a cheery picture at this day!

But we wander a little from the sequence. Mr. Van Loon, as stated, puts his hand on the exact spot where the war started and tells the South: "You did it." Now this is a moot point. Again we can revert to that famed Virginia judge who lay down the opinion, exalted in common sense, if not close to law, that "the lie is the first lick." The treachery and deceit of the Washington government is now known and fully proved to have been the inflaming cause of war and the actual torch to the powder was the dispatch, contrary to all assurances and agreements, of a powerful fleet with reinforcements and supplies for Fort Sumter, right there in the middle of Charleston harbor! There is Judge Campbell, not a Southern man, but one who desired to stave off war. He was a member of the United States Supreme Court, and his desire for peace was so great that he made himself a sort of liaison officer between Lincoln and Seward and the commissioners whom Mr. Davis, "a man of convictions and *some* ability," admits Mr. Van Loon, had sent to Washington in a last desperate effort to avert the war which was being forced upon the country. Seward lied to Judge Campbell flat-footed and right and left, and Judge Campbell accused him of it! Now Judge Campbell does not think as Mr. Van Loon thinks; he knew too much of the inside stuff of this situation. Here is what he says in his communication which his indignation at being placed in this equivocal position of messenger for the deceitful tricks of the Federal administration induces him to send to Lincoln and Seward: "I think no candid man but will agree (with reference to the promises about 'keeping faith' at Sumter, etc.) that the equivocating conduct of the administration, as measured and interpreted in connection with these promises, is the proximate cause of the great calamity." And he adds the following scathing sentence to this letter he sends to Seward: "I have a profound conviction that the belief [of the Confederate authorities as to the trickery practiced at Sumter] is that there 'has been systematic duplicity practiced on them through me.'"

This is very significant matter from a Supreme Court judge of the Union speaking to the Lincoln administration. Nor must it be forgotten that prior to this conspiracy against Fort Sumter, Lincoln asked the opinion of his cabinet, and five of them, in writing, informed him that in their judgment, if he tried to reinforce Fort Sumter, he would start civil war. Here are the opinions of five members of Lincoln's cabinet and a member of the United States Supreme Court. They say that Lincoln started the war; Mr. Van Loon says the Confederates started it. Take your choice! There is so much loose talk going about called history, such a mass of dogmatic assertion



based on nothing, that I will give my authority for all the above statements. Every assertion I make can be found substantiated in Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln," Gideon Welles's "Biography" (he was Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, if you don't know) and "Messages and Papers of the Confederacy." Of course substantiation can be found elsewhere. I mention these as source authorities.

Well, to resume. Mr. Van Loon says that in spite of Mr. Lincoln's "beautifully arranged analytical mind," which was so superior to that of Mr. Davis that the conclusion of the war was a matter of certainty as far as victory for the North was concerned, there were nevertheless some difficulties found in the way. Mr. Lincoln did not whip the Confederates as easily or as soon as he expected. It is not explained why this superior mind, backed by four times the number of men and practically a monopoly on food, equipment, medicine, and money, had any trouble about the thing. But three or four troublous years intervened. There was a hitch somewhere which Mr. Van Loon does not disclose, though he recognizes the hitch. He wanders about here in his story and tells about the diplomatic experiences of the country and the intrigues of England and France. Then back he comes. "Desperately the armies of Lee and Jackson fought to gain a little time, hoping to force a stalemate." Never in Jackson's time was a stalemate thought of! Much later, perhaps, if then, a stalemate might have been desired, but long before that Jackson had crossed over the river and was resting "under the shade of the trees." Does anyone doubt that if Jackson had lived to be Lee's "right arm," if Jackson had been at Gettysburg, for instance, and had supported Lee there in his usual way, can anyone doubt that all thought for or need of a stalemate would have been totally foreign to the situation? Here and there Mr. Van Loon has a blinding flash of truth shot into his viewpoint. Speaking of the Hunlike Sherman, he says "he marched from one end of Georgia to the other" (funny way to put it, isn't it, "one end of Georgia to the other," for this raid which, starting at Atlanta, blazed its incendiary trail up to the very ends of the Carolinas!) "from one end of Georgia to the other," he says, "performing such miracles of wanton destruction that decent Northerners have never ceased to feel ashamed for this spectacular, but altogether useless, display of ferocity." That's good, "useless ferocity"; but how many "decent Northerners" have you ever heard decry the brutality of Sherman? How many? Hold up your hands! Put 'em up! Now count 'em. What! None?

Further on, he says: "The city of Richmond was taken and Jeff Davis (now that Richmond falls he becomes "Jeff" you notice—it's always this way) was wandering through the wilds of Georgia in a vague attempt to escape the sour apple tree of which the Yankee troops had been singing so lustily for the past four years. "After this debacle there was nothing else to do but surrender with grace, as was done at Appomattox Courthouse." Loose talk, all this. Lee had surrendered on April 9, and Davis, after ineffectual efforts to get the remnants of civil government in some sort of working order at Danville, Va., Greensboro, N. C., and other places, had been captured down in Georgia over a month after the surrender. His wanderings did not produce a surrender, but in the eyes of Mr. Van Loon it provides a chance for a well-turned phrase, and that is what he is looking for apparently, and not historic truth. The tale is full of such slackness as, for instance, how he describes "McClellan" as being so badly whipped at the first fight at "Bull Run Creek." For heaven's sake, if we have to call it "Bull Run" instead of the proper entitlement of "Manassas," why add the "Creek"? And what becomes

of poor McDowell; did he vanish in that skedaddle back to Washington?

We have too many literary jazz performers writing "history" these days. History may be dull, but it should be true, though it rarely is. This present-day craze to tear at idols, jazz up the records, pull down reputations is as bad as the more frequently met determination to put over propaganda and build up false heroes from unworthy foundations and false premises.

"WASHINGTON OR LINCOLN: WHICH GREATER? LINCOLN,"  
SAYS WILLIAM E. BARTON.

The above is the headline of an article appearing in a magazine of over a million circulation, issued the week of February 7. Of course Dr. Barton is entitled to his choice—this is a free country. But nevertheless the article exhibits a slant in our mental processes which has long been observable and which is now forging to the front, as in this brazen article. Dr. Barton's first paragraph in this sketch reads thus: "George Washington was first in war, first in peace, but he is no longer first in the hearts of his countrymen." Further on he says that with the two birthdays occurring in the month of February, "schools and other bodies" almost invariably "prefer to celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln."

There is unquestionably a movement or tendency to place Lincoln above Washington as a great and good American. That such a movement is backed by a large number of people and looked at with complacency by a still larger number is quite a matter of fact and undoubtedly well understood. It is not a mere raving on the part of one man, unbalanced by incessant adulation at the feet of one national figure. The movement and the tendency is a natural sequence to the determined apotheosis of Lincoln, set on foot by his former bitter foes, as a matter of political expediency, immediately at his death, and which has never lacked determined efforts in its behalf for a moment since. Contrary to all the plain facts of history, with a total disregard of all those characteristics which we have always assumed as necessary ingredients of a great character, this tribe of Lincoln devotees have persisted and advanced step by step until they now openly assert that their idol is supreme in America's heart. Is it possible that this is true? It may be. It is a sickening as well as a staggering thought, but it may be true at that. We have come to parlous times in this age and in this country. There is now a school of thought which insists that no word "derogatory" to Lincoln shall be spoken. That is astonishing in itself. But by derogatory we do not mean defamatory or untrue statements; no, we mean it is simply now a fact that it is insisted that nothing which attacks the apotheosis of Lincoln or is contrary to the Lincoln myth shall be asserted or printed. If there is question of this, I can readily prove it by documentary evidence. No matter if true, they say, do not make statements that conflict with the popular adulation of Lincoln.

Those who in the mere routine of presenting facts of history dare make true assertions as to this or that in Lincoln's career are looked at almost askance, like antichrists, and frequently violently and vulgarly assailed for their temerity. Now comes this evidence of the belief that this movement to supersede Washington by Lincoln is strong enough to make public and open display of it. And Dr. Barton can rest easy; there will be no outcry nor abuse hurled at him. Our writers and ministers and speakers and editors, who would writhe and howl at some damaging truth spoken of Lincoln, will stand with great equanimity any effort to supersede the Father of



his Country by this Union leader of the War between the States period.

Some of the reasons advanced for asserting Washington's inferiority to Lincoln are, it seems to us, comical to a degree, yet astounding in their total disregard of fact as well as freak reasoning from false premises.

Washington was "English," says Dr. Barton; he was not born, like Lincoln, west of the Alleghenies, where it is necessary for one to be born to be a true American. This reasoning would exclude, of course, from our reverence as great Americans such men as Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry. Hamilton and Madison and the Adamses and Benjamin Franklin and all the leaders and most of the soldiers of the Revolutionary War, a large majority of them were as much "English" as was George Washington. Lincoln is placed above, or, at least, on a parity with Washington as a religious man, while nothing is plainer to those who will accept truth than that Lincoln was a scoffer at religious matters, almost an atheist, certainly in his earlier manhood, and there was nothing tending to a faith in God or any observance of a worship of God about him. He was even killed in a theater on the night of Good Friday, a day especially sacred to those of the Christian faiths, and this was a time, too, when the theater was held to be almost a place of the damned itself. Washington, while a distinct "Cavalier," and never obsessed or cursed with the bitter ideas of godliness which make of the name "Puritan" even to this day a synonym for narrowness and bigotry, was a believer in God, a worshiper of God, and, most respectably, was an officer in his Church.

These facts are calmly ignored, as they have to be in the type of assertions which go to make up Lincoln as the Greatest American. We do feel that Dr. Barton goes almost too far when he contrasts the marriage episodes in the lives of these two men. Lincoln deserted, practically at the altar, his to-be bride and thus placed himself, in the eyes of those who are honest, beyond the pale in this phase of his career. His biographers assert that his final marriage was an arranged one, with expediency as its base. Common decency will refrain references here which might bring into any seeming parallel the sane, orderly, and highly respectable marriage of Washington and the Widow Custis.

Dr. Barton goes on to say: "He [Lincoln] is first in the American heart and first in the world's best thought. Our foremost American is swiftly on the way to becoming foremost among world citizens." We may well ask, could infatuation farther go? Now ponder this: "If a vote were taken in almost any public school as to the Greatest American Abraham Lincoln's name would stand at the top of the list. And I shall do all I can to keep it there. I discover no probability that the pendulum will swing back to a position where Washington will hold again the place of chief affection. The place of Abraham Lincoln as America's foremost and best-loved hero I regard as permanent and secure." That's talk square from the shoulder, isn't it? Nothing mealy-mouthed about that, is there? No fear of offending any chance admirer of Washington, as there is always exhibited such fear that the Lincoln worshipers may be hurt or offended at something some "agitator" has to say or write!

This article of Dr. Barton's, fantastic as it is, shows the prevalence and vigor of as weird an obsession as ever afflicted a supposedly sane people.

Is the matter worthy of attention or of counterattack, or are we too proud to fight or too pacific to assert ourselves when our sensibilities are outraged?

#### THE U. S. AND C. S. PRISONERS OF WAR.

BY CORNELIUS B. HITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for May, 1926, request was made for the most reliable data on the long-drawn-out controversy as to whether the Union army or the Confederate captured more prisoners. This question came out in the Information Bureau of a Washington paper, and the answer given was that "there were 211,411 Union soldiers captured by the Confederates, and 462,634 Confederate soldiers captured by the Union forces."

The correct answer to this question depends entirely on the meaning of the questioner, whether he meant the largest number held at any one time, or the aggregate number captured during the entire war period. If we take the first suggested meaning, "that there were 462,634 Confederate prisoners held at one time," when was the time?

Suppose we take it as of January 1, 1864, with General Grant in the saddle. As it has been well proved by Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, that the Confederate army never mustered over 600,000 different men in all of its field operations from the Potomac River to the Rio Grande, by deducting 462,634 men from 600,000 men, there were left 137,366 men in all of these operations. It must be admitted that this admission by Lincoln's cabinet official is very significant, because he was well known to be hostile to the Confederate cause; and it certainly is a great compliment to the Confederate soldier to know that this remnant of 137,366 men should have given General Grant and Lincoln's government, having upward of 2,000,000 soldiers, besides its navy, under their command, so much concern as to close tightly the bars of exchange lest this "remnant" should be recruited. But the truth is, no such capture was made; nevertheless, whatever "remnant" of the Confederate army there was in 1864, Grant had a wholesome fear of its activities and forbade in every possible way its being recruited.

Now, let us take the other meaning of the questioner—viz., "the aggregate number captured from time to time during the war," and see how that "remnant," whatever it was, impressed General Grant with such wholesome fear as to cause him to forbid its being recruited in any way.

If we take the aggregate number of Confederates captured during the entire war from time to time, we get from the reports of the exchange and other reliable officers the following data. (It is well to note here that the Confederacy did not count as prisoners civilian suspects, of whom large numbers were arrested by the North and held in "durance vile," and counted.) Colonel Ludlow, Exchange Officer, states (page 314, House Report No. 45; 40th Congress, 3rd Session; May 22, 1863): "The balance of prisoners being now against us." Then at page 707, the report says on November 1, 1863 (officers reduced to privates and men), there were 30,639; and on January 1, 1865, "total to date" (which must include the 30,639), 85,037.

The foregoing statement is from a report of the Commissary General of Prisoners, No. 144, dated at Washington, D. C., January 25, 1865, and signed by H. W. Wessells, Brigadier General, United States Volunteers.

Again, on page 351, House Report No. 45, 3rd Session, 40th Congress, on April 15, 1864, it is stated: "On June 8, 1863, we were indebted to the rebels to the number of 12,794 privates; since then, the rebels have delivered to us 31,379, totaling 44,173; but since then the tables were turned by the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, which brought the rebels largely indebted to us, making a total of 65,182; now, taking 44,173 from 65,182, and we have 21,009 prisoners."



Again, on page 352, we find a statement as follows: "Independently of this claim of 20,000 to 23,213, we have another arising from paroled soldiers in our favor—viz., 11,501, which should be added to 23,213, to show a total indebtedness to us, claimed to be 34,824; but, as claimed by Judge Ould (Confederate Parole Officer), 16,694 prisoners on parole, which number added to 21,009 (above) gives a total of 37,703 men to the credit of the Union side on April 15, 1864."

Abstract from monthly returns of principal United States military prisons, January, 1865, as follows: Alton, Ill., on hand December 31, 1864, 1,891; Camp Douglas, Ill., December 31, 1864, 11,711; Camp Chase, Ohio, December 31, 1864, 9,423; Camp Morton, Ind., December 31, 1864, 4,788. Total, 27,813.

Besides the above named there were nineteen other prisons, with an average of (about) 2,748 Confederate prisoners, making with those above, 70,060. So that, while it appears on the face of the Union officers' official reports (exchange officers and commissary generals), there were held in Federal prisons in February, 1865, some 70,060 Confederates, there also were some 35,000 to 45,000 Union soldiers prisoners at Andersonville alone; besides, there were other large prisons in the South, two of them being at Richmond, Va., one at Belle Isle, and the other known as "Libby Prison," but there seems no available data as to the number in these other prisons that is reliable. For instance, General Chipman (of the court that tried Major Wirz) states: "There were in the twenty-five (?) United States prisons on August 1, 1864, 51,631; and on August 31, 1864, there were in Confederate prisons 31,693 Federal soldiers." (This statement is by Col. H. Erickson, of the War College, here in letter of December 3, 1926.) So that, on September 1, 1864, there were only (about) 20,000 more Confederates than Union soldiers held in prison, according to General Chipman's statement.

Again: Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War in Lincoln's cabinet, reported to Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives under date of July 19, 1865, on number of Union and "rebel" soldiers who had died while held as prisoners of war, as follows: "26,436 rebel prisoners and 22,576 Union died in prisons."

Now, Surgeon General Joseph K. Barnes reported, 1867, as follows: "The alphabetical list as far as completed contains the names of 244,747 white, and 29,796 colored, of the Union, and 30,204 rebel prisoners in Northern prisons, dead." This discrepancy between Stanton's and Barnes's reports shows how unreliable Northern statements are—and this refers to everything relating to Lincoln's war on the South.

Again: As to the treatment of prisoners by North and South, these two reports tell the story very plainly, for, if only 22,567 Union soldiers died in Southern prisons, where there was a shortage of all kinds of medical supplies, owing to Lincoln's embargo, whereas the North had every facility for caring for its prisoners, and yet the Northern prisons returned a much larger mortality; and it is shown also that up to July 1, 1863, fewer Confederates were prisoners than Union soldiers.

In this connection I will add that had Senator Blaine turned his attention more to the conditions known to exist at Fort Delaware, Point Lookout, Md., Camp Douglas, Ill., Camp Morton, Ind., St. Louis, Mo., and other prison places, he would have found their conditions so shocking that he could have applied with entire truth his scathing censure of Andersonville to those prisons; and had the brutal treatment of Confederate soldiers not been permitted, there would not have been the difference of 7,628 more deaths against the Lincoln administration; but the Radicals needed a case against the

South, and so they staged Andersonville as the scene of their murder orgy, arrested Major Wirz (a Swiss), who had been in command there a part of the time, and condemned and hanged him, an *innocent* man, on highly prejudiced and insufficient testimony.

As to conditions at Andersonville, it is well known that the Confederate government selected four of the prisoners and sent them to Washington to explain to President Lincoln the actual conditions there and ask for food, clothing, and medicine, or else for the government to take the prisoners and care for them. Lincoln and Grant would do neither. All this goes to prove the statement by Gen. Donn Piatt, U. S. A., that "Lincoln was not of a gentle or forgiving nature"; and that "he exhibited great insensibility to the sufferings of his soldiers when they were at their worst."

I submit the following statement by Gen. Edward D. Mansfield, U. S. A., in his "Life of Gen. U. S. Grant," published in May, 1868, as, perhaps, some approach to the correct figures of the armies referred to. At page 337, he says:

"It may be interesting to know how many men composed the armies (rebel) the last year of the war. The following facts, taken from authentic sources, will show nearly the truth:

"The number of men surrendered in the different armies amounted to 174,223, as follows:

"Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by Gen. R. E. Lee.....	27,805
"Army of Tennessee and others, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.....	31,243
"Army of Gen. Jeff Thompson, Missouri.....	7,978
"Miscellaneous paroles in Department of Virginia...	9,072
"Paroles at Cumberland, and other stations, Maryland.....	9,377
"Paroles by General McCook in Alabama and Florida	6,428
"Army of Department of Alabama, under Gen. Dick Taylor.....	42,293
"Army of Trans-Mississippi Department, under E. Kirby Smith.....	17,686
"Paroled in Department of Washington, D. C.....	3,390
"Paroled in Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas.....	13,922
"Surrendered at Nashville and Chattanooga, Tenn..	5,029
"Total.....	174,223

"Besides the above men surrendered, there were, General Mansfield says, in Northern prisons on from January 1-20, 1865, 98,802 prisoners."

To show the inaccuracy of General Mansfield's figures, it is stated above that the monthly returns by the Commissary General's office gives only, for January, 1865, 70,060 in Federal prisons; and again, it is well known that General Lee surrendered at Appomattox only between 8,000 and 9,000 men, with arms and ammunition ready to fight, and then did fight, for the 6th Virginia Cavalry charged and captured some Union cavalry, including General Gregg. This action occurred the morning of the surrender.

General Lee probably left Petersburg with about 25,000 soldiers, but most of them were so worn out, starved, and ragged that they were unable to keep up with General Lee's "remnant," and so fell by the wayside and were picked up by the pursuing foe and counted as a part of Lee's army. In one sense, they were a part of it; in another, they were harmless, and many were unarmed, and should not be counted as a part of General Lee's effective force. For, had he had as



many men as from 25,000 to 30,000, well equipped for battle, he would have whipped Grant to a stand still, and would never have surrendered at Appamattox or anywhere else.

Again: As to General Mansfield's other figures, some of them must be duplicates, for the South never had so many men in fit fighting condition during the last year of the war. His "authentic" sources of information must be taken with a great many "grains of salt."

#### HOW FORREST SAVED THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

(Continued from February number.)

For some reason the Federals did not appear before Columbia until late in the afternoon of the 20th, when they opened a furious cannonade, throwing shot and shell into all parts of the city. There were no Confederate troops in the town save a few pickets, but there were some two thousand wounded Federals and Confederates in stores and other houses.

Forrest sent a flag of truce to the river bank and asked for an interview with the Federal commander, which was granted. Forrest rode to the bank, and after some delay General Hatch appeared on the opposite shore. Forrest assured him that Columbia was not occupied by the Confederates, but that there were a great many Federal wounded as well as Confederate wounded, lying exposed to his fire in addition to the women and children. He asked General Hatch to stop shelling the town. He also stated that he had some 2,000 Federal prisoners whom he would be glad to exchange. He stated they were without proper clothing or blankets and that many of them would perish from cold unless relieved.

General Hatch replied that he could not advise him as to the exchange of the prisoners, but would refer the matter to his superior. After a delay of some two hours, the answer was returned in the name of General Thomas, and was a positive refusal either to exchange or accept on parole the prisoners in our hands.

During this time General Hood's army was moving as rapidly as it could toward the river. There was no further shelling during the afternoon and night.

Walthall's Division numbered about fifteen hundred men, fully three hundred of them barefooted and all of them with scant clothing. The force now at Forrest's call was about 4,500 strong, with twelve cannon, yet in this emergency he was called on to hold off a victorious army of fifty thousand infantry, twelve thousand cavalry, and nearly a hundred cannon.

Never before or since did a commander face a graver situation or one with which it seemed so impossible to successfully cope. But at no time in his life did Forrest's genius show to better advantage. He had confidence in himself and in his men, and he knew he could depend on Walthall. He possessed that wonderful power of infusing his own confidence and determination into his troops. Defeated and broken down as the men were, his determination to protect Hood's army found a current and willing response from all. Although without hope, they were willing to stand by Forrest as long as life lasted. Forrest was not blind to the danger of his position, but in cheerful conversation with his men he assured them that they would meet the enemy with every assurance of success.

His spirits inspired the barefooted infantrymen as well as his own men. When we marched toward Pulaski from Columbia, we were strengthened and encouraged by Forrest's example as much as we would have been by the presence

of ten thousand reinforcements. I do not believe that any other man in the world could have so quickly, if ever, infused such a spirit into the men.

The Federals crossed Duck River during the night of the 21st and started no pursuit of our forces. Jackson and Buford covered the rear while Chalmers protected the right flank. The Federals overhauled Buford about four miles south of Columbia and opened fire with twenty or more cannon. The shells passed over our troops, roaring and bursting high in the air, while fragments of iron whizzed and whirled through the trees and ricocheted along the ground. It was enough to demoralize veterans even. Having a company of skirmishers to keep the Federals at respectful distance, Forrest continued to fall back toward a more favorable position, about seven miles from Columbia. The road was through a gorge between two high ridges, and about two-thirds of the way through the cut the direction changed—that is, the road assumed the shape of an elbow. The high ridge through which it passed was rough and irregular, covered with ice and sleet as it was on that occasion there was no opportunity to flank the place. Forrest planted four guns on an eminence commanding the approach to the gorge, and near the south end of it he had the remaining eight cannon posted so as to sweep the road after making the turn. Walthall posted his men on the brink of the bluffs overlooking the road, while the cavalry formed rearward, and all awaited the Federals. Capt. J. H. Goodloe, of the 8th Kentucky Cavalry, was left in the rear with orders to skirmish with the advance guard of the enemy until the Federals approached the cut, then fall back in a full run and pass beyond. Then very soon the Federal cavalry raised a shout, and, dashing forward, followed Goodloe through the defile. Fully six hundred men and horses had entered the cut when our guns gave signal for the terrible slaughter. Walthall opened with a volley, while the grape was raking the cut, and men and horses tumbled in heaps, blocking the road with dead men and horses. Those in front who escaped the first fire could not retreat on account of the dead and the struggling, wounded horses obstructing the road. The scene was appalling—wreck, ruin, and disaster. Men cut off struggled over the bodies of the dead in an effort to escape, and fell from the shot of Walthall's men. Every man who passed into the cut was killed, wounded, or captured. It was a desperate work, and the Federals who had not entered the cut fled in disorder.

There was no further attempt to dislodge the Confederates. The dreadful slaughter in the gorge made the enemy very careful. We held the position until the afternoon of December 23, and fell back to Lynnvile. The dead men and horses were frozen and blocked the road through the hills and had to be moved before the Federals could pursue; but soon after reaching Lynnvile, they made a savage attack, which was maintained for two hours or more. Forrest then fell back behind Richland Creek, where he found a favorable position for artillery. Chalmers and Buford were posted on the right, while Walthall held the center. Armstrong supported six cannon on a hill which swept the pike. The road had been made impassable almost by Hood's cannon and wagon train, and furthermore was frozen. After reaching the vicinity the enemy opened at long range with cannon, but, gradually and cautiously moving forward, advanced the line to within about four hundred yards of our position.

The boom of cannon and rattle of rifles was deafening, but the Confederates held their position. Finally the six guns supported by Armstrong were directed upon one of the Federal batteries and dismounted two of the guns. The effect was grand. The enemy, greatly confused, withdrew



their batteries, while our men cheered. After some little time, Forrest found that the Federal cavalry was attempting to turn his position and, all wagons having passed beyond the reach of the enemy, he fell back to Pulaski.

By this time the enemy realized that whatever was done must be attended to quickly, otherwise Hood would escape; and yet there was the dreaded Forrest to overcome. The Federal cavalry continued their efforts to flank us, while their infantry pressed vigorously on the pike. Throughout the past thirty or forty hours Forrest's men had been fighting with little intermission, and every officer and man acted as if the fate of the army depended on his conduct. There never was, and can never be, manifested higher qualities of soldierly conduct than were exhibited by that heroic band under Forrest, and this refers to Walthall's infantry as well as to Forrest's own men.

The roads were well-nigh impassable; it was very difficult for a wheel to turn in the frozen mud. So much so that General Hood had a lot of wagons burned at Pulaski. We passed through Pulaski fighting over every inch of the way, but slowly falling back, until we reached Anthony's Hill, seven miles south, and about forty miles from Bainbridge, Ala., where the army crossed the Tennessee river.

General Hood notified Forrest that several wagons containing pontoons had not reached the river, and much of the infantry was still en route. Forrest knew, that the enemy's cavalry in great numbers was pressing him, besides 25,000 infantry was close at hand.

General Wilson, with 12,000 cavalry, was making strenuous efforts to flank him. Therefore, in order to prevent the total annihilation of Hood's army, it was necessary to make even stranger efforts than before. He must delay the enemy two full days, a task which no other man that ever lived would have had the confidence to undertake. The approach to Anthony's Hill for more than two miles was through a valley. Two high ridges, which came together at the south, formed a very steep and tall hill. The ascent was sudden, and both ridge and the hill were covered with timber. John Morton's Parrott guns were planted at the top of the hill, from whence he could sweep the valley and the road; while along the ridge, Featherston's and Palmer's brigades of infantry were formed. Further south Jackson's two brigades of cavalry, dismounted, took position, while Reynolds's and Fields's brigades of Walthall's command formed a reserve. The men hurriedly threw timber and rails together for breastworks.

Chalmers was sent to the right to prevent a flank movement. The timber was so dense and the country so rough that the Confederates were easily concealed. There could not have been a better position nor troops deployed to better advantage. Forrest was well acquainted with the immediate section. He repulsed a large force at the same place in September previously that sought to defeat his crossing from his campaign in the rear of Sherman's army.

About 1 P.M. the Federal cavalry forced our rear guard into the passage and followed us closely and viciously. Before reaching the foot of the hill the Federal commander suddenly halted, dismounted his men and formed, and began to push up the elevation. He had two pieces of artillery moved forward by hand.

The two companies which the enemy drove through the defile galloped over the hill, leaving the impression, doubtless, that Forrest had continued the retreat. The Federal line climbed the hill in fine order to within forty yards of our skirmish line. Nothing warned them of the proximity of a foe; not a gun was fired, and there was no evidence of danger. Suddenly the deathly silence was broken. Morton fired dou-

ble charges of canister into their front, while the infantry and dismounted cavalymen poured a galling fire from rifles into their flank. It was a complete ambushade, which shocked the enemy more than any previous contretemps. Those not killed fled down the hill in the wildest disorder, and, regardless of each other, rushed headlong over those in the rear. Words cannot picture that scene. The Confederates sprang forward with yells and charged down the hill after them. There was no order given to charge, but, with a common impulse, the ragged, barefooted, hungry heroes sprang forward. They acted like fresh troops that sought to win applause. There can never be a more surprising scene than that.

Those of the enemy who escaped did not halt until they had passed beyond the range of our guns. It was with difficulty that the officers could restrain the Confederates in their eager pursuit. We captured about two hundred prisoners and killed and wounded some three hundred, besides taking two fine twelve-pounder Napoléon guns and teams of sixteen horses. Toward evening Forrest ascertained that the enemy was making an effort to flank him, and fell back, taking along the prisoners and captured cannon. The roads could not have been worse. The infantry was frequently waist deep in ice-cold slush and mud. The artillery horses had to be actually pushed along. The sleet and ice hung to the men's clothing and on their hair. No other body of men could have endured the hardships with so little complaint. We reached a beautiful creek about midnight where a halt was made. The men waded into the clear, icy stream, with pebble bottom, and spent half an hour washing the mud and sleet from their clothing. Then big fires were built and everybody rested until daylight. Early the following morning the Federals began to press our rear guard, and Forrest, falling back slowly, met an officer from General Hood who said that the teams hauling the pontoons had all broken down and that they were being pulled by hand. The situation was desperate. I think General Hood feared the worst. It was therefore necessary to make another stand and defeat the enemy, otherwise Hood's army would be destroyed before it could cross the river.

Forrest was the only man on earth who could save it. He selected a ridge on Sugar Creek commanding the ford and which was approached by a narrow ravine through which the road runs. He threw together rails and logs, and secreted the infantry, while Armstrong was posted on the left and Ross on the right. Chalmers was posted at a crossing some half mile below. There was a heavy fog, and it was impossible to see more than a hundred yards away. The enemy came within thirty paces of our line and were met by a terrific fire, which threw them into confusion. Walthall's old ragged, barefooted, invincibles sprang forward like hungry tigers and rushed into the enemy's ranks, using their guns as clubs, and yelling like demons. The enemy ran in disorder and, passing through their lines of horse holders, stampeded the horses, increasing the confusion and panic. The enemy plunged into the creek wherever they found it without reference to the ford and were followed by Walthall and his dauntless heroes.

Ross and Armstrong, mounted, rode headlong over the enemy, while Chalmers, leading his escort and Forrest's old regiment, charged into a Federal regiment of cavalry and put them to flight. They ran like cattle in a stampede. Chalmers captured about a hundred men and horses, then joined Armstrong and drove the Federals helter-skelter back to Anthony's Hill. This was the third ambushade which Forrest had led the enemy into since leaving Columbia, and the Federal commander discovered that his master was before him. We camped that night within sixteen miles of the



river, and were not disturbed. The enemy believed that Forrest could make high hills and defiles whenever it suited him to do so.

The following day Stewart's Corps relieved Forrest, and we crossed the river together with Walthall and his immortal band. There was a feeling of great relief in the mind of every man of Forrest's command. They knew they had done their full duty, but were glad to reach safe ground. As Forrest's troops passed along after crossing the Tennessee River, the men of Hood's army flocked to the roadside and cheered them vociferously. Forrest's cavalry had won their admiration and their love. It must be confessed that it was a great achievement to hold 70,000 men in check with less than 4,500 for six days. Had the conditions been reversed, and Forrest with 12,000 well-equipped and well-mounted men, been in pursuit of a shattered army, not a man would have escaped. No other man on earth could have saved Hood's army. If the facts here stated have failed to impress the reader with the matchless greatness and resources of that more than wonderful man, then the object of the writer has failed. If any of the Tuscaloosa cadets, or any of the 7th Alabama Cavalry, or of Chalmer's escort are living, I should be glad to receive a letter from them at 1727 Bordeau Street, New Orleans

#### RETROSPECT.

Imagine an army of ragged, worn-out, and starving men! The Macedonian Phalanx, Cæsar's Tenth Legion, and, in later years, the Old Guard of Napoleon, all types of perfection of war's human fighting machines, never fought under such adverse circumstances, were never so starved and footsore and yet never greater than the Confederate soldiers. Against odds overwhelming, without resources, the Confederate soldiers for four long years struggled against one of the most matchless sections of the world.

There was heroism in the very sacrifice of the Confederate soldier, and no field of battle but added, whether in victory or defeat, to the luster of his valor. The Confederate soldier has fixed the record of the South in the field of war. He has written an epic by his achievements whose grandeur and simplicity no genius of song can further brighten or ennoble. It stands on the page of history matchless and imperishable—and it was the soldier of the ranks who did this.

It is no detracting of the fame or greatness of Lee or Jackson or Forrest or the Hills and other commanders to say that the men who followed them to battle were cast in the same heroic molds, and that the ragged private was the instrument by which those achievements were made possible. Every lover of greatness in a people will find in their lives the highest incentive for emulation, while all nations have songs of love, no story is so rich in achievement as that of the Confederate soldier.

I will follow this article next month with one describing Forrest's last campaign.

#### WITH EARLY IN THE VALLEY, 1864.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Sitting by a comfortable fire on this bitter cold night of January 11, 1927, my mind reverts to experiences of the past, especially those during the winter of 1864-65, when I and my comrades, thinly clad and exposed to the inclemency of the weather in Virginia, faced climatic conditions that would have killed anyone not hardened by such a life as we had been accustomed to for a long time.

Our clothing consisted of a round jacket and pantaloons, shirt and drawers. In many cases, these were well worn and sometimes ragged, but, strange to say, few of our men died of exposure or were sick.

The rations issued to us were very scanty and of the commonest kind. Our means for preparing them was a skillet or a frying pan. In the absence of these we roasted our meat on the coals or ate it raw. We often baked our wheat dough after we had rolled it out on an oil cloth spread out on the ground, or on the inside bark of a hickory tree, by wrapping it around the steel ramrods of our muzzle-loading rifles. But we were always hungry, and our out-door life gave us a keen relish for whatever we had to eat. A few ounces of boiled beef and less than a half pound of corn bread was sufficient to sustain us on a thirty-mile march or for an all-night watch out on the picket line exchanging compliments with the enemy sharpshooters.

General Early was always a very exacting commander, but after his fortune deserted him in the Valley and his victorious career seemed to be at an end, he was more so; indeed, he became soured and out of humor with everybody. Wishing to make one more great effort to redeem his losses after his defeat at Cedar Creek, he advanced with his whole force, now reduced to less than half of its original strength, down the Valley until his cavalry came in touch with the enemy. These he found occupying an excellent position and well fortified. Knowing it would not do to attack them with his weak and demoralized army, he turned back to his original position near New Market. His orders were that no soldier should leave ranks under pain of death; so that if one should do so he must hand his gun to some comrade who was willing to assume this additional burden. He denied us our usual ten-minute rest in every hour and marched us unreasonably hard. Before we reached our old camp, I was almost ready to drop dead in ranks; and, to make bad matters worse with me, a comrade, notorious for mean tricks, asked me to take his gun while he dropped out a few minutes. Knowing the strict orders of General Early, and fearing he would be seen straggling out of ranks with his gun on his shoulder, and perhaps have to forfeit his life, I agreed to accommodate him. It was late in the day and we were yet a mile or more from camp. With this extra burden I managed to keep in ranks more dead than alive; but he did not come to my relief as he promised. Finally, when we reached camp and orders were given to stack arms and rest, I fell down on my back where I stood.

The next morning, when the sun was up and shining out of a clear sky, I awoke and found that I had laid all night in the position in which I had fallen, and my comrades were busy preparing their food for breakfast, such as it was. My good night's rest had refreshed me very much, and I began immediately to hustle around to prepare something to eat, when Sebe Stewart, Colonel Lowe's orderly, came to me and said that Dr. Judson Britts, our surgeon, wanted me to go with him (Sebe) out into the country and see if we could get something to eat—apples, light bread, butter, milk, or anything else. This suited me exactly, and we were soon mounted, I on

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If the worn hearts and weary fall on sleep  
 With a deep longing for its sweet repose,  
 Shall not they likewise whom the high gods keep  
 Die while yet bloom the lily and the rose?  
 To each man living comes a day to die:  
 What better day than when Truth calls to Liberty?

—Armistead Churchill Gordon.



the doctor's horse and Sebe on the Colonel's. As we rode off, the Colonel cautioned us not to be captured, and we promised to be on the lookout for ourselves.

As soon as we were in the saddle, Sebe asked me what route we should take, and as we were not far from the road leading out west toward the mountains from New Market, I suggested we take that, as it seemed more likely we could find a house over that way that had not been burned by the enemy. We crossed the Shenandoah at a mill and followed the same road some distance until we came to a country home in an out-of-the-way place that the Yankees had overlooked when they were laying waste the country. There we stopped and told the man and his good wife what we wanted and who had sent us. They were Dunkards, good, harmless Christian people, and loyal to the Southern cause. They soon filled our haversacks with bread, apple butter, and apples, and our canteens with milk. We thanked them, remounted, and were soon on our return to camp. When we arrived there, the Colonel was so well pleased with what we had done that he ordered a detail of two other men to be made and sent with me to guard the man's premises, to see that our men did not impose on him or his property while the army remained there. The next day, when I got there with my comrades, I explained to Mr. Kipps why we had come, and he gave us a hearty welcome.

The weather was now very cold, but we remained out in the fields until a late hour at night to keep off any marauders. intending to remain there all night and sleep on the frozen ground, soldier fashion, thinking we were not fit to sleep anywhere else. But Mr. Kipps and his wife would not listen to that, and insisted that we come in at midnight and occupy a bed in the company room where there was a red-hot stove to warm us up. But this we could accept only in part. We spread our blankets down on the floor near the stove and slept soundly, not wishing to pollute the good woman's nice bed with our dirty clothes and the vermin they contained. Coming in at midnight almost frozen, I felt that this humble home was almost like heaven.

But this state of blessedness was not to last always, and after we had been there two or three weeks, and General Early had rested his ragged and depleted army, he decided that he would make one more effort to redeem his prestige by a bold attack on the enemy, now well fortified and in winter quarters in the lower Valley. The Colonel sent to us an order to report to our command, and we were soon in ranks with our comrades and on the march.

To mention all we suffered and the dangers we encountered on this last campaign under "Old Jube" would weary the readers of this. Suffice it to say that some of my comrades who were sent with me on a scouting expedition did not return to the command for months, while I, by the merest good fortune, escaped from the enemy and returned with my command to our old encampment near New Market.

General Early had then lost out on account of his numerous failures—lost not only the confidence of his men, but that of General Lee also, and, for the good of the army he was compelled to relieve him of his command. In doing this, General Lee had a very unpleasant duty to perform, for he had a very high regard for this brave old soldier and patriot. This should have been done long before, for he was self-willed and never very ready to listen to wholesome advice from any of his wiser subordinate officers. But General Lee, knowing his disposition and habits, which at times disqualified him for any important duty, had sent him away on a long march and independent campaign which was eminently successful until overconfidence in the possibilities of his weak force and his

contempt for the overwhelming numbers of the enemy brought disaster to him and his army.

It is my humble opinion that all of our military officers were afraid to approach this old Roman with any suggestions unless asked for advice by him, which was not often the case. I have never seen a man of more striking personality; the fire in his eyes showed that he was no ordinary man and compelled respect.

Returning from this expedition to our old camp as darkness was setting in, I remembered my old friends, John Kipps and wife. As I was very hungry, it was natural for me to do so; but it was a good distance to them and the icy waters of the Shenandoah were between me and them. Turning to a comrade marching in the ranks by my side, I suggested to him that we slip out unbeknown to the officer in command, wade the river, and pay my friends a visit. He liked the idea, and in a short time we were on the river bank. I proposed that we divest ourselves of our pants and on reaching the west side of the stream we would have them dry to put on and after a brisk walk we would soon feel no inconvenience from the cold. My comrade was of a bold, reckless disposition and, knowing him as I did, I felt that I could depend on him in any situation. He plunged into the water with me, which we found to be up to our hips, but he immediately began to flounder about and complain of the extreme cold, so that I could not prevail on him to go on with me across the stream. But, like Cæsar at the Rubicon, the die was cast and I was determined to go on.

The night was dark and cold, but I made my way over the rough road to my destination and found that my friends had not gone to bed. They were greatly surprised to see me and rejoiced to know that I had escaped the dangers to which all of us had been exposed. Supposing I had come to spend a night with them, they would not listen when I explained the circumstances of how I had slipped out of ranks without permission and must by all means return to my command that very night, and the danger of being captured by the enemy's cavalry scouts and considered a deserter if carried off to prison.

To this they said that the Yankee scouts could not capture me there—that they could hide me where they could never find me, etc., but when they saw I was determined to return that night, they gave me a warm supper, filled my haversack and canteen, and bade me good night.

I did not reach camp, however, until I had fallen into the icy waters of the Shenandoah. My clothing froze on me as soon as I got out, but a brisk walk to camp soon restored my feelings, and I suffered no inconvenience from my immersion.

I have never heard a word from these good people since, and I regret that I did not correspond with them afterwards. It would please me very much to hear even now from them, if living, of any of their friends.

Cold winter weather had now settled down, and General Lee, seeing no hope for any accomplishment in the Valley, had relieved General Early and ordered him to march his army to the railroad at Waynesboro and turn over his command to Gen. John B. Gordon. General Early seemed to be in very ill humor on this march of thirty miles, for he did not allow us to stop a minute for rest. It was perhaps the most trying march we experienced during the war. Every soldier in the command was delighted with the change that had been made, for all loved General Gordon, and under him we did much hard fighting until the end; but the Confederacy was exhausted and our numbers too few and the enemy overwhelming; we could not stave off the inevitable end.



## FROM HEIGHTS SUBLIME.

BY W. E. R. BYRNE, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

<sup>1</sup> (Thoughts evoked by the reading of the poem on "Lee" by Edgar Lee Masters, a late contribution to the literature on the subject.)

*History.*

Descending from the zenith of his fame,  
He stood erect on eminence sublime,  
Looked calmly down upon his vanquishers,  
Who, upward staring, envied his renown.

*The North.*

The scales at last have fallen from our eyes,  
Save those of us who pander to the mob;  
The mists and fogs that clouded once our view  
Have lifted with the years, and we behold,  
Resplendent in his virtue and his worth,  
This mighty Chieftain of the Southern cause.  
What other life in this or other clime  
Exemplifies our loftiest ideals?  
Rejecting proffered leadership and power  
From those whose cause he deemed to be unjust,  
He staked his life and fortunes with the weak,  
And counted not the cost, when once assured  
By his own conscience that there lay the right.  
And when the final arbiter of war  
Had rendered the decree that crushed the hopes  
Of those who shared his perils in the field,  
Again the rôle of Chieftain he assumed  
To lead and guide them in the paths of peace,  
Again rejecting proffered place and power,  
For conscience' sake, his people and the right.  
We share your pride in giving to the world,  
O South, this great and true American.

*The South.*

Our Lee is yours; and may that magic name  
Bind and cement our closer brotherhood.

## THE REAL GREATNESS OF ROBERT E. LEE.

(Address by the Rev. Clarence Stuart McClellan, Jr., rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, Fletcher, near Asheville, N. C., on January 19, 1927.)

With the surrender scene at Appomattox on the morning of April 9, 1865, the real greatness of Robert E. Lee began. True, Lee had distinguished himself as a soldier both in the Mexican War and especially in the war just closed, and such books as "Robert E. Lee, the Soldier," by Maj. Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice and chapters from Bradford, Cooke, Jones, Fitzhugh Lee, Capt. Robert E. Lee, Long, Mason, McCabe, White, and Wilson and other psychographers of Robert E. Lee reveal his character. True, Lee had displayed those qualities of chivalry that characterize him as one of the noblest of gentlemen, and his native abilities—magnificent combinations of the conflux of two historic streams of the ideal virtues of Puritan and Cavalier—were distilled and concentrated in him. True, he was a student, a close observer and watcher of history, and had he devoted his gifts to this particular field of activity, he would, doubtless, have been heard from as one of America's distinguished historians. One need only read the countless reminiscences and traditions from those who did not side with him to realize what an extraordinary man Lee was and without verging upon the ever dangerous fashion of apotheosizing a historic character.

But neither on the field of battle nor in the social contacts of life, nor in the research files of history does the real character of Robert E. Lee reside, but rather in quite another field, though some of the elements of the struggle, the social and the student life, naturally contribute to this real greatness of Lee. And when in the eternity of "heaven's unerring calculus" the story of this magnificent American is finally summed up, it will be, we believe, within the five closing years of Lee's life that his *real greatness* will be found—that greatness which, though not as spectacular as battles and marches, nevertheless outweighs them all, for this greatness concerns itself primarily with the fundamentals of character and the ideals which are forever deathless.

When the surrender had taken place, and by that act the war closed, Robert E. Lee turned to a new era. Surrounded by a starved and ragged handful of heroes, the like of which history has rarely seen, himself without a profession and in the midst of a war-torn, devastated, and bankrupt land, with his wealth gone and his beloved Arlington confiscated and a helpless family dependent upon him for their entire support, Lee stood a tragic figure, indeed—a paroled prisoner of war, the leader of an ill starved cause, whose life, it then seemed, had been devoted to defeat.

Many courses were open to him as he turned away from Appomattox into this new era. He could easily have gone into a lucrative retirement. High offers were made him. His English admirers proffered him an estate and an annuity of £3,000; but to these Lee replied: "I must abide the fortunes and share the fate of my people." He refused a distinguished military position in Egypt. When the presidency of the New York Company for Southern trade came to him with \$50,000, he answered: "I cannot leave my present position. I have a self-imposed task." Another offer of \$10,000 per year from a well-known insurance company was declined because, as Lee said, "I have not the knowledge for the business." But when they insisted and asked only for the use of his name in connection with the business, Lee exclaimed: "My name is not for sale." "The only thing he will accept," remarked his daughter, "is a place to earn honest bread while engaged in some useful work."

Lee was longing for retirement, but not inactivity. He wanted to avoid the war and all its bitter memories. "I am looking for some little, quiet home in the woods, where I can procure shelter and my daily bread, if permitted by the victor." He could have had rest, rest for his worn body and worn mind. He could have had ease and wealth, and his friends would have surrounded him and made the evening of his stormy career one of peace and glorious sunset glow.

But no; Lee must be active, even though in retirement. He must busy himself with grinding poverty, daily worry, exacting duty, unending struggle, and readjustments that were full of pain and care.

And not until that October day in 1870 that commemorated the discovery of America by Columbus, when Lee laid down his burden and his spirit passed on, did this man find "the peace that passeth all understanding."

Duty and opportunity called him, and his decision to undertake the work as president of Washington College at Lexington, Va., was one of history's most sublime examples of heroism, not as spectacular as battles and marches, but herein the real greatness of Lee resides. On the 24th of August, 1865, Lee responds to the request of the trustees of Washington College that he should become their president: "Fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office, I have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the trustees or to the benefit of the coun-



try. Should you, however, take a different view, and think that my services in the position tendered me by the board will be advantageous to the college and the country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it."

Meanwhile the rector of the Board of Trustees, with a borrowed coat, a borrowed horse, and borrowed money—showing the condition of the South at this time—had offered to Lee the sum of \$1,500 per year, the salary for the president of Washington College, and this offer was made purely on the basis of faith. Quite a contrast to the \$50,000 offer of the Southern Trade Company and the \$10,000 of the insurance company! One thousand five thousand dollars per year, and this purely on a basis of faith!

Mounted on Traveler, that noble gray horse that had become so intimate a part of Lee's own life, Lee rode alone for four days westward across the Blue Ridge, and with uttermost quiet and simplicity assumed the duties as president of Washington College at Lexington, Va. What think you were his thoughts during those four days of journeying? What memories were stirred, what recollections reanimated? What did this man ponder on as to the future?

He had left the bitterness of the former days, the struggles that had ended in apparent defeat—broken in heart!

Said one who knew him: "I never saw a sadder expression than General Lee carried during that entire time. It looked as if the sorrow of a whole nation had collected in his countenance and as if he was bearing the grief of his whole people."

But out of that chaos of despair of a land whose social, commercial, and industrial systems had been annihilated and its very heart crushed; out of that gloom of defeat, that tragedy that spelled discouragement to so many; out of the

wreckage of colossal disaster, this man, with a daring progressiveness, with utmost ability, with an energy that was at once untiring and resistless, with a hope and love unexcelled in all the story of mankind, inaugurated there at Lexington a reconstruction whose influence and results are being felt strongly to-day even in a larger and deeper extent than in the time of its beginning. Never has a leader given to his task such an unselfish spirit of devotion, such a courage, such a faith as Robert E. Lee gave to the upbuilding of this little college.

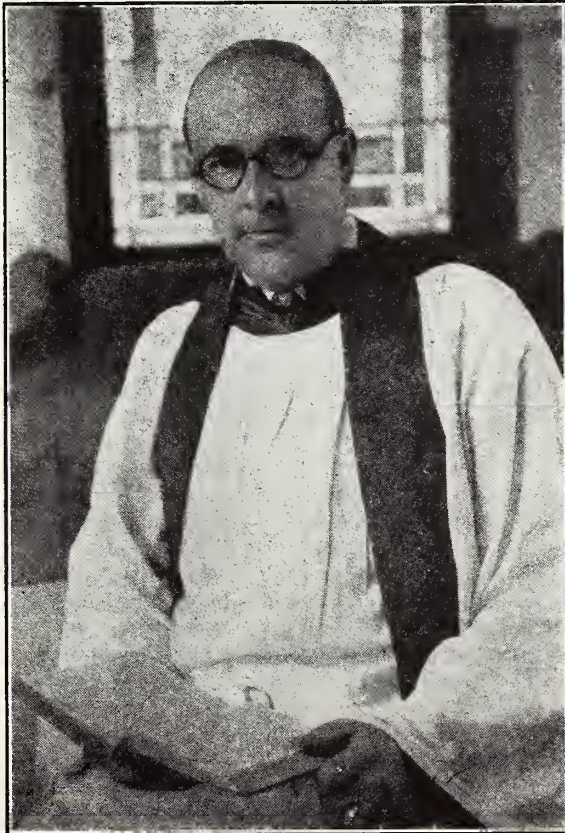
Little college! There were only forty students there when Lee came to it, and four professors constituted the faculty. Not a penny of the \$1,500 promised the president as his yearly salary was in sight. The endowment was absolutely unproductive. Discouragement was thick. The war had dealt a heavy blow against this secluded college back in the Virginia mountains, forty miles from the nearest railroad. Few took any real interest in the work there. Too many bigger tasks of reconstruction, readjustment, and rehabilitation were before the South for it to give any thought or time to this little and apparently insignificant institution of learning. But it was to this very place that the former leader of the Confederate forces, the greatest man then living in America and one of the world's most distinguished characters, addressed himself, on a salary of \$1,500 per year—and not a penny of it in sight.

The first year of Lee's presidency was spent in studying the history of the college, its after-war problems, and its possible future service in the midst of a wrecked land. Naturally, the name of Lee at once told, and money and students began to appear, but it was never Lee's intention that his name should advertise Washington College. Then for five years Lee gave all his thought and toil to the upbuilding of this college, which has coupled him in glory with the name of its far-famed benefactor.

Lee's position was no ornamental one. He never could be just a figurehead. He gave his days and nights to an immense correspondence, to a regular and systematic attention to his office, to every detail of administration, not forgetting constant visits to classrooms, and asking stimulating questions, then departing with the bow of his "grave, old-fashioned courtesy."

Lee took a deep intellectual interest in the courses of study. He had been a thinker in war. Now he was even greater; he was a thinker in education. To the traditional undergraduate work in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and Philosophy, departments of English, Modern Languages, Applied Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy were added. Each year there was presented to the College Board a high and thoroughly planned professional school, and the Board each year approved. The year of 1867 saw the addition of a School of Law and Equity—trained legislators were needed for the South. In 1868 a School of Civil and Mining Engineering was begun—skilled engineers were needed for the South. In 1869 a School of Journalism, with fifty scholarships, gave to the South trained guides for public opinion. In 1870 a School of Commerce and Business Administration rounded out the curricula and produced men whose study and vision of the arts of trade and development of industry were in demand in the South.

Within five years, Robert E. Lee, distinguished soldier in the Mexican War, former Superintendent of West Point, ex-Commander of the Confederate forces, had wrought what may be justly termed a miracle. He had placed nonmilitary education in a college which, when he went to it as its president, was ready to close its doors in despair, and which, when he left it five years later, at the time of his death, was far in



REV. CLARENCE STUART McCLELLAN, JR.

A descendant of Gen. George B. McClellan, U. S. A., and Rector of historic Calvary Episcopal Church, at Fletcher, N. C.



advance of its time—well endowed, progressive, reanimated with the traditions of personal honor, with a notable faculty and a splendid student body, radiant with the hopes of a magnificent future of untold influence for good. From the wrecks of poverty and defeat and black despair this man had pulled out of such heaps of ruin this college, and from an ancient classical tradition he made it into an up-to-date, twentieth-century university of practical learning. It is to Robert E. Lee that Washington and Lee University owes its never-can-be-filled debt of praise and devotion for having given it life—and that more abundantly. It is to the sagacity, the far-sightedness, the nothing less than genius of Robert E. Lee that the South owes much of its inspiration and its new vigor and its new dreams of material, intellectual, and spiritual development.

And with all his wise administration, with his keen intellectual perception of educational problems, Lee never lost the human touch with his faculty and student body. He knew his men by name, he was intimately acquainted with their personal problems. His ability to remember the grade of each man and the qualifications and weaknesses of each student was most extraordinary. His discipline at Lexington was love, not a weak sentiment, but a stern yet beautiful love—the Puritan and the Cavalier were wonderfully combined in Lee. His concern was not primarily for his college or his own dignity; it was always for his boys. The boys knew this. The reaction was inevitable. It always is. Even cases of apparent rudeness were dealt with by Lee with kindness and generosity of heart, an understanding heart. Here is one such instance which, while trivial in itself, yet reveals much of the secret of Lee's real greatness. A young sophomore was summoned to the president's office and gently admonished by Lee that only industry and patience could prevent failure in the future. "But, General, you failed," remarked the boy. "I hope that you may be more fortunate than I was," was Lee's tranquil answer.

In closing, these words from Lee come as the epitome of of the *real greatness* of Robert E. Lee: "*I shall devote my remaining years to training young men to do their duty in life.*" Where among all the heroes and heroines of history can you find anyone setting before himself or herself a greater task? Not the brave general leading warriors into battle, but a father bringing home his own boys into the ways of peace and leading them beside the still waters to render service to their fellow men in the building up of a nation! *It was as an educator that Lee attained his real greatness.*

#### GEN. ROBERT E. RODES.

BY CAPT. P. J. WHITE, RICHMOND, VA.

As I understand, there yet remains unselected by the committee having the right so to do the name of a Virginia Confederate general worthy of such high honor whose features shall be carved in living stone upon the granite mountain memorial near Atlanta, Ga., doubtless to be the world's grandest memorial. If modesty and merit be the criterion of meed and death upon the field of battle the seal of heroic mold, then unquestionably the hero of Seven Pines, the Right Bower of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville, the hero of the Salient (or Bloody Angle) at Spotsylvania, the Paladin of Winchester, and a host of other hard-fought fields, has carved with his sword the right to a place among his illustrious compeers and beside his great commander.

Sitting on my horse, on the left of Gen. Early's line of battle near Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864, never shall I forget the timely arrival of Rodes's men from their hurried march

on the Martinsburg Road, who, falling quickly into line, checked and hurled back the impetuous attack of the Federal Sixth Corps in greatly superior numbers; but alas! General Rodes, who had survived for sixteen months his great commander, Stonewall Jackson, in this conflict was instantly killed, as was also the Federal General Russell, of the Sixth Corps.

On the ground of the United States Military Academy at West Point on the Hudson, a beautiful spot, which I greatly enjoy visiting, there is a tall marble column, eighty feet high, surmounted by a winged figure of victory; on this column General Russell's name is inscribed. Surely if truth is thus metamorphosed and the death of a brave soldier thus commemorated, how eminently fitting that our victorious hero, though dead, should reappear in living stone in a memorial that shall outlast time and perpetuate, in the land for which he died, the memory of the faithful, the true, and the brave.

General Early had only four divisions of infantry at Winchester, and the commanders of two of these died upon the field of battle, Rodes and Ramseur. Another who succeeded Rodes, General Pegram, was killed soon after at Hatcher's Run. Three of these division commanders who fought at Winchester have been named by their respective States for a place upon the Stone Mountain Memorial—to wit: Breckinridge, of Kentucky; Gordon, of Georgia; Ramseur, of North Carolina; and I hope General Rodes, of Virginia, will be the fourth, the hero and martyr of that bloody September day. A sharpshooter of Cox's Brigade, in Rodes's Division, describing the arrival of that command on the field, says: "When we were halted on elevated ground, we saw Ramseur's little division struggling with an overwhelming force; then General Cox gave the command, 'Forward, skirmishers!' and I ran to the front; at this time the artillery galloped up to our left and opened fire, then I heard Cox's command, 'Forward! Guide center! March!' We (the sharpshooters) allowed the brigade to pass, and then each individual sharpshooter ran to his company. My regiment was on the right of the brigade, and I started to that point; looking to the left I saw General Rodes, with Cox riding close behind the Tar Heels, and in a voice heard above the noise of battle, Rodes cried out: 'Charge them, boys!' While I was looking at him, his body suddenly bent forward and fell to the ground, and his spirit took its flight across the golden strand to meet the heroes gone before."

Beyond all question the battle of the salient at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864, was the hardest fought and bloodiest of the war. Col. Charles S. Venable, of Gen. R. E. Lee's staff, in a letter to Gen. N. H. Harris, of Mississippi, from which I quote in part, says of this battle: "General Rodes had immediate command of the troops who held the enemy at bay, and may justly be called 'the hero of the battle of the Salient.' The enemy, in attempting to press their advantage, massed their troops and made repeated assaults with overwhelming odds. Rodes sent from time to time urgent messages for more troops. General Lee sent me (Venable) to our extreme right to bring up your (Harris's) brigade. When we had reached a point near General Lee's position, the brigade was halted for a few moments. General Lee rode up alone and gave orders that you should move at once to General Rodes's assistance, and as the column moved on, he rode at your side at its head. Soon coming under the fire of the enemy's artillery, this excited General Lee's horse, and, as he was in the act of rearing, a round shot passed under his stomach very near General Lee's stirrups. The men cried out, 'Go back, General Lee, go back! For God's sake, go back' and some perhaps made a motion to seize his bridle.



General Lee then said; 'If you will promise me to drive those people from our works, I will go back.' The men shouted their promise with a will. We found General Rodes at the famous spring within a few yards of the line of battle of our exhausted troops. As the column of Mississippians came up at a double-quick, an aid de camp came to Rodes with a message from General Ramseur that he could hold out only a few minutes longer unless assistance was at hand."

Gen. A. L. Long, also of Gen. R. E. Lee's staff, says in his memoirs: "General Lee sent during the day to the assistance of Rodes, on whose front the battle raged, McGowan's, Perrin's, and Harris's brigades. From morning until night the battle continued, marked by terrible slaughter. There were engaged in the effort to force us from this position nearly 50,000 men of Grant's army. Clearly the brunt of his attack fell on the right of Rodes's position held by Harris and a part of McGowan's brigades. Harris lost half of his brigade and McGowan nearly as many. Swinton, the Federal historian, says: 'It was the fiercest and most deadly struggle of the war.'"

The following verses dropped out of an old daguerreotype of a Confederate soldier in full uniform, a member of the 12th Alabama Regiment, which a lady, a niece of the soldier, was showing me many years ago. The verses were clipped from an old issue of the *Richmond Whig*, of July 4, 1862, a little over a month after the battle. The soldier had penciled on the margin the following:

"Entered action at 1:30 P.M. Wounded at 4:30 P.M. Came out at 6:30 P.M. Col. R. Jones, of the 12th Alabama, who led the attack, was killed."

"RODES'S BRIGADE AT SEVEN PINES, MAY 31, 1862."

"Down by the valley 'mid thunder and lightning,  
Down by the valley 'mid jettings of night,  
Down by the deep-crimsoned valley of Richmond,  
The twenty-five hundred moved on to the fight;  
Onward, still onward, to the portals of glory,  
To the sepulchered chambers, yet never dismayed;  
Down by the deep-crimsoned valley of Richmond  
Marched the bold warriors of Rodes's Brigade!

See ye the fires and flashings still leaping!  
See ye the tempest and jettings of storm!  
See ye the banners of proud Alabama  
In front of her columns move steadily on!  
Hear ye the music that gladdens each comrade,  
Riding on wings through torrent of sounds;  
Hear ye the booming adown the red valley,  
Carter unbuckles his swarthy old hounds!

Twelfth Mississippi, I saw your brave column  
Rush through the channels of living and dead!  
Twelfth Alabama, why weep your old war horse?  
He died as he wished in the gear at your head!  
Seven Pines, ye will tell on the pages of glory  
How the blood of the South ebbed away 'neath your shade  
How the sons of Virginia fought in the red valley  
And fell in the columns of Rodes's Brigade!

Fathers and mothers, ye weep for your jewels;  
Sisters, ye weep for your brothers in vain;  
Maidens, ye weep for your sunny-eyed lovers  
Weep, for they never can come back again.  
But know ye that victory, the shrine of the noble  
Encircles the houses of death newly made;  
And know ye that freedom, the shrine of the mighty,  
Shines forth on the banners of Rodes's Brigade!

Daughters of Southland! Come, bring ye bright flowers;  
Weave ye a chaplet for the brow of the brave!  
Bring ye the emblems of freedom and victory,  
Bring ye the emblems of death and the grave;  
Bring ye some motto befitting a hero,  
Bring ye exotics that never will fade;  
Come to the deep-crimsoned valley of Richmond  
And crown the young chieftain who led his brigade!"

The hero is at rest, his legions in their last bivouac, the laurel is entwined with the myrtle, and the epic of their deeds is heritage of glory in "The land where we were dreaming."

## SIGNERS OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

The famous resolution declaring the American Colonies to be "free and independent States" was introduced in the Continental Congress by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Lee was a leader of one of the most distinguished of the thirteen original States, a commonwealth which has given a famous quota of statesmen to the service of the United States. He was born in Stratford, Va., in 1732, was educated in England, and returned to America at the age of nineteen.

In a very short time, the young Virginian (he was only twenty-five) entered the House of Burgesses, where he soon became noted for his ability as a debater and as a clear political writer. He was among the foremost men of the State in putting in motion the machinery against royal oppression.

A brilliant display of eloquence characterized Lee's speech in Congress on June 7, 1776, when he offered the historic resolutions declaring: (1) That the thirteen colonies were and ought to be free and independent States; (2) that foreign alliances should be made; and (3) that steps should be taken to adopt a general plan of confederation.

Lee left Congress in June, 1777, but was again a member of that body in 1778-80, in 1784-85 and 1786-87. In 1784 he was chosen president of Congress, but retired at the end of the year. He was opposed to the National Constitution because it superseded State superemacy. However, he supported Washington's administration and was United States Senator from Virginia from 1789 to 1792. He died in Chantilly, Va., in 1794.

GEORGE READ.

The persuasive eloquence of some of the immortal fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, together with the convincing arguments presented, was such that even the members of the body who hesitated with regard to affixing their signatures to the document were finally convinced of its merit.

This fact is aptly presented by the biographer of George Read, of Delaware, who relates that Read "at first voted against the adoption and later not only signed the Declaration, but was instrumental in having many others do so."

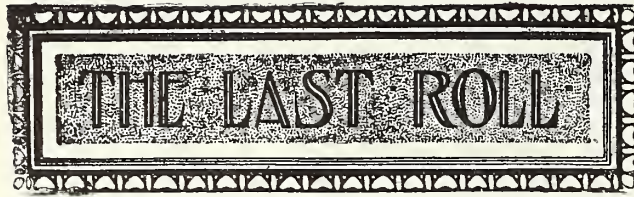
The action of these men in the framing of what has been conceded to be the greatest national document ever written was lauded by President Coolidge upon the occasion of the official opening of the Sesquicentennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, who emphasized that their efforts were guided by spiritual, rather than material impulses.

Read was born in Cecil County, Md., September 18, 1733.

His father, John Read, came from Ireland early in the

(Continued on page 109.)





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

### *EVENING TIDE.*

BY W. S. MITCHELL, SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEX.

Evening shadows are lengthening,  
Life's banner is being furled;  
Hope and love are strengthening—  
By faith we see a better world.

Coming of evening should not worry,  
Life should be stronger at the end.  
Be patient, do not hurry,  
Give soul and life time to blend.

Drop thy anchor in depths of love,  
Turn thy eyes to the golden west,  
Reach by faith to things above,  
And our God will give the rest.

### HENRY W. TREAKLE.

Henry Washington Treacle, a soldier of one of the grandest aggregations of fighting men ever enrolled under the seal of any nation, answered the last roll call, October 18, 1926, at Baltimore, Md., having completed life's service of eighty-six years. "Marse Robert's" thin gray line has been recruited by one of the gallant thousands mustered out at Appomattox Courthouse, Va.

Answering the first call of the Confederate government for troops, Mr. Treacle served as a member of the famous Lancaster Grays, and subsequently as corporal in Company C, 40th Virginia Regiment of Infantry, from which he was detached and assigned as courier to Maj. Gen. Henry Heth.

Henry W. Treacle was born in Lancaster County, Va., in 1840, and was one of the most beloved residents in that section of the State. For over sixty years a member of the Methodist Church, he was honored with practically every lay office within its gift.

He remained an outstanding figure to the last, never seen without the bronze Cross of Honor, presented through the Maryland Division, U. D. C. Always he was an ardent supporter of the basic principles for which he had taken up arms and true to traditions of the Old South.

When the "tumult and the shouting died," Mr. Treacle, like others who had beaten their swords into plowshares, returned automatically to the duties of citizenship.

He leaves a wife, two daughters, three sons, and grandchildren.

A guard of honor, composed of seven comrades of the sixties took part in the last rites—R. W. Chilton, last survivor of Company C, 40th Virginia Infantry, L. W. Flipppo, George W. Mercer, H. W. James, George E. Beam, Dr. W. J. Newbill, and James W. Robinson.

"Sleep, soldier, sleep in honored rest."

[Sally Washington Maupin, State Editor, Maryland Division, U. D. C.]

### DR. BENJAMIN S. PURSE.

Dr. Benjamin S. Purse, Surgeon General, U. C. V., one of the most widely known physicians of his section, died at his home in Savannah, Ga., on January 19, after a short illness. He was born in Savannah, August 6, 1842, and was the last survivor of the six children born to Thomas and Eliza J. Purse. His father was a merchant in Savannah, a director and the first superintendent of the Georgia Central Railroad, and originator of the first railroad time-table; he was also mayor of Savannah in 1861-62.

In 1861, Benjamin Purse enlisted for the Confederacy as a member of Company C, 1st Georgia Volunteers, and was sent to Fort Pulaski; subsequently he was transferred to the Oglethorpe Light Infantry in Virginia, with which he served about a year, and was then remanded to the 1st Regiment. He was captured at Marietta, Ga., and was in prison at Camp Douglas for eight months. In March, 1865, he was one of the five hundred prisoners sent from Camp Douglass to the Trans-Mississippi Department for exchange. They were then sent to Natchez, Miss., and paroled in May. Having the satisfaction of being one of the number who had made the last rally for the Confederate cause, Benjamin Purse returned to Savannah safely in July, 1865.

Entering upon the study of medicine, he graduated from the Savannah Medical College in 1870 with first honors and immediately was elected to the chair of demonstrator of anatomy and later on held other positions of high importance with the college. Dr. Purse did heroic work during the yellow fever epidemic in Savannah and brought many safely through the dreadful malady. In December, 1875, he was married to Miss Emma L. Bulger, a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., but reared in Savannah. She died in 1918, and in 1922 he was married to Miss W. Elizabeth Purse, who survives him.

Dr. Purse was one of the oldest members of the First Baptist Church of Savannah and a prominent Mason. His death occurred on the forty-fourth anniversary of his having joined the Savannah Lodge. He was ever interested in public affairs, a man of great strength of character, and held the esteem of all who knew him.

### DR. HAMPDEN OSBORNE.

Dr. Hampden Osborne, late Adjutant General, Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., was a native of Virginia, but the family removed to North Carolina, where he was attending school at the beginning of the war against secession. At sixteen years of age he joined Company B, 53rd Regiment, North Carolina Infantry, and later was made sergeant major. His services began at the time of, and extended through, the Maryland and Pennsylvania campaigns, and he was in the battles around Richmond, and the siege and retreat from Petersburg, ending at Appomattox. Escaping capture and with only slight wounds, his services were continuously active.

Dr. Osborne's membership in this Camp dates from its organization, and its interest claimed his attention, having represented it frequently at reunions. In 1925 he was appointed Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V., under Commander in Chief Thomas, and he was serving under Gen. Hal T. Walker, commanding Army of Tennessee Department, when the last call came, December 21, 1926. Funeral services were held at the Presbyterian Church in Columbus, of which he was a deacon, and with final services at the grave by the Knights of Pythias, the Camp attending as honorary escort.

[W. A. Love, Adjutant Camp No. 27 U. C. V., Columbus, Miss.]



## D. E. CHESNUT.

On May 22, 1926, the gentle spirit of our comrade, David E. Chestnut, "crossed the river to rest under the shade of the trees." He was born August 25, 1841, in Newton County, Ga., and volunteered in the Confederate army in June, 1861, serving to the close of the war.

He was a member of Company B, 53rd Georgia Regiment; his captain was Charles G. Chestnut, of Gen. J. P. Sims's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. He met all the varied hardships of war without wound or capture and was mustered out with honorable discharge April 9, 1865.

In January, 1869, Comrade Chestnut was married to Miss Josephine Chestnut, and they lived in Texas one year, then returned to Newton County, Ga., and began farming on his wife's old home plantation, remaining there until his death, which occurred at the advanced age of eighty-six years.

His father and mother, of sturdy, dependable, Scotch-Irish descent, came from Fairfield District, S. C., in 1825, and settled in Newton County. Later they moved to DeKalb County, but returned to Newton for a permanent home.

He is survived by his wife and was the last of his immediate family. His entire life was spent on the farm, except the four years of army service. He was a kind husband, a good neighbor, a just, useful, and honorable citizen.

After services in Hopewell Church, where as boy and man he had worshiped, his body was laid for its final rest in the cemetery by the Church of which he had been a member for forty-one years.

Comrade Chestnut was one of twelve veterans who heard "lights out" and "taps" sounded during the year 1926 in this county, leaving only seventeen living, though Newton County sent one company to the 3rd Georgia, one to Cobb's Legion, two to the 53rd Georgia, two to the 42nd Georgia, one to Georgia State Troops, one to Georgia Militia—old men and boys; also others in cavalry and artillery.

[David A. Thompson, one of the seventeen.]

## WILLIAM MCKNIGHT.

Private William McKnight, familiarly and affectionately known as "Uncle Billie," died at the home of his son Brearly McKnight, at Workman, S. C., December 21, 1926.

Had he lived until January 2, 1927, he would have reached his ninety-third birthday. Surviving him are two daughters, two sons, and an adopted son, besides a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

He was laid away in the cemetery of Midway Presbyterian Church, in Clarendon County, one of the oldest churches in the section. He had been an elder of this Church for more than fifty years.

In the very early part of the War between the States, Comrade McKnight enlisted in the 25th South Carolina Volunteer Infantry, in the company organized by Capt. J. G. Pressley, of Kingstree, who afterwards became major and lieutenant colonel of the regiment. This regiment was in Hagood's Brigade and under Colonel Simonton's command, the three companies, one from Kingstree and two from Charleston, being present at the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The last surviving member of the Williamsburg Company is Private James M. Matthews, of Lake City, now in his eighty-seventh year.

Mr. McKnight had been an inmate of the Confederate Home, at Columbia, S. C., for about a year and had gone back home some weeks ago to visit numerous relatives, expecting to return to the Home in time for the Christmas holidays, when he was stricken and died suddenly.

## CAPT. WILLIAM H. GASTON.

Capt. William Henry Gaston, for more than a half century identified with the development of the city of Dallas, Tex., died there on January 24, 1927, aged eighty-six years. He had watched the city grow from a little town of twelve hundred citizens to the present metropolis and was ever interested in its business and civic development. He founded one of the first banks operated in Dallas County and was known as the father of the State Fair of Texas.

William H. Gaston was born in Wilcox County, Ala., October 25, 1840, the son of Col. R. K. Gaston. The family went to Texas when he was a boy of nine years and settled in Anderson County, removing in 1860, to Smith County and leaving him at the old homestead to look after the farm. His father served as a representative in the Texas legislature from both Anderson and Smith Counties. In 1861, William Gaston and his two brothers enlisted in the Confederate army, and he was promoted to captain of a company in the 1st Texas Regiment, of Hood's Brigade, and saw much hard fighting. He was known as the "Boy Captain of Hood's Brigade." At the battle of Sharpsburg, almost his entire company was wiped out. Of the three Gaston boys, only one returned from the war.

Captain Gaston settled in Anderson County and married Miss Laura Furlow, daughter of G. W. and Jane Pope Furlow. She lived but a few years, and he then married his wife's sister, Miss Ione Furlow, and reared a family of two sons and three daughters, who survive him, with six grandchildren.

From the beginning, Captain Gaston was a man of public spirit, and no undertaking which tended to the development of his home town but had his coöperation. He helped to bring railroads into Dallas, to develop the street railway, and to build bridges where needed, and he donated eighty acres of land for the site of the State Fair Grounds. Though he has passed from the activities of life, his influence lives on as an example to those coming after him.

## CHARLES W. BARTON.

Charles W. Barton, born in Loudoun County, Va., March 2, 1838, enlisted in the Confederate army at the outbreak of the War between the States under command of Capt. Welby Carter, Company H, 1st Virginia Cavalry, Fitz Lee's Brigade. In this same company were his father, Bailey R. Barton, and three brothers—James B., John W., and Benjamin Barton; James and Benjamin were killed in action; Charles W. and John W. Barton (now Brigadier General commanding the Eastern Brigade of the Missouri Division, U. C. V.), fought through the war and were at the surrender at Appomattox and later were paroled at Winchester. They fought to the close without a scratch, though Charles had two horses shot under him.

After the war these brothers engaged in farming, planting a corn crop immediately, and this partnership continued until 1884, when John W. Barton removed his family to Missouri, locating at Frankford. Charles W. Barton continued on his farm near Arcola, Va., and there died on December 22, 1926, at the ripe age of eighty-nine years.

Comrade Barton attended the general reunions of the United Confederate Veterans as long as he was able, the last being at Chattanooga in 1921, and though his enfeebled condition prevented his taking active part in the proceedings, he always enjoyed this association with the comrades of war days. But the ranks are fast becoming depleted, and this splendid fellowship, so much enjoyed and so sacred, will soon linger only as a memory of those who made up that gallant army.



## CAPT. CHARLES M. THOMPSON.

One of North Carolina's "grand old men" passed on with the death of Capt. Charles M. Thompson on January 25, 1927, at Lexington, N. C., after an illness of several months. He was eighty-three years old in October last. Funeral services were conducted from the Lutheran Church, at whose services he was a reverent and faithful attendant as long as able to go and to which he had been one of the largest contributors. He had been an elder in the Church since its organization.

Captain Thompson was one of the leaders in religious, business, civic, and political life of Lexington and Davidson County, his constructive services covering a long and active life. He was vice president of the Bank of Lexington, and held other high offices in that and other enterprises of importance. He was a manufacturer of building supplies for forty years and had represented his county in both houses of the general assembly.

Charles Marcellus Thompson was born in Tyro Township, October 15, 1843, son of Joseph Hiram Thompson. While attending school at Mount Pleasant in Cabarrus County, the war clouds began to lower, and he returned home and joined a company made up at Lexington, which was known as the Davidson Wild Cats. He went to camp on April 14, 1861, and was soon on Virginia soil as a member of Company I, 4th North Carolina Regiment, and took part in many bloody battles until he lost his good right arm on May 12, 1864. He was nursed in a hospitable Virginia home until able to return to his home in North Carolina. Though known generally as "Captain" Thompson, it was as a private that he fought through the war, but he served for years as Commander of the A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., of Lexington, and held the rank of colonel on the staff of General Boyden, U. C. V. He attended many of the reunions of Confederate veterans, both general and local, and was ever interested in the welfare of his Confederate comrades. He was married to Miss Mitie Peebles, of Davie County, who survives him with two sons and three daughters.

## MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

As Adjutant of the R. G. Prewitt Camp, No. 439 U. C. V., located at Ackerman, Miss., I send a list of the comrades of our Camp and county lost during 1926:

W. M. Reeves died in the spring of 1926.

G. W. Hodges, who died July 3, 1926, belonged to Turner's Battery, 1st Mississippi Artillery. He made a good and valiant soldier for his country and was honorably discharged. Returning home, he gave his life to the country for which he had fought, lived a quiet, peaceful life, and made a good citizen and a faithful Christian, a member of the Baptist Church.

W. A. Whitaker died August 3, 1926.

A. B. F. Baxter died August 6, 1926.

Rev. B. F. Watson died September 18. He was of Company A, 4th Mississippi Infantry, made a good soldier, and was honorably discharged. Devoting his attention to the farm, he was successful beyond the average. He was a member of the Baptist Church and for some twenty years was an active minister of the gospel.

G. H. Fondren died December 21, 1926, aged about ninety-two years. He was a gallant soldier and carried a wound received at the battle of Peachtree Creek to his death.

W. M. Roberts died December 24, 1926, aged about eighty-five years.

[J. A. Holmes, Adjutant, French Camp, Miss.]

## CAPT W. T. ALEXANDER.

In the passing of Capt. William Thomas Alexander on December 7, 1926, at his home in Chattanooga, Tenn., after an illness of eighteen months, the N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., of which he was Past Commander, lost a loyal and valued member and beloved friend.

William T. Alexander was born in Jacksonville, Ala., June 23, 1847, and was a worthy descendant of ancestors who fought in the American Revolutionary War of Independence. In 1861, after Alabama seceded, the governor of the State called for troops, and Captain Alexander, though only fourteen years of age, promptly answered and was sent with his organization to Fort Morgan, Ala. After the Confederate government was organized, State troops reenlisted in its service, and young Alexander enrolled in Company B, 30th Alabama Infantry.

Without going into minute details in his military career, his command served under Kirby Smith (1862), in East Tennessee, and later under Bragg in Kentucky. His command was sent to Mississippi in 1862 and was engaged in and around Vicksburg, and finally was driven into Vicksburg. In July, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered and its army paroled. In October, 1863, he was exchanged and joined Bragg at Chattanooga and was engaged in its many conflicts of attacks and defense. He was under Joseph E. Johnston in his campaign to Atlanta, where he was slightly wounded and sent to a hospital. Later he was paroled at Talladega, Ala., and returned to his father's farm and set to work to restore the waste places of his beloved Southland.

In his military career he held many posts of honor with much ability and fidelity, by which course he merited and received the confidence and admiration of all with whom he came in contact.

He participated in many hard-fought battles and skirmishes in which he distinguished himself for his brilliant achievement and intrepid valor. At the end of the war he was honorably paroled.

Captain Alexander was a member of the Episcopal Church. He was at the time of his death a member of the Board of Control of the Confederate Memorial Hall. He was laid to rest in the Confederate Cemetery, and members of N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., served as honorary guard.

He was a man of upright character and loved by all who knew him.

He has "crossed over the river and rests under the shade of the trees."

## JAMES DICKSON SHAW.

James Dickson Shaw, who died at Glendale, Calif., on December 3, 1926, was a typical representative of the Old South and the courtly Southern gentleman. He fought under the flag of the Confederacy and lived to send a grandson to the World War under the Stars and Stripes.

He was born in Walker County, Tex., and had reached the age of eighty-four years. He was an editor by profession.

He was a member of Camp No. 770 United Confederate Veterans, of Los Angeles, and his war record shows that he volunteered as a private in Company C, 10th Texas Infantry, which became a part of Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. He fought at Arkansas Post, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Chattahoochee River, Atlanta, Jonesboro, and many other places. He was captured at Arkansas Post and held in prison three months; was severely wounded at Missionary Ridge; surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865, then being second lieutenant in rank.

He united with Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 222 U. C. V. at



Waco, many years ago, of which he was Commander for three years. He commanded the Third Brigade of Texas Veterans for a year and was chosen President of the McLennan County Confederate Association at its organization in July, 1903.

Comrade Shaw had lived in California and at the place of death for sixteen years. He had many friends there, and is survived by a son, two daughters, two grandchildren, also a sister and a brother.

MAL G. QUINN.

The following comes from W. A. Everman, of Greenville, Miss., in tribute to a comrade of war days:

"I have just heard of the death of another Confederate comrade, Mal G. Quinn, on the 20th of November last, at his home in Columbia, Mo., aged about eighty-three years. I don't know his exact age, but remember that the day we got our paroles he told me he was just twenty-one. He must have enlisted at the age of seventeen, and served almost four years. He was about six months in the Missouri State Guard, and from January, 1862, till the end in the 3rd Missouri Regiment of Infantry, and 1st Missouri Brigade.

"This brigade crossed the Mississippi River in April, 1862, and went directly to Corinth; later participated in the battles of Iuka, second battle of Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Champion Hill, Big Black River, and the siege of Vicksburg. Then to parole camp at Demopolis Ala.; exchanged at Lauderdale Springs, Miss. Regiments consolidated as follows: 1st and 4th, 2nd and 6th, 3rd and 5th, etc. In the spring of 1864, he entered the Georgia campaign at Rome and ended July 22, 1864. Then to Alatoona, Ga., later into the Tennessee campaign and battle of Franklin, where the Missourians lost forty-three per cent in killed and wounded. In the spring of 1865, we fought our last battle at Blakely, across the bay from Mobile, Ala. Some escaped, but the greater portion were captured and taken to Ship Island, off the Mississippi Gulf coast, for only nineteen days; guarded by negro troops. From there to New Orleans and Vicksburg, then to Jackson, Miss., and paroled.

"If Mal was not in every battle enumerated, it was because of wounds or illness."

DANIEL PERKINS.

The death of Daniel Perkins, an inmate of the Confederate Home of Arkansas, is reported by Comrade B. F. Watson who writes: "Daniel Perkins, who served in Company C, Gunter's Battalion, Cabell's Brigade, was a gallant soldier, and deserves mention in our Confederate records. He had also served in a section of artillery, and subsequently was in cavalry. He was buried in the Confederate section of the Little Rock National Cemetery on July 26, 1926.

"Comrade Perkins told me of some of his experiences as a Confederate soldier. When General Lyons surprised the Confederates at Wilson's Creek, Daniel Perkins ran out of his tent without his pants and carried ammunition all day with only his shirt on. He was wounded in the leg by a fragment of shell during the battle, but did not stop carrying ammunition until the fight ended.

"On another occasion he had been captured with other Confederates, and while being guarded by the Federals at night, under pretense of getting near the fire to warm, he grabbed a guard's gun and jerked him over, then escaped in the dark. Many other incidents of the kind evidenced to me that he was made of soldier stuff. His command was disbanded at Fort Smith, Ark., at the close of the war."

ROBERT JAMES STODDARD.

Robert James Stoddard, son of David and Hannah Taylor Stoddard, was born near Owings, S. C., July 29, 1842, and died at his home in Owings on November 5, 1926. He was laid to rest in the cemetery of New Harmony Church near by.

He spent all his life quietly engaged in farming and merchandising in the community of his birth, where his ancestors had settled three generations before him. After receiving his early education in the neighborhood schools and academies, he volunteered in the Confederate army in August, 1861, and was mustered into Company E, 14th South Carolina Volunteers, at Riddle's Old Field in Laurens County. The company was first under Capt. Joseph Newton Brown, who later became colonel of the 14th Regiment.

The regiment was first under fire from Federal gunboats near Pocotaligo on January 1, 1862. In April, 1862, it was ordered to Virginia and the first engagement was on the 27th of June, 1862, at Gaines's Mill, near Cold Harbor, at the opening of the Seven Days Battle.

Young Stoddard was with his regiment in other battles, as follows: Fredericksburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Bloody Angle, Spotsylvania, Jericho Ford, Riddle's Shop, Weldon Railroad, Deep Bottom, Russell's Mill, Reams's Station, Jones's Farm, Jerusalem Plank Road, and last at Fort Gregg near Petersburg. He was taken prisoner and sent to Point Lookout, and released about the last of June, 1865.

Returning home, part of the way on foot, he took up the struggle to regain the South's losses, and became one of the leading citizens of his home community. He married Miss Frances Deree DuPree, of Newberry County, in 1867, and of this union there were five sons and two daughters, all surviving, with the mother, except the eldest son. There are also twenty-five grandchildren and twenty-two great-grandchildren.

He was faithful to his neighbors, his family, his Church, and his God, having been a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church for nearly fifty years.

[J. A. S.]

EDGAR S. BILLINGS.

Edgar S. Billings was born at Mount Jackson, Shenandoah County, Va., September 3, 1846, and entered the service of the Confederacy in 1862 at the age of sixteen, becoming a member of Company I, 11th Virginia Regiment, Rosser's Brigade, Stuart's Cavalry, the command known as the Laurel Brigade. He served through the war and was with General Lee at Appomattox.

Going to Texas in 1873, he located near Fort Worth, where he married and reared a family of seven daughters and one son. He removed to Palacios, Tex., in 1915, and there made his home until death. He suffered a stroke of paralysis in 1924, and died at the Confederate Hospital in Austin on November 27, 1926. He was a friend and patron of the VETERAN, a loyal Confederate to the end.

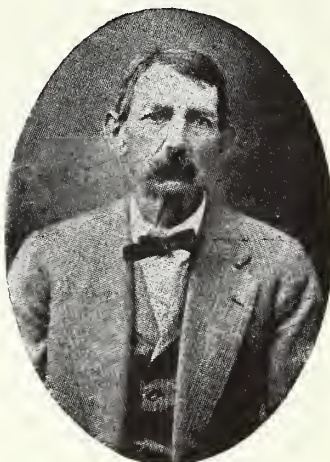
LUTHER ANDERSON.

Luther Anderson, eighty-three years old, died at his home in Dayton, Ohio, on January 18, 1927, after a year of failing health. He served in the Black Horse Cavalry of the Confederate army during the War between the States, as he was living in Virginia at that time. He was buried in Memorial Park Cemetery at Dayton. He is survived by his wife, four sons, and a daughter.



## JAMES MEREDITH PRICE.

James Meredith Price was born December 22, 1844, within six miles of the home where he died in December, 1926. He was baptized in infancy and joined the Methodist Church, South, in the fall of 1860. He enlisted in the Confederate army in February, 1863, and was paroled at Charlotte, N. C., May 4, 1865, having served as a member of Company F, 7th Alabama Cavalry, commanded by Capt. R. R. Davenport. He was married to Miss Cornelia R. Hamman in October, 1866; joined the Masonic fraternity in June, 1871, at Lebanon, Ala.; was elected to the board of stewards of his Church in 1873, in which capacity he served faithfully for twenty-six years. He was laid to rest on the quiet hillside facing his home, with the Masonic ritual at the grave. His wife survives him with two sons and a daughter.



JAMES M. PRICE.

As one who knew him intimately and loved him well, I would mention some personal qualities which make precious these memories. He was a fond and faithful husband, father, and friend; he loved the Confederacy and all it stood for; never missed a copy of the *VETERAN* from the first to his death, and preserved and cherished each copy; he was a member of Camp Estes, U. C. V., and was always present at its roll call if able to be there; he was fond of our history, and had accurate knowledge of it; his religious life was simply a part of himself, though there was neither ostentation nor display about it. He truly had a high conception of duty and responsibility, and at all times endeavored to discharge the one and never tried to evade the other. His chief legacy to his children is an honorable life and a stainless name, and as we laid him to rest, shrouded in his beloved Confederate gray, we knew he went as a brave soldier and as one "who lies down to pleasant dreams."

[G. M. D. Lowry, Valley Head, Ala.]

## VIRGINIA COMRADES.

In reporting the deaths of some Virginia comrades, P. M. Kaufman writes from Luray, Va.:

"I am inclosing a worthy tribute from the pen of Capt. D. C. Grayson, commanding the company of the two ex-Confederates to whom he refers. James A. Matthews died in Nebraska City, Nebr., January 18, 1927; he was born in Page County, Va., April 29, 1839. John Silas Hershberger died at his home in Luray, Va., January 29, 1927. He served as treasurer of Rosser-Gibbons Camp, U. C. V., of Luray, for a number of years and was an interested reader of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, binding each volume for preservation. He was buried by the Masons. Captain Grayson says:

"During the past month two of the members of Company K, 10th Virginia Infantry, have passed away—James A. Matthews, of Nebraska City, Nebr., and John S. Hershberger, of Luray, both soldiers of unblemished records for courage and loyalty to the cause for which they fought. They were both of the original volunteers of the company that went to the front on June 2, 1861, and remained faithful

in service in the ranks until captured, and as prisoners of war until the surrender. Matthews left his native State and county in 1870, settling in the far West among his former enemies, but evidently never concealed the fact that he was an ex-Confederate soldier and was proud of his record, as he applied for a Cross of Honor, which I obtained here for him and sent to him. I saw him for a short time only while at the Gettysburg reunion of the Blue and the Gray, just as he was on the eve of leaving for home.

"John S. Hershberger was a veteran who was not only true to the cause, but remained unto his death uncompromising in his loyalty and adherence to the undying principles he had fought for in the ranks, and for which he endured as a prisoner of war for thirteen months while refusing to take the oath of allegiance. He was as loyal to his comrades as to his country. After I was wounded I lay for quite a few hours in the enemy's lines, and after they were repulsed, he set out to look for me, and found me writhing in agony, and with comrades carried me to the rear. On the following day, when the army was falling back across the Rapidan River and I was sent to Charlottesville, he went with me and for six long weeks, night and day, was a faithful attendant at my bedside. I have always felt that my recovery was largely due to his fidelity and care. I can pay no higher tribute to these two comrades and true soldiers than, as their commander, to testify to their unfaltering courage in the hour of battle, when shot and shell were flying, or when in camp or on the march, never to shirk a duty or disobey a command.

"This leaves but three of the company living, including myself, out of the original one hundred volunteers and afterwards of fifty enlisted by offer of bounty. Peace to their ashes."

"John Pendleton Grove died recently at his home in Page County, Va., in his ninety-second year. He served during the war in Company E, 35th Virginia Battalion (Col. E. V. White), Rosser's Cavalry. He was a successful farmer and stockholder and director in the Page Valley National Bank of Luray.

"John W. Stover died at his home near Luray on January 24, 1927, at the age of eighty-seven years. He served through the war with Company D, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade. He retired from the farm about fifteen years ago; is survived by his wife and by several children of the first wife, also by three sisters.

"In the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, every officer, commissioned and noncommissioned, of the company was killed or wounded, Captain Grayson being shot through the right lung and supposed to be fatally wounded. He is now living in Washington City."

## JAMES A. CLINEDENST.

James A. Clinedenst, Confederate soldier, died in October, 1926, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. Lee Barrett, at Beltsville, Md., aged eighty-five years.

He was a native of Woodstock, Va., and when a young man enlisted in the Confederate army and served the four years of that terrible conflict as a member of the famous Stonewall Brigade, being present in the hardest battles of Jackson's noted Valley Campaign. Woodstock Chapter, U. D. C., sent a Confederate flag to drape his casket.

After the war he married a Miss Belt and came to Moorefield, where he lived until a few years ago.

He was a faithful member of the Methodist Church of Moorefield. His remains were laid to rest by the side of his wife in Olivet Cemetery.

He is survived by two daughters and one son.



## DR. NEWTON F. WALKER.

A life full of service to the very day of its close, service to humanity, was that of Dr. N. F. Walker, of Cedar Springs, S. C., head of the Institute for the Deaf and Blind of that State, who died on February 4, very suddenly. Following his distinguished father, founder of the institution, he had developed it until it was the foremost of its character in the nation; and he has passed it on to his sons, who have been associated in this work with him and with other institutions in Tennessee and Florida.

Dr. Walker was the son of Rev. Newton Pinckney and Martha Hughston Walker, and was born January 12, 1845. He was educated in the common schools and at the Cedar Springs Academy and St. John's Classical and Military School at Spartanburg. At the age of fifteen, responding to the call made to the sons of South Carolina, he enlisted in the Spartan Rifles, which became Company K, of the 5th South Carolina Volunteers, to fight for the South. After a period of service, he was honorably discharged, and took up the study of law.

In 1866, Dr. Walker assumed the responsibility of Superintendent of the South Carolina Institute for the Deaf and Blind, in which he continued to his death. Notwithstanding his arduous duties in this work, he found time for other important activities in life. He was prominent in his Church, having served as deacon and elder and as chairman of its building committee. In Masonic circles he held a high place, having served as commander of the Spartanburg Commandery, and was Past Grand Commander of the Commandery of South Carolina. He was also a life trustee of Converse College, and his name was on the charter of the college. In political circles he was also prominent, serving as chairman of the county Democratic Executive Committee; and he had been Commander of Joseph Walker Camp, U. C. V., and chairman of the Confederate Board of Pensions. He had been signally honored for his work several times, receiving as a very young man the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters, conferred by Gallaudet College of Washington, D. C. The State legislature conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws and that of Doctor of Philanthropy and Charity as a fitting testimonial to his worth and usefulness in his work for South Carolina's unfortunate children.

Dr. Walker was married to Miss Virginia E. Eppes, of Laurens, S. C., in January, 1867, and five children were born to them. He is survived by three sons and a daughter.

## REASIN BEALL VANMETER.

At the age of seventeen years and six months, Reasin Beall VanMeter left his home in the South Branch Valley of the Potomac with the Hardy Greys to join the Confederate army. The Greys were a part of the 33rd Virginia Regiment, under Colonel Cunningham, and formed a part of the Stonewall Brigade.

Reasin VanMeter was wounded at the first battle of Manassas, and when he recovered he went back to his company, but because of the wound in his side he was forced to ask for a transfer to the cavalry. He then joined Company F, of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade, and served until the close of the war.

A brave soldier, a Christian gentleman, he has gone to his reward on high. He died at his home in Baltimore, aged eighty-three, survived by two daughters and two sons.

His wife, who was Miss Bettie Williams, born and reared in Hardy County, Va. (now West Virginia), as was Comrade VanMeter, died some years ago.

## HON. RICHARD C. PRICE.

Former Senator Richard C. Price died at his home at Moorefield, W. Va., on October 22, 1926, after an illness of three days, aged eighty-two years.

He was born in Cumberland, Md., but went to Moorefield with his parents when but a child. In early manhood he entered the mercantile business and spent most of his life in that work.

When the War between the States broke out, Comrade Price cast his lot with the Confederacy and served throughout that conflict in the 7th Virginia Cavalry.

In 1902 he was elected to the State Senate, which place he filled with honor.

In 1873 he married Miss Sallie Taylor, who died several years ago. He leaves five children to mourn his loss, also a sister and a brother.

He had been a member of the Presbyterian Church since early manhood.

Funeral services were held at his home, and a large number of friends were present to pay their tribute of respect to the last Confederate soldier of Moorefield.

## JOHN RANDOLPH NORFLEET.

John Randolph Norfleet, born December 10, 1844, in Marshall County, Miss., son of John R. and Eleanor Baker Coopwood Norfleet, served in the War between the States as a member of Company F, 17th Mississippi Volunteers, and also with the 12th Tennessee Cavalry under Forrest, enlisting at the age of sixteen years. In May, 1861, he volunteered for twelve months and was discharged in September, 1862, being under age. He joined Forrest's Cavalry in 1863 and was paroled at Senatobia, Miss., in 1865. His command was a part of Chalmers's Brigade,



JOHN R. NORFLEET AND WIFE.

under Forrest. Six weeks after the surrender he obtained the first marriage license in Marshall County and was united to Miss Laura Martha Benton. To this union nine children were born, five sons and four daughters. In 1888 he moved to Collierville, Tenn., and in 1909 moved to Forrest City, Ark. His loved companion of sixty years died in July, 1925. He joined her "over there" on December 15, 1926, survived by three daughters and three sons. Just three days later, his son, Marvin Brooks Norfleet, died suddenly in Little Rock, Ark.

John Randolph Norfleet was a good father. He stood for honor, love of his country, and for the highest principles of mankind. He was often remembered by the T. C. Merwin Chapter, U. D. C., of Forrest City, with loving thoughts and gifts.

His body was taken to Collierville, Tenn., and placed beside his wife and daughter, in Magnolia Cemetery. His grave was covered with beautiful flowers and a Confederate flag placed by an old companion, Mr. Melvin McFerrin.

He joined the Methodist Church early in life.



## DAVID SCOTT BROWN.

David S. Brown, an esteemed citizen of Mineral County, W. Va., and a soldier of four years' arduous service in the Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A., died at his home in Keyser, W. Va., on January 21, 1927. Following the funeral services in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of which Comrade Brown was a member, interment was made in the family lot of the Queen's Point Cemetery by the side of his beloved wife, whose death occurred nine years ago.

Comrade Brown was born at Gainesboro, Va., May 22, 1842, and he was the youngest son of the late David Z. and Sarah Beall Brown.

In 1867, he was happily married to Miss Marietta Cromwell, of Louisville, Ky., and he is survived by a son and five daughters.

It can be justly recorded that no man has died in Keyser whose passing has been more deeply regretted by all classes than this of Comrade Brown. In the gathering national clouds of 1861, when Virginia called her sons to arms to repel a Federal invasion of her soil, he joined the 10th Regiment of Virginia Infantry, and after two years' service there, he followed the plume of Stuart through the skill of the march and the storm of battle until the exhausted army of the Confederacy surrendered to overwhelming numbers.

His end was as the closing of a tranquil day. In full communion with his Church, with a life well spent, and those nearest his heart gathered about him, he bowed a submissive head to the high behest and entered the open portal to the kingdom of the redeemed.

[C. M. Miller.]

## ANDREW CHENOWETH.

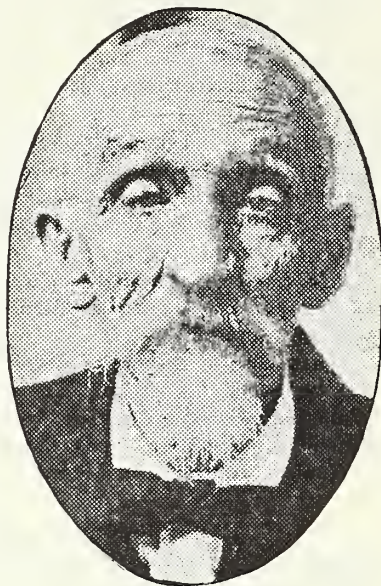
Andrew Chenoweth, living near Midland, W. Va., who had reached the age of eighty-five years, passed away on January 13, 1927, after an illness of several months, death bringing to a close an unusually active career.

At the age of nineteen years he enlisted in McLanahan's Battery, Imboden's Brigade, and served throughout the entire four years of the War between the States.

Andrew Chenoweth was born in the county in which he spent his last days, following the occupation of a farmer, and both as a soldier and citizen held the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

He is survived by one son, and one daughter. He was laid to his final rest in the cemetery at Arnold Hill.

The Last Roll Department will not appear in the April number of the *VETERAN*, that being the special number for the Tampa Reunion.



DAVID SCOTT BROWN.

## A GHOST WALKS AGAIN.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

There are books, and, again, books; some of them comrades, tried and true, others gay entertainers, jesters, mountebanks, whom one turns to in the moment of lassitude of mind and body. Books that survive changing times and ever-varying passions; volumes that sleep forgotten upon their dusty shelves until some turn of events brings again the light of day to their yellowing pages; and, again, there are pages of print bound in the guise of literature, fostered by patronage and kept alive by constant, careful nursing upon the part of publicity experts. There is still another class that falls outside of all the other bounds of books, the volume that has outlived its appeal to even the audience that greeted its birthing with eagerness. Proved false in its infancy, there is still the appeal to those minds to which sordid ugliness ever is palatable. Periodically, when doomed to merited extinction, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" thrusts its false face into the broad glare of reason-tempered tolerance, and another group of young readers is handicapped by the mass of misstatements, overdrawn fancies, and sheer, disgusting prejudice.

Based upon a few isolated cases of happenings that were bound by the laws of human averages to occur, with these widely scattered bits of truth often grossly overemphasized, the book rings false to fair-minded readers, and, the day and time of its hysterical crying aloud being long dead and buried, the only wonder is that shrewd men would risk their judgment upon the screening of something that has so little of anything at all to offer the patrons of the box office.

"Ugh! Big Injun hate heap big polecat!"

## A CONFEDERATE WRECK.\*

BY W. H. GIBBES, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Her hull still rests upon the shore  
Where threescore years have seen it lie,  
Like bones of maimed leviathan  
That rushed upon the beach to die.

Laved by the waves she used to ride  
With derring do so fearlessly,  
The tides still play her requiem  
In rhythm of the sounding sea.

The voices of her valiant crew  
Chime with the waves' wild melody  
In plea for judgment just and fair  
At hands of their posterity.

To Carolina, sovereign State,  
They owed allegiance first and last:  
They paid their debt and gave their lives  
To prove their faith and honor fast.

The Southern soldier was a type  
Distinctive since warfare began,  
A type the world has ever loved,  
A soldier and a gentleman.

He lost to numbers, but he stands  
A storied figure for all time,  
Brave and gentle, stern, and kind,  
His State and Cause and Creed sublime.

\*Dedicated to the late Maj. Wade Hampton Gibbes.



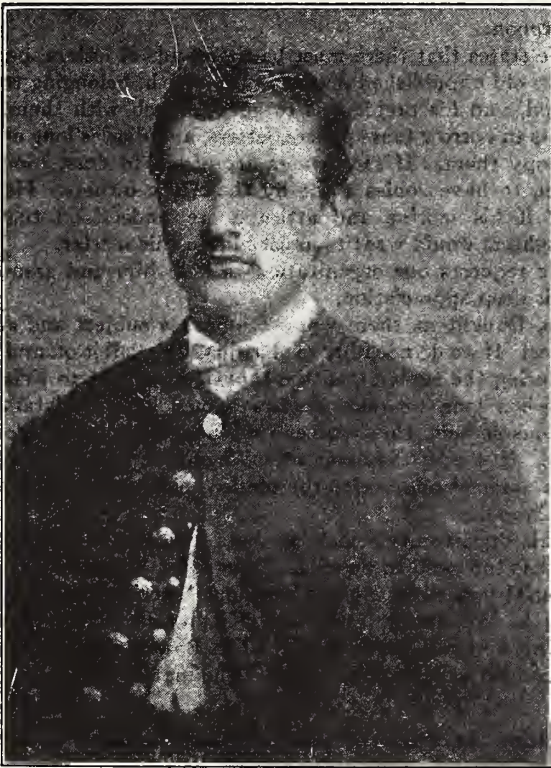
## SIGNERS OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

(Continued from page 101.)

eighteenth century to Cecil County, where, with six others, he founded the town of Charlestown. He studied law with John Moland, of Philadelphia, and was a delegate from Delaware to the Continental Congress, 1774-1777. He was elected United States Senator from Delaware, 1789, but resigned in 1793 to take his seat as Chief Justice of the State of Delaware, having been appointed by Governor Clayton. He died in Newcastle, Dela., in 1798.—*From a series issued by the Sesquicentennial Publicity Department, 1926.*

## ONE OF THE YOUNG SOLDIERS.

One of the many boys who served in the Confederate army was John Simpson, now of Tracy City, Tenn. He ran away from home as a boy of fourteen and was serving in the Ord-



JOHN SIMPSON.

nance Department at Nashville when along came father and took him back to Cheatham County. Later on, in 1863, he entered the Secret Service with Cheatham's Division, being one of his scouts; was captured in 1864 and held as a prisoner at Nashville until his release some time in May, 1865. After the war he was a policeman in Nashville for two years, then he went into railroad work and for fifty years served the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad Company and is a member of the "Old Guard" of that railroad. As he was one of the very young soldiers, he is now one of the youngest of Confederate veterans.

Many boys of tender years gave gallant service as soldiers during the War between the States, faithful to duty and shrinking not from hardship of the soldier's life, heroes of many deeds of courage. Gen. A. P. Stewart, of the Army of Tennessee, had boys on his staff, giving as the reason for this that they knew only obedience to orders.

## THE WARSHIP DIXIE.

They've named a cruiser Dixie—that's what the papers say—  
And I hear they're goin' to man her with the boys that wore  
the gray;

Good news! It sorter thrills me and makes me want to be  
Whar the band is playin' Dixie an' the Dixie puts to sea.

They've named a cruiser Dixie, an', fellers, I'll be boun'  
You're goin' to see some fightin' when the Dixie swings  
aroun'!

Ef any o' them Spanish ships'll strike her east or west,  
Jes' let the band play Dixie, and the boys'll do the rest.

I want to see that Dixie, I want to take my stan'  
On the deck of her, and holler: "Three cheers for Dixielan'!"  
She means we're all united—the war hurts healed away,  
An' "Way Down South in Dixie" is national to-day!

I bet she's a good 'un! I'll stake my last red cent  
Thar ain't no better timber in the whole blamed settlement!  
An' all their shiny battleships beside that ship are tame,  
Fer, when it comes to Dixie, thar's something in a name!

Here's three cheers and a tiger, as hearty as can be,  
An' let the band play "Dixie" when the "Dixie" puts to sea!  
She'll make her way and win the day from shinin' east to west,  
Jes' let the band play "Dixie" an' the boys'll do the rest!

—Frank L. Stanton.

A YOUNG MARYLAND CONFEDERATE.—In sending his renewal order, Glenn H. Worthington writes from Frederick, Md.: "I have been a subscriber to the VETERAN for quite a number of years, and though I do not have time to peruse it very carefully, I still like it to come, because I like to see the outside, at least. I am not a veteran in the true sense of the word, though I was in a battle and was wounded by a Union cartridge. The battle of the Monocacy was fought in large part on my father's farm near Frederick, and we took refuge during the heat of the battle in the basement of the farmhouse. After the battle the Confederate soldiers gathered together a large number of muskets which the Federal troops had thrown away in their flight. A pile was made of them in our back yard, with the muzzles all pointing in one direction toward a hill a short distance away. An armful of straw was thrown over them and set on fire, burning the stocks off the barrels. When the fire had burned down, leaving only smoldering coals, I undertook, as a small boy, to hook a fine-looking bayonet that was in the embers and to pull it outside of the circle of heat. In doing so, I pulled a coal of fire against a paper cartridge that some Union soldier had dropped, which caused the cartridge to explode, and I was severely powder-burned about the face and hands. It was thought for a day or two that I had lost my sight, but I came through, with cream cloths on my face, all right. I have long been a member of the Alexander H. Young Camp, Confederate Veterans, located here in Frederick, and meet with them every year on Lee's birthday anniversary at the annual banquet. Only one of the real veterans remains, but the sons and descendants of Confederates, at heart, keep the numbers up to thirty or forty, so that we have a very pleasant time and eulogize Lee and all his generals to our heart's content. It is a very pleasant gathering, and there seems to be no position to discontinue the pleasant occasion. Sometimes I use the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in getting ready to make my annual speech. So I do not care to do without it, as little as I have time to read it. Continue it for two years more, if you please."



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Forg, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* It is with great gratification that your attention is called to the prompt and satisfactory work of the McCowat-Mercer Printing Company, of Jackson, Tenn., in getting the Minutes of the Richmond convention, 1926, delivered on and around January 26, 1927.

There are only two things to do with a law: one is to enforce it, the other to repeal it. Since we have not seen fit to repeal our law providing that the Minutes must be completed within four weeks after January 1, it behooved the officers and printers to enforce it.

Therefore the Minutes are in the hands of the Daughters from Boston to Arizona before the 1st of February rolls around. Thanks and appreciation are due and are hereby rendered the firm which cooperated so heartily to see that this was accomplished.

In the case of those whose recommendations for directors, etc., did not reach headquarters until after the manuscript was in the hands of the printers, and thereby causing such lists of directors to be omitted from the Minutes, we express our regret and beg that next year they will be sent on time, which is December 20.

## BOWERS AND THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD.

Please give attention to the following concerning Claude G. Bowers, the author of the recent book, "Jefferson and Hamilton," which has been given national recognition, and his wish to write about the years of Reconstruction in the South.

In a letter to the President General, U. D. C., he expresses himself as follows: That he is at work on a book intended as a companion piece to "Jefferson and Hamilton" and "Party Battles of the Jackson Period," dealing with the twelve tragic years which followed the War between the States. He seeks to inject the human element and to recreate the social as well as the political atmosphere. He feels that he will have to put some check upon his feelings on the treatment to which the Southern people were subjected during the days of Reconstruction, as he feels so strongly on the subject. He proposes to present the conditions forced upon them more impressively, he hopes, than has been done before.

He states that it is easy enough to find material for the purely political phases, not so easy for the social phase.

This, then, is what he wants: To recreate the home atmosphere of the South during those dismal days; to show the privations, the humiliation, the suffering, that fell more heavily on the women than on the men; to show from letters, etc., the devices to which the ladies who had before been wealthy had to resort to patch up clothes; to picture the social

life, the amusements, etc. He wants to know what the women talked about and hoped for and feared when they met on an afternoon.

He states that there must be thousands of letters, perhaps many old unpublished diaries in the South, belonging to that period, and his problem is to get in touch with them. He wants to borrow these papers, letters, and diaries long enough to copy them. If the owners are afraid to trust him with them, to have copies made by them, the owners. He feels that if his motive and attitude are understood that the Daughters would want to assist him in this matter.

He requests our organization to help him and assures us of his deep appreciation.

So, Daughters, there you are. Such a subject and such a writer! If we do not rally to this, just let's call it off and quit.

During the tumult and the shouting incident to February 12, when long wearied ears are pained by the blatant and raucous sounds, there comes this longed-for and welcomed note. It is as if the crash of a Wagnerian opera had ceased for a moment and across the tender fields we hear the ripple of a brook.

This opportunity which presents itself to us without our effort is too good to be true. Daughters, please collect what material you have and send to our Historian General, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Louisville, Ky., who will give you her receipt, and she will forward to Mr. Bowers. Attend to this as promptly as the importance of the matter requires.

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During the week the magazines have not been altogether to our liking, but the *Dearborn Independent* contains an article entitled "The Opening of the Civil War," which, among other things, tells of "The Grand Advance on to Richmond." There were German regiments which sang "Ach du lieber Augustin"; and Irish regiments with the green flag of Erin; and the Highlanders with their kilts and bagpipes; and the French regiment which sang "Aux armes, citoyens"; those who could speak English among the troops sang "John Brown's Body," that song which is used in our Southern schools on so many patriotic occasions of the present day.

The "On to Richmond" foreign troops called to mind the old French professor of our youth, who related with great sadness his coming to this country and enlisting on the side of the North, but, not being able to speak English, and his unlucky star being in the ascendant, he was taken as a Southern spy and imprisoned throughout the war, when his indignation against his chosen people was so great that he vented his spleen by coming South and spending the remainder of his days teaching descendants of Confederate veterans to speak and read French very badly.

RUTH LAWTON.



## U. D. C. NOTES.

The "Days We Celebrate" in January was the theme of reports last received from the different Divisions, and the general observance of these sacred anniversaries is gratifying evidence that the leaders of the Southern cause are more and more held in tender memory.

\* \* \*

*Boston Chapter.*—The annual reception and luncheon of the Boston Chapter was held at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, on Tuesday, January 18. The occasion was the Chapter's Memorial to Gen. Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Matthew Fontaine Maury. The speakers were Judge J. M. Head, Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, Maj. Robert E. Green, and Dr. A. W. Littlefield. Each of the distinguished speakers spoke feelingly and eloquently of these Southern heroes.

On this memorial occasion, the one hundred and twentieth birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the President of the Boston Chapter, Mrs. Frederick L. Hoffman, bestowed a Cross of Military Service upon Capt. Edwin M. Brush. Captain Brush is the son of a Confederate veteran, Mr. E. C. Brush, an honorary member of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C. Edwin Martin Brush was interested in military matters from the time he was a student in the Scientific School of Harvard University, when he joined the First Corps of Cadets in Boston, and he rose to be captain in that corps. When our country joined in the World War in 1917, the cadet organization was accepted by the War Department as an engineer regiment, and Captain Brush was put in command of Company E, of that regiment. This regiment became the engineers of the 26th Division and left Boston for France on the night of September 24, 1917. He served in France until the end of the war and came back as captain of Company F, having been transferred while in France.

Mrs. Robert Daley and Miss Evelyn Bergman delightfully rendered several Southern songs. Mrs. Charles E. Murnan, chairman of Virginia Day, was responsible for the impressive and admirable manner in which the program was carried out. About sixty members and invited guests were present.

The annual dinner of the Southern Club of Boston, also commemorating the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee, was held Wednesday, January 19. The president, Maj. Robert E. Green, spoke of the splendid work of our organization for the welfare of the Confederate veterans, with fine and touching words, and he graciously presented a bunch of exquisite violets to the President of the Chapter, Mrs. Frederick L. Hoffman, who was a guest of the Southern Club on this occasion. The Boston Southern Club contributes \$200 annually to the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., to be used for one purpose only, the welfare of Confederate veterans.

\* \* \*

*Illinois.*—Illinois Division held a very brilliant reception on January 19, at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, in commemoration of the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee. About five hundred guests were present. A cordial welcome was extended by Mrs. D. J. Carter, President of the Division, to the veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and their many friends, largely members of other Southern organizations in Chicago.

The musical program was excellent, and the address by Col. Lee Alexander Stone, a veteran of the Spanish-American War and of the World War, and now in the reserve force of the United States Army, was most interesting, Colonel Stone drawing a few striking parallels between conditions of to-day and the conditions that existed immediately preceding the War between the States.

*Kentucky.*—For the first time in the history of the commonwealth of Kentucky, Gen. Robert E. Lee's birthday was observed as a legal holiday. By the legislature in 1926, without a dissenting vote, January 19 was declared a legal holiday, to be recorded and recognized as other holidays. The day was observed in the capital with statehouse and other offices closed, while Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the State held appropriate memorial exercises. Daughters of the Confederacy in every town where there was a Chapter held special exercises, being joined in many places by the Sons of Veterans, American Legion, and other patriotic bodies, while banks were all closed, also schools in many places.

Bowling Green Chapter had for its speaker Rev. Ward Winter Reese, at the Business University.

Private Robert Tyler Chapter and Aubra Townsend Post, American Legion, Hickman, held a joint meeting honoring the great General.

Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, at Frankfort, had an unusually interesting service, with tributes by members showing different phases in the life of General Lee. A member of the Children of the Confederacy read General Lee's letter to his son, which was followed by several beautiful Southern songs.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Louisville, held its memorial exercises in the Seelbach Hotel. Rev. Spencer Tunnell, pastor of the Broadway Baptist Church, made a splendid address. Veterans from Pewee Valley and the city were guests of honor, and the Children of the Confederacy acted as ushers and served the refreshments at the close of the exercises. In Louisville banks, schools, city and county offices were closed. On Tuesday, the 8-A grade of the J. B. Arlington School gave a Robert E. Lee program, with interesting readings and Southern melodies played by their orchestra.

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*Missouri.*—The birthday anniversaries of Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson were celebrated by the Chapters throughout the Missouri Division.

The Marmaduke Chapter, of Columbia, gave a program at the January meeting. Mrs. George Bradford read an article on "Lee's Early Life." Miss Mary Barnett read "Extracts from Letters of R. E. Lee," and Mrs. Fred Brown read "Lee's Life as a Soldier." Mrs. John Alexander, who once lived in Richmond, Va., gave an interesting talk on places of historical interest. Miss Anita Murphy contributed several readings for the occasion.

Mrs. John W. Hobbs and Miss Isabel Rader were joint hostesses at a luncheon January 19, at the home of Mrs. Hobbs for the Winnie Davis Chapter, of Jefferson City. Mrs. James A. Hill, Vice President, presided in the absence of the President, Miss Idie Belch. Mrs. Charles A. Lee gave a sketch from her personal recollections of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The Hobbs home has many times been the scene of like occasions, it being the custom of Mrs. Hobbs's mother, the late Mrs. Joseph Houchin, to entertain the Winnie Davis Chapter on January 19.

Mrs. James B. Gantt, who was a guest, entertained the Chapter at her home, in Columbia, in February.

The five Chapters of Kansas City gave their twentieth annual "Lee and Jackson" breakfast, January 19, at the Hotel Muehlebach. Mrs. Hugh Miller, Past State President, presided. The honor guests were:

Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of St. Louis, Registrar General, and the following State officers:

Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, President; Mrs. W. C. Hughes, Mrs. H. B. Wright, Mrs. J. LeRoy Smith, Mrs. Allen L. Porter, Mrs. Roma J. Wornall, Mrs. Blake L. Woodson, also



Gen. A. A. Pearson, commanding the Missouri Division, U. C. V., and Mrs. Pearson, and twelve veterans, members of Camp No. 80. Mrs. Hunt gave cordial words of greetings from the Missouri Division.

Dr. J. F. Vines, of Calvary Baptist Church, gave a most eloquent address on Gen. Robert E. Lee. Capt. George W. Gillette, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., had for his subject Stonewall Jackson. Captain Gillette has made a study of the military tactics of General Jackson, and his address was most instructive.

Brig. Gen. E. L. King, Commandant of Fort Leavenworth, chose for his subject "A Soldier's Tribute: Lee, Jackson," paying the highest tribute to the great Southern leaders.

Music was given by Mrs. George S. Emory, soprano, and Mrs. Joyce Bishop Andrews, violin; Mr. Roy Wall sang a group of songs. Miss Lucille Braggand, Miss Christine Wayland, piano and violin, rendered Southern melodies. Members of U. D. C. Chapters from St. Joseph, Richmond, Independence, and Orrick, were present.

The Hannibal Chapter held its November meeting in the silver room of the Mark Twain Hotel, the hostesses being Mrs. H. E. Williams, Mrs. C. C. Dudley, Mrs. Frank Seibel, Mrs. J. R. Bogarth, Mrs. J. P. Richards, and Mrs. Victor Cunningham.

Mrs. M. Dolan, State Chaplain and retiring President of the Chapter, presided. A beautiful memorial was held for Mrs. Cornelia Yerger, who passed away in November. She was the oldest member of the Missouri Division. Mrs. Yerger's daughter, Mrs. Walter G. Curd, is Past President of the Hannibal Chapter.

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*Maryland.*—Baltimore Chapter held at the Belvidere Hotel, Baltimore, a meeting of unusual interest on January 19, jointly honoring the birthdays of Gen. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. George Gordon Battle, representative of the New York bar, was noticeably in his most forceful vein. He was introduced by the distinguished World War veteran, Capt. L. Mardlow Miles.

Miss Elizabeth West, Recorder of Crosses, conducted the ceremony of cross presentation. Two Crosses of Honor and three Crosses of Military Service were awarded.

Stirring Southern melodies were sung by a sextette of mixed voices, after which a reception followed. Mrs. Paul Iglehart, newly elected Division President, was one of the guests.

Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter held an interesting meeting at Hagerstown on January 19. The program was in charge of Mrs. Harnsberger, who drew in her excellent paper a parallel between the battles of Gettysburg and Waterloo. Extracts from the unpublished diary of General Douglas, of General Jackson's staff, were read by his nephew, Mr. J. W. Beckenbaugh.

Presentation of a Cross of Honor was made to Mrs. Grosch through her father's record, C. S. A.

Ridgely Brown Chapter held an interesting meeting on January 19, at Olney.

At a meeting of Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, at Frederick, the Rev. Mr. Burgess, rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, paid an eloquent tribute to General Lee and General Jackson. Later he was made an associate life member and appointed chaplain.

\* \* \*

*West Virginia.*—The birthday anniversaries of Generals Lee and Jackson were fittingly celebrated when the Robert E. Lee Chapter entertained with a charmingly appointed banquet in the ballroom of the Fairmont Hotel. Flags and

white cathedral candles in silver holders decorated the tables, with ropes of smilax placed the length of the tables. A large, flag-draped portrait of General Lee was hung near the entrance to the room. Covers were laid for one hundred and twenty-five members of the Chapter and their guests.

The Rev. William J. Eddy, pastor of the First Baptist Church, gave the opening prayer, and the after-dinner program was opened by Miss Jean Billingslea in song. A male quartet gave a group of Southern melodies, including "Dixie," "Old Kentucky Home," and "I'll Be Gwine Back to Dixie."

Splendid tributes were paid to Generals Jackson and Lee.

Mrs. B. M. Hoover, of Elkins, State President, was an honor guest, and gave an inspiring talk in which she outlined the work of the past and spoke of the future activities planned for the organization.

\* \* \*

*Virginia.*—From all over Virginia comes the report of the celebration of the birthdays of Lee and Jackson by the various Chapters in the Division. Time does not diminish the love of the Daughters for the great leaders of the Confederacy, for each year the cause for which they fought grows dearer. Many Crosses of Service were bestowed on this day. News from the Chapter at Clarksville, one of the youngest Chapters in the Division, tells of the good work of its members. Granite gateways have been erected at the cemetery as a memorial to the Confederate dead whose graves are unknown. The Jefferson Davis Highway marker will also be erected this year. Lee, Jackson, and Maury birthdays were celebrated separately in a very interesting manner.

Petersburg Chapter is very actively engaged in the erection of markers on the site of historic spots. It plans to mark the whole line of defense where General Lee made his last determined stand. The monument to Gen. William Mahone, hero of the Crater, has been completed, a handsome shaft which stands at the entrance of the Crater battle field.

Lee Chapter, Richmond, recently gave an oyster supper to the veterans at the Confederate Home, and the musical program was followed by general dancing. On January 18 a delicious turkey dinner was given the ladies of the Confederate Woman's Home, and this was followed by a musical program. On January 7, the Chapter had a night meeting by which it tried to interest its business and professional members. It was such a success that other night meetings were planned. On January 19, two Crosses of Service were bestowed, the first to be given by the Chapter.

Manassas Chapter presented Crosses of Service on General Lee's birthday, one of which went to the first volunteer from Prince William County. This cross is the third to be bestowed upon veterans of three different wars in the same family. This Chapter, with the Ladies Memorial Association, dedicated twenty maple trees, planted as memorials to men and women, dead or living, who gave patriotic service in the War between the States, Spanish American War, and the World War.

The outstanding work of the Division this year will be the completion of the Lee Mausoleum Custodian Endowment Fund. This fund was given \$1,000 recently by the Hon. Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times*, in memory of his mother.

Mrs. A. C. Ford, of Clifton Forge, was guest of Mrs. C. L. DeMott, President of Old Dominion Chapter, of Lynchburg, on the evening of January 19, when Mrs. DeMott received informally for members of the local Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Southern Memorial Association, and the Confederate veterans, who called to greet the President of the Virginia Division. The entire house was bright with



flowers in the Confederate colors of red and white, with many Confederate flags adding to the effective decorations. Punch was served from a flower-laden table by Mrs. Richard Booth, Vice President, and refreshments in keeping with the occasion were served, members of Old Dominion Chapter assisting.

\* \* \*

*Georgia.*—The State convention of the Georgia Division was held in October, 1926, at Statesboro, Ga., down "Where Nature Smiles." The charming hospitality of this little Georgie city has become proverbial.

The 1926 convention was conceded by even those who have attended each successive convention since the organization of the Georgia Division to have been the most successful in its history. The convention was presided over by Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, of Montezuma, Georgia's charming and capable President. Mrs. McKenzie's report, which embodied the most outstanding work of the State officers and chairmen, was truly remarkable.

The Georgia Division now leads every Division in the number of Chapters and the number of members. The membership has reached 18,700, an increase of 700 in 1926. One Chapter, the Henry D. McDaniel Chapter, of Monroe, recently enrolled a new member from Chang Chow, China.

The chairman of Historical Essays reported 22,222 essays written in the 1926 contest, the subject being, "The History of the Confederate Flags." Twenty-seven medals and eighty-two prizes were given by the Chapters in this contest. Many veterans' graves and historic spots were marked by the various Chapters.

At the beginning of Mrs. McKenzie's administration in 1926, the Georgia Division voted to enter into a Star Chapter Contest, many of the worth-while features of work being included in this contest. A large number of Chapters proved to be Star Chapters and each of these was presented with a silk banner containing a large golden star.

Many Chapters reported active work in caring for needy Confederate veterans and the wives of Confederate veterans. Reports on activities along educational lines were most gratifying.

Many trophies were offered to the Chapters, their purpose being to stimulate them to even greater activities along the various lines of work.

## RECORD OF CROSS OF MILITARY SERVICE.

In accord with authority given by the U. D. C. at the convention in Richmond, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, chairman of the World War Insignia Committee, is compiling and preparing for publication in book form the names and historic data concerning all those who have received the Cross of Military Service, about three thousand in number.

The historic value of the book will be twofold, as it will contain the military service record of both the World War veteran and that of his Confederate ancestor. It is important that all U. D. C. Chapters possess a copy. Its estimated cost is \$1.50 per copy and may be purchased by anyone desiring same.

Mrs. Rountree is urging Chapters and individuals to place their orders immediately, as the number of books issued will be determined by the advance orders received. It is not probable that another edition will be issued.

Those desiring the book should notify the chairman at her home address, 3200 Cliff Road, Birmingham, Ala., or through the U. D. C. President or Recorder of Crosses of their State. Checks for same should be sent to the chairman but made payable to the Treasurer General, U. D. C., Mrs. B. A. Blenner.

It is interesting to note that the first order received is, most fittingly, from Nashville Chapter No. 1, this order being for ten copies and placed with the chairman through Miss E. D. Pope, Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS

*U. D. C. Program for March.*

FLORIDIA SECEDED JANUARY 10, 1861.

In the Confederate Congresses, Floridia was represented by the following citizens. In giving this list of names, the letter "P" following stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for first and second congresses:

*Senators.*—Augustus E. Maxwell (1, 2); James M. Baker. (1, 2).

*Representatives.*—J. Patton Anderson (P), James B. Owens (P), Jackson Morton (P), George T. Ward (P), John P. Sanderson (P), James M. Dawkins (1), Robert B. Hilton (1, 2), John M. Martin (1), S. St. George Rogers (2).

### PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN OF CONFEDERACY, 1927.

#### MARCH.

The Blockade. Describe it. Locate on map Hatteras Inlet, N. C. Port Royal, S. C. Tybee Island, Ga. Fortress Monroe, Va. Fort Pickens, Fla. These places were held by the Federal forces. Secure some true story of a blockade runner.

Read "His Grandmother's Way," by Frank L. Stanton. Library of Southern Literature, Volume XI, 5072.

#### C. OF C. CATECHISM, MARCH.

Was it disloyal for Gen. Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart, and others to resign from the United States Army?

No.

Why not?

Because the Constitution of the United States provided for a union of independent and self-governing States, and a citizen's first duty was to his State. Secession was a legal right.

Where had most of the generals of the Confederate army of America received their military training?

West Point.

What rank did Robert E. Lee hold in the United States army at the time the first seven States seceded?

Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. A.

What position was he offered by the Secretary of War of the Federal government?

He was offered the command of the entire United States army.

What reason did he give for declining?

He declined, and resigned from the army because he owed allegiances to his native State, Virginia.

What other great military genius resigned likewise from the United States army and cast his lot with Virginia?

(Continued on page 118.)



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*  
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*  
Athens, Ga.  
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## CONVENTION CALL.

To *All Associations and Members*: Notice is hereby given that the twenty-eighth annual convention of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association is called to meet in Tampa, Fla., opening with the Welcome Meeting on the afternoon of April 5, in the City Auditorium. All other meetings will be held in the Tampa Bay Hotel, which is headquarters for the reunion.

Do not fail to see that your annual dues are paid. Send to Mrs. J. T. Hight, Financial Secretary, Fayetteville, Ark. It is hoped that every Association will be represented. Send as large a delegation as possible. Send typewritten reports of the year's work. Do not fail to send in names of those who have answered to the last roll call, that they may be remembered at the Memorial Hour on Thursday noon, April 7, when we meet with the veterans and the Sons of Veterans to pay tribute to their departed ones.

Tampa Bay Hotel will be reunion headquarters. Secure reservations early, that you may not be disappointed. Tampa has many other splendid hotels, with rates to suit individual needs.

*Transportation*.—Reduced railroad rates will be granted on the certificate plan. Be sure to get the certificate.

Tampa is making wonderful plans to make this the most enjoyable reunion ever. Many delightful boat trips are being planned, among them a trip of surpassing charm, a visit to delightful Cuba.

Come with the spirit to do *your* whole part in helping to make this *our* best convention.

Anticipating with pleasure the opportunity of again seeing and meeting with you,

Cordially yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General*, C. S. M. A.

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

From West Virginia comes the report of the long-continued illness of Mrs. Thomas Harvey, of Huntington, who is the State President. Many of their most valued members have "crossed over the river" during the past year, and among those whom the "finger of God touched" were Mrs. Emily Flowers and Mrs. W. S. Richardson, whose presence was ever an inspiration.

\* \* \*

At Washington, D. C., the one hundred and twentieth birthday of Gen. R. E. Lee was observed by the Mary Talia-

ferro Southern Memorial Association with appropriate exercises about the statue of General Lee in the rotunda of the Capitol. An address was made by Rev. Meade McBryde, and flowers were placed on the statue by the President of the Association, Mrs. Frank Morrison. This Association also held exercises at the George Washington University.

The Georgia State Society of Washington celebrated this anniversary with a Lee ball at the L'Aiglon Cafe Salons, which was attended by wives of veterans of the Southern Relief Home, as well as by representatives of nearly every State in the Union.

\* \* \*

The C. S. M. A. of Dallas, Tex., has had a most successful year. The State President, Mrs. S. M. Fields, published a booklet on "The Influence of the Cavalier Upon Our Country," four hundred copies of which have been sold. She also presented a picture of General Lee to St. Matthew's Home for Children, a picture of Lee and Jackson to the North Dallas High School, and a large picture of Lee, with Confederate flags, to St. Mary's College for Girls.

Mrs. Fields has been appointed District Chairman for several counties in behalf of the Children's Founders Roll of the Stone Mountain Memorial.

The Dallas Association gave a musicale on January 19 in honor of Generals Lee and Jackson.

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Our President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, spent the month of January at Daytona Beach, Fla., and later is visiting at Bartow and Plant City, with occasional trips to Tampa. She will probably be in Florida all winter.

\* \* \*

The countless friends of Miss Mildred Rutherford will be delighted to know that she plans to attend the C. S. M. A. convention at Tampa and is preparing a most elaborate and charming entertainment for an evening of the convention.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate, C. S. M. A., and her sister, Miss Phoebe Frazer, will spend the remainder of the winter in Florida and will add to the galaxy of brilliant women in attendance upon the convention in April.

## HONORING THE MOTHERS.

Mrs. James R. Armstrong, President of Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, of Oklahoma City, and State President of Southern Memorial Association of Oklahoma, writes most enthusiastically of their work. One member, Mrs.



William Gault, will celebrate her one hundred and first birthday on February 22. At a recent mothers' birthday party, Mrs. Adelia Neal, of Britton, Okla., ninety-two years of age, was crowned "Queen of Experience," seated on a throne surrounded by white daisies, and a crown of them made a beautiful picture to hang on memory's wall.

## A CALL FROM THE EDITOR.

*My Dear Memorial Women:* I am anxious to have an up-to-date, revised list of auxiliaries of different States, also State officers. My present list is most incomplete, and I should like to hear from every State President with items of interest in regard to work being carried on. With your coöperation we can make our page one to be scanned with interest and treasured as a keepsake.

Cordially,

MARY FORREST BRADLEY.

## GOLD BAR FOR CENTENARIAN.

May I be privileged to bring loving greetings to the State Presidents and to all local associations in the Confederate Southern Memorial Association to our beloved and distinguished President General and to all of her staff officers? Greetings and best wishes for the entire work, a new year of lively interest, fine and lasting achieving. North Carolina is loyal and true to the Confederate cause, and we are keeping her traditional memories green. On Sunday, December 19, 1926, it was my high privilege and pleasure to ride more than two hundred miles to bestow the Bar of Honor on Mrs. Julia Anne Pridgen, of Currie, N. C. She celebrated her one hundred and third birthday anniversary on November 3, 1926. Her eldest son, M. M. Pridgen, served throughout the war period in Brice's company, under General Whiting; a younger son served at a tender age the latter part of the war in railroad construction work; her husband served the period of the war in constructive foundry work; she gave of her personal best work for the soldiers, three of them her own, in rearing and providing for her twelve children and serving her neighbors as general helper, adviser, and in administering medical service when and where physicians were unobtainable. Mrs. Pridgen is typical of the brave, indomitable, ingenious, enduring, sacrificing women of the period of the sixties. She is finely preserved, few gray hairs showing in her raven locks, faculties clear, interested in home, loved ones, and affairs; a fine dinner being prepared for all guests assembled, she quickly leaves off conversing and repairs to the rear to "hurry up dinner." Her daughters, Misses Marietta and Julia, living with their mother, were supervising. Her son and youngest child, Mr. Rufus D. Pridgen, the faithful head of the household, was master of ceremonies. His mother in his hands is tenderly cared for. After dinner we repaired to the rear yard, he entertaining us for a brief while by feeding wild birds of the semi-tropical, Southern, moss-laden forests near by, filling his hands with pecan nuts, the birds, in turn, suddenly lighting on his hand and, in every instance swiftly taking away the largest nut piece.

We held a brief, pretty, and impressive service, another son, Mr. D. L. Pridgen, conducting the devotional part, and Mr. Rufus D. Pridgen, designated by the State President, decorated his venerated, venerable mother with the Bar of Honor bestowed by Mrs. Jesse Jackson Yates, of Asheville, North Carolina State President, in behalf of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association and the President General, Mrs. Arthur McDermot Wilson, of Atlanta Ga.

Cordially and fraternally,

MRS J. J. YATES,

North Carolina State President, C. S. M. A.

## THE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

BY MISS SUE H. WALKER, PRESIDENT FAYETTEVILLE C. S. M. A.

The Southern Memorial Association of this place has recently had a most beautiful and imposing entrance to our Silent City of the Dead. Four massive pillars of native stone, with small iron gates for convenience of visitors, and a large double gate between the inside pillars. Surmounting the double gates is an iron arch, with "Confederate Cemetery" in bronze lettering. On the pillars to which this arch is attached are bronze tablets, one of these bearing the inscription "Owned and Cared for by the Southern Memorial Association, 1872—1926." Visitors are always welcome, and many spend a reverent hour amid these sacred surroundings.

The location is beautiful. Overlooking the city and beyond are the rare blue hills of the Ozarks. The grounds of the cemetery are octagon in shape, and divided into eight triangular sections, with the apex of each section resting at the base of the Confederate monument, which is in the center of the grounds. Four of these sections are for graves, alternating with four for trees and ornamental shrubs. One grave section is to Missouri soldiers, one to Texas, one to Louisiana, and one to Arkansas, gathered from wayside and battle fields of Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove. The monument is of beautiful gray granite, surmounted by a statue in copper bronze of a private soldier at parade rest. Near the base, on each of the four sides, is carved the name of the State whose grave section it fronts, and at the top of each are the seal and coat of arms for that State. The front, or east side, faces the Arkansas section, and is ornamented with the Confederate flag and the seal of the Confederacy. The flag is beautifully carved in the granite, while the seal is of copper bronze. On the panel beneath is a bronze cypress wreath, encircling the words, "*Pro Patria*," under this the Confederate monogram, upon crossed palms of bronze, and then comes the principal inscription,

"THESE WERE MEN

WHOM POWER COULD NOT CORRUPT,

WHOM DEATH COULD NOT TERRIFY,

WHOM DEFEAT COULD NOT DISHONOR!"

This is a part of the beautiful inscription on the Confederate monument at Charleston, S. C. Below the name of the State (Arkansas) is in modest lettering: "Erected by the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Ark." On the west base, facing the Texas section, is inscribed, "A Tribute from Southern Women." On the north and south bases are carved the names of the battle fields—"Pea Ridge" and "Prairie Grove." Military emblems in copper bronze ornament the sides of the shaft, and cannons of granite guard the four corners of the base. A curbing of white stone, twenty feet square, incloses the cement foundation surrounding the monument, giving breadth to the base. The bronze sentinel on the summit keeps watch and ward not only over the victims of war, but other veterans of that terrible conflict dying since then have claimed a place beside their former comrades in arms.

The cemetery comprises three acres, and a resting place is offered any Southern soldier who desires it, so long as space remains.

Our cemetery is among the few dedicated solely to the Confederate dead. At the head of the Missouri section lies the gallant Gen. W. Y. Slack, killed at the battle of Pea Ridge (called Elkhorn by the other side). Only a few commissioned officers are buried here, mostly the self-effacing privates, the rank and file, to whose courage and patriotism no words, no monument can do justice.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

LUCIUS L. MOSS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LAKE CHARLES, LA.

## GENERAL OFFICERS.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Adjutant in Chief*  
 JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry, S. C. . . . . *Inspector in Chief*  
 JOHN A. CHUMBLEY, Washington, D. C. . . . . *Judge Advocate in Chief*  
 DR. W. H. SCUDDER, Mayersville, Miss. . . . . *Surgeon in Chief*  
 Y. R. BEASLEY, Tampa, Fla. . . . . *Quartermaster in Chief*  
 MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, 821 Southern Building, Washington, D. C. . . . . *Historian in Chief*  
 B. T. LEONARD, Duncan, Okla. . . . . *Commissary in Chief*  
 REV. H. M. HALL, Johnson City, Tenn. . . . . *Chaplain in Chief*

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 CHARLIE M. BROWN. . . . . Asheville, N. C.  
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 EDMOND R. WILES, Little Rock, Ark., . . . . Army of Trans-Mississippi

## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

DR. W. E. QUIN, Fort Payne. . . . . Alabama  
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock. . . . . Arkansas  
 JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill. . . . . Central Division  
 ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C. . . . . District of Columbia and Maryland  
 SILAS W. FRY, 245 Central Park West, New York, N. Y. . . . . Eastern Division  
 JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee. . . . . Florida  
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 JOHN M. WITT, Tupelo. . . . . Mississippi  
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 L. A. MORTON, Duncan, Okla. . . . . Oklahoma  
 A. D. MARSHALL, 1804 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington. . . . . Pacific Division  
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 LON S. SMITH, Austin. . . . . Texas  
 R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke. . . . . Virginia  
 E. L. BELL, Lewisburg. . . . . West Virginia



All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## THE REUNION AND OTHER INTERESTS

The reunion and convention of the Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held in Tampa, Fla., April 5-8.

### SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS TOUR TO HAVANA AND INTERIOR POINTS OF CUBA, APRIL 7-10, 1927.

The Peninsular and Occidental Steamship Company will grant reduced rates to the hereinafter named organizations to Havana, Cuba, and it has secured reduced rates from Havana, Cuba, to the principal cities of the interior of Cuba to those who take advantage of this excursion, to be known as the "Sons of Confederate Veterans Cuban Tour."

### ORGANIZATIONS ENTITLED TO THE REDUCED RATES.

1. United Confederate veterans and immediate members of their families accompanying them.
2. Bona fide members, Sons of Confederate Veterans, their wives, daughters, and sisters accompanying them.
3. Bona fide members, Daughters of the Confederacy.
4. Bona fide members, Children of the Confederacy.
5. Bona fide members, Confederated Southern Memorial Association.
6. Sponsors, Chaperons, Matrons, and Maids of the U. C. V. and S. C. V.

Sons of Confederate Veterans wishing to avail themselves of the reduced rate must be prepared to show their 1927 membership card issued by the general organization.

Tampa is making great preparations for its guests. Many side trips and social functions are being provided for the Veterans, Sons, and their Official Ladies. An excursion to Havana, Cuba, has been arranged. The hotel for the Sons' Official Headquarters and other detailed information concerning the reunion will be sent you at an early date.

Commanders of Brigades and Camps should immediately select their Official Ladies (one Matron of Honor, one Sponsor, one Chaperon, and three Maids of Honor) in order that they may have time to make their arrangements to attend the reunion. As soon as Official Ladies are selected, the names and addresses should immediately be sent to headquarters.

## CONFEDERATE FLAGS FOR DECORATION PURPOSES.

In the spring of 1926, Commander W. R. Dancy, of Francis S. Bartow Camp, No. 93 Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Savannah, Ga., put on a little campaign for the sale of Confederate battle flags, so that on Memorial Day the old veterans could see their colors flying. Within six weeks one hundred and ten of these flags were sold in that city. This resulted in a good profit to the Camp, enabling it to purchase, with the proceeds, a new Camp flag and to have the Camp's name placed on the Bonnie Blue Flag at Dallas reunion. But the chief benefit was the wonderful display of the flags on Memorial Day and the very favorable comments of the populace.

This success inspired Commander Dancy to introduce the resolution at the last convention of Sons of Confederate Veterans, in Birmingham, Ala., for a committee to be appointed to make all arrangements for the manufacture, purchase, and resale of Confederate battle flags.

Commander Dancy was appointed chairman of this committee. Col. Lon Smith, of Texas, and Dr. Quinn, of Alabama, were the other members of this committee. After three to four months of effort and considerable correspondence, the exact Confederate battle flag was found. It is the one adopted by the United Confederate Veterans in 1906 and reads as follows:

"The battle flag is square, having a Greek Cross (saltier) of blue, edged with white, with thirteen equal five-pointed stars upon a red field; the whole bordered with white."

The officers of the Sons of Confederate Veterans were advised of this flag being selected and they approved it.

More correspondence was indulged in with the flag factories, and the committee finally found a good firm to make the flags and supply these outfits at a reasonable cost. The flag itself is made of durable bunting, and the remainder of the outfit, consisting of a wooden pole twelve feet long, a sidewalk socket of galvanized metal for holding it, a halyard and a pulley from top of pole. The flag itself is to be five feet square.

The plan of sale is as follows: The Division Commanders obtain the flags from the manufacturer and sell them to the Camps, and they in turn sell to the public. For instance, any individuals who want flags apply to a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans for the number of Confederate battle



flags desired, and the Camp orders them from the Division Commander of that Camp's Division, who in turn places the order with the factory.

The price of the flag and outfit is \$7 cash, delivered.

It is the wish of the committee and the general officers that the Division Commanders and the Camps of each Division make special efforts to sell a number of these flags.

## TEXAS DIVISION.

The following constitutes the staff of the Texas Division for the current year:

Commander, T. A. Bledsoe, Abilene; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Edward S. McCarver, Orange; Assistant Adjutant, T. N. Carswell, Abilene; Inspector, Major Grady Kinsolving, Abilene; Judge Advocate, W. P. Sebastin, Breckenridge; Assistant Judge Advocate, Elgin Blalock, Port Arthur; Quartermaster, George A. Foreman, Orange; Commissary, Judge W. R. Hughes, Longview; Surgeon, Dr. W. E. Hubbert, Dallas; Historian, Max Bentley, Abilene; Color Bearer, Lon a Smith, Austin; Chaplain, Rev. Jeff Davis, Snider.

The following Brigade Commanders appointed have assumed their duties in keeping with the constitution and by-laws of the organization. The territory of each brigade is that comprising the Congressional District in which the appointee resides:

First Brigade, H. S. Brashear, Texarkana; Second Brigade, H. C. Crawford, Port Arthur; Fourth Brigade, W. J. Rhea, McKinney; Fifth Brigade, W. H. Reid, Dallas; Sixth Brigade, Judge W. C. Davis, Bryan; Eighth Brigade, Thomas B. Lewis, Houston; Ninth Brigade, Dr. W. W. Bouldin, Bay City; Tenth Brigade, A. W. Tabor, Austin; Eleventh Brigade, R. B. Harrison, Waco; Twelfth Brigade, Henry Canfield, Fort Worth; Thirteenth Brigade, George M. Hopkins, Denton; Fifteenth Brigade, J. J. Cox, Brownsville; Sixteenth Brigade, John E. Quaid, El Paso; Eighteenth Brigade, T. P. Russell, Plainview.

## ALABAMA DIVISION.

Dr. W. E. Quin, Commander Alabama Division, has appointed the following Sons to serve on his staff for the reunion to be held in Tampa, Fla., on April 5-8, 1927.

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, J. C. Nichols, Fort Payne; Inspector, Thomas C. Dobbs, Birmingham; Judge Advocate, Judge J. T. Heflin, Roanoke; Quartermaster, B. C. O'Rear, Attalla; Surgeon, Dr. John B. Stewart, Attalla; Historian, W. A. Rose, Birmingham; Color Bearer, Will Neal, Cullman; Chaplain, Rev. Frank Price, Jasper.

## FLORIDA DIVISION.

Commander John Z. Reardon, of the Florida Division, has appointed on his staff for the Tampa reunion the following:

Lieutenant Commander, W. B. Hopkins, Tampa; Lieutenant Commander, John L. Fain, Tallahassee; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Jordan B. Royall, Jacksonville; Assistant Adjutant, M. W. Turnley, Fort Meade; Treasurer, George L. Henderson, Tallahassee; Quartermaster, R. W. Ervin, Ocala; Judge Advocate, Joseph H. Bell, Ocala; Surgeon, Dr. B. J. Bond, Tallahassee; Historian, William T. Gary, Ocala; Color Sergeant, George M. Dorman, Tallahassee; Chaplain, Rev. Bunyan Stephens, Tallahassee; Inspector, W. A. Bass, Tallahassee.

### *Brigade Commanders.*

First Brigade, T. R. Beazley, Tampa; Second Brigade, L. W. Lowrie, Tallahassee; Third Brigade, A. L. Jackson,

Gainesville; Fourth Brigade, J. J. Gerig, Ocala; Fifth Brigade, C. J. Ferrell, Crawfordville; Sixth Brigade, D. W. Parfitt, Jacksonville.

## MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Commander John M. Witt, of the Mississippi Division, has appointed the following staff officers:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, W. F. Riley, Tupelo; Inspector, J. E. Brown, Ripley; Judge Advocate, Alexander Currie, Hattiesburg; Quartermaster, R. L. Cobb, Verona; Commissary, L. R. Cotes, Tupelo; Surgeon, Dr. R. D. Sessions, Natchez; Historian, R. E. Wilson, Jackson; Color Sergeant, Barney Eaton, Gulfport; Chaplain, Rev. J. A. Christian, Tupelo.

### *Brigade Commanders.*

First Brigade, V. M. Roby, Tylertown; Second Brigade, J. P. Cagle, Louisville; Third Brigade, J. C. Davis, Houston; Fourth Brigade, Marshall M. Spiars, Mayersville; Fifth Brigade, E. B. Harris, Brookhaven; Sixth Brigade, Samuel Albrecht, Vicksburg; Seventh Brigade, Richard Wooten, Gulfport; Eighth Brigade, M. T. Bynum, Jackson.

## LITTLE ROCK TO ASK VETERANS TO CONVENE THERE.

E. R. Wiles, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department of the S. C. V., was named chairman of a committee to extend an invitation to the United Confederate Veterans to hold their 1928 convention in Little Rock. The meeting, which was held at the Hotel LaFayette, was called by Mr. Wiles, and was attended by representatives of all the Confederate veteran organizations of the city.

Others who were named on the committee with Commander Wiles are: Vice chairman, Mrs. George R. Hughes, State President U. D. C.; J. R. Riley, Jr.; Gen. M. D. Vance, Commander in Chief, U. C. V.; Mrs. A. J. Wilson, Memorial Chapter, U. D. C.; Mrs. T. J. Cypert, Keller Chapter, U. D. C.; Mrs. George B. Gill, Past President, U. D. C.; Mrs. R. C. Rudisill, Past President Memorial Chapter, U. D. C.; Mrs. Robert Heriot, Registrar, Keller Chapter, U. D. C.; Dr. Morgan Smith, Division Commander for Arkansas; and A. E. Dobyns, Commander Robert C. Newton Camp, S. C. V.

## NEW CAMP AT CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C.

A new Camp was recently organized at Clemson College, S. C. The officers are as follows:

Commander, W. W. Klugh; First Lieutenant Commander, J. E. Hunter; Second Lieutenant Commander, C. L. Morgan; Adjutant, J. C. Littlejohn; Treasurer, S. W. Evans; Quartermaster, A. C. Jenkins; Judge Advocate, H. W. Barre; Surgeon, L. J. Goodman; Historian, B. H. Johnson; Color Sergeant, J. H. Mitchel; Chaplain, G. H. Hodges.

## CAMP AT KERSHAW, S. C., ORGANIZED.

On February 3, 1927, Camp T. F. Clyburn, No. 607, was organized. The officers are as follows:

Commander, T. B. Clyburn, Kershaw; First Lieutenant Commander, L. D. Simpson; Adjutant, J. C. Massey; Treasurer, D. B. Dye; Quartermaster, E. J. Bailey; Historian, Joe Hough.

## VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Commander R. G. Lamkin, of the Virginia Division, S. C. V., has appointed Mrs. Glenn P. Anderson, Roanoke, Va., as Sponsor for the Tampa reunion. Mrs. Charles Norman, Richmond, is Matron of Honor, and the Chaperon is Mrs. Bert Plegar, Christianburg. The Maids of Honor are: Miss Marion Ewing, Charlottesville; Miss Caroline Parkinson, Warrenton; and Miss Mary Layman Pendleton, Roanoke.



## PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN OF CONFEDERACY, 1927.

(Continued from page 113.)

Gen. Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson.

Did the people of the South believe that slavery was right?

No, not as a principle; and the colonies of Virginia and Georgia had strongly opposed its introduction, but after the Constitution of the United States had recognized the slaves as property, and the wealth of the South was largely invested in negroes, they did not feel it was just to submit to wholesale robbery.

How were the slaves treated?

With great kindness and care in nearly all cases, a cruel master being rare and lost the respect of his neighbors if he treated his slaves badly. Self-interest would have prompted good treatment if a higher feeling of humanity had not.

What was the feeling of the slaves toward their masters?

They were faithful and devoted and were always ready and willing to serve them.

How did they behave during the War between the States?

They nobly protected and cared for the wives of the soldiers in the field and widows without protectors; though often prompted by the enemies of the South to burn and plunder the homes of their master they were always true and loyal.

## THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION, U. C. V.

*Round-Trip Tickets.*—For the reunion of United Confederate Veterans, at Tampa, Fla., tickets will be sold only to those presenting official certificates—blue for veterans and members of their immediate families who accompany them and pink for Sons of Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and Children of the Confederacy, Sponsors, Maids, Chaperons, and Matrons.

## FROM SOUTHEASTERN PASSENGER ASSOCIATION TERRITORY.

*Round Trip Rates.*—East of Mississippi River and south of Ohio and Potomac Rivers, including Washington, D. C.; Cincinnati, Portsmouth, and Ironton, Ohio; St. Louis, Mo.; and intermediate stations to Louisville, Evansville, and Cairo—

*For Holders of Blue Certificates.*—One cent per mile in each direction.

*For Holders of Pink Certificates.*—One fare for round trip.

*Dates of Sale.*—April 2-7, inclusive, and for such trains as are scheduled to reach Tampa by noon, April 8.

*Final Return Limit.*—Purchasers must reach home by midnight of May 5, 1927.

*Stop Overs.*—At all stations, both directions, as long as desired within final return limit as above. Apply to conductor approaching stop-over point.

## FROM SOUTHWESTERN PASSENGER ASSOCIATION TERRITORY.

*West of Mississippi River and Generally South of Missouri River and Kansas-Nebraska Line.*

*Round Trip Rates.*—Made by adding one fare to Mississippi River gateways to each of the two rates applying therefrom. Same assignment and value of certificates as heretofore shown.

*Dates of Sale.*—From Kansas March 31-April 5. From Missouri, Oklahoma, and Texas, April 1 to 6. From Arkansas and Louisiana, April 2 to 7.

*Final Return Limit.*—May 5. Stop overs each direction as shown above.

## FROM TRANSCONTINENTAL PASSENGER ASSOCIATION TERRITORY.

*New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, and all States West to Pacific Ocean; South of Portland.*

*Round Trip Rates.*—One way fare to Tampa for the round trip.

*Dates of Sale.*—March 27 to April 3, inclusive.

*Final Return Limit.*—May 10. Conditions of stop overs as heretofore shown to apply.

From all other portions of the United States, the railroads have declined to make any reduced rates. Veterans and others in the classes named should purchase the regular rate tickets to Washington, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, Louisville, and other points as shown and repurchase at the reduced fares indicated above applying from those points.

*Tickets will not need to be validated* at Tampa or at any other point.

*Side trip round trip tickets* will be sold by all lines at Tampa to Florida points south of a line drawn from St. Petersburg to Benson and Orange City Junctions. Tickets sold April 8 to 15, inclusive, and good to May 5.

*To Havana, Cuba.*—The Peninsular and Occidental Steamship Company will sell for their steamship Cuba, leaving Port Tampa Thursday, April 7, round trip tickets to Havana, Cuba, at \$40 plus government tax of \$3, good for return on their steamship leaving Havana April 9, 12, and 16. These tickets include meals and berth while at sea in both directions.

*Blue Certificates* have been placed in the hands of general officers, and by them into the hands of Brigade Commanders, who will distribute them to Camps under their jurisdiction. *Pink Certificates* are supplied to the Sons of Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, members of the Confederate Memorial Association, and Children of the Confederacy by Col. Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant General, S. C. V., Law Building, Richmond, Va.

Sleeping and dining cars, occupied by and operated for patrons, will be parked at Tampa at rate of \$12 per day, which includes switching charges, lights, water, and sanitation.

Optional routes by which passengers going one way may return via certain other routes within the State of Florida and in Southeastern Georgia have been arranged and will be given by ticket agents as well as routes, schedules, berth reservations, etc.

*Hotels.*—The Tampa Bay Hotel will be the Headquarters Hotel. The Housing Committee publishes a list of sixteen other hotels at varying rates; list furnished on application. Usual provision will be made for Veterans.

C. A. DESAUSSEURE,

Quartermaster General, U. C. V.

Memphis, Tenn.

"As silent and swift as the weaver's thread,  
Or an arrow's flying gleam;  
As soft as the languorous breezes hid  
That lift the willow's golden lid  
And ripple the golden stream—  
One after another we see them pass  
Down the dim-lighted stair  
And hear the sound of their steady tread  
In the steps of the years long since dead,  
As beautiful and fair."



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## SOUVENIR BOOK OF THE TAMPA REUNION.

A beautiful book containing the photographs of Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, Sponsors, Maids, and others connected with the reunion in Tampa, Fla., printed in colors, will be gotten out by George B. Bowling, Memphis, Tenn. Write him for information.

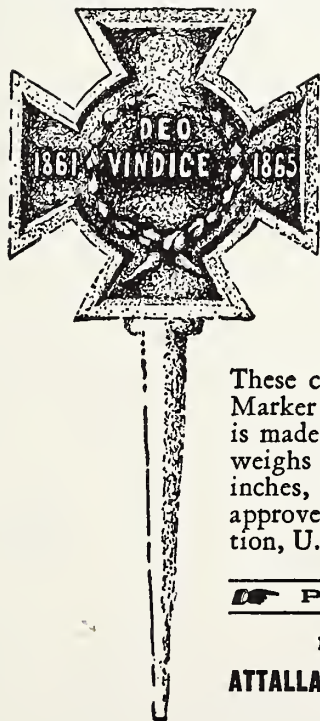
## OLD BOOKS.

A recent purchase of scarce old books enables the VETERAN to make an especially good offering this month in the following:

Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon.....	\$5.00
Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards.....	5.00
Scraps from the Prison Table. By Col. Joe Barbiere.....	5.00
Stuart's Cavalry Campaign. By John N. Mosby.....	4.00

The Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., is interested in collecting materials on the War between the States, such as letters, papers, clippings, books, etc., and anyone having such things to donate will find a safe de-

pository there. Write in advance of sending to Mr. William M. Brown, in care of the University, and he can let you know of the acceptability of the donation, since there are some things which could not be placed.



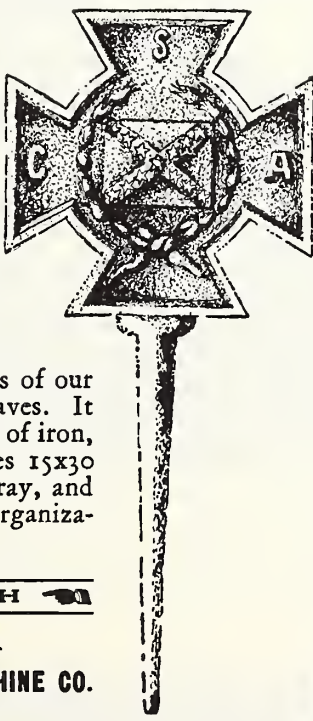
**"Lest  
We  
Forget"**

These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

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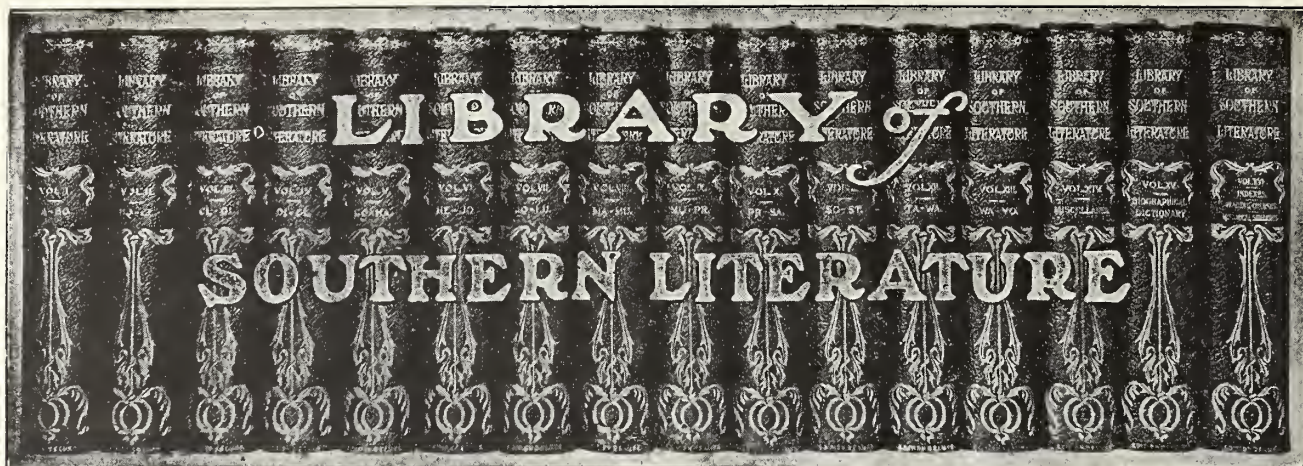
**Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.)** in Position  
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Rev. R. A. Buckner, Penney Farms, Fla., is anxious to locate his father's sword, of which he writes: "My father, Col. Allen Buckner, 79th Illinois Infantry, was severely wounded at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., May 9, 1864, and there lost his sword, which had his name engraved on the blade near the hilt. Any information that will aid me in the recovery of that sword will be thankfully received."

John R. Crawford, a veteran of the Spanish-American War, who gave four sons to the World War (all killed), is an invalid inmate of the National Soldiers' Home of Virginia. For pastime he is making a collection of stamps, and asks for contributions from people who may have an accumulation of old correspondence. Send the envelope with stamp attached. He was formerly a newspaper man connected with some of the dailies of New York City. Address him in care of Hospital Ward No. 1, National Soldiers' Home, Va.

**Old Southern Songs of the Period of the Confederacy**  
**THE DIXIE TROPHY COLLECTION**  
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Compiled by KATE E. STATON  
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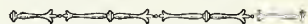


## DAUGHTERS OF DIXIE

UPON the Daughters of the South devolves an obligation as sacred as high heaven---an obligation to keep ever before her children the lofty ideals or chivalry for which the South has always stood. It is she alone who must instill in them a reverence for the heroic men and for the patriotic memories of a 'storm-cradled nation.' The broadest duty to her country demands this service at her hands. As the divinely appointed guardian and teacher of the young, it is to her that the youth of the South must look for instruction."

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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

APRIL, 1927

NO. 4



**THE DE SOTO OAK IN PLANT PARK, TAMPA, FLA.**

This wonderful old tree adds to the beauty of Plant Park, which is the heart of the city of Tampa, and its name is a reminder of the early history of Florida and the famous Spanish explorer, Hernando De Soto, who went from Cuba to Florida in 1539.



# TAMPA

*extends you a*

# WELCOME

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to the

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**United Confederate  
Veterans' Reunion**  
**April 5, 6, 7, 8, 1927**

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All the old soldiers will be quartered in barracks located within 100 yards of the new city auditorium and within 200 yards of the Tampa Bay Hotel, official headquarters of the Reunion. Meals and quarters will be furnished free to all old soldiers desiring it. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

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**Reunion Committee**

G. A. NASH, *Secretary*

DR. S. L. LOWRY, *Chairman*



# Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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## OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
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Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1927.

No. 4. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

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## INVITATION TO REUNION VISITORS.

The attractive little city of Bradenton, Fla., within easy reach from Tampa, is ready to welcome all visitors who wish to come that way, and special arrangements will be made for motor tours through that section. See advertisement in this number in reference to the motorcade to the Gamble Mansion. Bradenton is coöperating cordially with Tampa reunion officials in the effort to make this reunion most notable in every way, and this visit to Florida will not be complete without getting acquainted with Bradenton, "the Friendly City."

## THE CITY OF TAMPA.

Many of the thousands who will be enjoying the hospitality of Tampa, Fla., in the reunion days of April 5-8, will be interested in learning something of that very enterprising city in the Land of Sunshine. "Tampa," its people say, "is a city of romance! A city of wonderful achievement! A city of magnificent possibilities!" In a short five years it has outdistanced all the other cities of the State. Then a town of 51,000 citizens, it has grown into a bustling metropolis of 125,000 and is still growing.

Tampa is located at the mouth of the Hillsborough River at its entrance to Tampa Bay, that noble and best harbor on the West Coast. It is the historical landing place of Narvaez and De Soto, of ill-fated Spanish expeditions. Its first settlement started with the establishment of the United States military post of Fort Brooke during the wars with the Seminole Indians. It was the seat of small ship-building and salt works during the War between the States and was captured by Federal gunboats.

Tampa is the center and the headquarters of the citrus industry, the phosphate industry, the cigar industry, the truck-growing industry, the fishing industry, and the lumber industry. So says the Tampa Board of Trade. With that advantage, what wonder that it has had such marvelous growth since the coming of the





railroads in the eighties to add to its water facilities for transportation. It has three hundred trains per week, and there are regular steamer connections with all the large Gulf ports, large ports of the West Indies, with New York, and a number of other Atlantic ports.

Back of Tampa is a fertile empire, vast in extent, rich in resources, and Tampa is the financial and commercial capital of this great territory, which already contains three-quarters of Florida's population.

The climate of this section is one of equable temperature, and throughout the twelve months one can live the healthful outdoor life; and it is said that this geniality of climate is reflected in the genial character of Tampa's citizens.

Tampa is a city of parks, the city owning about six hundred acres devoted to this purpose, some of which is yet undeveloped. There are numerous beautiful parks within the city limits, of which Plant Park is the oldest and most valuable, being in the heart of the city on the west bank of the Hillsborough River. The Tampa Bay Hotel, which is reunion headquarters, owned by the city, is in the center of this park. Adjacent to the park is the Fair Grounds and athletic field. Ballast Point Park runs along Hillsborough Bay, about five miles from the city, and on this property the city has built a pier nearly a thousand feet long; other parks are located in different parts of the city and add greatly to its beauty.

Commercially, Tampa is largely in the lead among the cities of Florida. There are one hundred and fifty-three wholesale houses supplying a trade territory with a million inhabitants. Her tonnage by water increased from 1,733,943 tons in 1921 to 4,698,358 tons in 1926, with corresponding increase in manufactured products exported. Tampa manufactures some 600,000,000 cigars a year, and more than 1,000,000 tons of phosphate are yearly shipped from that port.

Never too hot, never too cold, Tampa is the best place on earth to live!

"Come on, boys; the water, too, is fine!"

#### TAMPA DURING THE WAR.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH FRY PAGE.

Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and Pensacola were the war centers in Florida during the War between the States, and the central and southern portions of the State knew little of the conflict by actual experience. Many Floridians were in

the ranks of the Confederate army, but they were sent to fight in Virginia, Tennessee, or in the West. Florida is very proud of the war records of Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith, a native of St. Augustine, and Gen. Francis Shoup, who was a resident of Florida at the outbreak of the war and entered the service from this state.

Tampa was bombarded several times by gunboats during 1862 and 1863 from behind "Big Island," now known as Davis Island. There were no coast defenses to speak of and no one to man them, so the fire was not returned, and it ceased after a little each time. Some 8-inch and some 3½-inch shells struck various buildings, one of the smaller ones passing through the old courthouse. One tore its way through a residence on the northeast corner of Franklin and Jackson streets, and went through a mirror. Larger balls were thrown over the town, and some were dug up at the old cemetery.

When the cannonading of the city began, families would pack up and retreat to what is now known as Tampa Heights, a residential section of Tampa, but which was then considered in the country.

In the latter part of 1864, two companies of Union soldiers came in on gunboats, and entered the city, conducted by a Union man from Key West named Henry A. Crane, who was familiar with the lay of the land, having been formerly a resident of Tampa. The invaders landed at what is now known as DeSoto Park and captured the town. They came in on the old Fort Brooke road over what is now called East Lafayette Street.

Their first stop was at the west gate of the home of John T. Givens, on Morgan Street, where the Knights of Pythias Castle Hall now stands. D. B. Givens, then a little boy of six years of age, playing in a sand pile with another little chap, saw the soldiers, and ran by a back way to his father and gave the alarm. Mr. Givens sent his little son to the old Florida Hotel, where the Scottish Rite Temple now stands, to tell Mr. G. W. Duke, Judge Gettis, and A. V. Snell, members of the Home Guard, to come at once to his house. They joined Mr. Givens, at once, and all four were captured, but parole for Mr. Givens was secured by Henry A. Crane, the leader of the raid, for kindness shown his family.

These men were taken up to what was known as "The Garrison," which was old Fort Brooke, built by the United States government for protection against the Indians, and abandoned before the War between the States. A detachment of soldiers was sent from the garrison to the old government warehouse, on the east bank of the river, near its mouth. George Washington, Charles Papy, and another young man saw them coming and staged a thrilling escape by swimming alongside a rowboat, keeping the side of the boat between them and the enemy. Several shots were fired at them, hitting the boat, but the plucky boys reached the bank of the river unhurt.

The Federal troops remained quite awhile in Tampa, in old Fort Brooke, but committed no depredations to speak of, and treated the people very kindly, returning to Key West.

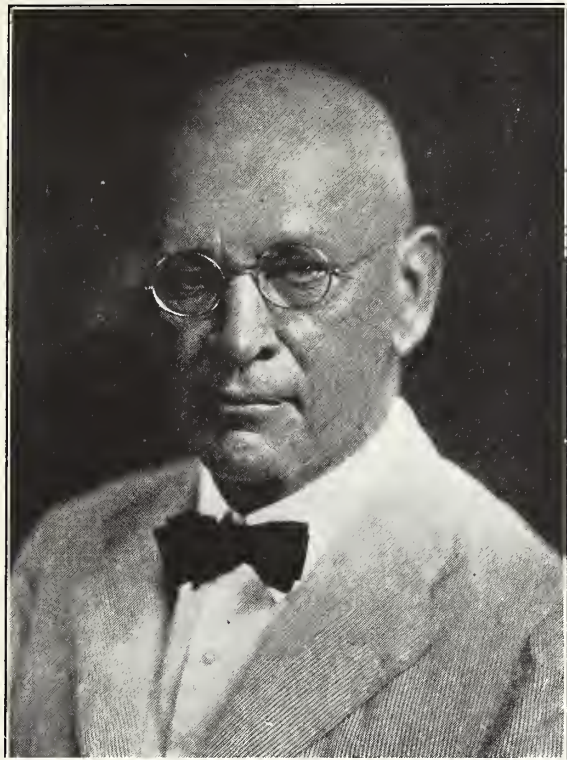
Joseph Robles, father of the present Judge of the Circuit Court, and Commander of Loring Camp, U. C. V., was the hero of one of Tampa's most stirring war experiences. He was out at the point now known as Frazier's Beach and saw a Union boat approaching. Watching from behind a tree, he saw four Yankees land and come



A VIEW OF TAMPA FROM THE AIR.



reconnoitering in his direction. Covering them with his gun, he made them drop their arms and march ahead of him all the way to Tampa, which was six miles. Mr. Robles is not



DR. SUMTER L. LOWRY, OF TAMPA.  
Chairman Reunion Executive Committee.

over five feet tall, but wiry and full of spirit. He is of Spanish descent, and his people were pioneer settlers of Tampa.

## INTERESTING TAMPA STREETS.

Visitors to Tampa will be interested in the naming of the streets of the beautiful bay city. Tennesseans will find that "Old Hickory" is held in as deep reverence throughout Florida as he is in the neighborhood of the historic Hermitage. Jackson highways, boulevards, heights, and squares are numerous. Tampa's leading business street is named for Benjamin Franklin, and intersecting it are LaFayette and Madison streets, while Marion and Monroe also figure in the down-town section.

Many of the residence streets have picturesque Indian and Spanish names, such as Seminole, Powhatan, San Pedro, San Carlos, De Soto, and Esperanza; and the bay contributes to the designation of many others, as Bayshore, Bayvista, Bay-to-Bay, Bayview, and others.

But there is one section in Hyde Park where the names of the streets have an especially interesting significance. There is Verne Street, so named because in a house standing at the head of it, Jules Verne wrote his "Trip to the Moon," and the projectile from which his hero is supposed to have been propelled to the moon was said to have been exploded near the corner of Plant Avenue and what is now Verne Street.

Beach Place, which is a short distance away, was so named because Rex Beach made his home upon it for a period of years, and many residents of Tampa recall him with interest.

In a stone's throw of these two streets, on Plant Avenue, is a house where Maurice Thompson began the composition of

"Alice of Old Vincennes" while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. A. B. Ballard, who still resides in the neighborhood in a home made interesting by many mementoes of her distinguished father as well as by her own charming personality.

Many literary, musical, and artistic celebrities spend their winters in Florida, some having attractive homes and giving color to the neighborhoods in which they locate.

Lew Wallace is said to have written "Ben Hur" at Orlando, and just three miles from that lovely little city, at Winter Park, Irving Batcheller, Clinton Scollard and his wife, who was formerly Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and other writers are forming a colony to which they repair every winter to pursue the Muse or be pursued, as one may look at it, beneath sunny skies and amid orange groves and blooming flowers. Irving Batcheller has recently completed a novel founded upon the Bible, for which the publishers predict a record sale.

So Florida is sought by others besides land sharks, idle tourists, and invalids, and the æsthetic world owes much to the influence of its beauty and genial climate.

## UNIQUE WAR RELIC.

A relic of the War between the States the like of which is perhaps not to be found elsewhere within the Southern States is in possession of H. Al Paul, of Tampa, Fla.

This is a complete set of chessmen, carved with a pocket-knife from beef bones left from his daily ration while in a Yankee prison by the owner's brother, Capt. Samuel B. Paul, of the Alexandria Riflemen, of Alexandria, Va. Half of the men are colored red, probably with poke berries, and the other half remain in their natural color. The carving is wonderfully regular, and some of the pieces, as the knights and castles, are as dainty and delicate as Chinese ivories.

Captain Paul was killed, March 31, 1865, just six days before the surrender.

His brother intends giving the chess set to some Confederate museum, and also a pair of epaulets and some cap ornaments belonging to Captain Paul.

## IN FLORIDA.

The sky is ever bluest  
And friendship is the truest  
And enemies the fewest—  
In Florida  
Sunshine is the brightest,  
Merry hearts are the lightest,  
And moonbeams are whitest—  
In Florida  
Blue lakes are the clearest,  
Home hearts are the dearest,  
And heaven is the nearest—  
In Florida  
Maidens are the sweetest,  
Sailboats are the fleetest,  
And bungalows the neatest—  
In Florida  
Sea bathing here is funny  
The beach is fine and sunny  
And it's worth your money—  
In Florida  
Lovers are the boldest,  
Oranges are the golddest,  
And people live the oldest—  
In Florida

—Selected.



## THE GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA.

Governor John W. Martin, of Florida, is among the youngest of State executives, born June 21, 1884 in Martin, Marion County. His ancestors came to this country in 1680 and settled in Virginia, and seven of his great-uncles were in Washington's army, five as officers. From Virginia part of



GOVERNOR JOHN W. MARTIN.

the family emigrated to South Carolina and from that State on to Florida, his people having been in Florida for nearly one hundred years.

Governor Martin began the practice of law in 1914; was elected mayor of Jacksonville in 1917, and served three terms, during which he brought about many reforms as mayor of that progressive city. He was elected governor of the State of Florida in November, 1924, by a large majority over five opponents. He has succeeded in having passed every measure he advocated before the legislature and has put into operation many splendid measures for the State.

## IN THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

"Florida," wrote Sidney Lanier some fifty years or more ago, "is the name as well of a climate as of a country," and what he wrote of that genial clime as he traveled about in search of healing for the delicate lungs, injured by the foul air of war prisons, makes an interesting book even to-day. This section of our country has a more even temperature than any other. Florida has more sunshine in winter and less in summer than the Northern States. The shortest day in Florida is only about three hours shorter than the longest day, and this partly accounts for the mildness of Florida winters and the coolness of its summers; and the Gulf Stream, brushing the southeastern shore of the State, also modifies the climate.

Of Florida's early history, Lanier also wrote: "The history of Florida for some three hundred years is but a bowl of blood, . . . at the bottom little more than death and disappointment."

Indeed, those were stormy years in the making of this State which now presents but the appearance of peace and beauty as one of its writers so feelingly expresses in the following:

"Florida is an emerald kingdom by the Southern seas, fanned by zephyrs laden with ozone from pines, kissed by passionate sunbeams, tempered by the glorious Gulf Stream, watered by Lethe's copious libations, decked with palm and pine, flower and fern, clothed in perpetual verdure, and lapped in the gorgeous folds of the semitropical zone.

"Florida is a State of distances, of great stretches of open country, of shimmering lakes fringed with moss-draped trees, of deep blue seas, whose rolling waves sound to the pulse beat of the ages; of cities, of towns, of farms, of fruit groves and gardens. It is a State of amusements, playgrounds, courting, fishing, yachting, hunting, golfing, motor-ing, and all outdoor sports. It is a State of business, of professions, of industries, of commerce, of finance, of development, of investment, of profit, of progress.

"Above all, Florida is the habitation of one and a quarter millions of homogeneous Caucasian people who have more than a million visitors annually.

"Her lambent rays and pleasant ways  
Draw millions gold from many lands;  
Her future years are without fears,  
And fortune holds her outstretched hands;  
Her hopes are high beneath the sky  
Where progress speeds on elfin wings;  
Her pilgrims roam, though far from home,  
And feel the pulse that friendship brings."

Florida history runs back to its discovery on March 27, 1513, by Juan Ponce de Leon, a Spanish soldier and adventurer, hunting for gold, of which he had heard fabulous stories. He landed near the present site of St. Augustine, and as it was Easter Sunday (the *Pascua Florida*, or Feast of Flowers), the flowery land thus received its name. Ponce de Leon also began a search for a wonderful spring whose magic waters would bestow eternal youth. Needless to say, his long search was fruitless and he returned home a disappointed man. He came back four years later, still hunting for gold and the fabled fountain, but the natives were very hostile, and he again departed no richer nor younger, but he took possession of the land in the name of the King of Spain. Thus was begun the bloody periods of its history. There were four periods of history under Spain, one under France, one under England, one under the Confederate States, and three under the Stars and Stripes, these periods running as follows:

Spain had it from 1513 to 1563.

France had it from 1563 to 1723.

Spain had it from 1723 to 1763.

Great Britain had it from 1763 to 1783.

Spain again had it from 1783 to 1818.

The United States had it from 1818 to 1819.

Spain again had it from 1819 to 1821.

The United States had it from 1821 to 1861.

The Southern Confederacy had it from 1861 to 1865.

The United States again took possession in 1865.

An interesting chapter in Florida history is that which concerns the transfer of Florida from Spain to the United States with all that diplomacy connected with it. Largely to make amends to General Jackson for the criticism of his policy in 1818 in Florida, and because he felt strongly concerning this criticism, was the military governorship offered by President Monroe to Jackson and accepted by him. He received the



exchange of flags at Pensacola, and Gen. Robert Butler at St. Augustine. The ceremony at Pensacola was most modest because there was in the heart of the military governor a sympathy and appreciation for the unhappy, departing Spanish. During General Jackson's governorship he was mostly concerned with the establishing of right of titles to land and with Indian problems.—From "Florida History," by Catherine Z. Winter, M.A.

## GATHERED FROM THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

Florida has 1,100 miles of sea coast and 35,000 clear lakes, these lakes and rivers comprising nearly 3,000,000 acres. Florida has some of the largest springs in the world, hundreds of springs of greatest depth, some of them being ninety feet or more and clear as crystal. Florida has rivers that come to the surface and dive beneath the earth, only to reappear again farther on; and others that sink not to appear again.

Florida has fossils of animals that roamed her forests before man came to inhabit the earth.

Florida has the largest area of salt fishing waters of any State; one of the greatest oyster fisheries is at Apalachicola.

Florida has the largest forest reserve south of the Appalachian Mountains, and the largest forest of Tulium Taxifolium trees in the United States.

Florida has the natural wonder of the Everglades—four million acres, much of which is being drained for agricultural purposes.

Florida has the largest acreage of citrus fruits of any State, 53,000 cars of citrus fruits being shipped from the State annually.

Florida has the largest winter-grown vegetable gardens of any State; 40,000 cars are shipped from the State annually.



THE CAPITOL AT TALLAHASSEE.

There are ten million acres adapted to agriculture in the State, 2,500,000 now in cultivation.

Her 2,000,000 acres of timber are furnishing 1,000,000,000 feet of lumber annually; and this timber also yields 8,000,000 gallons of turpentine and 500,000 barrels of rosin.

St. Augustine is the oldest town in the United States; has houses over three hundred years old, and has one of the oldest forts on the Western Hemisphere.

Florida makes 400,000,000 cigars and 8,000,000,000 cigarettes annually.

More artificial ice is made in Florida than in any other State of the Union, and the inventor of this process, Dr. John Gorrie, was a son of this State. A memorial to this great benefactor of humanity stands on the Capitol grounds at Tallahassee.

Florida has

- 35,000,000 acres of land.
- 3,000,000 acres of water.
- 6,000,000 acres in farms.
- 2,500,000 acres in actual cultivation.
- 1,263,549 inhabitants.
- \$580,000,000 assessed valuation.
- \$2,750,000,000 commercial value.
- 5,500 miles of railroads.
- 1,500 miles of hard-surfaced roads.
- 7,700 miles of sand clay or shell roads.
- \$25,000,000 invested in public school property
- Cash in treasury to meet all obligations.
- No State debt.
- No income tax.
- No inheritance tax.

Florida spends

- \$14,000,000 for public schools.
- \$25,000,000 invested in public school property.
- \$11,000,000 for State highways.

Florida's annual production

- \$90,000,000 from her farms.
- \$150,000,000 from her factories.
- \$30,000,000 from her sawmills.
- \$20,000,000 from her naval stores.
- \$15,000,000 from her fisheries.
- \$16,000,000 from her minerals.



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION, TALLAHASSEE



And something over \$100,000,000 from her annual crop of tourists.

#### FLORIDA IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Although no great battles were fought on Florida soil, the sons of that State were fighting in all of the armies of the Confederacy and gave good account of themselves individually and as commands. The extensive coast line of the State had to be defended against the encroachments of the enemy, and her troops were stationed at various points on picket duty, and there were numerous forts demanding their quota of men for proper defense. Florida not only furnished her quota of troops to the Confederate army, but she also furnished leaders who aided in winning many of the great battles. Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith was a son of the State who attained the highest military rank, being made a full general, and he was in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A., at the close. Most fittingly has the State placed his statue in Statuary Hall of the Capitol at Washington as her most distinguished son.

Stephen R. Mallory represented the State in the cabinet

of President Davis as Secretary of the Navy, and the marvelous work accomplished in building up the Confederate navy—practically out of nothing—entitles him to greater recognition for the ability thus displayed. He held this position to the end of the war, being the only member of the cabinet holding the same position at the end as at the beginning of the Confederate government.

Of other military leaders furnished by Florida during the sixties may be mentioned the following:

Gen. William A. Owens, who was one of the largest planters of the State; organized the 1st Florida volunteer independent company in Marion County. Ill health compelled his retirement from military service, but he kept up his work for the Confederacy to the end.

Brig. Gen. Joseph Finegan, placed at the head of military affairs of the State in 1861; appointed brigadier general in April, 1862, commanding the districts of Middle and East Florida; most noted battle was that of Olustee.

Brig. Gen. Jesse Johnson Finley, though born in Tennessee, after serving as captain in the Seminole War, moved to Florida; commanded the 6th Florida Regiment; commissioned brigadier in November, 1863.

Maj. Gen. William Wing Loring served in the Seminole War, also with General Scott in the Mexican War; commissioned as brigadier at the beginning of the War between the States; commanded a division under Polk in the Atlanta campaign.

Gen. Patton Anderson, another Tennessean, moved to Florida just before the war started and commanded the 1st Florida Regiment; was promoted successively to brigadier and then to major general.

Brig. Gen. William Miller was commissioned brigadier in August, 1864, and was in command of the District of Florida at the end of the war.

Gen. Francis A. Shoup, an Indianian, a graduate of West Point, served in the Seminole War; espousing the cause of the South, he was successively a lieutenant, major, and chief of artillery; promoted to brigadier general in September, 1862.

Gen. Martin L. Smith, another man of Northern birth who fought for the South, was a graduate of West Point and had fought in the Mexican War; he resigned his commission in the United States Engineering Corps in April, 1861, and offered his services to the South and was at once commissioned major in the Corps of Engineers; commissioned brigadier general in April, 1862; promoted to major general in November; performed important duties at New Orleans and planned and constructed the defenses of Vicksburg.

Brig. Gen. William S. Walker, midshipman in the United States navy, was a lieutenant in the



TAMPA IS KNOWN AS A CITY OF CHURCHES.





MRS. AMOS NORRIS, OF TAMPA.

General Chairman Reunion Headquarters Reception Committee  
and Sponsor on Staff Honorary Commander in Chief, U. C. V.

Mexican War, and was in command of the United States Ship Brooklyn at the time Fort Pickens was threatened. Upon the secession of Florida he resigned and entered the Confederate service as captain of infantry; was promoted to colonel and then to brigadier general.

Brig. Gen. Edward Aylesworth Perry, a Massachusetts man, who first went to Alabama, then to Florida. He adopted the sentiments of the South, raised a company, and was elected captain; his company was a part of the 2nd Florida Regiment, of which he was made colonel in May, 1862; after his recovery from wounds received at Frazier's Farm, Va., he was commissioned brigadier general and placed in command of the newly organized Florida Brigade.

Brig. Gen. Theodore Brevard commanded a battalion in the brigade of General Finegan, and took part in the battle of Olustee; was later in the fighting in Virginia, and was made colonel of the 11th Florida in August, 1864, and promoted to brigadier general in March, 1865.

Brig. Gen. Robert Bullock organized a company, and was later made lieutenant colonel of the 7th Florida Regiment; was commissioned colonel in June, 1862, and came out of the Tennessee campaign as brigadier general.

Brig. Gen. W. G. M. Davis raised a regiment in 1861, of which he was made colonel; was commissioned colonel of the 1st Florida and put in command of the provisional forces of East Florida; was commissioned brigadier general in November, 1862, and put in command of the Department of East Tennessee.

Maj. J. J. Dickison, serving as staff officer of General Hardee in South Carolina, organized a cavalry company, which was made an artillery company later on; commanded a company of the 2nd Florida; in 1864, Captain Dickison was given command of all the State troops, and he was in much successful fighting; at Cedar Keys his troops were outnumbered six to one, but drove back the enemy.

## THE YOUNGEST CONFEDERATE.

Hon. Frank M. Ironmonger, of Jacksonville, Fla., who is Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Florida Division, U. C. V., is doubtless the youngest Confederate veteran of that State, and possibly of any State, since he was an exceedingly youthful soldier of the Confederacy. The paternal side of his family were Virginians since 1653, and he was born at Portsmouth, Va., on March 4, 1853, the day Franklin Pierce was inaugurated President of the United States. When Portsmouth was occupied by the Federals in 1861, his mother left the city with the little boy and his three sisters, on a flag of truce boat for City Point, on the James River, where they entered the Confederate lines and made their way to the old plantation home on the banks of the Rivanna River, about one hundred miles from Richmond.

"In the winter of 1864," writes Comrade Ironmonger, "I rode horseback to the Confederate breastworks at Petersburg and presented myself for service in the army, being then eleven years old. I was attached to the 16th Virginia Regiment, and was ordered to report to the brigade quartermaster, and I served as his courier until the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, April 9, 1865. During a short period of this time, in an emergency, I served as courier for Gen. William Mahone, commanding Mahone's Division, C. S. A., and this service came very near costing me my life, but I managed to escape the enemy. I was present at the surrender of General Lee's army and saw what happened; was within fifty feet of the house in which the formal surrender took place. I knew General Lee, and conversed with him the next morning. I now have in my possession the original parole given to me on the morning of April 10, 1865, and it reads as follows:

"APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, VA., April 10, 1865.

"The bearer, F. M. Ironmonger, Jr., courier, a paroled prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home and there remain undisturbed.

(Signed) "D. A. WEISIGER, *Brig. Gen. Commanding.*"

"About thirty years ago, and after a thorough investigation, I was presented with a handsome gold medal in the shape of a Maltese Cross, with the Confederate battle flag on it, and the inscription on the back of the medal reads: 'Presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, State of Florida, to the youngest soldier in the Confederate Army, 1861-65.'

"I am at present Commander of the R. E. Lee Camp, No. 58 U. C. V., Jacksonville, Fla., as well as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Florida Division, U. C. V."

After finishing school in 1872 young Ironmonger migrated to New York City and became bookkeeper and cashier of a big business house employing about two hundred people. Four years later they went out of business, then he entered the transportation business and served in an official capacity with the Clyde Steamship Company over thirty-three years, retiring in 1914 on account of severe injuries received the year before. He was elected to the office of superintendent of registration of Duval County, Fla., in 1916, and is still holding the office. At the age of thirty-seven, he annexed a sweet Florida girl, and six children blessed their union. Their home is in Jacksonville, on a twenty-acre estate.

Comrade Ironmonger plans to be at Tampa, and hopes to meet some of the comrades of war times, who will doubtless remember the little boy soldier.



## WHY WAS THE WAR, 1861-65?

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

There is a wide impression that the North made the war to free the negro slaves and the South fought for slavery. For certain reasons—whether good or bad—seven cotton States seceded, while other Southern States refused to secede.

Congress was in session. A peace convention was held by the States to propose measures that would lead the seceded States to return. Congress proposed an amendment to the Constitution which, if adopted, would doubtless have led to their return. When Congress expired, March 4, 1861, a special session of the Senate convened. There was no talk about war. The Senate adjourned March 28. All was peaceful and quiet.

History tells us that up to about March 28, 1861, Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet had agreed to avoid any clashing with the seven seceded States, and, the garrison of Fort Sumner being in need of provisions, to withdraw these troops and abandon the forts at Charleston. That had been published in the newspapers, and the South rejoiced.

Then came a change of purpose. To understand the reason of that change, let us look at the report of the Committee on Commerce and Navigation for the year ending June 30, 1859, but subsequently made:

Imports (omitting reexports).....	\$317,863,053
Exports: Southern origin.....	193,399,618
Northern origin.....	45,305,541
Mixed products.....	39,686,921
	<hr/>
	\$278,392,080
Balance against us.....	\$ 39,470,973
Gold and silver exported.....	57,502,305
	<hr/>
Our surplus balance.....	\$ 18,031,332
Now strike off the Southern exports, and how could the Northern imports be paid for?	
The cotton exports were.....	\$161,434,923
The tobacco in leaf.....	21,074,038
	<hr/>
	\$182,508,961

If the North lost these exports, how could she pay for her imports? Nine governors went to Washington, and war was determined on to save to Northern commerce the exports of the South.

Therefore, the *New York Times*, on March 30, giving expression to this purpose, said: "With us it is no longer an abstract question, one of constitutional construction, or reserved or delegated powers of the States to the Federal government, but of material existence and moral position both at home and abroad."

No longer a question of legal constitutional right, but of material existence. The *Times* was close to the administration.

It was in conformity to those ideas that Mr. Lincoln was persuaded to bring on the war and keep the South as an appendage to the North.

Without regard to the Constitution and abstract rights, the North declared itself the master of the South and proposed to maintain her mastery by the heaviest artillery.

When that was made known, the other Southern States cast their fortunes with the seceded States. If they had to fight, they would fight for and with the South, and not

against the South. It was a question of independence. The South fought to maintain independence.

Mr. Lincoln said in his Inaugural, March 4, 1865: "Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or duration which it has already attained. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding."

While the South had only the purpose to withstand the invaders, Mr. Lincoln perhaps thought that the Southern people would not fight to the bitter end for their independence. And possibly had he realized what he was doing, he might not have started the war.

## THE WHY OF OLUSTEE.

BY COL. JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

Some of us are not convinced that Mr. Lincoln was a great emancipator, but I am sure that all of us will admit that the war-time President of the United States as a politician was supreme, and the above-mentioned battle was one of his moves in this great game.

On February 20, 1864, the *New York Herald* said that if Florida should become a loyal State, her people would probably vote for such candidate for the next President of the United States as would please them best, and that an expedition under General Gilmore went to that State for the simple purpose of enabling loyal people to bring her back into the Union. On February 14, however, Gen. Trueman Seymour, at Jacksonville, said that the desire of Florida to come back into the Union was at that time a delusion, as that State would not cast in her lot with the old Union until more important successes were assured and actually procured. Therefore, this doughty warrior, on his own initiative (according to Gilmore), hoping to achieve such result and incidentally reap a great personal reward, I judge, brought about the affair at Olustee, or, as we call it, Ocean Pond.

It is unnecessary for me to attempt a description of this battle, as it has already been most ably handled by participants on our side, and I will give only what General Seymour thought of it and what General Gilmore thought of Seymour. In his report, the latter commander says that he came upon the entrenched enemy, and, after a severe action against superior numbers, *decided* to retire; and in his complimentary order to his troops, he says that although outnumbered they had fought the enemy, who was holding a position chosen by himself, and had stood face to face with him for four hours, and when the conflict was over, gave the aforesaid foe rousing cheers of defiance before leaving; and while there was perhaps misfortune in being repulsed, there was neither disgrace nor disaster.

General Gilmore, who, I imagine, would gladly have shared in any honors that might have been gathered if success had resulted, thought otherwise, however, as he said that the entire move was in direct disregard of his instructions and the disastrous ending its legitimate fruit. He said further that there was no disparity in numbers, that the Confederates did not fight behind entrenchments or any kind of defense, and the result was a decisive defeat upon the field of battle and the frustration of a well-planned campaign.

Well, we all know that Florida went to the wall with the rest of us, and I imagine that the only votes that were cast in Florida for either Lincoln or McClellan were those of Union officials or soldiers who were sojourners in, as the Jacksonville radio announcer announces, the *Land of Sunshine*.

To-day, February 21, is the anniversary of this fight.



## "WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIVER."

BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The United States Geological Survey tells us that the Suwannee River is just a lazy little stream that forms some sort of outlet to the Okefinokee Swamp in Northern Florida; but the folks of the South will never believe that the Suwannee River is just a slow-moving little creek. It will take more than the Geological Survey up in Washington to make us believe that.

The Suwannee River is a beautiful, quiet stream, running out there in the magic moonlight of old Dixie, where the long-ago memories come so vividly across the waters, for

"Dere's where my heart  
is turning eber,  
Dere's wha' de old  
folks stay."

No song in all this wide world can bring sweeter recollections, joyous, yet just a little sad, than "Way Down upon the Swanee River."

Stephen C. Foster must have loved the land of cotton fields, for he has given us three songs which will live as long as we have a Dixieland: "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Way Down upon the Swanee River," and yet he was not a Southerner.

The Swanee River runs somewhere in this old South of ours. To us it is not on any map but that of dreams down on the plantation, where the full moon is shining over the tall pines and sending its silver light across the wide piazza at the old place, and along the big steps.

If you listen to-night you may hear the sweet voices of childhood singing out there in the summer evening, "Way Down upon the Swanee River, far, far away."

When you are feeling kind of lonesome, your mind sort of drifting back yonder, these old songs seem so full of sweetness, so crowded with recollections of happier days than these, for you would often listen to the voices now gone singing "In the Evening by the Moonlight" and "Way Down upon the Swanee River" in that good old summer time, when the partridges were calling out there in the old broom fields, and the shadows of the trees would be falling over the big columns of the front piazza, "Away Down South in Dixie."

The United States Geological Survey will never be able to

locate exactly the situation of the Swanee River, for its silver waters in the moonlight run all over the entire Southland, and you can hear "the banjo tumming down in my good old home" and see "One little hut among the bushes, one that I love."

Just leave the "Swanee" River off the great map of the United States, for the magic and soft music of that old song has made too many hearts happy. What does it really matter if it is just a tiny creek, for in our memories it is bigger than the Mississippi in flood."

And yet Stephen C. Foster went cold and often hungry in New York streets trying to sell his songs that have made the

world dream beautiful dreams. Foster needs no monuments here in Dixieland except his songs, which are worth more to the longing hearts of folks than all the great monuments since the time of the commencement of the worlds. For the sweet beauty of "The Swanee River" touches the very soul and heart of all of us and the monuments only interest the eye. The "Swanee River" rises somewhere in the Old South of ours and is always flowing gently through our sweetest dreams. When the sunlight is falling over Dixie, or the stars are shining down on its quiet waters in the evenings, you think of the "little hut among the bushes," and when the summer comes and the days get dry and warm, you can "see the bees a-hummin' all around the comb."

So let the United States Geological Survey tell us that the Suwannee River is just a little stream in Northern Florida that is a sort of out-

let of Okefinokee Swamp. We don't care, for in this beautiful old South of ours, where the jessamine climbs the bushes and the cotton is white in the fields, we know of a little river that only flows through memories. It is always peaceful under the stars or out in the soft sunlight, for it is the little stream near home; and in our dreams we drift with the slow-moving current and live again the days of that old life which was the inspiration of the song.

"All up and down de whole creation,  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longin' for the old plantation,  
And for de old folks at home."



DOWN UPON THE "SWANEE RIVER."



*"IF YOU LOVE ME."*

REMINISCENCES OF SAMUEL CATAWBA LOWRY, OF YORKVILLE,  
S. C., WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY,  
KEPT IN THE TRENCHES.

COMPILED BY MRS. ELIZABETH FRY PAGE, TAMPA, FLA.

"I wish this book to be kept inviolate. Remember this! Do not disfigure it, but keep it sacred. I desire to keep it as long as I live, for certain reasons. When I am away, guard it with care, if you love me. This is my wish."

These instructions, written upon the flyleaf of the diary of a young South Carolina soldier of the sixties bring quick tears to the eyes of even a stranger in this twentieth century, if that one be privileged to see a certain beautiful rosewood box reverently opened, and a tattered, age-yellowed book removed with all the dignity of a ceremonial.

This diary, kept by the ardent hand of one of the youngest sons of the South to enter the War between the States, is the most treasured possession of Dr. Sumter L. Lowry, of Tampa, Fla., City Commissioner of Tampa and Executive Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the coming reunion.

The author of the interesting and historic volume was Samuel Catawba Lowry, older brother of Dr. Lowry, who was killed July 30, 1864, at Petersburg, Va., during the battle of the Crater. This young hero lacked two months of being fifteen years of age when he entered the service of the Confederate army, having, as he states in his record, "obtained the consent of my parents, after worrying them out begging them, and having two uncles in the company," the Carolina Rifles, commanded at that time by young Lowry's uncle, Capt. William B. Wilson, with another uncle, J. W. Avery, as first lieutenant.

Like most of the soldiers of the South, Young Lowry had with him a negro body servant, Henry Avery, but for whose faithfulness this treasured book would never have been recovered, or the body of the beloved young man returned to its native soil. These negro boys, the diary tells us, "added a great deal to our amusement by telling their wonderful tales and singing songs around the camp fires at night."

The author tells how the soldiers spent their leisure, as well

as about their drills and camp duties. He gives intimate and vivid descriptions of officers and distinguished visitors and of comrades; and describes in detail each move of his company from place to place. The literary quality of the journal is most unusual for so young a lad, whose wonderful power of observation, discrimination, and gift of language would have made of him a writer of force and ability. In addition to the interesting daily chronicle of events, the book contains a number of poems and essays upon subjects pertinent to the times which further emphasize Mr. Lowry's literary gifts.

Samuel Lowry was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, a stirring account of which he gives. He was shot through the thigh, and there was no ambulance corps or Red Cross worker to come to his assistance. No, indeed, the gritty young Southerner hobbled off the field, lay down until the fighting stopped, and "as the retreating foe disappeared in the distance, I got up on my legs again and commenced to hobble along. I found myself very weak and stiff, just able to limp along, but I assure you it afforded me infinite satisfaction, as I knew when I could walk that my leg was not broken. I hobbled up to Mrs. Chinn's house, about one hundred yards from where I was wounded, and there I fortunately met one from our company, William Clark, who kindly assisted me, bound up my leg, and gave his blanket and oilcloth to me. I will never forget this kindness. He evinced a warm heart and showed brotherly feeling, as a soldier should, for his comrade in arms. Poor fellow, he afterwards received his death wound on the field of Sharpsburg.

"I went into the cellar of the house and lay down for the night, perfectly easy and contented. I got a soldier to fill my canteen with water, and I used that simple, but most healing, restorative on my wound, just pouring it on the spot to keep the fever out of it. I finally got a young Virginia doctor to bind up my leg, and felt very comfortable the rest of the night. Captain Avery, my uncle, who was looking for me on the battle field, found me about twelve o'clock that night in good spirits, and left me, promising to have me carried off in the morning, which he did. I considered myself truly fortunate in getting into that cellar, for it not only rained, but a night amid the dead and dying is not very pleasant. I was partially



SHIPPING SCENE AT TAMPA.





MOONLIGHT SCENE ON TAMPA BAY.

shielded from the discordant sounds of the wounded and dying, but I heard enough to appall the ear of the most hard-hearted stoic. Discordant sounds rent the air—yells, shrieks, piteous groans, and cries of suffering reached the ear from every side. I spent the night very comfortably, in fact, I slept, though you may think it strange, but I did. Morn at last appeared, damp hazy, chilly; the smoke of battle yet hovered over Manassas, and the bodies of ten thousand dead bespotted the face of the earth. The sun of austerity never shone on a more desolate scene.

"About eleven o'clock, my uncle came after me, and I was carried out on a litter, placed in a wagon with three others of my regiment, and we were hauled off the battle field to the camp hospital. I would not go in the hospital, but with Lieutenants Logan and Moore, and my cousin, W. Dunovant, all wounded, put up a shanty and stayed in the woods. We had a couple of servants, and did very well. We lay here three or four days, when we were carried to Warrenton, and here we hired a little private house and put up for good. I cannot pay too great a tribute to the ladies of Warrenton, Va. We were treated with every kindness by these noble-hearted women. We were supplied with every comfort, and their continued solicitude and watchful presence threw a halo of joy over our suffering. The kind-hearted old ladies, as well as the beautiful and accomplished young damsels, united in their mutual efforts for our comfort. God bless and forever protect them!"

As soon as he was well enough to go home, Mr. Lowry took a furlough, and in a few months had recovered entirely from his wound, but was discharged from service because he was under age and sent by his parents to the Arsenal, the State military institution at Columbia, S. C.

However, after about three months, the young patriot began to grow restless. His fighting blood had been aroused by his military experiences, and he longed to get back into the service; so he tried to organize a company of volunteers among the cadets in the school. When the commandant heard a rumor of this, he summoned the cadet corps, formed them in line upon the campus, and demanded that all implicated should step forward. Samuel C. Lowry instantly obeyed, stepping out of line and declaring himself the instigator. He then called upon his followers to join him. Twenty-six cadets surrounded him, without hesitation, and they were all dismissed from school.

Young Lowry then went to the home of his maternal grandfather, Edward Avery, near Yorkville, S. C., and with his

adherents tried to organize a cavalry company, but did not succeed in securing the number necessary, so he and three of his friends joined Company F, 17th South Carolina Regiment, commanded by Col. F. W. McMaster. Of the four intrepid youths, only one ever returned.

The second section of the diary was begun on Sullivan's Island, January 22, 1864, and Lowry reports that he was warmly welcomed by his old comrades in arms. On the 24th, being Sunday, he took a walk down the island and went through Fort Moultrie, to review her defenses. "Find

them remarkably strong, 15-inch guns pointing from every embrasure, ready to belch forth destruction to the hireling foe. Got a splendid view of Fort Sumter and the Yankee works on Morris Island. Sumter is awfully battered. One side is a pile of ruins, yet her glorious flag floats in haughty defiance over her now hallowed ground. May she ever be as she is now—triumphant. The Yankees throw an occasional shell over to our island, but generally keep up a continual bombardment of Charleston. Returned along the beach to camp."

Soon after this, Mr. Lowry's regiment was given marching orders and continued to move until it reached the hotly contested soil of the Old Dominion, halting in the neighborhood of Petersburg, where he writes: "We are now in the vicinity of Petersburg and have heard the enemy's and our pickets firing all day. Had a terrific battle here two days ago, a complete victory for us. We expect to go into battle at any moment. I am now within one mile of my granduncle, John Avery. General Lee has so far whipped old Grant. We got a thorough wetting to-day from rain. In coming here on the train, we saw the effects of the Yankee raiders on the P. & W. Railroad. Houses burned, track torn up, dead horses, etc. General Walker is now in command of our brigade, four regiments altogether. This evening we received orders to move to Battery No. 5, along the line of breastworks, about half a mile away. We marched out there and hope to stay there awhile, for it is a splendid place to fight."

The date of the last entry was May 19, 1864. Then followed the battle of Howlett's Farm, in which the Yankees lost from three to four thousand, and the Confederates about one thousand, May 20.

On May 22, while under continuous fire, the young soldier writes: "The enemy has been making demonstrations on our right and left all day, but are always driven back after sharp fighting. Awful hungry! Can get nothing to-day but dry cornbread and some ice that we found in an ice house."

From here on, the journal is keenly interesting. Digging trenches, and being compelled to stay in them most of the time, expecting attack at any moment, discomfort, hunger, monotony, mud, vermin, news of friends slain or captured, all the fortunes of war; but the writer says: "We endure cheerfully, and confidently hope the time is not far off when we can realize the scenes set forth in that enchanting song, 'When This Cruel War Is Over.' We have been in the trenches now twenty days without relief, and there is no telling how much longer we will stay. Lee's success is so far uninterrupted. No news from home. Mail irregular."



On July 20, Lowry writes: "It is feared the enemy are tunneling under our lines, and as right in our front is the most favorable spot for such works, and as a battery is also here, we are preparing for such a device by digging a tunnel all along the whole face of the battery to meet theirs, if they have any."

The diary stops July 25, with the comment: "All quiet. Go back to the ditches to-night."

The young soldier, Samuel Catawba Lowry, was killed just five days later, July 30, during the Battle of the Crater. The battle followed the explosion and lasted all day. Mr. Lowry fell four or five hours after the mine was sprung, while leading the men of his company to action. His officers had either been killed or wounded, and he was promoted by fate and his own valiant courage to the captaincy, in the heat of battle, yielding his life, at the tender age of nineteen and a half years, for the cause so dear to him.

Henry Avery, his faithful negro servant, found his body after the battle, and by what seemed almost a miracle in the confusion and excitement of the time, succeeded in getting his beloved master's remains and this treasured diary through the lines and back to the old home.

When the body arrived, the sorrowing family was accompanied to the train by Major, a handsome dog which had been the beloved pet of the young soldier. The animal seemed to understand and feel deeply the tragedy of the occasion, and the next morning Major's dead body was found outside the door of the room in which his master had spent his last night under the familiar roof.

This is the story of one of the South's gallant and promising young sons and of the book which meant so much to him.

"When I am away, guard it with care, if you love me," he plead. He is "away," dear lad, and those who love him continue to guard his precious, blood-bought record with reverent care.

#### A MISSING PAGE.

BY MISS NANNIE DAVIS SMITH, BATON ROUGE, LA.

Biography, defined as the history of a person's life and character, should not only relate personal achievements, but something of family ties. This missing page in biographies of Jefferson Davis, I, his grandniece, shall endeavor to supply.

Anna, his best-loved sister, was seventeen years old when the baby brother became her especial charge, and after she married he often visited Locust Grove Plantation, twenty miles from their parent's home, near Woodville, Miss. Born to the saddle, the little lad covered these miles on horseback. In his sister's bedroom, he slept in a large crib on rockers, which, known thereafter as "Uncle Jeff's cradle," served four generations, our grandmother making a point that each of her dozen grandchildren and several great-grandchildren should be rocked in it. This venerable relic, which figured conspicuously during the Atlanta Exposition thirty-odd years ago, is now deposited in the annex at Howard Memorial Hall, New Orleans.

My grandmother's most cherished possession was a cameo brooch, the only ornament I ever saw her wear. The following note accompanied the gift:

"3rd April, 1851.

"My Dear Sister: I send you a cameo likeness and hope thus to make my peace with you for the failure to present you on



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AND COURTHOUSE, TAMPA

a former occasion with a daguerreotype. It is set in a breast-pin that it may be brought very near to you, and that in this manner I may have renewed the happy days of childhood when my sweet sister held me in her arms. During this summer I expect to visit you. In the meantime accept my love and present me affectionately to all your family.

"Your brother

JEFF."

A daughter of Mrs. Luther L. Smith inherited the cameo likeness and bequeathed it to Winnie Davis, whose middle name was chosen by her father as a compliment to his sister Anna. Despite the difference in our ages, Winnie and I were very congenial. We liked the same books, enjoying them doubly by reading aloud in turn.

My earliest recollection of "Uncle Jeff" is when, after the war with Mexico, he visited his favorite sister, my grandmother. Playing near her door, I saw a strange gentleman approaching, who, though supported by a crutch, bore himself right soldierly. Joyful exclamations speedily established my hero's identity, and his invariable tenderness with children won devoted affection that through the coming years was to know neither shadow nor turning. I already adored "Aunt Varina," who, during her husband's absence, had often been our guest, petting me to my heart's content. Accounting for her partiality, she explained: "O, you were such a quirky little-thing" (whatever that may mean). The sorest disappointment of my girlhood was being prevented through the fortunes of war from accepting this beloved aunt's urgent invitation to visit them in Richmond. On those troublous times I will not linger. They who suffered and live to tell the tale need no reminder.

When released from Fortress Monroe, accompanied by his wife, President Davis's first pilgrimage was to the homes of his sisters, Mrs. Luther L. Smith and Mrs. William Stamps, residents, respectively, of Louisiana and Mississippi. Their reunion after so many vicissitudes was an event not easily forgotten by the members of three generations assembled to welcome their revered kinsman. His tender solicitude for the sister who had cradled him in her arms, the graceful courtesy with which he escorted her to her table, his chivalrous manner, stamped him unmistakably a gentleman of the old school. Then in his sixtieth year, it was not time that had



aged the President of the Confederacy and whitened his hair as with the snows of many winters, but "man's inhumanity to man." Still he retained an erect military bearing, of which not even death could rob him, and a certain magnetism distinctly his own.

The next stopping place, Vicksburg, was where Mr. Joseph E. Davis then resided. His equally brilliant intellect and conversational powers made an interchange of thought between these brothers a rare treat. The days that followed were red-letter days. At Jackson, Miss., Governor and Mrs. Humphreys gave them a royal reception. All along their route were enthusiastic greetings, making this home-coming of the South's chosen chief an ovation. Last, but by no means least, was a visit to Mrs. Isaac W. Davis, a lovely old lady whom her brother-in-law justly numbered among "the salt of the earth." On our return trip, at Canton, a bevy of beautiful girls boarded the car to pay their respects. Of course, the President claimed a kiss from each, whereupon Mrs. Davis, being asked didn't she object to such gallantry, replied: "O, they are not always pretty girls. He has to kiss the old women too, and then I get my revenge."

Later, in his retirement, I had for years the privilege of closer association with my illustrious kinsman than any member of our family except his own daughters, by which endearing term he always addressed me. Such intimate companionship, enjoyed through several summers, was itself a liberal education apart from meeting gifted and cultured people, who gathered around "The Sage of Beauvoir." Both he and his wife wished me to remain with them permanently. Finally, after arrangements were completed for writing his autobiography, I was offered the position of amanuensis, Aunt Varina exclaiming: "Take him at his offer. I've wanted you all your life." But alas! only an introductory chapter had been dictated ere "the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken." Together his devoted wife and I had nursed him through previous illnesses, apparently more serious, and together we shared those last anxious vigils. Threatening symptoms disappeared, and we thought his splendid constitution would triumph. Suddenly a violent ague seized him—the beginning of the end. Though unable to speak, he remained perfectly conscious, and when attendant physicians sought to make him more comfortable, he turned himself without assistance, closed his eyes "as one who lies down to pleasant dreams," and fell asleep. Of watchers in that death chamber few are alive who witnessed the passing of a great

soul. Members of his family attending the impressive funeral, the solemn service conducted by Bishop Gallagher (a Confederate soldier before he became a soldier of the cross), all have joined the silent majority. I, his grandniece, nearing my eighty-sixth milestone, am the oldest surviving relative of Jefferson Davis.

The "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis," by his wife, are so comprehensive, so charmingly told that they leave little to be added, but personal reminiscences will doubtless always be appreciated by those who admire this really great character.

Three public utterances by my revered uncle, Jefferson Davis, stand forth as vividly as when they were delivered. In the first he urged payment of pensions to veterans of the Mexican War, willingly relinquishing his own claims in their behalf. On another occasion, at Mississippi City, July, 1878, he made a beautiful address to the Army of Tennessee, which the Northern press, for motives best known to themselves, represented as inciting rebellion. Somebody whispered that Father Ryan was present, and, being triumphantly located, all travel-stained, he responded, concluding an eloquent eulogium by predicting that when traducers had passed into oblivion, the name of Jefferson Davis would go sounding down the corridors of time.

On March 10, 1886, President Davis attended and made a speech at the presentation of his birthplace to the Baptist congregation erecting a memorial church on the spot. By some chance, his father's house had been built across the boundary separating Christian and Todd Counties, making it uncertain in which one Jefferson Davis was born. When asked to settle this important question, he said: "Though present on the occasion, I am least qualified to testify."

It is a curious coincidence that the names of three milestones along Jefferson Davis's journey through life are of similar significance. At Fairview he entered upon that journey; on the field of Buena Vista he won imperishable fame; Beauvoir, the haven of his declining years, was where he wrote "his life work for his countrymen."

"Leader of the men in gray,  
Chieftain—truest of the true—  
Write our story as you may,  
And you did; but even you  
With your pen could never write  
Half the story of our land."

## A WONDERFUL MEMORY

Mr. Davis never forgot anybody. He was one day addressing a crowd when a snowy-haired old man on the outskirts expressed a desire to greet the speaker, whom he had known and served under during the Mexican War. A friend offered to introduce him, but the old man declined and, going up to Mr. Davis, offered him his hand and asked if he remembered him. Mr. Davis fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, his mouth twitched, tears filled his eyes, and he exclaimed: "Ward, snow has fallen on your head since I last saw you!" And that was about forty years before the meeting.—*Reminiscences of Jefferson Davis.*



THE FAMOUS BAYSHORE BOULEVARD, TAMPA.



*THE LAST CAMPAIGN OF FORREST'S CAVALRY.*

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Forrest's last campaign began after Hood's army had safely landed on the south side of the Tennessee River, at Bainbridge, December 27, 1864.

It may be truthfully said that nothing in the annals of war excelled in brilliancy the qualities and the conduct of the Confederate rear guard, from Columbia to the river. And it is doubtful if there has ever lived a man who displayed, under similar circumstances, greater resources than Forrest did on that retreat.

It was due to him that Hood's army crossed the river in safety. A few days after the army had gone into camp, about Tusculumbia, Forrest reported to General Hood that his men and horses needed rest and food. He was, therefore, permitted to go south, where forage could be obtained. We reached Corinth on the last day of the year, from which place all the men from West Tennessee and Mississippi were furloughed and allowed to go to their homes for fresh horses and clothing. Ross's Brigade of Texans and Buford's Kentucky Brigade were cut off from their homes and consequently remained in camp.

Forrest established his headquarters at Verona, a small place fifty miles south of Corinth, where he remained until near the 1st of March, and was actively employed looking after every detail, such as the shoeing of horses, repairing harness, collecting stragglers, etc. While at Verona he was commissioned lieutenant general and assigned to command of all the cavalry in Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana.

In the meantime, the furloughed men had all returned. The force assigned to Forrest was so widely scattered that he wrote to Lieut. Gen. Richard Taylor, who was in command of the department, setting forth his aims, and suggested that the cavalry be brought together into one effective body. The troops were thus reorganized, and those from the same State were brigaded together. General Chalmers was placed over the division made up of Mississippians; General Buford over the division constituted of the Alabama and Kentucky troops; while Jackson commanded the Tennessee and Texas regiments.

Chalmers's Division was composed of three brigades, commanded by Brig. Gens. Frank C. Armstrong, Wirt Adams, and Peter B. Starke.

Jackson's Division comprised Bell's and Campbell's Brigades, while Roddy's and Lyons's Brigades were to form Buford's Division.

Chalmers's Division camped in the vicinity of Columbus, Miss., where forage in great abundance was found, and the horses soon began to improve. The people of that delightful country were untiring in their efforts to contribute to the comfort of Forrest's troops, and on every occasion, when opportunity afforded, gave expressions of gladness for their presence among them. General Chalmers had his headquarters in the city, at the home of a Mr. Pope, where he and his staff officers were treated with unbounded hospitality. Invitations were extended them to the most delightful dinners, teas, and other social functions. Certainly it would be difficult to find a more cultured, polite, and refined people; and it is a pleasure, even at this late day, to express our appreciation and acknowledge our obligations for those charming entertainments. We were the guests of the city, it seemed, and the entire population joined in extending the welcome.

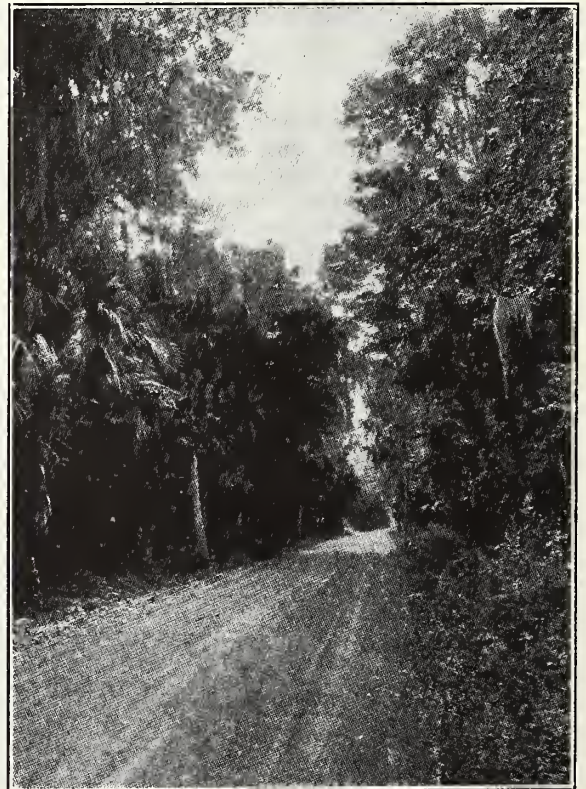
During the period from January 15 to March 1, numerous demonstrations were made by the enemy at different places in Forrest's territory, and, necessarily, as many counter-movements were made by him; but in every instance the

Federals withdrew without a fight. Owing to the number of places to be guarded, it was impossible for Forrest to concentrate his force as he wanted to do, a fact which the Federal commander fully appreciated. In the meantime, Forrest had transferred his headquarters to West Point, forty miles southward from Verona.

The Federal authorities at this time had assembled in Middle Tennessee a cavalry force of 22,000 men and horses under command of Maj. Gen. James Wilson, a distinguished graduate of West Point Military Academy and standing very high as a cavalry officer with his superiors. Wilson had devoted himself to the drill, organization, and discipline of his corps. He used every means to bring this splendid body of horsemen into the highest possible state of efficiency and mobility. (See Andrews's history of the campaign.) It was the largest body of cavalry ever mustered in the United States, and the best-equipped of all the past in any country. His equipage included a pontoon train of fifty wagons, and two hundred and fifty supply wagons, also twenty batteries of four guns each, making eighty cannon. His command was made up of three divisions under Generals McCook, Long, and Upton.

General Wilson threw his three divisions to the south side of the Tennessee River at Chickasaw Station, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, about the 18th of March. His adversary, as I have stated, had his troops scattered over two States, Alabama and Mississippi. Forrest had no means for securing clothing, remounts, and ammunition. Having to watch a long frontier, bristling with the enemy, his position was precarious.

Meanwhile, the Federal General Canby had begun his operations for the capture of Mobile, so that no help could be sent to Forrest from that quarter. It will be seen that General Wilson was able to cross any stream very quickly, his pontoons enabling him to do so with very little delay.



FLORIDA HAS FINE ROADS.



Roddy was near Tusculumbia with his brigade, and skirmished with the Federal advance as it marched into the heart of Alabama. Chalmers was ordered from Columbus to Pickensville, with Armstrong's and Starke's brigades, while Jackson marched with Bell's and Campbell's brigades from West Point, leaving Buford and Wirt Adams to guard the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Forrest, therefore, was unable to meet Wilson with more than six thousand men under the most favorable conditions, and, as it turned out, could not bring together the troops on account of high water. Wilson was at Jasper on March 27, and there detached "Croxtton's" Brigade, of McCook's Division, to hasten to Tuscaloosa to burn the university. While the university was a military organization, that assuredly did not warrant the order to burn the buildings, and it was a savage act, unworthy of civilized warfare. It may be that Wilson had information that the cadets at the university had volunteered for service as escort to General Rucker, and burning the buildings was easier than fighting that gallant band of little boys.

General Wilson, hearing of Chalmers's movement and believing that it portended a concentration of Forrest's Cavalry, ordered his three divisions to move in light order, and with all haste, by way of Elyton to Montevallo, leaving his wagon trains to follow. He reached the vicinity of Montevallo late on the evening of March 30, and was met by Gens. Dan Adams and Roddy, who were driven back through the place, and Wilson began the destruction of four iron furnaces, a rolling mill, and several collieries.

Meanwhile, the Confederates, having rallied, reappeared before the place, and Upton's Division was thrown forward to engage them. Greatly inferior in numbers, the Confederates were soon worsted and driven southward toward Randolph, where Roddy, being reinforced by Crossland's Brigade of Kentuckians, found ground for a stand. As Crossland came up, he threw his little force gallantly across the road down which the Federals were pressing actively. Crossland's position was very favorable, near a bridge in the bend of a creek. He held his positions against several savage attempts to dislodge him, until he was at length about to be turned on both flanks, and, sending his horses rearward, fell back slowly on foot, fighting every inch of the way. The situation was one of extreme peril, but in a thick pine wood, he, with unusual skill and firm resolution, kept a steady front to the enemy. The Federals charged by regiments with much spirit and vigor, but were met with a courage and tenacity that has never been exceeded.

Reduced to about six hundred rank and file, and finding that he was rapidly dwindling away by the casualties, Crossland attempted to remount, when the enemy charged upon him while thus engaged, and he lost some men, making his loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners a little over one hundred. Meanwhile Roddy had rallied the greater part of his brigade and joined Crossland.

During this time, Forrest was rapidly riding across the country from Centerville toward Montevallo with his staff, and it so happened that he came in sight of the road just when the conflict I have related had been fought, and he observed that it was filled with Federal cavalry moving south at a trot. Ever swift and daring in his measures, he determined to make a dash at the Federals, great as was the disparity. Forming his little following—upon each man of whom he could rely—into columns of fours, in a skirt of woods, he charged boldly from his covert into the moving mass and broke through. he turned and dashed upon the fragment north of him and drove it back fully half a mile, where his adversary stood, drawn up in a heavy line of battle to receive him. Forrest's

little force appeared to them as big as two divisions, such was its audacity. Changing his direction at once southward, Forrest found the road strewn with signs of battle, including numerous dead Federals and Confederates. He found that Wilson was already south of him, pressing Roddy and Crossland back toward Selma.

It was now incumbent upon Forrest to find his way speedily to his main forces. Making a slight detour from the road, after a rapid ride of six or eight miles, he found Roddy, about ten o'clock at night, still confronting the enemy. Informed of the occurrences of the day, he sent an order to Jackson—supposed to be at Scottsville—to move swiftly across to Centerville and attack Wilson's right, after which to effect a junction before they were forced back into Selma. He reported the situation to General Taylor at Selma and repeated his recommendation of a general concentration for the defense of Selma and inquired the present location of Chalmers's Division.

The answer being that Chalmers was then at Plantersville, twenty miles south of Randolph, Forrest requested by telegraph that Chalmers should at once be dispatched to his aid, so that he might delay the enemy as long as possible and secure time for final defense of Selma and the removal of stores from there.

During the night of March 31, the enemy remained at Randolph, but they had intercepted dispatches both from Jackson and Forrest, which divulged Forrest's plans to General Wilson, the scattered disposition of the Confederates, and the weakness of Forrest's command. Jackson had come in collision with Croxtton, and Wilson, aware of the small force in his path, sent McCook with another brigade to form a junction with Croxtton, while he, with his other divisions, twelve thousand strong, moved rapidly on Selma. To meet this force, Forrest had now little more than fifteen hundred men. At sunrise, April 1, the enemy were promptly in their saddles. Wilson was now fully aware of the extreme weakness of any enemy he might encounter. The Confederates retired before ten times their numbers, of course, but there was some spirited skirmishing with the Federal advance, which several times was checked by Forrest with his escort and portions of Roddy's and Crossland's commands. Giving General Taylor telegraphic advice of his inability to make headway against Wilson with his handful of men, Forrest soon met Captain Goodman, of Chalmers's staff, who informed him that Chalmers was not at Plantersville, as he thought, but was moving by another road. Couriers were accordingly dispatched hurriedly in all directions to find Chalmers and guide him to a junction in front of Selma, at the expense of his trains and artillery, if need be. Several hours later a dispatch from General Chalmers announced his greatest exertions to reach a point southward, as soon as his horses would enable him. Having learned that there was a strong defensive position four miles southward, Forrest ordered Adams and Roddy, with Crossland's few men, to occupy it. Forrest then threw himself with his escort across the path of the enemy, resolved to dispute every inch of the ground to gain time for Adams and Roddy to get into position and arrange for defense.

For several miles he boldly grappled with the Federal advance, checking it by a series of charges characteristic of his audacity, but by 4 P.M., he had been forced to fall back upon Adams, where he hoped to form a junction with Chalmers. The position was very favorable for defense, a creek, with rugged banks, crossing the railroad and highway, forming a narrow valley, with steep wooded hills commanding the several approaches. On these ridges the Confederates were



drawn up. They did not exceed 1,350 men, and to these Forrest added about 150 officers and men, making a force of scarcely 1,500 men and six guns to meet fully fifteen thousand of the best-equipped men of all previous time, and thirty-two cannon. Soon Long's Division of the enemy came up and promptly assailed Roddy's position with drawn sabers. It was handsomely done, and Roddy's men were thrown into a good deal of confusion, giving way in disorder.

Observing the disaster, Forrest dashed upon the scene with his staff and assisted Generals Roddy and Adams in re-establishing their lines. Having thus restored the line in that quarter, Forrest returned to where his six guns were posted.

During this time, Upton's Federal Division, guided by the sounds of battle, approached rapidly to the scene. On came the Federal cavalry! It was a grand sight. The Confederates opened upon them with a destructive fire, both canister and rifles, emptying about one hundred saddles. Upton then dismounted his division and pressed the attack upon the Confederate right flank, which soon fell back in confusion; but the left, where the artillery was posted, held its positions. But there was risk of being turned and cut off from the ford of the creek, and Forrest, therefore, ordered the line withdrawn. This movement being observed, doubtless, by the enemy, a vigorous charge was made, against which Forrest had at the moment available only his famous escort and staff and a section of artillery. The artillery sent one discharge into the enemy and, seeing that the support had gone, abandoned their guns and retreated.

On came the Federal cavalry with drawn sabers, when Forrest sprang to meet them with his escort; but he was swept back into the woods by the overwhelming stress of numbers, and such was the momentum of the Federal charge that one of their horses, striking against the wheel of a piece, broke every spoke and killed himself. One artilleryman had remained at that piece, who gathered a handspike from the trail and with a mighty blow dashed out the brains of the trooper, and knocked another from his horse, then, shouldering his handspike, made his way rearward. This is absolutely true. I do not remember his name, but it should be preserved, if possible, in the Hall of Fame in every country of the world.

By this time, 5 P.M., General Forrest, with his staff and escort, was engaged in a hand-to-hand mêlée with the enemy, and the General became involved in one of those personal rencounters that marked his life, and his escapes from which appear incredible. He was set upon by four troopers in the road at one moment; shooting one, the others dashed down upon him with uplifted sabers, which he parried with his revolver, but received some wounds and bruises both on his head and arm. Three others came up meanwhile and took part, so that actually six men were either attempting to saber or shoot him. By this time the hammer of his pistol had been hacked away, so that the weapon was useless, while his right arm was sorely weakened by the many blows which had fallen upon it. His staff and escort could not help him, for all at the moment were engaged in like personal combats.

On each side, the roadway was hedged by a dense, impenetrable thicket, and rearward was choked by a wagon turned over, which barred his escape in that direction while his enemies filled the road in front, fiercely cutting and shooting at him. Escape, indeed, seemed hopeless, for, as if to render it utterly so, his horse was severely wounded by a rifle ball in the thigh. But it was not Forrest's habit to look upon any situation as hopeless. Wheeling his horse toward the wagon,

giving him the spur, and lifting him with the bridle, the brave animal rose into the air and cleared the wagon at a bound, going some thirty yards before he was halted, and Forrest turned to survey the field. Scarcely had he done so, when he was attacked by a Federal officer, who lunged at him with his saber, but Forrest parried the thrust with his other pistol, which he had been able to draw, and, firing, killed his adversary (a Captain Taylor). In describing the circumstance to the writer a few years after the war, General Forrest said it was the hottest personal encounter he ever had.

Very soon the six men whom he had escaped were after him again, but, fortunately, two members of his staff, Col. Matt Galloway and Dr. Jones, came to his aid and opened fire, killing two and wounding the third, while Forrest killed yet another. The escort in the meantime had driven their enemy back. The enemy used sabers almost entirely, while Forrest and staff and escort used pistols and Spencer rifles. Forrest was riding a horse which the ladies of Columbus, Ga., had given to him after he had captured Colonel Streight and his command, which was headed for Columbus, but never arrived. "King Philip" was as great a horse as Forrest was a soldier. He was white, with black mane and tail. I intend to write of King Philip some day.

This stand and fight which I have related would not have been undertaken but for the supposition that General Chalmers would be able to bring up his division in time to enable Forrest to profit by the favorable character of the position to make a prolonged, effective resistance there. But Chalmers, diverted and retarded by conflicting orders and bad roads and swamps across his route, had gone toward Marion with Starke's Brigade. Adams's men were now utterly demoralized, and many of Roddy's also were going rearwards toward Selma, while the enemy was persistently pressing on. Forrest still interposed his staff and escort across their path, when a squadron of some two hundred horsemen was sent against him. He stood at bay, however, and drove them back across a creek. Roddy, meantime, having gathered some three or four hundred of his best men, was ordered to cover the rear as long as possible.

By this time Forrest's wounds had become very painful, and he rode with his staff and escort rapidly to Plantersville. General Adams was there, and succeeded in collecting the mass of the Confederates. Scarcely had General Forrest telegraphed General Taylor the state of affairs before the enemy appeared, and, without halting, dashed down upon the Confederates, who at the instant were occupied in drawing forage and rations from the stores accumulated there. Immediately the panic was general, the men mounting in hot haste, and the largest part of them made off to Selma. But around Forrest rallied his matchless escort, each one as ready and willing as any Paladin, and with them he quickly sallied forth. He brought on a short but spirited engagement, which, thanks to the Spencer rifles in steady hands, forced the Federals to retire upon their main face. It was now sunset.

Forrest directed General Adams to fall back that night to Selma with such forces as he could collect, while he would go in quest of Chalmers with his escort, now reduced to about forty men. Taking the road toward Marion, some five miles from Plantersville, Forrest was greatly relieved by coming upon Roddy and his small force, seeking the way to Selma. About eleven o'clock he also met Armstrong, with his brigade at a halt, awaiting Chalmers, who, he reported, was still six or seven miles distant and beyond a swamp, with some swollen streams across his path. Armstrong was ordered to hasten to Selma, and Col. Thomas W. White was sent to find Chalmers with orders to press on in the same direction



with Starke's Brigade. The following day General Forrest, worn down with fatigue and suffering acutely from his wounds, gave his escort company opportunity for several hours' rest and to feed their horses.

(Concluded in May number.)

## WHAT THE SOUTH MAY CLAIM.

For seventy-two years (1789-1861) there were fifteen Presidents of the United States, and nine were from the South. In nearly every cabinet of the fifteen Presidents, the Attorney General was a Southern man. These nine Southern Presidents made such excellent ones that five of them were reelected and not one of the six from the North was reelected.

For sixty-four years the Chief Justices of the United States were Southern men.

The obligations of the nation to the South are great.

Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, offered the resolution of independence.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence.

George Washington established it.

James Madison largely created the Constitution and was instrumental in having it ratified.

John Marshall was Chief Justice thirty years.

These men, with Alexander Hamilton, may truly be called the founders of the American nation.

The South, through Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, added the Louisiana Purchase to the United States, a million miles of territory.

The South, through James K. Polk of Tennessee, added Texas and the Pacific Slope to the United States.

The South through Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, added Alaska.

The South, through Virginia, gave the territory northwest of the Ohio River (Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and a part of Minnesota) to the United States.

The South, through Lewis and Clarke of Virginia, opened up the Yellowstone country and the great West.

The South, through Taylor and Scott of Kentucky and Virginia, caused Mexico to yield.

In the Spanish-American War, Gen. Joe Wheeler, of Alabama, was called "the backbone of the Santiago Campaign."



GEN. S. D. LEE REVIEWING U. D. C., PARADE.

Hobson, of Alabama, Arthur Willard, of Maryland, Tom Brumby, of Georgia, and Anderson, of Virginia, were heroes of that war.

This is to say nothing about our Woodrow Wilson, without a peer, and our brave boys from the South in the World War — *From Miss Rutherford's "Scrapbook."*

## YES, WE LOVE YOU STILL IN DIXIE.

"Do they love us still in Dixie?"

How our hearts do thrill with pain

At the pathos of this query,

Seeming doubt to entertain!

"Do they love us still in Dixie?"

Can our mem'ries of the past

Fail to keep love's fires a-glowing

For those ranks now thinning fast?

Think ye that we have forgotten

When you proudly donned the gray,

And in flush of youth and manhood

Hastened to the bloody fray,

In defense of Dixie's honor,

Starved and bled and would have died,

Every selfish hope and feeling

On her altar crucified?

Then our prayers and tears and blessings

Followed you from day to day,

When so oft the smoke of battle

Wrought a shroud for boys in gray.

But despite its awful havoc,

Through the seething shot and shell,

How you bore our banner bravely

Let impartial history tell.

Love and reverence for the remnant

Who survive to tell the tale

Of those years of fearful carnage,

When your courage ne'er did fail.

Sure your deeds were deeds of glory

Which we never can forget;

They will live in song and story

When life's sun for you hath set.

Bright and brighter grows the halo

Round each veteran's hoary head

As they haste to join their comrades

"In the bivouac of the dead."

Love and smiles for those who linger,

Tears and love for those who die,

Till they meet in grand reunion

In the mansions of the sky.

—Mrs. E. J. H. McLaur<sup>ne</sup>.

[In tribute to Gen. Stephen D. Lee, whose closing words in his address to the veterans, in reunion 1908, and read by another, were: "Do they love us still in Dixie?"

ERROR.—A statement appearing in an address published in the February number that William and Mary College was the first institution of the kind founded in this country brought correction from Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Baltimore, who cites the founding of Harvard College in 1636, its systematic labors beginning in 1642, while William and Mary was not founded until 1693, nearly threescore years later.



*I AM DREAMING.*

Awake, awake, thou dreamer!  
 Awake to the mournful blast—  
 Notes of our martyred freedom,  
 Dead music of the past!  
 Awake! the spear is broken,  
 The blade hath turned to rust,  
 And the warrior's red-cross banner  
 Droops o'er the warrior's dust.

Awake, awake, thou dreamer!  
 The voices of the slain  
 Come o'er the still deep waters  
 In sad and solemn strain! ♣  
 And the night winds echo sadly  
 The song of buried years,  
 And morning brings upon its crest  
 A rivulet of tears.

What see you, silent sleeper,  
 In the far-off land of dreams?  
 What see you by the valleys  
 And the pleasant-sounding streams?  
 Are there orange groves in blossom?  
 Is there gold upon the strand?  
 Is there joy or is there mourning  
 In the far-off pleasant land?

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,  
 And the lightning's lurid glare,  
 Like a meteor in its madness,  
 Rushes through the midnight air,  
 And I see the red-cross banner  
 In the rifted cloudlet wave,  
 And I hear the battle shoutings  
 Of the gallant and the brave.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,  
 And the cannon's deadly roar  
 Rolls up the steep, blue mountain  
 Along the other shore;  
 And I see a lordly gentleman  
 Ride out to lead the way—  
 He is the knightliest gentleman  
 That ever wore the gray.

Down to the shock of battle,  
 Through fire and smoke and blood,  
 He rides him down right gallantly  
 To stem the ebbing flood.  
 Two glittering stars about his throat—  
 No sword he wears, I ween—  
 He is the comeliest gentleman  
 That ever I have seen.

So calm, so stern, so debonair,  
 No plume upon his crest,  
 He goes the war path gallantly,  
 No shield upon his breast.  
 He rides the good horse "Traveler,"  
 Right to the fore rides he.  
 His sire was "Light Horse Harry,"  
 And his name is Robert Lee!



And yonder in the tempest—  
 Down by the smoky plain  
 Rides one in armor burnished bright,  
 And burning spear a main;  
 His brow is clothed in thunder,  
 His right arm raised on high,  
 Marslike he rides to battle  
 As he rode in days gone by.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,  
 And the blushing rose of morn  
 Is shaking from her leaflets young  
 Bright crystals of the storm.  
 The midnight is asunder  
 Still the carnage revels high,  
 And still rides "Stonewall" Jackson,  
 As he rode in days gone by.

Now hark! the bugle pealing,  
 See the flashing sabers shine  
 Against the day god of the east,  
 Along the charging line.  
 I hear a merry clink of steel,  
 And a laughter ringing far,  
 'Tis the chestnut-bearded Stuart,  
 Our "Henry of Navarre."

I am dreaming, and there's weeping  
 In yon grove upon the hill.  
 There a noble form is hushed in death,  
 A giant heart is still.  
 On the banner of his legions  
 His star of glory shines;  
 'Tis Rodes, the fair-haired chieftain,  
 Who charged at Seven Pines.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,  
 And a black plume floats on high,  
 So graceful, yet so terrible,  
 Above a flashing eye;  
 The mountains quake and tremble,  
 Still that warrior takes no heed  
 'Tis Ashby rides the vale of death,  
 Upon his milk-white steed.



And O! a song of boyhood  
Is floating up the glen,  
And a happy voice of bygone years  
Is cheering on his men.  
With gleaming eye he charged  
And a soul for a soldier's fate,  
'Tis Ramseur, dashing Ramseur,  
The pride of the Old North State.

Who comes with visage strong and stern,  
Upon his foaming bay?  
A stout and hardy fighter,  
"Old Blucher" clears the way.  
With sturdy cane of oak aloft,  
He leads them up the glade;  
'Tis Allegheny Johnson,  
With the old Stonewall Brigade.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,  
And the flaming dogs of death  
Are bursting grape and bombshell  
Upon the battle's breath.  
And there beside the cannon's mouth,  
All battle-scarred and grave,  
Stands Hood, the lion-hearted,  
The bravest of the brave.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,  
And the stars and bars on high  
Wave o'er the fiery Ewell's front—  
His is to do or die!  
And a sound of distant music  
Brings back old home-time joys  
'Tis the son of old Zach Taylor  
And his Louisiana boys.

And yonder, cheering on his braves,  
Is Hill, Virginia's pride;  
The handsome John Magruder  
Is fighting by his side;  
Bold Pegram holds the bridge to-day,  
With Garnett at the ford;  
And I see the gray-haired Armistead,  
With his hat upon his sword.

Charge! Dearing, charge! the Northmen  
Are pressing Pender sore,  
And Cobb, the valiant Georgian,  
Can hold his own no more.  
See Pettigrew among them,  
No quarter does he beg;  
And yonder sleeps the sleep of death  
The gallant Maxey Gregg.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,  
And my comrades of the past  
Are waiting in the valley  
For the bugle's onward blast  
John Pelham, Brown, and Pegram,  
Will Randolph, true and strong,  
And the smiling, boyish Lattimer,  
A sunbeam in that throng.

Awake, awake, thou dreamer!  
The voices of the slain  
Come o'er the still, deep waters  
In ripples bright with fame.

Awake! the spear is broken,  
The blade hath turned to rust,  
And the warrior's red-cross banner  
Droops o'er the warrior's dust.

—W. P. Carter.

## SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

JOHN THOMSON DARBY.

(This sketch was written by the late Capt. Wade H. Manning, of Columbia, S. C.)

John Thomson Darby was born at Pond Bluff Plantation, Orangeburg District, S. C., December 16, 1836, and died in New York City, June 9, 1879. It was at the Mount Zion Institute, Winnsboro, S. C., that he received his earlier training, which prepared him for admission to the then far-famed South Carolina College, of Columbia, S. C., now, under constant changes, the University of South Carolina.

Dr. Darby came of an illustrious family. His great-grandfather, Col. William Thomson, commanded the 3rd South Carolina Regiment of Infantry at the most trying period of the country's history during the American Revolution. His name and his regiment earned laurels on many battle fields when courage and patriotism counted something in the scales of life and loyalty was considered a priceless jewel.

The father of Dr. John Thomson Darby, Artemus Thomson Darby, himself a physician of repute, married Margaret Cantez Thomson, a cousin and a most estimable lady. During the dark days of 1776-83, the name of Cantez became a household word, and from the Santee River to the High Hills surrounding Stateburg, that name, mentioned in connection with Marion and Sumter, served to lull to sleep the infant cries of a rebel child made restless by threats of Tory and British soldiery alike.

Dr. John Darby entered the South Carolina College in 1856, but left in his junior year to take up a course of study in the Medical College of Charleston, S. C. In this famous school he laid the foundation from which arose in later years that glorious manhood which surrounded him and crowned his life with deeds of charity and goodness until his life's end. Transferred to the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia, Pa., he continued his studies, graduating with honor. It was at a crucial period when he returned to his native State. The tocsin had sounded and the great war commenced. Col. Wade Hampton had organized the Hampton Legion; Dr. Darby became chief surgeon. He was but twenty-five when he entered upon his duties, discharging them in such a way as to call forth praise from the rank and file and from field and staff. Upon Hampton's promotion to a cavalry brigade, Dr. Darby was assigned to the staff of Gen. J. B. Hood, serving through every grade until finally he became Medical Director of the Army of the West.

In 1863, Dr. Darby was sent to Europe by the government of the Confederate States upon a secret mission. The duty assigned him was successfully accomplished, and he returned to his duties in the Confederate service to share the fate of his country and his people. After the fall of the Confederacy, he received an appointment to the medical staff of the Prussian Army, with the rank of colonel, thus utilizing the experience acquired in the hospitals and on the many battle fields of the South from 1861 to 1865. In the Prussian campaign against Austria, 1866, Dr. Darby assisted materially in the organization of the hospital and ambulance corps, and in return received well-merited praise for valuable aid rendered at headquarters and in the open field.



Upon his return from abroad, Dr. Darby began the practice of his profession and was immediately elected professor of Anatomy and Surgery at the University of South Carolina, Columbia. Time passed, his reputation as a surgeon was acknowledged, and his fame broadcast over the land. In 1874 he was elected to the Chair of Surgery in the University of the city of New York, serving faithfully the institution which had honored him until his death in the forty-third year of his age—honored, admired, and beloved.

Dr. Darby married Mary Cante, daughter of Gen. John S. and Caroline Hampton Preston, of Columbia, S. C.

Two children survive this marriage, a son and a daughter, residents of South Carolina.

In Trinity Episcopal Churchyard, Columbia, S. C., his body rests, and upon the marble slab covering his grave is this simple record of a splendid life:

"RENOWNED IN HIS PROFESSION"

"HONORED AS A PATRIOT"

"BELOVED IN ALL RELATIONS OF LIFE."

#### THE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS IN 1864-65.

EY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

In an interesting volume, "The Yarn of a Yankee Privateer," is a reproduction of articles entitled "Papers of an Old Dartmoor Prisoner, Edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne." This prisoner was John Lord, of Salem, Mass., whose story of prison life in Dartmoor is now told. It is the first American account of that noted prison that I have met with.

John Lord wrote in his diary: "I have already observed that each prisoner received two pence half penny per day from our own government; this to nearly six thousand prisoners would give a circulation of nearly \$9,000 a month. To this is to be added prize money and wages to men who were discharged from British men of war as American seamen and sent to Dartmoor as prisoners of war. The aggregate amount would not be far from double that sum."

While the prisoners had medical attention and were supplied with clothing and food, yet as they had money of their own, they also bought vegetables and other things from the market which the country people had established at a convenient point where there were gratings. Inside, the men also had their own shops and market, and some pursued industries. They had their messes, theater, and other enjoyments. The location of Dartmoor was in one respect unfortunate. It was in the southwest of England and subject to water-bearing winds. Not only were there smallpox and measles, but a sort of pneumonia, due to the damp atmosphere, that carried off the men. "With an average of 4,000 prisoners, 252 died." The mortality was just over six per cent.

At times some of the officials were unkind, and once there was a particular occasion when the guard shot into some of the prisoners supposed to be escaping. But, generally, the prisoners had no complaints. That was more than fifty years previous to prison life in the United States, during which period the civilized world had made a most extraordinary advance in all lines. In 1860, as compared with 1814, the United States appears to have been touched by the wand of a fairy. The advance in medicine, the hospitals and asylums, especially, gave to that era of new life a coloring equaled only by the great accumulation of wealth and its accompaniments.

In 1861 a war was begun between the States. The Southern States were invaded. On September 1, 1862, the writer, in regard to its conduct, had occasion to say to General Birney,

of the United States army: "You know President Davis has announced that on the part of the South this war is to be conducted on the highest plane of civilized warfare, and that if there should be any deviation from that by anyone in the Southern armies, if brought to his attention he will punish the offender." But while that was the attitude of the South, that of the Northern authorities was, at first, different. President Lincoln at once proclaimed that captured men were not to be regarded as prisoners, but as criminals. However, this was not so considered by the navy and army officers, and the soldiers captured at Hatteras were treated as prisoners, and those surrendered at Fort Macon and in the Sounds were at once paroled and sent home. Indeed, at the urgent appeal of Sunset Cox, backed by the friends of the Northern soldiers in Southern prisons, Congress passed a resolution for exchanging prisoners of war. So in July, 1862, a cartel was agreed to by which all prisoners were to be sent home on parole within thirty days, and then exchanged. Exchanges continued for about a year, and during that period the treatment on each side was humane, only a few deaths resulting.

However, now came a different situation. On July 4, 1863, at Vicksburg, the Federals took 30,000 prisoners, who were paroled on the field, and at Gettysburg 13,000, who were not. In October, 1863, the Confederates held 13,000; and the



ALLENE TWYMAN, OF CRYSTAL RIVER, FLA.

This little Florida girl, only ten years old, distinguished herself in delivering an address before the Crystal River High School pupils and friends on January 19, in tribute to Gen. R. E. Lee. Her poise and delivery were remarkable in one so young, and her address was almost creditable.



Federals more. The Federal government about that time put an end to the cartel, being unwilling to put on parole the unexchanged prisoners.

President Davis offered to meet their objection by merely exchanging man for man, leaving off the parole, but that proposition was not accepted. So although some particular exchanges were later made, the prisoners on each side were to be held until the Federal authorities should choose to exchange them.

The sufferings of the Southern soldiers in the Northern prisons led President Davis to ask permission to send out cotton and buy clothing for them. This was allowed on condition that the cotton should be sent to New York; but a request to be allowed to buy medicines was refused. In violation of international law medicines had been declared to be contraband, and medicines were lacking in the South, so that the Union prisoners in confinement could not be well supplied.

Obstacles preventing the freeing of the prisoners from the effects of prolonged incarceration without proper medicines, on January 24, 1864, Commissioner Ould made to the Federal Commissioner of Exchange, Colonel Hoffman, a gentleman and officer, whose actions indicate that he was well fitted for his duties, the following proposition: "All prisoners shall be attended by their own surgeons, who shall be allowed also to act as commissaries to receive and distribute among them money, food, clothing, and medicines."

This offer was not accepted. As the Federal authorities had deprived the South of its supply of medicines, and would not exchange prisoners, this refusal necessarily had a direful effect on the Union soldiers confined at the South.

## AT THE NORTH.

Now, how was it with the Confederate soldiers surrendered to their captors on their honor to be treated as prisoners of war? There were prisoners at Point Lookout, Fort Delaware, Elmira, Camp Douglas, Camp Morton, Rock Island, and Johnson's Island, those on Johnson's Island subjected in winter to terrible cold.

At Johnson's Island there were some 3,000 officers, captured chiefly at the West, Lee's officers being sent to Point Lookout and Fort Delaware. While the South had no access to medical supplies, the North had supplies of every kind at hand. The customary life at the North had not been much disturbed. In the prisons purchases could be made only from the army suttlers. Colonel Webb, at Johnson's Island, entered in his diary, February 10, 1864: "One is not allowed to purchase any vegetables or delicacies." On June 10, 1864, he wrote: "We are now beginning to feel to some extent the vengeance of the United States. They have stopped our rations of sugar, coffee, and candles. We get nothing but bread and meat with a few beans." August 28, 1864: "Late orders from the Secretary of War forbid the selling of any kind of clothing to us, also provisions and vegetables; and no one is allowed to send us anything. This order, however, does not prevent one from receiving anything from the South." (But that was virtually out of the question.) "The scarcity of rations is another topic that is serious with us now; and we have actually taken to eating rats."

The Federal Commissioner of Exchange, Colonel Hoffman, writes August 12, 1864, of Camp Morton: "A variety of diseases are prevailing there of a more or less malignant character, owing to the crowded condition, which caused an unusually large fatality during the week ending July 24. Much of it is attributed to the want of anti-scorbutics, none of which have been issued since last fall."

After Gettysburg there were some 9,000 men confined at Fort Delaware, described in Rivenbark's Narrative (Reg. History, Volume IV) as being on an island of ninety acres, below the water level, protected by levies; muddy, filthy canals, without outlets, traversed the island, and for a long time supplied the only water allowed the prisoners for any purpose. So filthy and poisonous had these ditches become that even a slight wound washed in their waters would inflame and mortify; then amputation, or death, or both, was the consequence. For months there was no effort to improve the water supply."

"A coffin detail was made every morning, twenty-five rough boxes being the day's task, and frequently it happened that more coffins were lacking than corpses." Shocking though the number of deaths were, the treatment of the prisoners by the man in personal charge of them was likewise villainous. Rivenbark records: "Once a week, he would hike us to search our persons, bunks, and clothing for contraband articles, and 'whack' would come his heavy stick on the person of some poor sick prisoner who was not able to move promptly. (Over four hundred North Carolinians were confined to themselves in a room nineteen by sixty feet, with bunks three tiers on each side, heads to the wall, with a passage, of course, narrow, between. Only one blanket was allowed to each prisoner. Soap, knives, forks, bottles, an extra stick of wood or lump of coal, anything, everything, was hiked from us. All sorts of swindles, cheats, and tricks were practiced on us by 'Hike.'"

As to Elmira, N. Y., Colonel Tracey says:

"Drainage of camp not good, renders the camp unhealthy; many men in tents without floors or blankets. Hospital mess rooms much needed. Police of hospital good, except sinks. Scurvy prevails to a great extent. Few if any vegetables have recently been issued. Greater efforts should be made to prevent scurvy."

Similar conditions prevailed to a greater or less extent in all the prisons. Vegetables not furnished, even forbidden, scurvy prevailing. Every man can draw his own conclusions as to why such an order was made by the Secretary of War.

## AT THE SOUTH.

There had been 1,500 Federal prisoners at Salisbury, N. C., in March, 1862, but these were all then exchanged, and for two years there were no Federal prisoners there. There were prisoners in Libby at Richmond, and then about 5,000 were placed on Belle Isle in James River, at Richmond. Others had been sent North on parole.

The South held in October, 1863, about 13,000. Subsequently, circumstances led to the removal of these prisoners to a better location, and a site at Andersonville, Ga., was selected. Andersonville, remote from the seat of war, in a region where supplies could better be furnished than at Richmond, later became the receptacle of prisoners. That locality is so healthful that a Northern colony has since located there.

At the North, as well as at the South, the sufferings of the prisoners moved their friends to intercede for exchanges. It is narrated that, early in 1864, Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, made three trips to Washington, urging that Union soldiers should be released from the Southern prisons. On the last trip, "Stanton grew impatient, even insolent, retorting to the governor's appeal: 'Do you come here in support of the government and ask me to exchange 30,000 skeletons for 30,000 well-fed men?' To which Curtin replied with all the earnestness of his humane impulses: 'Do you dare to depart from the laws of humane warfare in this enlightened age of



Christian civilization?" (McClure, page 241.) An appeal was carried to President Lincoln, and there was a partial exchange.

The process of exchange, as mentioned by Capt. Robert Bingham, was this wise (he was at Johnson's Island): "In February, 1864, an alphabetical list of two hundred, selected by lot, was sent from Johnson's Island to a Federal hospital at Point Lookout for exchange, and I was among them." Time passed. "At intervals of two weeks three parties of fifty have been sent to Richmond for exchange." Then came "an order discontinuing the exchange of all able-bodied men; and I was still a prisoner, but no longer 'a prisoner of hope.' As they were putting some very sick and badly crippled men on the exchange boat, one Confederate captain proved too ill to go. . . . I was ready in five minutes, got to Richmond on May 1, 1864, and was exchanged."

So it happened, says Mr. Davis that "on two occasions we were especially asked to send the very sick and desperately wounded prisoners, and a particular request was made for some designated men who were so seriously sick that it was doubtful whether they would survive." "Accordingly, some of the worst cases, contrary to the judgment of our surgeons but in compliance with the piteous appeals of the sick prisoners, were sent away."

Now the unfortunate situation of the Union prisoners at the South was well known—the inability of the South to supply them with proper medicines and other necessities, which had led to the strenuous efforts of the South to mitigate their condition by exchange or otherwise. It appears that Secretary Stanton, instead of doing anything the Confederates urged, issued an order forbidding the furnishing of vegetables and anti-scorbutics to the Confederate prisoners and otherwise putting them on short rations; and efforts were made to fire the Northern heart by alleging the practice of cruelties by the Confederate authorities. How far the apostles of falsehood went is illustrated by the address, after peace, by the malignant Shellabarger, an influential representative of Ohio: "They framed iniquity and universal murder into law. They carved bones of your dead heroes into ornaments and drank from goblets made out of their skulls; they poisoned your fountains, and commissions ordered the torch and yellow fever to be carried to your cities and to your women and children. They planned one universal bonfire of the North from Lake Ontario to the Missouri."

While there were many inflammatory articles published, there were two notable ones, the Report of the Joint Select Committee of the Federal Congress, known as Report No. 67, and the Report of the Committee of Inquiry. Report No. 67 contained a letter from Secretary Stanton charging the Confederate government with a deliberate system of savage and barbarous treatment of prisoners, and to it were appended eight pictures purporting to be photographs of prisoners released from Richmond in April, 1864. One of the men, however, it is said, never was a prisoner, but was an inmate of the Federal hospital at Annapolis. The others were some of the very sick prisoners especially asked for, as mentioned by President Davis. The prisoners then exchanged had been at Richmond, and that was months before the unfortunate conditions at Andersonville.

Immediately following these publications, the Confederate Congress appointed a joint committee to consider fully the whole subject. After investigating each specific charge, the committee found that each one of them was refuted by the testimony of the prison officials and of respectable Federals.

Stanton persisted in his campaign of disease and death against the Confederate prisoners, under pretense of retaliation.

#### AT ANDERSONVILLE.

The stockade was ready by March 1, but even before it was completed the prisoners at Belle Isle were transferred there. By May there were 18,000 there, and the grounds had to be enlarged. By July, the number reached 31,000.

It happened that among them were many Germans unused to our cornbread. While in conformity with the act of the Confederate Congress, the same rations were issued to the prisoners as to the guards and the Confederate soldiers. Diarrhea broke out among the prisoners and other diseases as well, particularly scurvy. But quickly after the scurvy appeared, the medical officers suggested the brewing of beer from corn meal; and Captain Wirz, then in charge, provided means for the prisoners to brew beer. However, conditions were such that on June 17 it was resolved to remove the prisoners, and a new camp site was selected at Millen, in Southern Georgia. Although haste was made with such facilities as were at hand, all of the white men being off in the army, weeks passed before the new camp was ready. In the meanwhile new prisoners continued to arrive, Andersonville becoming overcrowded and sickness prevailing to such an extent that by the end of July, 4,475 had died. Quoting now from "The True Story of Andersonville," by James M. Page, Company A, 6th Michigan Cavalry: "There was an insufficiency of medicine and nourishing food. But bad as was the physical condition of the prisoners, their mental depression was worse and more fatal. Acclimation, unsuitable diet, and despondency were the potent causes of disease and death." "As early as July, Captain Wirz put in operation the brewing of beer and this was given to those suffering from the scurvy, and it had a most satisfactory effect." "However, as the deaths kept on increasing, and the new prisoners brought in reports that there were no expectations of exchange, the prisoners became greatly alarmed." "On July 20, they held a great mass meeting, at which the first resolutions offered were very bitter as to the action of their government in ceasing to exchange prisoners, leaving their own soldiers to die in Southern prisons. The resolutions, however, were much toned down." The preamble of the resolutions adopted reads: "But hunger, nakedness, squalor, and disease are as nothing compared with the heart sickness which wears prisoners down, most of them young men whose terms of enlistment have expired. Does the misfortune of being taken prisoner make us less the objects of interest to our government? There are confined in this prison from 25,000 to 30,000 men, with daily accessions of hundreds, and the mortality among them generated by various causes, such as changes of climate, dirt, and want of proper exercise, is becoming truly frightful to contemplate, and is rapidly increasing in virulence, decimating our ranks by hundreds weekly. Your petitioners most earnestly, yet respectfully, pray that some action be immediately taken to effect our speedy release, either on parole or by exchange, the dictates of both humanity and justice alike demanding it on the part of our government." "This petition was signed by more than one hundred sergeants, prisoners, who had charge of detachments of their fellow prisoners, the men authorizing the sergeants to sign it. The men selected to go to Washington to intercede for exchange were: Edward Bates, Company K, 42nd New York; H. C. Higgenson, Company K, 19th Illinois; Prescott Tracey, Company G, 82nd New York; Sylvester Noirot, Company B, 5th New York." (The "True Story," by Page, page 129.)

These men being paroled for the purpose, went to present the memorial to President Lincoln. The memorial was not acted on. It was at this period that President Davis asked leave to send money, cotton, and tobacco North to purchase



medicines and supplies to be used by the Federal surgeons alone for the benefit of the prisoners held by the Confederates, and this was not permitted.

Says Page: "The report was brought to us by the incoming prisoners that the authorities had about shut down on exchanging prisoners. 'Whoever enter here leave hope behind.' About the 1st of August we heard the cold-blooded and atrocious reply from Edward M. Stanton that exchange of prisoners was at an end. 'We do not purpose to reënforce the rebel army by exchanging prisoners.' We realized that we were forsaken by our government. The war office at Washington preferred to let us die rather than exchange us." The sick lost hope and died. "It is no wonder that during August nearly 3,000 died at Andersonville. Up to August only 4,485 had died; in August, 3,000—heartbroken!

Joseph Jones, the very learned and eminent surgeon, who voluntarily devoted months of his time to the alleviation of the maladies and miseries of the prisoners at Andersonville, said: "Homesickness and disappointments, mental depression and distress, attending the daily longing for an apparently hopeless release, appeared to be as potent agencies in the destruction of these prisoners as the physical causes of actual disease. Upon the Federal authorities, and upon them only, rests the whole of this responsibility. To avert the indignation which the open avowal of this policy by them, at the time, would have excited throughout the North, and throughout the civilized world, the false cry of cruelty toward prisoners was raised against the Confederates."

Because of the urgent request for exchange, Generals Wessells and Seymour were sent South looking into the

treatment of prisoners. On August 10, Seymour reported: "The Southern authorities say they give to prisoners precisely what the soldiers are allowed in the field. I believe this to be true of the rations, but of nothing else. The Southern soldier, even in his most prosperous days, lived simply on corn and a bit of bacon. Few Northern men, except in the almshouses, were ever reduced to the common rule of diet of the Southern race. The Southern authorities are exceedingly desirous of an immediate exchange of prisoners. General Wessells and myself had an interview with General Ripley, at Charleston, S. C., on this point. Their urgency is unbounded, but we asserted that it was the poorest possible policy for our government to deliver to them 40,000 prisoners, better fed and clothed than ever before in their lives, in good condition for the field, while the Northern States received in return an equal number of men worn out with privations and neglect, barely able to walk, often drawing their last breath, and utterly unfit to take the field as a soldier. But this anxiety on the part of the rebels is one of the strongest possible proofs of the failing strength of their cause. Between Lee's and Hood's armies the country is a waste, redeemed only by the labor of the females, young and old, and the slaves. The last men have gone to the field of battle, and it was urged by our own authorities that it would be wiser to leave the prisoners where they are."

What a tribute General Seymour inadvertently has paid to the heroic men who so gloriously made every sacrifice to maintain the independence won by Revolutionary fathers and to the devotion of the negro servants who served the families at home!

(Concluded in May number.)



TROPICAL WATER FRONT OF BRADENTON, FLA., "THE FRIENDLY CITY," ON THE MANATEE RIVER.



ALABAMA'S REPRESENTATIVES IN THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

BY MRS. M. E. CURTIS, STATE HISTORIAN, ALABAMA DIVISION,  
U. D. C.

"If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British Empire of three millions of subjects in 1776, it was not seen why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Union in 1861."

South Carolina, in her ordinance of secession, had invited all her Southern sister States who might secede to join her in sending delegates to a congress to be assembled in Montgomery, Ala., on February 4, 1861.

This proposed Congress met in Montgomery on the day of the assembling of the Peace Congress at Washington. Of the delegates from Alabama we learn that:

Richard Wilde Walker was a native and resident of Madison County, Ala. He was born February 16, 1823, and was educated at Spring Hill College, Mobile, the University of Virginia, and Princeton. Graduating at the latter in 1841, he returned home, read law, and was licensed in 1844. Locating in Florence, he was elected district solicitor in 1845. This position he resigned three years later. In 1851 he was elected to the legislature from Lauderdale, and in 1853 was nominated by his party for governor, but made no contest. He again represented Lauderdale in 1855, when he was chosen to preside over the House. In June, 1859, he was appointed by Governor Moore a judge of the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Rice, and at the succeeding session of the legislature he was elected to the same office for a full term. While filling this place, he was selected by the Constitutional Convention as a delegate for the State at large to the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy, in which he served a year. In 1863, he was elected a senator in the Confederate Congress to succeed Hon. C. C. Clay and entered on his new duties in February thereafter.

Robert Harding Smith was born in Camden County, N. C., October 21, 1814. He was well educated, and received an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, but was involved in some freaks of youth there and did not remain. In his nineteenth year he went to Alabama and taught in Dallas and Sumter Counties for three years. In 1837, he was admitted to the bar and located in Livingston. His first venture in political life was his election to represent Sumter in the Lower House in 1849. In 1853, he went to Mobile and gave his attention even more closely to his profession. In the stirring events of 1860-61, Mr. Smith took a part and was appointed a commissioner from his adopted to his native State, where, in conjunction with Colonel Garrett, of Perry, he exerted himself to bring North Carolina into coöperation with her Southern sisters. Soon after his return, and while at his home, he saw the announcement of his election to represent the State at large in the Provisional Congress of the Southern States. He served his term out, then called for troops to form a regiment. These organized as the 36th Alabama Infantry and elected him colonel. A year later he resigned this position in consequence of infirm health.

Colin J. McRae was a leading financier of Mobile County. He was born in Fayetteville, N. C., in 1812. His father was a merchant. In his youth, his parents moved to Southern Mississippi, and he there grew to manhood, receiving a finished education. In 1838, he was a member of the Mississippi legislature. Two years later, he went to Mobile and became a commission merchant. In 1861, General McRae was elected a delegate to the Provisional Congress of the Southern States and soon after the termination of his service

was sent to Europe as the financial agent of the Confederacy. In this capacity he rendered important service, negotiating loans, etc.

John Gill Shorter was born in Monticello, Ga., April 23, 1818, and was graduated from Franklin College at Athens. He went to Alabama the same year, and in 1838 was admitted to the bar and established himself in Eufaula. In 1845 he entered the legislature as a senator from Barbour County. He was again called to serve the county in the representative chamber in 1851. A few months later he was appointed by Governor Collier to the bench of the circuit in the place of Judge Goldthwaite, who had resigned. In May, 1852, he was elected to the office for a term of six years. He was thus serving when Governor Moore appointed him commissioner to Georgia, and he urged the legislature of that State to co-operate in the movement for separation. While absent on this mission, he was elected to represent his district in the Provisional Congress; and it was while he was in Richmond attending the sitting of the latter body that he was elected governor of the State.

William Parish Chilton, born in Kentucky in 1810, was plainly educated, and read law in Nashville, Tenn. He went to Alabama in 1834 and established himself in the practice at Mardisville, in Talladega County. In 1839 he represented the county in the legislature. He removed to Macon County in 1846. When Justice Ormond retired from the bench of the Supreme Court, Mr. Chilton was chosen to succeed him, December 31, 1847. He became Chief Justice when Justice Dargan resigned, December 6, 1852, and held this eminent position until June 2, 1856. He was chosen to the Senate from Macon in 1859. He went to Montgomery in 1860 as a law partner of W. L. Yancey; he was elected to represent the Montgomery District in the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy and was reelected to the two congresses under the permanent Constitution. "It was a common remark that he was the most laborious member of the body."

Stephen Fowler Hale was born in Crittenden County, Ky., January 31, 1816, and was graduated from Cumberland University. He went to Greene County in 1837, and taught school about a year, and while thus employed read law. He graduated in the law school at Lexington, Ky., in 1839, and located in Eutaw, Ala. In 1843 he was elected to the legislature. In 1853 he was the nominee of his party for Congress. From 1857 to 1861 he again represented the county in the legislature, and was Master of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons in the State. When the Secession Ordinance was passed, he was appointed commissioner to Kentucky. The same year, he was elected to represent his district in the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States. While holding this position, he was chosen lieutenant colonel of the 11th Alabama, and repaired with it to Virginia.

David P. Lewis was born in Charlotte County, Va., about the year 1820. His parents went to Madison County, Ala., soon after, and there he grew to manhood. Having taken a collegiate course, he read law in Huntsville, but soon after removed to Lawrence County, where he practiced with diligence and success. He was elected to represent that county in the Constitutional Convention of 1861, and voted against but signed the ordinance of secession. He was elected without opposition to the Confederate Provisional Congress by the convention, but resigned his seat. In 1863, he was appointed a judge of the circuit court by Governor Shorter, which position he held several months, then passed through the enemy's lines, and remained in Nashville the remaining time of the war.



Thomas Fearn was a resident of Madison for over half a century. He was born near Danville, Va., about the year 1790, and went to Huntsville, Ala., in 1812. He was a physician and a man of scientific attainment in his profession. He represented Madison in the House in 1822, and twice soon after. He was also presidential elector, and in 1861 was elected to the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy, but resigned because of ill health. When the Federal troops occupied Huntsville, they imprisoned and harassed him.

Jabez Lafayette Monroe Curry was a resident of Talladega County, Ala., but a native of Lincoln County, Ga., where he was born in 1825. He graduated at the University of Georgia and took a law course at Harvard in 1845. He represented the county in the legislature in 1847. He was again elected in 1853 and 1855. In 1856 he was a Buchanan elector. The following year he was elected to Congress and reelected in 1859. In 1861, he was elected to the Provisional Congress by the convention. In the fall, he was elected to the first Confederate Congress. In 1864, he entered the service and was appointed lieutenant colonel of the 5th Alabama Cavalry.

Of the personnel of this body of men forming the Provisional Congress, C. S. A., Alexander H. Stephens said, taken collectively, he never was associated with an abler one. There was in it no one who, in ability, was not above the average. These were men of substance as well as of solid character, men of education, of reading, of refinement, and well versed in the principles of government. They came emphatically within the class styled by Carlyle as "earnest men."

References to Confederate Congress found in Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." Joseph T. Derry: "History of the War for Southern Independence." Alexander H. Stephens: "History of the United States." "Brewer's Alabama War Records."

## OLD WAR STORIES—EVER NEW.

CONTRIBUTED BY A. W. HAWKS, RUXTON, MD.

The private Confederate soldier was the jolliest, gayest, happiest man I ever met. If there was a grouch in the Confederate army, I did not meet him.

Here is a good one you have heard at many a reunion. I do not tell *new* stories. Nobody understands them. No one wants to hear them.

Near the close of the war a squad of soldiers were gathered around a camp fire near Richmond. A Mississippi man belonging to the Stonewall Brigade had been on a furlough to Richmond, and the boys were questioning him.

"Been in Richmond?"

"Yep; spent three days and bunch of money."

"Stay at a hotel?"

"One night; they did not have any room, but they gave me a cot and let me put it down in the end of the hall. They charged me twenty dollars in good Confederate money for that cot. I slipped out early in the morning with that cot. *It was my cot.* Found a lady way out in the suburbs who had a vacant room; let me have it and gave me three good meals for two days for five dollars and the cot.

"Did she feed you well?"

"Did she? Spoon bread, hot biscuits, lye hominy, and 'Rye' coffee, and, O boy! *Sorghum.*

"Stop it," yelled the crowd.

"Did you go to the theater?"

"Yes sir, saw Ben De Bar and his company in a war play. Five Confederates captured twenty Yankees, then the conscript officer came in and captured both armies and stopped the show."

"See 'em making money?"

"Yes; by the ton."

"Suppose you saw George Washington?"

"I did, way up on top of a monument of marble; he was marble too, and so was the horse."

"What did the horse look like?"

"Traveler, he sure was some horse."

"Go out to the hospital?"

"Yes; saw a lot of our boys. Sent their love to you and said they never did want to get well."

"Did you see the nurses' home?"

"Say, you asking too many questions. *I saw one of the nurses home, but that is none of your business.*"

The Confederate private would laugh and joke marching twenty-five miles a day and winning two battles; he would joke in the hospital, joke dying on the battle field, joke when he was ragged, nearly barefooted, and nearly starved to death.

The stone soup story has been told around many a camp fire and at many a reunion. It is good enough to be true:

Down the Valley, below Staunton a piece, a long, lank, lean, hungry-looking C. S. A. private stopped in front of a home and said:

"I am one of Jackson's private cavalry. I got left. I am trying to catch up with 'em, and I am hungry. Can you give me a breakfast?" "No," said the lady, "I am sorry, but breakfast is over, but if you can wait until twelve o'clock, I will try to give you a good dinner."

"Thank you, ma'am. I am mighty sorry I can't wait,; but if you will let me have that pot and give me some wood and that nice smooth stone, I will make some stone soup."

"Why, yes. You can take the pot and some wood, and I will bring you out some coal, and of course you can have the stone; but I never heard of anybody making soup out of a stone."

He filled the pot with water, put it over the fire, picked up the stone, washed it off at the pump, and put it carefully in the water, which now began to boil merrily.

"Have you a little salt and pepper?"

"Yes; wait a minute and I will bring it." She came back with the salt and a piece of fat meat, and said: "That will help."

"Indeed it will," and into the pot they went.

"Now," said the soldier, "you haven't got a couple of potatoes, have you?"

"Indeed I have," and she brought them out. He dropped them in in the pot with a couple of hard tack, and said: "Now get two plates, deep ones. Come out, and we will have some soup together."

The lady said: "That is nice soup, but why use the stone?"

"Well," said the soldier, full and happy "it was a good foundation."





# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*  
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. . . . . *First Vice President General*  
MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . *Second Vice President General*  
186 Bethlehem Pike  
MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. . . . . *Third Vice President General*  
MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. . . . . *Recording Secretary General*  
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. . . . *Corresponding Secretary General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Treasurer General*  
Rural Route No. 2  
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. . . . . *Historian General*  
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert  
MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. . . . . *Registrar General*  
5330 Pershing  
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. . . . . *Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. . . . *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. C. FORG, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: It was Anna Howard Shaw who said: "Nothing bigger can come to a human being than to love a great cause more than life itself and to have the privilege throughout life of working for that cause."

The lives of many of the Daughters have demonstrated this truth, and it is with pleasure and satisfaction, in casting a retrospective glance over previous administrations, that there are seen great achievements because of the love of a cause which has taken precedence of personal comfort, self-gratification, or of the mere basking in the sun or drifting with the tide.

The objects and interests of this organization in their development have been compared to "the Evolution of the Book," as shown in the mural paintings in the Congressional Library.

First, in the early light of the beginning of things, the Daughters have told others of the purposes and plans and have created an interest by oral tradition.

Then have come the cairn builders, the monument building period of the U. D. C. Stones have been piled upon stones for others to see—at Shiloh, at Arlington, and at Richmond. And as the Egyptians wrote on cliffs in their hieroglyphics, so the Daughters have written on everlasting stone the names of the nation's great, which nevermore shall be effaced.

The accumulation of manuscripts, of much writing by hand, has received much the same care as that given by the monks in their monasteries of old.

The cry of the children and of the feeble have been hearkened to, and in the sullen days of war the wounds of the brave who fell in battle have been healed; and now, in the glare of the present day, the book unfolds, and the Daughters realize they are upon an era of preserving their own deeds and those of others in forms permanent and lasting. Condensing, revising, printing, publishing, distributing is the order of the day.

Let your five-pointed star guide you to the completion of projects undertaken. Hitch your wagon to it, if you wish.

*First Point.*—Finish distributing the book, "Women of the South in War Times." Division Presidents are most urgently entreated to close this matter definitely this year. It must be done. Finish your part and let the committee be discharged at the Charleston convention in November, 1927.

*Second Point.*—Publish the "History of the U. D. C." It is hoped that the manuscript will be in condition to be presented to the convention, with bids for publishing, that the work may be ordered to its completion.

*Third Point.*—Publish "World War Records and Incidents

of the Men Decorated by the U. D. C." This work is in the hands of Mrs. Rountree and her committee, and promises to be of great value. The Legion itself has not done this, nor its Auxiliary, so it is thought that these records will prove of great interest and value, as the United Daughters of the Confederacy have realized the importance of getting this data while the men are here to give it fresh and accurate.

*Fourth Point.*—To continue to have representation on the Yale University Press. Not only to have this representative, but to stand behind him and uphold him in his work there in behalf of true history. Show the Yale Historical Films; read and discuss the fifteen handsome volumes being produced by the Yale Press, "The Pageant of America." If you like these, tell them of Yale, and if you find any objections, tell them those too.

*Fifth Point.*—To assist Claude G. Bowers in his great work of writing a companion book to "Jefferson and Hamilton," which will deal with the period of Reconstruction, by allowing him to use the diaries, letters, etc., which you have in your possession. Send what you have to Mrs. John L. Woodbury, the Historian General, and she will forward everything to Mr. Bowers as the U. D. C. Collection of Documents on the Reconstruction Period.

The President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution extended an invitation to the United Daughters of the Confederacy to be represented along with thirty other patriotic organizations on February 9, 10, 11, in Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, "to consider the National Defense Act, and a plan for amalgamating women's patriotic strength to offset pacifist propaganda."

It is perfectly obvious to those familiar with the by-laws of this organization that the invitation had of necessity to be declined. Neither politics nor amalgamation being permissible, the invitation was declined with great appreciation and regret.

The Executive Committee of the U. D. C. will meet in Tampa, Fla., on Monday, April 4, just preceding the reunion, in order to consider the matters left to it by the decision of the Richmond convention, and also other things of importance which have arisen since that time.

The President General has been appointed by the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans as Matron of Honor for the South and has been invited by the President General of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association to be a guest of honor at the convention of that distinguished body. Both of these courtesies have been duly accepted as a tribute and an attention to the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Cordially yours,

RUTH LAWTON.



## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Arkansas.*—Memorial Chapter, of Little Rock, has instituted the custom of visiting the Confederate Home each Tuesday afternoon. The President of the Chapter, accompanied by a voluntary committee, goes each week, cheering the inmates and learning their individual wants. Some wish books and magazines and some wish to be read to. Others, interested in piecing quilts, rejoice in a bundle of scraps. This feature of the Chapter's work is making bright many a lonely hour for these old people.

\* \* \*

*Colorado.*—This Division consists of four Chapters, three of which are in Denver and one in Pueblo.

It is not always easy to raise money to meet the needs in this Western State; however, under the circumstances, they accomplish many things. The chief object is to assist the Confederate veterans who need help, and at this time there are ten in the State. In December they were remembered by all the Chapters with money and gifts, the Robert E. Lee Chapter also sending lovely Christmas boxes of homemade cake, jelly, preserves, fruit, and candy. Recently one of the veterans, over a hundred years old, who was blind, died, and the Division bore the expense of his burial.

On January 19 a fitting program was arranged by all Chapters to observe Gen. Robert E. Lee's birthday. On January 21, the Stonewall Jackson Chapter observed that great man's birthday by a visit to the Southern boys at Fitzsimmons Hospital. Sixty homemade cakes, baked by a Southern woman, were presented to the bedridden patients, suffering from tuberculosis. The hospital is seven miles from the city, and although snow was falling and the thermometer hovered around zero, one did not mind the long, cold trip as we visited each one and saw the joy and gladness come into their faces as we handed the cake to them, telling them we were bringing it in remembrance of that noble soldier, Stonewall Jackson. The Chapter hopes to repeat this act on Mothers' Day.

Last year the Stonewall Jackson Chapter paid the taxes of a Confederate veteran on his home in Colorado Springs, and we are planning to raise money to pay it again this spring.

Just a little here, a little there, helping all they can in this far Western, but beautiful, State of Colorado.

\* \* \*

*Louisiana.*—The birthday of General Lee was fittingly observed by various Chapters throughout the State. On that occasion, Joanna Waddill Chapter had as guests the Confederate veterans, members of Henry Watkins Allen Chapter, and representatives of John McGrath Chapter, Children of the Confederacy. Mrs. L. U. Babin, Division President, was on the program to tell about the convention held in Richmond in November.

The New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, entertained at luncheon January 20, at the Roosevelt Hotel, with Mrs. F. C. Kolman, Corresponding Secretary General, and Mrs. L. U. Babin as special guests. New Orleans Chapter is the oldest active Chapter in the Division and the largest. It will donate one of the markers for the Jefferson Davis Highway on the boundary between Louisiana and Mississippi. Mrs. J. J. Titayik is President of the Chapter.

The Louisiana Division was complimented by the Nicholson American Legion Post, of Baton Rouge, and its Auxiliary when the Division President, Mrs. Babin, was their guest, January 29, at the dinner at the Westdale Country Club, and again, January 30, at luncheon at the Woman's Clubhouse, the occasions honoring Mrs. A. W. McCauley, of Wisconsin, National President of the Auxiliary. Mrs. McCauley has

since written Mrs. Babin how much she has felt a sister to Southern women since that visit.

Louisiana Division is interested in Mississippi's move to buy "The Briars" at Natchez, where Jefferson Davis was married. Congratulations have been written Mrs. T. B. Holloman, Division President.

The Chapters of the State are beginning to look forward to their convention in May, at which time they expect to pay their pledge to Davis Highway. The markers are ordered, and the Louisiana Highway Commission will set them up in their respective locations free of cost.

\* \* \*

*Maryland.*—At a meeting of Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, Mrs. W. J. Grove brought greetings from Alexander Young Camp, U. C. V., and asked that the members finance the erection of a marker to the men of Frederick County, participants in the War between the States. It is hoped that one thousand dollars will be raised.

A copy (words and music) of the Confederate anthem, "God Save the South," published in 1861, was given by Miss Sally Washington Maupin, of Baltimore Chapter, to be raffled for the World War Memorial Fund. This was won by Miss Elizabeth Collins Lee, who has presented it to the Maryland Confederate Room, Historical Society, of Baltimore.

\* \* \*

*Missouri.*—Letters have come from all over the State telling of the splendid programs given in celebration of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson. Never has there been such great interest shown in these memorial exercises. January 19 was also a great day at the Confederate Home at Higginsville. Mrs. Henry Slusher was in charge of arrangements. A chicken dinner was served at noon, also refreshments later in the afternoon. Mr. A. C. MacKinney, a forceful speaker, who held his audience in rapt attention, gave a splendid address.

It was regretted that Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, State President, who was at the Home a few days previous, could not remain for the exercises, but she had accepted an invitation from the Kansas City Chapters. On January 20, Mrs. Hunt was a guest of that splendid Chapter, the Fitzhugh Lee, of Mexico, and was the principal speaker at the banquet given at the Hotel Hoxsey. On Sunday morning previous, the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter went in a body to hear Dr. F. C. Tucker, of the Mexico Methodist Church, preach on "Robert E. Lee, the Christian."

A joint birthday celebration in tribute to Generals Lee and Jackson was held on the evening of January 19 by all the St. Louis Confederate organizations, including the five U. D. C. Chapters, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the St. Louis Camp, U. C. V., in University City Methodist Church. Despite the inclement weather a large gathering assembled. The rostrum was tastefully decorated with Confederate colors and portraits of General Lee and General Jackson.

Capt. Robert E. Lee, Commander Missouri Division, S. C. V., presided as chairman of the meeting and introduced the speakers and musical numbers on the program. The latter was a delightful feature of the entertainment, conducted by Mrs. Charles S. Ahle as piano accompanist; her daughter, Miss Alese, a talented young violinist, and Mrs. Paul J. Guerard, who charmed with her delightful rendering of old Southern melodies. The address of the evening was made by Rev. Dr. John F. Caskey, pastor of the Church, a cultured Southern gentleman, who forcefully and eloquently portrayed the noble traits of character of both Lee and Jackson and their



great military achievements. Remarks were also made by Maj. Harvey W. Salmon, Commander of the St. Louis Camp, U. C. V.; Lieut. Commander Edward C. Fisher, of the S. C. V., and Adj. Cortaz A. Kitchen, of the U. C. V. The Camp urged the need of immediate and united action if an appropriation was to be secured at the present session of the Missouri legislature for carrying out the provisions of the Confederate pension bill, passed some eight years ago, but since remained dormant for lack of an appropriation to pay the pensions. He presented a petition addressed to the legislature praying for the passage of an appropriation bill to carry into effect the Confederate pension enactment, and all official heads of organizations present signed it. Later this petition was forwarded to Mrs. B. C. Hunt, President of the Missouri Division U. D. C., at Columbia, who is vigorously active in seeking this appropriation.

\* \* \*

*New York.*—On Saturday, February 19, many Daughters of the Confederacy showed their inherited courage by facing a storm of sleet and snow in order to meet at the Hotel Manhattan for their annual card party for the New York State Division.

The gracious President, Mrs. J. Harvey Dew, gave every one a warm welcome and was assisted by some of our most notable members. Among them were Mrs. James Henry Parker, President of the New York Chapter, and who was the first President of the State Division. Mrs. Goldsborough, who organized the James Henry Parker Chapter; and Mrs. Beale, the first Historian of the Division; Mrs. Topping, President of the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, and First Vice President of the Division; and many others added to the distinction and charm of the gathering; and many expressed the opinion that it had been one of their most successful social meetings.

\* \* \*

*South Carolina.*—During the week of January 19 the State President, Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, visited in Charleston, upon invitation of the Charleston Chapter, and was present at the celebration of Lee-Jackson Day, making a beautiful address. While in Charleston she held a conference, at which first plans were laid for South Carolina's entertainment of the general convention.

South Carolina is indeed honored to have this great body as its guest, and every Chapter should begin now with plans to have its full representation at the general convention. Every Daughter should be there. There would be no Division if there were no Chapters, and no Chapters if no Daughters, so every Daughter should feel her responsibility as hostess.

The State Historian, Miss Marion Salley, is to be congratulated for the splendid Division yearbook which she has arranged. The yearbook is very complete in every point of historical information to Chapters, besides containing the annual message of our State President, Mrs. T. J. Mauldin.

The yearbook carried a picture of South Carolina's three Presidents General—Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, and Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, all of Charleston.

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*Tennessee.*—The conference of the upper section of the East Tennessee District, State Division, was held at Erwin, Tenn., on February 28, as guests of the Rosalie Brown Chapter, under direction of Mrs. Malone, First Vice President of the Division. She and the President of the State Division, Miss Mary Lou White, were guests of the local Chapter.

The lower section of the District held its conference in Chattanooga in December, as guests of the A. P. Stewart Chapter. This was also under direction of Mrs. Malone. She and the Division President were honor guests. Mrs. Owen Walker, of Franklin, was also in attendance to present the report on the Memorial Building at Peabody College for Teachers. Mrs. A. B. White, former President General, who is now making her home in Chattanooga, was a guest of the occasion.

In presenting the name of Mrs. Lowndes Turney, of Chattanooga, for President of the Tennessee State Division U. D. C., the Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter gives its indorsement of her candidacy, with her record, in the following:

"Mrs. Turney was the efficient Recording and Corresponding Secretary of our Chapter, Director of the Children of the Confederacy, and President of the Chapter, of which she is a charter member. She has served on many important State committees, and is thoroughly qualified for this most important office.

"She is a woman of rare culture, pleasing personality, poise, and dignity, and comes of distinguished Revolutionary and Confederate lineage."

Mrs. Turney has also been indorsed by the other Chapters of Chattanooga. She is the wife of a prominent lawyer there, the son of Gov. Peter Turney, of Tennessee, who commanded a Tennessee regiment during the War between the States.

\* \* \*

*Virginia.*—Again Virginia Division mourns the loss of one of her oldest and most valued members, Mrs. James E. Alexander. For twenty years she was Recorder of Crosses for the Division, and last year was elected Honorary President General, U. D. C. She gave her best years to the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and she will be greatly missed.

Lee Chapter, Richmond, held a most interesting historical meeting on February 22.

Stonewall Chapter, of Richmond, gave a very delightful tea at the home of Mrs. Charles Selden, Ginter Park, on February 23, in honor of the Division President.

On January 19, at Henry Clay Inn, Ashland, Hanover Chapter held its annual Lee-Jackson celebration. The spacious dining room was well filled with representatives from all parts of the county, gathered together to do homage to the memory of the great leaders of the War between the States and the loyal followers, living and dead, who share their honors. Mrs. Charles G. Blakey, President, was mistress of ceremonies. After the opening prayer, by the Rev. J. R. Laughton, the favorite hymn of both Lee and Jackson, "How Firm a Foundation," was sung by the entire gathering. Then followed a unique Memorial Service to the Hanover veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy who had died within the past fifteen months. Eleven little girls of the Bettie Rosser Chapter, dressed in white and wearing the red ribbon of their Chapter, each carrying a Confederate flag, marched to the speaker's table and placed a carnation (white for a Veteran, red for a Daughter) in the vase which stood thereon. The first little girl placed her flower "in memory of General Lee," the second did likewise in memory of General Jackson. The Hanoverians similarly honored were veterans—Taylor, Amos, and Chisholm. The Daughters were Mrs. Walter Sydnor, Sr., Mrs. Nat. Lancaster, Mrs. Alonzo Lane, Mrs. Tompkins, Mrs. James A. Hoofnagle, and Miss Bettie Dabney. Dr. George E. Booker, speaker of the occasion, paid tribute to both Lee and Jackson, giving beautiful and worthy word portraits of these two Christian gentlemen, whose characters



were more wonderfully great than was their fame as "history's greatest generals." A most enjoyable feature of the program was the singing of "The Last Rose of Summer" (sweetly appropriate just after the memorial service) and "Old Folks at Home," by Mrs. J. C. Blasingame. Little Miss Virginia Sydnor recited a poem, "The Flag of Dixie," which was composed for the occasion. After "Dixie" was sung, followed a social hour.

Mrs. Mildred Lee Francis, Virginia Division Custodian at Lee Chapel and Mausoleum at Lexington, has recently entered upon her duties and reports a marked increase in the number of visitors during February over that of the same month last year, the record showing eight hundred and eight visitors, which is three hundred and forty-seven more than in February, 1926. Mrs. Francis is doing a fine work as custodian.

## REGIONAL CONFERENCE IN CONNECTICUT.

On February 18, in Greenwich, Conn., a Regional Conference was held of U. D. C. Chapters of five Eastern States in which there is no Division.

Representatives from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania participated in the discussion of the unique position of the Chapters of these States. The idea of the conference was a desire to supply for Chapters in States where there is no Division an equivalent to the Division convention.

The occasion was the second anniversary of the founding of the William Alexander, Jr., Chapter, and also the eighty-second birthday of Mrs. Mary A. Field, mother of Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President of the Connecticut Chapter.

The conference opened at 11 A.M., with the ritual, followed by the regular Division program. Greetings and addresses were given by the following visitors from the neighboring States: Mrs. R. H. Chesley, of Massachusetts; Mrs. W. M. Moss, of Rhode Island; Mrs. Daniel M. Henderson, of New Jersey; and Mrs. P. H. Lane, of Philadelphia. Other guests were Mrs. Andrew Davis, of California; Mrs. Caloway, of Georgia; and Mrs. Axley, of Virginia.

Following a luncheon, the guests were taken on a sight-seeing trip, visiting the historic home of Israel Putnam, now owned by the D. A. R., and stopping at the home of Mrs. Lanier for tea.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS

*U. D. C. Program for April.*

ALABAMA—SECEDED JANUARY 11, 1861.

In the Confederate Congresses, Alabama was represented by the following citizens. In giving this list of names, the letter "P" following stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for the first and second Congresses.

*Senators*.—Clement C. Clay (1), William L. Yancey (1), Robert Jemison, Jr. (1, 2), Richard W. Walker (2).

*Representatives*.—Richard W. Walker (P), Robert H. Smith (P), Jabez L. M. Curry (P, 1), William P. Chilton (P, 1, 2), Stephen F. Hale (P), Colin J. McRae (P), John Gill Shorter

(P), Thomas Fearn (P), David P. Lewis (P), Nicholas Davis (P), H. C. Jones (P), Cornelius Robinson (P), E. S. Dargan (1), James L. Pugh (1, 2), John P. Ralls (1), David Clopton (1, 2), Francis Lyon (1, 2), Thomas J. Foster (1, 2), William R. Smith (1, 2), M. H. Cruikshank (2), James S. Dickenson (2).

### C. OF C. PROGRAM, APRIL, 1927.

Tell something of the Confederate privateers, especially the Savannah. What was the "Trent Affair"?

Read "Solomon Noakes's Views," by Will T. Hale. Library of Southern Literature, Volume V, 2040.

### Catechism on Confederate States.

1. What were the principles of the Southern people?

They believed that each State should regular its own affairs, according to its best interests, with no meddling with the management of other States, and that each State should loyally support the Constitution of the United States.

2. Who was the most prominent in defining State Rights?

John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina.

3. What steps did the Southern people take after the election of Mr. Lincoln?

They seceded from the Union and at once took possession of the forts, arms, and munitions within their borders.

4. Did the forts surrender without resistance?

In nearly all cases.

5. In what order did the States secede?

South Carolina, December 20, 1860.

Mississippi, January 9, 1861.

Florida, January 10, 1861.

Alabama, January 11, 1861.

Georgia, January 19, 1861.

Louisiana, January 26, 1861.

Texas, February 1, 1861.

Virginia, April 17, 1861.

Arkansas, May 6, 1861.

North Carolina, May 20, 1861.

Tennessee, June 24, 1861.

Missouri, October 31, 1861 (Made the attempt).

Kentucky, November 20, 1861 (made the attempt).

6. What other State attempted to secede?

Maryland.

7. How was this prevented?

The Maryland legislature was closed by the United States marshal, and the secession members were sent to prison on September 18, 1861.

8. What had happened before this in Baltimore?

Federal troops in passing through the city to invade the South were attacked, on April 19, 1861, by the citizens of Baltimore. A fight ensued in the street, and the first blood of the war was there shed.

9. Did Maryland take any part in the cause of the South?

Yes, most valiant part by furnishing many regiments of men and other aid for carrying on the war, and those who gave this aid endured persecution and imprisonment by the Federal authorities, as well as from those who opposed secession. Maryland was kept in the Union only by force.

10. What honor did General Lee confer on Maryland officers?

In the last retreat of the world-famed fighting army of Northern Virginia he appointed Col. H. Kyd Douglass and Col. Clement Sullivan, two staff officers, one twenty-four years of age, the other twenty-six, to command the rear guard of the two divisions of the little army on its way to Appomattox.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*  
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7000 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*  
Athens, Ga.  
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Your Editor is in receipt of the Yearbook of the Memorial Association of Asheville, N. C., for which she wishes to express appreciation. Colors—Gray and Purple. Flower—Immortelle. This Association was organized November 29, 1921, by Mrs. Jesse J. Yates. It meets monthly, interesting programs being rendered by local members and Children of the Confederacy.

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Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., is organizing in Georgia a speaker's bureau to assist in campaign for enrollment of children in the juvenile department of Children's Founders Roll of Stone Mountain Memorial. The quota of children assigned to Georgia is 97,000.

\* \* \*

The appointment of Miss Rosa May Clark, of Memphis, Tenn., as Maid of Honor on the staff of Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General, C. S. M. A., is a source of gratification to her many friends. Miss Clark is the daughter of Mrs. Mary Cooper Clark, whose father, Fleet Cooper, did much for the cause of the Confederacy as editor of the Jackson, Miss., *Clarion* during the War between the States.

## GIFTS OF YOUTH.

Several thousand children contributed five cents each to the fund of \$200,000 raised by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Memorial Association to purchase the home of George Washington; ten cents each from school children in the United States made possible the preservation of the home of Betsy Ross in Philadelphia, the first American flag maker; and there was an equestrian statue of General LaFayette in Paris, France, paid for by small contributions from school children. The children of the South are now contributing to the greatest of all, this Confederate Memorial at Stone Mountain, Ga. The Childrens Founders Roll has proved a popular movement by the Association, as the thousands of names already on that list will testify.

Mississippi was the first State to complete its organization and begin a campaign. Chattanooga, Tenn., was the first large city to set up a complete campaign for the enrollment of children, and that city expects to be the first to complete its quota. The Book of Memory, containing the names of these boys and girls who have contributed toward honoring the heroes of the Confederacy, will have a place in the Memorial Hall which is to be carved at the base of the mountain,

below the central group on which the sculptor is now at work. Every child of the South should have his name in this Book of Memory along with that of some honored ancestor or kinsman.

## SEPARATED AT THE END.

BY THOMAS J. FIRTH, MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. B. and W. W. Ellis were brothers who went to the war in 1861 as members of Company C (Secession Guards), 13th Tennessee Regiment. I was bandmaster of this regiment, and knew both of these boys. They took with them their negro boy, named Alfred Ellis.

Alf not only cooked for the boys while in camp and waited on them in a general way, but accompanied them when they went into battle, always remaining somewhere in the rear of the battle line so as to be ready to help his young masters should they be hurt. At the battle of Missionary Ridge, near Chattanooga, Tenn., A. B. Ellis was shot down, his leg being crushed. In spite of officers and men, who opposed his movements, Alf rushed to the front, took his wounded and bleeding master from the ground, and carried him on his back three or four miles to the rear.

The Confederates were driven back in the fight, and when the retreat was ordered, Alf again took charge of his master, and, securing a conveyance, finally succeeded in reaching the home of friends in Mississippi. There the faithful negro remained with his master about five months and nursed him back to health. Then he went to the front again to look after W. W. Ellis, whom he found sick in a hospital.

Both men recovered sufficiently to get back to the army, and Alf again joined them in the Army of Tennessee. There in April, 1865, they in some way got separated. After the surrender the two soldiers made their way back to their Tennessee home, and the negro drifted to South Carolina. From that day until 1905 he never saw his masters. He often longed to meet them once more, and, hearing of the great reunion that was to come off at Richmond, he determined to make the journey there in the hope of seeing them again.

The Ellis brothers went to the reunion as members of Company A, Confederate Veterans of Memphis, Tenn. I was chief musician of Company A, and I knew the Ellis boys and Alf well. I had been in the war with them.

At Richmond, Company A was quartered on the second floor in a large building, a tobacco house. On the second day, I started to the street from our quarters, and at the head of the steps, I saw an old negro coming up. I said: "Hello,



Alf." He recognized me at once, and said: "Is Marse Bruce and Wallace with you?" "Yes, both are here with Company A of Memphis. We went to the rear of the room, and both the veterans recognized him, and this was the first time they had met since 1865. It was probably the happiest reunion of all the series. They hugged and kissed each other time and again. We all enjoyed seeing them so happy.

Alf had married and raised a family of six or seven children. At the earnest request of the Ellis brothers, he agreed to sell out in South Carolina, and move his family to his old home in Tennessee, and live with A. B. Ellis the remainder of his life at Capersville, W. W. Ellis living but a few miles away.

A short time after the Ellis boys returned home, Alf came with his family, and at the next general reunion he was with the "boys." He died a few years later, and A. B. Ellis died a year or two after this. Wallace moved to Kenton, Tenn., and I suppose is still there.

## A GOOD CONFEDERATE.

Mrs. I. Lewis Clarke, of Chattanooga, Tenn. (a native of Virginia), now in her eighty-fourth year, is one of the faithful attendants of the U. C. V. reunions, where she meets her brother, H. B. Stokes, of Richmond, Va., a veteran of the Confederacy. They are the last survivors of the family. Her husband also served in the Confederate army, and she never has been reconstructed. She is active in all the work



MRS. I. LEWIS CLARKE.

of her Church, the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and in the U. D. C., W. C. T. U., and Y. W. C. A., of Chattanooga, where she has been living since 1912. She has one daughter and several grandchildren.

## "THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

With gratitude for all good that 1926 has brought us, let us start on our now half-way journey of 1926-27 with renewed vigor and determination to make a final accounting at Charleston. We have six months remaining in which to do this. We have all had a good rest, and now is the time to get our forces together, concentrate, and cancel this long-standing debt of the general organization. As stated in my Richmond report, there are yet 2,954 copies on our shelves. This remaining distribution belongs to eighteen Divisions—namely, Alabama, Colorado, District of Columbia, Georgia, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, North Dakota, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas, Utah, and Virginia. The Divisions that have fulfilled their pledges are as follows: Arkansas, Arizona, California, Florida, Illinois, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Washington, and West Virginia.

The time has come when this committee should be discharged—1921-27 is a long time—and in justice to the credit of the general organization, this debt should be paid. Certainly, the publishers have been most patient. At the St. Louis convention our delegates voted to distribute 10,000 copies. The contract was made, quotas assigned to the Divisions, and this plan was agreed upon by all, each Division assuming its own responsibility. It is gratifying to know that Virginia and Georgia, the two Divisions with the largest quotas (Virginia 1,100 and Georgia 1,200) have arranged to finish their quotas this year. Let us hope this good work will inspire other Divisions to do likewise. Missouri is doing splendid work. There is a new Director for Louisiana, of whom great things are expected. If we all work together with understanding hearts, victory will surely come, and, I hope, at Charleston.

At your service, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.  
Fairmount, W. Va.

## THAT BRITISH ANTHEM AGAIN.

In a letter to the *Washington Post*, Lloyd T. Everett, of Virginia, now of DeLand, Fla., gives some serious facts in a humorous vein, saying: "In your issue of February 25, friend Æneas Collins gets 'all het up' because 'God Save the King' was played at a George Washington celebration. The saving sense of humor here would help save our friend's feelings if he would indulge it as one of Lee's generals indulged it when, commanding in a hostile town, he was asked if the usual prayer for President Lincoln might be used in the Church services. 'By all means,' was the general's prompt reply; 'I am sure Lincoln needs it.'

"And, in passing: The republic of the United States would have been no more 'destroyed' (contrary to an apparent insinuation by Mr. Collins) by the final success of the Confederate States than the British empire was destroyed by the success of Washington's rebellion. Again: In this 'era of good feeling' between English-speaking communities, South and North, American and British, is the playing of the British anthem, in one case, any more inconsiderate of the feelings of those 'on the other side' than, in the other case, the placing of the effigies of Lincoln, Grant, etc., on the currency of what is called 'a happily reunited country?'"

[And the band might have been playing "America," as we stole the tune for that!—EDITOR.]



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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## REUNION APPOINTMENTS AND OTHER INTERESTS.

Commander in Chief Lucius L. Moss has appointed Mrs. C. M. Brown, Asheville, N. C., as Matron in Chief to represent the Sons of Confederate Veterans at the Tampa reunion.

The other appointments are:

Chaperon in Chief, Mrs. Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.  
 Sponsor in Chief, Miss Emily Etheridge, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Maids of Honor in Chief: Miss Mildred Fournet, Lake Charles, La.; Miss Mary Jane Nelson, Wichita Falls, Tex.; Miss Elizabeth Kinard, Newberry, S. C.

Resident Matron, Mrs. Sumter L. Lowry, Tampa.

Resident Chaperon, Mrs. George L. Cook, Tampa.

Resident Sponsor, Mrs. William Anderson, Tampa.

Resident Maids of Honor: Miss Louise Lipscomb, Miss Nancy Cotter, Miss Francis Phillips, Tampa, Fla.

## "THE LEGION HISTORY."

Dr. Matthew Page Andrews, Chairman of the American Legion History Committee of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, reports to the patriotic and historical organizations which he has represented in reviewing the proof:

1. That he believes the "Legion History" of the United States represents the fairest and best text obtainable for the seventh and eighth grades. By way of illustration, Volume I (seventh grade) is the only textbook available showing (a) the true founding of Liberty at Jamestown; (b) the achievements of Edwin Sandys in establishing there the first representative government in the New World; (c) the interest of Shakespeare in his first colony.

2. That the first volume is immeasurably superior to other available texts. The second (or eighth grade) volume, continuing the story from the Colonial and Revolutionary periods to the present, is greatly superior to the treatment accorded the latter period in the majority of textbooks which have been used in the schools.

3. The acceptance in the schools of these volumes would be an unparalleled help toward teaching the truth everywhere; and the use of these volumes would carry out the hope expressed in the minutes of the United Confederate Veterans assembled in their vigorous reunion of 1898—namely, the execution of a textbook in American history that may be

used harmoniously in all sections. And it may be added that the "Legion History" has been warmly indorsed by the D. A. R. and all the other patriotic organizations whose representatives were appointed to read the proof sheets in detail.

4. That, by way of further illustration, the second volume is the only textbook available which does not use the terms "free States" and "slave States," descriptive phrases which have been freely used by Southern writers as well as by Northern, but which inevitably lead to confusion and the teaching, or inference, that the conflict between the sections was on a moral basis rather than an economic and political one.

5. That it would help your representative (himself for many years a teacher in secondary schools), in his voluntary efforts on behalf of nonpartisan history and teaching, if you and any friends who may be interested should, for example, test his statements concerning Volume I by reading the same. You will find it most interesting and well worth while since it presents many unusual features omitted from other texts.

6. That it be suggested to those interested that they set aside the modest sum of one dollar and send it or a check to Mr. W. F. Austin, publisher "Legion History," 50 Church Street, New York City, and request him to forward a copy of Volume I. This amount about covers the cost, including postage. To obtain the book in this way, Dr. Andrews's name should be mentioned in ordering. Both volumes would be sent for \$2, if that be equally agreeable.

## CAMP ORGANIZED AT CAMDEN, S. C.

Camp Joseph B. Kershaw, No. 82, organized February 8, 1927. The following officers were elected:

Commander, L. A. Whittknowsky; First Lieutenant Commander, Ralph N. Shannon; Second Lieutenant Commander, C. W. Evans; Adjutant, B. B. Clarke, Jr.; Treasurer, W. F. Russell, Jr.; Quartermaster, Walter L. Rush; Judge Advocate, Laurens T. Mills; Surgeon, Carl A. West; Historian, Thomas J. Kirkland; Color Sergeant, John K. DeLoach; Chaplain, W. B. DeLoach.

Other members elected are as follows: D. A. Boykin, Andrew W. Burnet, James DeLoach, Jr., C. P. Dubose, Clarence A. Dunn, W. H. Haile, I. C. Hough, Robert W. Mitcham, J. F. McDowell, Henry Dixon Niles, M. G. Pursley, L. H. Schenk, E. C. Schneider, C. J. Shannon, Jr., R.



E. Stevenson, James Furman Watts, F. M. Wooten, James D. Zemp.

Camp Dick Anderson, No. 825, Bishopville, S. C., organized February 8, 1926. The officers are as follows:

Commander, John M. Rhame; First Lieutenant Commander M. W. Player; Second Lieutenant Commander, H. C. Jennings; Adjutant, F. J. DesChamps; Treasurer, H. H. Pate; Quartermaster, W. E. Hughes; Judge Advocate, R. E. Dennis; Surgeon, H. M. McLure; Historian, D. A. Quattlebaum; Color Sergeant, Z. W. Wooten; Chaplain, D. B. DesChamps.

Other members elected are: D. T. Denny, Julius Hancock, R. O. McCutchen, W. B. McLeod, L. M. Peebles, A. L. Reaves, J. L. Scarbrough, T. H. Tatum, Paul Wilson, H. W. Woodward.

Camp Culpepper, No. 89, Timmons ville, S. C., organized February 28, 1927. The officers are:

Commander, B. K. Charles; First Lieutenant Commander, A. R. Garner; Second Lieutenant Commander, E. J. Chapman; Adjutant, J. W. Mathis; Treasurer, C. W. Ward; Quartermaster, Laurie Fountain; Judge Advocate, G. W. Foxworth; Surgeon, E. A. Simmons; Historian, J. T. Anderson; Color Sergeant, H. D. Coak; Chaplain R. B. Cannon.

Other members elected are as follows: W. B. McLeod, C. Ray Smith, E. C. Kennedy, E. H. Blich, W. S. Carter, J. S. Anderson, J. O. Reddick, R. C. Rollins, D. J. Simmons.

Camp R. E. Lee, No. 726, Alexandria, Va., organized February, 1927, by C. I. Carrington. The officers are:

Commander, R. Samuel Luckett; Adjutant, J. Kent White; Treasurer, J. Kent White.

Other members elected are as follows: J. W. Brookfield, John William Brookfield, H. Noel Garner, Dr. A. D. Gorman, J. William May, A. J. McGhee, James Hugh Rollins, Percy L. Reefner, Richard P. Reefner, Walter A. Smith, James L. Stafford, Andrew Sullivan, Earl R. Sullivan, Henry Thomas, Edgar Warfield, Sr.; E. Ashby Warfield, J. W. Weyne, J. Lovell Wilcoxon, M. L. Price.

Camp J. L. Coker, No. 146, Hartsville, S. C., organized on February 12, 1927. The officers are:

Commander, H. Leland Law; First Lieutenant Commander, J. M. Richardson; Second Lieutenant Commander, Karl Z. King; Adjutant, J. E. Cannon; Judge Advocate, M. M. Stokes; Quartermaster, C. G. Timberlake; Treasurer, C. C. Hood; Surgeon, William Egleston; Historian, C. W. Coker; Color Sergeant, E. L. Summer; Chaplain, L. Vaughan.

Other members are as follows: Thomas H. Coker, Thomas B. Watt, T. J. McIntosh, B. H. Redfearn, C. M. Richardson, A. M. McNair, R. R. McLeod, S. G. Mobley, J. B. Redfearn, M. H. White, P. O. Eskins, Charlie Whittington, Jr., L. V. Seawell, D. L. Cannon, W. D. Arthur, Jr., L. A. Griffith, R. B. Hall.

Camp Marlboro County, No. 835, Bennettsville, S. C., organized on February 21, 1927. The following officers were elected:

Commander, Douglas Jennings; First Lieutenant Commander, W. H. McIntire; Second Lieutenant Commander, W. S. Stevens; Adjutant, H. L. Townsend; Treasurer, E. W. Breeden; Quartermaster, Henry S. Covington; Judge Advocate, J. K. Owens; Surgeon, Charles R. May; Historian, J. F. Kinney, Jr.; Color Sergeant, Henry A. Rogers; Chaplain, John G. Kelly.

Other members are as follows: A. C. Harris, R. B. Thomas, Robert R. Breeden, Henry M. Adams, Dan T. Crosson, J. G. McLaurin, J. L. Powers, D. D. McColl, B. D. Moore, J. A. Westerly, Frank H. Covington, Troop C. Crosson, L. R. Kirkpatrick, J. W. Smith, G. Sims Esterling, E. H. Crossland,

Tom C. Hamer, Walter E. McRea, James P. Campbell, J. B. Hamer.

Camp S. G. Godfrey, No. 115, Cheraw, S. C., organized on February 18, 1927. The following officers were elected:

Commander, S. G. Godfrey, First Lieutenant Commander, Edwin Malloy; Second Lieutenant Commander, Henry A. Burch, Jr.; Adjutant, A. B. Brown; Treasurer, W. M. McRight; Quartermaster, E. G. Ingram; Judge Advocate, P. A. Murray, Jr.; Surgeon, I. S. Funderburk, Jr.; Historian, Floyd S. Douglas; Color Sergeant, C. J. Sellers; Chaplain, J. O. Ladd.

The other members are as follows: Robert Edward Harms, F. W. Ingram, Ransom Bennett, G. I. Ray, J. Wilson Malloy, O. H. Purvis, Dan L. Fulman, M. C. Thomason, H. A. Burch, Sr., L. H. Burch.

## WHY SING THIS SONG?

The songbooks of a number of the Churches of the South have included "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" as a suitable offering in their worship. Needless to say that not one person in a hundred—even a thousand—realizes the origin of the song, nor that the air is that of the old war song, "John Brown's Body," and outside of the meaning of the song as connected with war days in the sixties, the song is a mere jingle of words having no special thought to them. There has been much protest against the use of the song in our Churches, and in one instance it has prevented the incorporation of the song in the revision of the hymn book. It is to be hoped that other Church organizations may be made aware of the origin and meaning of the song and that it will be purged from any collection of songs used in religious worship.

The following letter comes from W. L. Jones, of Williamsburg, Va., one of those whose feelings have been outraged by finding this song in the hymn book of his Church. He says:

"The inmost feelings of the hearts of a people are shown by the songs and hymns that they sing. The poems and ballads of the Scottish people tell us their joys and sorrows in a manner that nothing else does. The fact that they sung Rous's version of the Psalms tells how they viewed their religion. We best see the soul of the ancient Hebrews in their wonderful psalms, their poetry, and their religious thought. In that great one hundred and thirty-seventh psalm, a psalm of the captivity at Babylon, the psalmist laments: 'They that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion." How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?'

"Now, the Southern people, apparently through dense ignorance, but certainly not through compulsion, have printed in several of their hymn books as if it were a hymn a song called 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' which was the product of a fanatical hatred against them and is filled with poisonous thrusts at them. It is a fact, but a mournful fact, that our people in their Churches and Sunday schools disgrace themselves by cheerfully singing this strange song in their own land. It is not a hymn; it is not poetry; it is a mere jingle of fine words, and it would long since have fallen into oblivion, as have the other works of Julia Ward Howe, but for the fact that the Northern people, with their knowledge of how the song originated, see the bitter sting in it for the Southern people. The Northern people must laugh at us for singing their favorite song.

"Without an understanding of what prompted Mrs. Howe to write the song, a person would see no meaning in it, no harm, only that God was sharpening his sword for some unknown wicked people. She was a Boston woman of mediocre ability



who wrote and spoke a great deal, an antislavery agitator who hoped for war on the South. She preached in Unitarian pulpits, and when, in 1861, she visited Washington and saw the vast military array that Lincoln had set on foot against the South, in her joy she burst out into the curious medley of words called 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' and falsely pretended that God had revealed the future to her. She presents the Yankee army as the army of heaven, and God is pictured as a merciless Moloch about to slay the men, women, and children of the South, his garments stained with their gore. There is no mercy, no pity to be found in it. Nothing could be more brutal. It is a shocking misrepresentation of our kind and loving Heavenly Father. It grieves many others as well as myself that our Southern people can be so degenerate as ever to sing this song. I know it will be never sung again when they understand the meaning of it.

"I served in Company C, 32nd Virginia Regiment, Corse's Brigade of Pickett's Division. I am the only survivor of all the men that enlisted in the Confederate army from this city, and so far as I can learn I am the only survivor of the soldiers from this Peninsula who surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox. I was then nineteen years old."

#### AMERICAN HISTORY "ON THE AIR."

Away out in Tacoma, Wash., some interesting talks on American history from a Southern viewpoint are being broadcast by Mr. M. D. Boland, such talks as will be informing to people of the South as well as those of other sections. The suggestion is made to readers of the VETERAN to tune in on "KMO" and get the benefit of these valuable historical talks, which are given every Monday night at 8:45. He will also be glad to hear what you think of them. His address is 741 St. Helena Avenue, Tacoma.

#### REMARKABLE FAMILY LONGEVITY.

The late articles in the VETERAN on the combined ages of surviving members of two families brought an interesting statement on two other families noted for longevity.

When the late Nathaniel W. Dunn, of Marion County, Mo., celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday on November 3, 1916, at his home in Philadelphia, Mo., he had two living sisters, one of whom was ninety-one and a half years and the other eighty-five years of age—the combined ages of the three totaling two hundred and seventy and one-half years, with an average of ninety and one-sixth years each.

The other statement is of the family of Robert Simmons, who moved from Logan County, Ky., about 1840, to Missouri. Four of his sons are still living, their combined ages totaling three hundred and twenty-five years. In 1924, their ages with that of a sister then living and who was eighty, totaled four hundred and thirteen.

#### OLD SOUTHERN SONGS.

An interesting collection of old Southern songs, compiled by the late Mrs. Kate E. Staton, of Tarboro, N. C., in a contest, has been published by her children as a tribute to their mother. Mrs. Staton was a charter member and President of the William Dorsey Pender Chapter, U. D. C., and herself a girl of the sixties. She copied some one hundred and ninety-four of these old songs herself, with a little history of their origin, using the old-style penmanship of her girlhood, neat and clear. This was a labor of love on the part of one whose love for the cause of the Confederacy never flagged, and she tried to give the best and most popular songs of the period, and her comments are varied and interesting. Only the words of the songs are given, with mention of the air to which they are sung.

## Visit BRADENTON

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## At REUNION TIME

**Special train from Tampa to Bradenton Thursday, April 7. Cars will meet train at Bradenton for tour of Land o' Manatee and visit to Gamble Mansion**

Just a few miles from Tampa, reached by delightful motor highways, there is a region famous throughout the country for its winter-grown vegetables and fruits—the Land o' Manatee.

During the reunion, or after "taps" has been sounded for business affairs, you will enjoy a visit to Manatee County and Bradenton, its chief city.

You will be assured of real hospitality. You will pass through one of the most fertile agricul-

tural sections of Florida. You will see miles of wonderful beaches and scenery that will always remain in your mind as a beautiful picture.

Bradenton cordially invites Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy to visit the Friendly City while in Florida, and especially to visit the famous Gamble Mansion, State Confederate shrine, at Ellenton, just across the river from Bradenton.

**For Booklets or any Special Information write  
Bradenton Chamber of Commerce — Bradenton, Florida**



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*History of the Confederate Flags.*—A pamphlet giving the history of the flags of the Confederacy, showing the designs in colors, and giving proper measurement, is offered for sale for the endowment of a scholarship at William and Mary College for worthy descendants of Confederate soldiers. Price, 25 cents each. Orders may be sent to Mrs. W. B. Newell, Chairman Educational Commission, Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., Richmond, Va.

A man and wife of middle age, now living in Ohio, are contemplating a change in their home location and would like to get in communication with some one who could offer employment for one or both. He is a business man, and his wife is a college woman, refined, of good address, and has been a public

speaker. She would like to be companion to some aged person or semi-invalid, or to take complete charge of a home of elderly people. Can give the best of references. They want to come South. Address: Mrs. Charles G. Rithmaier, Limaville, Stark County, Ohio.

**FOR SALE.**—Original letter written by Gen. Robert E. Lee, dated Lexington, Va., June 22, 1866. Inquire of Mrs. A. D. F. Randolph, 38 West Woodruff Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

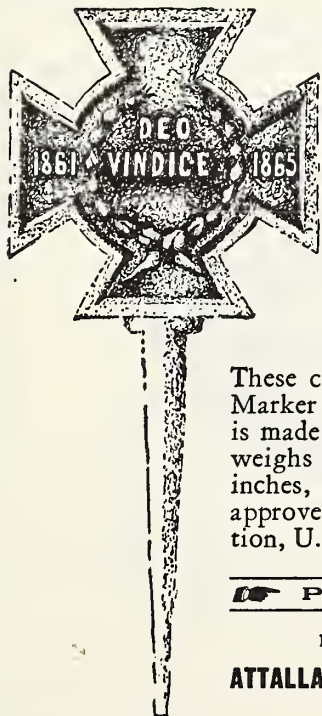
Mrs. P. V. Allen, of Ennis, Tex., would like to get information on her father's war record. W. H. Pinson was a member of Company D. 2nd Mississippi Regiment; she will appreciate hearing from any of his surviving comrades.

Elijah Garrett, 631 North East Street, McAlester, Okla., wishes to hear from some comrade of Morphis's Company of Kelley's Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry, that being the command with which he served. He was reared in McNairy County, near Chewalla.

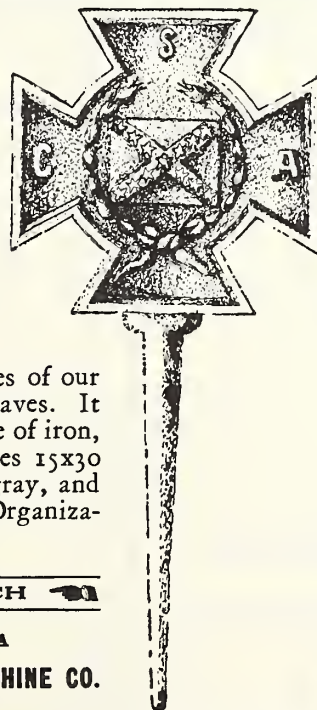
Mrs. L. B. Stilcup, 1224 Beech Street, Pine Bluff, Ark., seeks information on the war record of John Patrick Byrnes, who served in Texas cavalry, enlisting near Milheim or Brenham. Also wants the record of Dr. George Bailey, who was with Dick Dowling at Sabine Pass.

Ralph E. Reddick, of Blanchester, Ohio, a student of history, wants the best work on the Shiloh, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga campaigns, which he wishes to study from a Southern viewpoint. Anyone having the "History of Morgan's Cavalry" by Duke, will also please communicate with him.

Mrs. M. M. Birdwell, of Gainesville, Tex., wishes to communicate with anyone who can give information of the war record of her husband, A. R. (Russ) Birdwell, as she is applying for a pension. He was born at Dandridge, Jefferson County, Tenn.; enlisted in the Confederate army on January 1, 1863, at Bristol, Tenn., as a private of Company K, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, Vaughn's Brigade, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Captain Swearingen commanded the company and Col. James Canton the regiment. Address her at Gainesville, Route No. 2.



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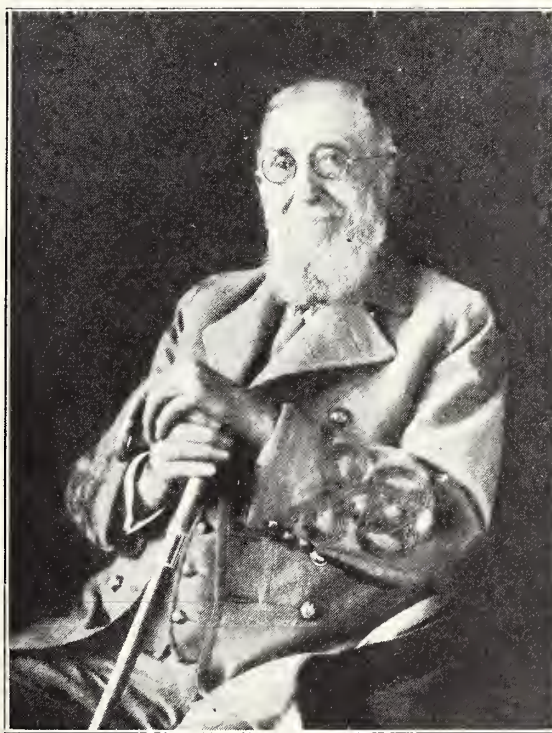


# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

MAY, 1927

NO. 5



**GEN. J. C. FOSTER, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.**

Elected at Reunion in Tampa, Fla., April 5-8, 1927.

James Calvin Foster, a native of South Carolina, served during the War between the States with the 1st South Carolina Battalion. He has been Commander of the Dick Dowling Camp, Houston, Tex., for fourteen years and was Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., 1926-27.



## SPECIAL OFFER FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

A book that everybody should read is that on our "Women of the South in War Times," which was published under the auspices of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Thousands of this book have been sold, but there are still many homes and libraries where it should be. Every reader of the VETERAN should have this book and should see that others have it. The VETERAN has helped to distribute it and wants to place many more copies, and in that interest is making a special offer of the book with a year's subscription to the VETERAN at \$3.50. The book itself sells at \$2.50.

This offer is especially for the month of May, and it is hoped that a record sale may be made in that time. Send in your order promptly for a copy of this book, which records the heroism and self-sacrifice of the women of the South during the dark days of the Confederacy.

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New York, N. Y.

Mrs. M. C. Parker, of Greenville, Tex., would like to get in communication with any surviving comrade or friend of her husband who can give some information on his war service. J. F. Parker was a member of Company I, 17th Tennessee Infantry, commanded by A. S. Marks, later governor of Tennessee. She will appreciate any information that will help her to establish her husband's service.

N. A. Gregg, of Spindale, N. C., is anxious to get in touch with some one who was in service with his father, George W. Gregg, who was a private of Company E, 9th Kentucky Cavalry. He enlisted June 1, 1862, at Knoxville, Tenn.; also served in the 4th Kentucky Mounted Rifles, and was in Morgan's command until that general was killed; was then under General Duke; was captured at Blue Island, Ohio River, June 19, 1863; was paroled at Camp Douglas, Ill., and transferred to Point Lookout, Md., for exchange March 2, 1865.

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E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S BOOK ON THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Referring to the criticism by Matthew Page Andrews of David Knowles's book on "The American Civil War," which appeared in the VETERAN for February, Mr. Knowles thinks he has been misunderstood, and asks space in the VETERAN for an explanatory statement of some of the points of criticism. The VETERAN is glad to publish this for Mr. Knowles, and appreciation is here expressed on behalf of the South for his expressions of admiration, even affection, for the South and her people in a letter accompanying the statement. But whether or not Mr. Andrews misinterpreted some of his expressions—possibly due to the extreme brevity of his work—there are certain things which Mr. Andrews did not mention which might make the situation worse. It is certainly an unpleasant picture in which the author introduces the Southern social and economic conditions, which he does in the following: "But there was a dark side to Southern society beyond the canker of slavery. There is no doubt that the Southern aristocracy were, as a whole, unintellectual." In that paragraph the author makes the mistake of assuming that all economic inventions were the product of the brains of the North, and it so happened that the three things mentioned as illustrations were all introduced below the Mason and Dixon Line, as Mr. Andrews pointed out. General Lee said, "We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor," but in looking through this book of Mr. Knowles we find very little evidence of any adequate treatment or statement of these principles.

But we are ever willing to be fair-minded in the South, and cheerfully give place to Mr. Knowles's defense of his book. He says:

"Mr. Andrews writes: 'He asserts with assurance that, from the beginning, the South promoted the aristocratic theory of government, while the North promoted the democratic one.'

"My words are: 'The Southern States had an aristocratic fashion of society, while New England was always of a republican temper of mind.' And again: 'The North was democratic, the South aristocratic in spirit.' I notice that an advertisement on the cover of the February CONFEDERATE VETERAN alludes to the South as the "Cavalier race."

"Again: 'Mr. Knowles seems to think the South "has left no impress upon the nation.' The opinion alluded to runs as follows: 'The United States, as a nation, retains few of the characteristics of New England, and none at all of the South.' This is, I think, substantially true, but the context of this passage, and the whole tone of my book, surely make it abundantly clear that I consider the United States to be the poorer as a result.

"Again: 'The influence of the fiction which has been mistaken for history is apparent when Mr. Knowles speaks of "The breeding of slaves for death or shame, the lash, the bloodhound, and the branding-iron," etc.' My words are 'Pictures were drawn by the North of life on the cotton plantations . . . the breeding of slaves, etc. . . . were the commonplaces of such literature.' It is surely clear that I am quoting extreme views, not without sarcasm, and that I am not committing myself to any adherence to them.

"Again: 'Our author is under the false impression that the mid-century English economic system had not begun in the North.' I do not know where I seem to give such an impression; I was certainly perfectly aware that it had.

"Again: 'Mr. Knowles admires Abraham Lincoln above all men and simultaneously admires the ideas of the abolitionists.' I have never admired Lincoln above all men. I say in my preface that I consider him the greatest statesman of his age, but anyone who reads my book carefully will see that I make reservations with regard to his character, which I do not do in the case of Lee. I have never admired the ideas of the abolitionists. I say: 'Whom shall we blame for the war? . . . the supporters of the bitter abolitionist campaign at the North.'

"Again: 'Mr. Knowles ignores President Lincoln's repeated protestations of noninterference with slavery where it existed; and that he declared the Emancipation Proclamation was a war measure.' My words are: 'A. Lincoln, had always maintained that opposition to slavery should be constitutional' and 'no unconstitutional action was intended against it where it was established,' and 'the immediate occasion of his change of policy was a question of military expediency.'

"In the above notes I have confined myself to criticism of passages in the review which seemed to me to misrepresent my meaning. On one point it is very likely I am wrong. Mr. Andrews says that there is no basis for the story of Lee's alluding to Davenport's devotion to duty. My authority for this is the life of Lee by his nephew, Lee Childe, published within a few years of Lee's death, where it occurs in a letter from Lee to one of his sons. This seemed to me sufficient guarantee for its authenticity, combined as it is with the noble tone of the letter itself. But I built no argument upon the story. It is certainly not unworthy of Lee."

## MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

BY VIRGINIA LUCAS, CHARLES TOWN, W. VA.

"When the time comes, and I depart,  
I would be carried where the bloom  
Of rhododendron floods the land—  
Rose of the sky, rose of the tomb;  
And flower o' the heart" . . .

I understand

Just what the great sea wizard thought;  
Whether for beauty he had wrought,  
Making of science still a flame  
To draw the spirit forth to God,  
Or for mankind's plain uses brought  
Reason to rule the deep, he came  
At last, as all, to the green sod,  
And the rhodora marks his name. . . .

For me, however, one whose days  
Run down the little village ways,  
I will forego the lofty hill,  
The sunset, and the golden stars.  
Bury me deep where my comrades still  
Pass and repass. My pulse shall thrill  
More joyous here than even—on Mars!  
Angels and saints may dwell apart,  
But I have given the earth my heart.



## THE REUNION IN TAMPA.

In a wonderful spirit of coöperation and hospitality, the city of Tampa, Fla., entertained the United Confederate Veterans in their thirty-seventh annual reunion, April 5-8. It seemed that nothing was left undone to make this occasion notable in every way. This was the general sentiment among the veterans and other visitors in attendance, and the provision made for the comfort and entertainment of the veterans who were the special guests of the city was remarkable in its completeness. Dr. Sumter L. Lowry, Sr., as chairman of the Executive Committee, and his corps of committees, gave continuous thought and attention to every detail in preparing for this Confederate host, and to all of them and to the whole city the appreciative thanks of the organization was expressed by the retiring Commander in Chief, Gen. M. D. Vance, in the following:

"The thirty-seventh annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, which has just come to a close in Tampa, will go down in history as one of the most successful from every standpoint this organization ever has held.

"We never have had a more cordial reception and never have been made to feel more at home than the citizens of Tampa have made us feel during the four days we have been here. They have taken our comfort and well-being closely to their hearts; they have made it a personal matter and have neglected their own private business to make our business and our pleasure their own.

"The arrangements for feeding and housing the veterans never have been surpassed at any reunion. The barracks, where most of them were quartered during the reunion, were clean, comfortable, well lighted, and well ventilated. The food was of the best and was intelligently prepared to make the strongest appeal even to the most delicate appetite. I know this to be true, because I went over and ate with the boys myself. I know they feel the same way about it.

"We are very glad to have been the guests of Tampa. It has been a pleasure to visit this great city and this great State. The delightful association with these hospitable and courteous citizens always will be one of our most pleasant recollections. Our hearts have been won by them, and it is with real regret that we bid them good-by."

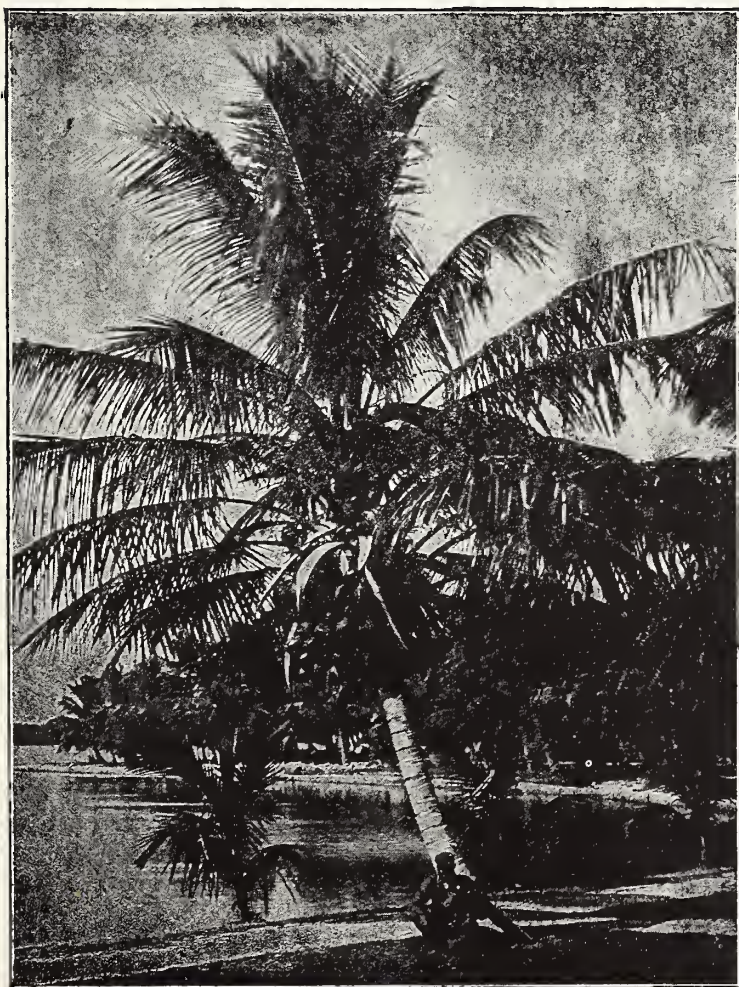
Indeed, the whole State was like one family in extending a welcome to the reunion visitors. In Jacksonville and Orlando breakfasts and luncheons were prepared for the refreshment of veterans passing through, there being a brief stop at these places. During the reunion, Bradenton and Ellenton and Palmetto gave a delightful motor trip through the Manatee country, including a visit to the old Gamble mansion, where refreshments were served by the Daughters of the Confederacy. Take it all in all, Florida and Tampa gave a welcome and entertainment that will linger long as a pleasant memory, and places of meeting in the future will find it difficult to surpass this hospitality. There were many receptions, teas and dances given in compliment to other visitors to Tampa during the reunion, and the days and nights were a series of festivities. Tampa was in gala mood and right royally did she entertain.

In addition to caring for the veterans during their stay in Tampa, each one was given a box lunch for his refreshment during the homeward journey. Twenty-five hundred veterans were housed at the State Fair Barracks and fed in the mess hall. While no official figures are available at present, it is estimated that between three and four thousand veterans attended the reunion in Tampa.

## THE CONVENTION.

The business meetings of the convention began on Wednesday morning, April 6, with the welcome addresses and responses. Although Governor Martin was not able to be present, on account of the meeting of the State legislature, his greeting to the boys in gray was made by Gen. T. J. Appleyard, Commander of the Florida State Division, U. C. V., while Dr. Sumter L. Lowry gave the welcome to the reunion. He was followed by Hon. Perry C. Wall in the welcome to Tampa; Hon. C. M. Brown, Sr., on behalf of the State; the welcome in behalf of the Sons of Confederate Veterans of the State was made by Hon. W. Raleigh Petteway. The response in behalf of the Confederate Veterans was made by Gen. H. M. Wharton, Commander of the Maryland Division and former Chaplain General, U. C. V. A beautiful poem in tribute to "John Brooke, of Tampa," was read by the author, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle.

The afternoon session of this day was given over to committee reports, which were also carried over to the morning session of the 7th. The convention was suspended at twelve o'clock for the Memorial exercises in tribute to those who had passed during the previous year. The long list of comrades who have bivouacked on the other shore since the



THE COCOANUT PALM OF FLORIDA, BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL.



meeting in Birmingham was a sad reminder of the rapid passing of the gray. There were many losses also reported by the Confederate Southern Memorial Association and the Sons of Veterans in this joint memorial service—a long, long roll call of memory, and the poem by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle fittingly enshrined them.

#### ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The last actions of the convention on Thursday afternoon were the election of officers and the selection of a place of meeting for 1928. The vote for Commander in Chief was very close, Gen. J. C. Foster, of Texas, former Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., winning with 494 votes to the 470 cast for Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, of Virginia. In accordance with the wish of General Taylor, the convention then made the choice of General Foster unanimous. Responding to the greeting expressed by the convention in thunderous applause, the new Commander in Chief said: "I appreciate the honor you have conferred upon me, and my sincere hope is that you will love me as much one year from now as you seem to love me to-day."

Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., was reelected Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department.

Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, of Elmore, Ala., was elected Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department.

Gen. R. A. Miller, of Abilene, Tex., was elected Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

The new Commander in Chief announced the reappointment of Gen. Harry Rene Lee, of Tennessee, as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, with Mrs. Winnie Booth Kernan, of New Orleans, as Assistant to the Adjutant General.

#### THE REUNION IN 1928.

The invitation to meet in Little Rock, Ark., was accepted by the veterans enthusiastically. The invitation came from the governor of the State and was formally presented by Dr. Morgan Smith, Commander of the Arkansas Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, who stated that the legislature of his State had set a precedent by voting \$30,000 toward the entertainment of the veterans should the invitation be accepted. "And we are going to double that to see that you have a good time in Little Rock," Dr. Smith added.

Atlanta, Ga., and Lexington, Ky., had sent their representatives to invite the convention for 1928, but withdrew in favor of Little Rock when it was known that the State of Arkansas had sent the invitation. Atlanta gave notice that she wanted it for 1929, when it is expected that the Stone Mountain Memorial will be near completion.

#### THE PARADE.

The reunion is no reunion without the parade. All thought is centered upon that, and it is the climax of this week of happy association. The parade in Tampa was all of that and more. Thousands took part in it, and many more thousands viewed it from housetop and street. Eighteen bands gave impetus to its movements with their martial airs and melodies of Southern life. Though the veterans are too feeble now to march to these strains, they yet added their voices in rebel yells and wild calls from the cars in which they whirled past the enthusiastic spectators and the reviewing stand. Com-



A FLORIDA LAKE IN TROPICAL SETTING.

pany B, of Nashville, Tenn., now but a remnant of its former force, left its car before reaching the reviewing stand and in its old jeans and army rifles marched past the Commander in Chief and his official party. Forrest's Cavalry rode by astride as in army days, and paused to give the military salute; and cars and floats full of pretty girls went by in bewildering procession, with bands interspersed to give their tuneful music.

Fifteen thousand or more were in the parade, and two hours were required to pass a given point. It was a long, long line of march, but they came through with flying colors. Inspired by this colorful procession, the editor of the Tampa *Daily Times* said of it:

"A nobler body never moved in parade. Their numbers have dwindled. They can march no more for any distance. So they rode—rode in state. They rode in the vehicles that carried them and upon the heart throbs of those who beheld them. The sight they presented was quite a different one from that presented by them and their companions as in the sixties they ran that they might get into battle. They are only a remnant, but a remnant that makes the Confederate hosts more and more regiments of veneration. They are old and feeble now. But they are heroes. Time nor eternity will rob them of that heritage. It is not many more times that they will form in procession. Their ranks grow thinner year by year. It will not be long before they will sleep, with feet toward the east, waiting to march into the presence of Lee and Jackson and the thousands of worthy comrades who have gone before them to bivouac with the dead. Not many years now until the Confederate soldier will be but a memory. But he will always be a glorious memory.

"The parade has just gone by!

"God bless you, Confederate soldiers; and you, their sons; and you, Southern women; and you, soldiers of our common country; and you, citizens, one and all. And may he keep our memories sweet, our country worthy and beloved, our liberties unimpaired, and our Constitution inviolate and inviolable, and our motives clean until all of us have 'crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees.' Then may he do all these things, and better ones, for those who will come after us."

#### RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions, offered by Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, of Alabama, now Commander of Army of Tennessee De-



partment, U. C. V., were unanimously indorsed by the Committee on Resolutions and unanimously adopted by the convention assembled at Tampa:

"Resolved, by the surviving veterans of the Confederate armies in their thirty-seventh annual reunion in the city of Tampa, April 5-8, 1927:

"1. We bow in grateful reverence to our Heavenly Father for prolonging our lives with many blessings, and for his providence in bringing us together in a spirit of fraternal comradeship, reviving many proud and happy memories of our patriotic struggle for the hallowed principles of local self-government and constitutional law.

"2. We appeal to each veteran to do his part in recording his experiences by speech, by letter, by facts that the future historian may be informed of the causes of the deplorable war and the spirit with which it was waged. We prayerfully hope for the truth, the whole truth, and only the truth of the tragic years of 1861-65.

"3. When the war closed, we returned to our homes and fields and found them desolated. Under military impositions we were confronted with such trying economic and racial conditions as never before had tested the wisdom, patience, and conditions that in historic review bring a blush of shame to intelligent people throughout the country. While our duties were calling us to meet these serious conditions, partisans were writing history, largely sectional, malicious, and false. We appeal to fair-minded scholarship for a truthful history that will do justice to all involved.

"4. We congratulate ourselves that the thoughtful people of all sections are beginning to see, what we have always known, that in pursuing our course we have been within our historic, constitutional, and moral rights, as taught and exemplified by our Revolutionary ancestors. These facts are clearly illustrated in Statuary Hall of our national Capitol, where the statues of Washington and Lee stand side by side, Washington in his Revolutionary uniform and Lee in his Confederate uniform, high exponents of the same sacred principles. We are proud of our leadership. We confidently hold it up for the contemplation of the historian as typical of the highest manhood. The three heroic figures in the administration at the sunset of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, Commander in Chief, C. S. A.; Robert E. Lee, Commander in Arms; John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War. We challenge the student of the ages to produce their equals in cultural graces, in unselfish patriotism, in patient endurance, in inflexible integrity, and in nobility of character. We point to them with pride as exemplars for future generations."

\* \* \*

A resolution that a booklet on the life and official position of Jefferson Davis, by David Albright Long, be adopted by the U. C. V., to be placed in schools, North and South, and in libraries, was adopted.

A resolution was also adopted authorizing Commanders of the various Camps of Veterans to appoint sons or daughters of veterans as assistants to the Adjutants of the Camps without additional compensation.

\* \* \*

A resolution was adopted that "A Youth's History of the Great Civil War," by Horton, "in its essential statement of facts, which we believe to be true, is hereby indorsed as a publication that should be widely distributed at the South as well as the North, and that we commend the patriotic efforts of those who have caused it to be republished, and urge its adoption and use in schools and libraries of the South."

W. O. Hart, Commissary General, U. C. V., made a most commendatory report on the arrangements for housing and feeding the veterans who were quartered in the barracks at the Fair Grounds. Meals were served to over a thousand veterans at a time, and they were well prepared and served. His report concluded with congratulations to those in charge for the satisfactory manner in which this feature of the reunion was carried out, and it was adopted unanimously.

## INTERESTING VISITORS.

An interesting figure among the veterans attending this reunion in Tampa was Gen. Felix Houston Robertson, of Texas, last of the Confederate brigadiers. Though eighty-eight years of age, and confined to a wheeled chair, General Robertson was a participant in the activities of the reunion and enjoyed the meeting again with old comrades and friends. Tribute was paid to General Robertson by the convention in making him Honorary Commander for Life, and this was done by a rising vote after the motion was put by Adjutant General Harry Rene Lee in the early part of the convention.

Doubtless the oldest veteran attending this reunion was Col. Ebenezer C. Liles, of San Antonio, Fla., who is nearing his one hundred and second anniversary. He served with the 39th Mississippi Regiment, and was one of those who went through the terrible siege of Vicksburg. He was formerly Commander of the Pasco County Camp, U. V. C., but there are now only two veterans left in Pasco County, Colonel Liles and David Kennerly.

Among the older men in attendance was J. R. Tyree, of Richmond, Va., ninety-six years of age, who claims to be one of the most active men of his years in the South. Comrade Tyree fought throughout the War between the States and was one of the Confederate force that blocked Sheridan's raid on Richmond when an attempt was made to free prisoners of war. This is the thirtieth reunion he has attended. He is a landscape gardener at Richmond and personally looks after the details of his business.

He was married in 1862 and had a happy married life of sixty-five years.

## U. S. GUNBOAT AT TAMPA.

A very interesting incident of the reunion was the visit of the gunboat Tallapoosa and the greeting brought by its commander to the United Confederate Veterans in the name of the United States government. The gunboat was sent from Mobile to Tampa by special order, and Commander Brockway, with his aides, Lieutenants Smalley and Hunter, met the Commander in Chief, U. C. V., at the Tampa Bay Hotel, which was official headquarters, and gave this formal greeting from the government. On the next afternoon, Commander in Chief Vance and his official party were entertained on the gunboat, when the Admiral's salute of thirteen guns was given, "a great tribute not only to the Commander in Chief, but to the Confederate soldiery as well, and it showed that our government recognized the loyalty and patriotism of the boys in gray, and this touches the heart of every true Southerner." And the Confederate flag also went aboard!

## GOLD STAR VETERANS.

An innovation on the part of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association was the presentation, at a special session during their convention of gold stars to eight Confederate veterans, this signifying their enrollment in the Stone Mountain Memorial Association. These veterans and those presenting the gold stars were: Gen. C. A. DeSaussure, Memphis, by the Memphis Memorial Association; Gen. Richard A. Sneed, Oklahoma City, by Miss Mary Sneed Lovell; Gen.



J. W. Harris, Oklahoma City, by Mrs. Chappell Bryan; Gen. William D. Matthews, Oklahoma City, by Mrs. Ed L. Hahn; H. E. Ferguson, Huntington, W. Va., by Miss Cloyde Harvey; Brig. Gen. Jack Hale, Chickasha, Okla., by Miss Viola May Hale; Gen. J. A. Yeager, Tulsa, by Mrs. W. D. Work; Capt. Henry Hines, Montgomery, Ala., by Mrs. J. W. Cook.

This gold star was to have been presented by Miss Mildred Rutherford to Maj. Giles B. Cooke, Chaplain General of the Memorial Association, who is ill at his home in Matthews Courthouse, Va.

#### FLORIDA CAN CLAIM.

The first church bell in the United States.

The first church in the United States—Pensacola.

The oldest city in the United States—St. Augustine.

The largest phosphate beds in the United States.

The first National Good Roads Conference in the United States was held at Orlando, Fla.

The largest grass fiber and pulp mills in the world—Leesburg, Fla.

The largest kaolin plant—Lake County, Fla.

The largest export of sponges—Key West, Fla.

The most beautiful orange groves and waterways are found in Florida.

The art of manufacturing ice belongs to Dr. John Gorrie, of Florida.

The first State in grapefruit.

The only State in which can be found a Ponce de Leon "Fountain of Perpetual Youth."

The first book translated from Indian into the English language.—From Miss Rutherford's "Scrapbook."

#### THE BOY SCOUTS.

"Did you know that they couldn't have had this reunion without the Boy Scouts?" asked one little fellow of another across the car which they were escorting. And there was truth in the statement. They were everywhere, these young guardians of the old, escorting a veteran to his lodging place or helping him to find the place where he had been lodging, again directing traffic for the safety of the crowds, or riding upon the fenders of cars as special escort for some official—a happy, busy, earnest band of embryo manhood—and in all this teaching a lesson of helpfulness and devotion to duty that many an older person could profit by. Bless the Boy Scouts! They surely made the reunion possible.

Visitors to Tampa during the reunion will appreciate this picture of one of the Boy Scout Troops of that city as a reminder of their courtesy and helpfulness.

#### OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

(Way Down Upon De Swanee River.)

Way down upon the Swanee Ribber,  
Far, far away,  
Dere's wha' my heart is turning eber,  
Dere's wha' de old folks stay.  
All up and down de whole creation  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for de old 'plantation,  
And for de old folks at home.

#### Chorus.

All de world am sad and dreary,  
Ev'ry whar I roam,  
O darkies, how my heart grows weary,  
Now for de ole folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered  
When I was young,  
Den many happy days I squandered,  
Many de songs I sung.  
When I was playing wid my brudder,  
Happy was I;  
O, take me to my kind old mudder,  
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,  
One dat I love,  
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
No matter where I rove.  
When will I see de bees a-humming  
All round de comb?  
When will I hear de banjo tumming,  
Down in my good old home?



BOY SCOUTS OF TAMPA, FLA.



## AN OLD BOOK RE-REVIEWED.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

Recently the writer ran into an old book on "The American Union," by James Spence, published in London in 1862. There are a number of passages in this book which bear reprinting. On page 119 we find the following paragraphs in regard to the expressions "free" States and "slave" States. The use of these expressions has been deplored by the present writer, and no careful historian should employ them as terms descriptive of sectional differentiation based upon the clash of divergent economic and political interests. Nevertheless, it will be found that the available textbooks presented in our schools use these terms, with the one exception—namely, the "Legion History," by Professor Charles F. Horne. The effect of the use of these terms was described by Spence as early as 1862, when the expressions first came into general discussion and in historical narrative. Let the readers of this article examine the textbooks which the children of their community may be using and see if this careless terminology be not in evidence. The quotation follows, italics inserted:

"Dr. Mackay, in his recent work, 'Life and Liberty in America,' remarks: 'The struggle between the North and South, of which the negro is made the pretext, is, as all the world knows by this time, a struggle for political power and ascendancy.' Agreeing entirely as to the fact, we differ in opinion as to its being so generally known. There are numbers in this country who do verily believe that the present conflict is between slavery and an effort to abolish it. *Because the Northern are called 'free' and the Southern 'slave' States, their respective names have been adopted in the minds of many as symbols of the principle at issue.* And there have not been wanting advocates of the Union who have thought it right, to profit by our repugnance of American affairs to enlist a large amount of sympathy in their favor by fostering this popular impression and giving this color to the contest."

In his travels throughout the country—and a great deal of the writer's editorial work is done in the North—he finds an almost total ignorance in regard to the extent of martial law and of Mussolini-like repression in vogue throughout the North during the war of secession. It is truly a wonder that any part of the Constitution survived the experience; or, for that matter, representative democracy under republican forms of government. The quotation from the Spence volume which applies to this occurs on page 60. It refers to the despotism established in war times, 1861–65, "to say nothing of that which was continued in the South some additional ten or twelve years:

"That, indeed, the true sense of liberty of opinion has passed away is but too plainly evidenced in what is now occurring. When a people look on with acquiescence whilst the writ of habeas corpus is treated with contempt; whilst the police forbid petitions to the government, in violation of an express right of the Constitution; whilst spies and eavesdroppers are taken into pay, women searched, legislators imprisoned, property confiscated, letters broken, telegrams seized, passports ordered; whilst the offices of the press are gutted, and grand juries are urged to draw up presentments of those who differ in opinion—when all this occurs, too, not in presence of an invasion, threatening the liberty of the land, but simply in view of an aggressive war to be waged at a distance—there is ample evidence that, whatever may have been the love of liberty in other days, it has become a thing of the past."

In regard to the slave trade, Mr. Spence freely and frankly acknowledges British participation in this and, on page 151, makes the following comment in that connection:

"And Boston and New York, which are the headquarters of the Abolitionists, are also, strange to say, the headquarters of the slave trade. Lord Lyons states in September, 1860, that in the previous eighteen months, eighty-five vessels had sailed from American ports to be employed in the slave trade. Of ten vessels captured in one year by the American squadron on the coast of Africa, seven were from New York. It is well known that although the slaves are taken to Cuba, the slave trade is American, carried on in their vessels, with their capital, and with their energy and nautical skill. Against this we have remonstrated in every form in vain. How shall we account for the apathy of the Abolitionists at home? It is impossible to fit out vessels with the bulky equipments required for the trade so as to escape detection if there be those on the spot who are earnestly alert. But this, again, would be descending to realities."

In a general way, the above comment helps to bear out the contention of Mr. Arthur H. Jennings that he has not been able to find the record of a single Southern ship engaged in the African slave trade, or a ship under Southern registry. The slave trade appears to have been carried on entirely by people of the Northern States and by English and European merchants and seamen.

"The American Union" was written just before the proclamation of emancipation, when tremendous pressure was brought upon President Lincoln to issue an announcement of that character. There seems to be no doubt that the majority of the violent Abolitionists believed it would incite a servile insurrection. Perhaps it was for that very reason that Abraham Lincoln, who had excoriated the Abolitionists and who had then begun to differ sharply with the Sumner-Wade-Stevens radical element in his own party, was heartily opposed to Federal action until the political pressure became too great for him to resist. Also, he knew it would have the effect of moral propaganda in foreign countries, to offset thereby much natural sympathy with the South, which represented the weaker side of the struggle and which, under the leadership of men of the highest character, was contending for great fundamental or constitutional principles. At that time, Mr. Spence clearly perceived that the South felt compelled to resort to secession in self-protection against a sectional majority which had been able *with representation* in effect to force upon the purely agricultural South, by means of tariff taxation, a burden ten times as great as the British king and parliament merely attempted to force, *without representation*, upon the American colonies. Mr. Spence, an ardent emancipationist, wrote, in regard to the proposed ideas of the Abolitionists, British as well as American:

"There is a resource which has been frequently alluded to, abstinence from which has been described as proof of almost sublime magnanimity, that of declaring at once emancipation of the slaves, and so prostrating the South at one fell blow. This, at first, as the resolve of some principle shrinking from no sacrifice, all would have respected, whatever the opinion of its wisdom. Now, as an act of revenge and spite, because the people of the South could not otherwise be subdued, it would stamp on the page of American history a stigma dark and indelible, that never, we trust, may appear there. Beyond this, it would be an impotent act of vengeance. If the negroes resolve to rise, they will wait for no act of Congress; without such resolve on their part, a proclamation would be addressed to the idle wind. And how would it help the slaves to rise who are a thousand miles off; who is to take it down there, to read to them; to go provided, also, as he need be, with railway tickets and other arrangements for the removal of four millions of human beings? To leave them where they



are would simply be to light the flames of servile war, and this, as we have seen, would speedily be quenched in blood, leaving only behind the waste of so much human life and a never-dying memory to avenge."

#### LIBERTY AND UNION.

Under the head of "Union and Liberty," Mr. Carl Van Doren has contributed to the December issue of the *Century* magazine an article which shows a rare insight into American history. It deserves repetition, and may well be commended to those in the New South, who, like Dr. Mims, cast scorn on the Old. Mr. Van Doren, in reviewing Edgar Lee Masters's "Lee: A Dramatic Poem," writes, italics inserted:

*"Whoever recently has sung the South has taken for granted that the Union was as righteous as it was irresistible and that the Confederate States seceded in a mood of gallant error, which, having passed, leaves them reconciled and even strenuous in the simple plan of a single nationality."*

"But there is a still newer South being considered here and there. It is less a growth than a rebirth. Calhoun, that hard logician, has been brought back to state again the doctrine of local rights. Current minorities, finding themselves ridden by the egregious majority now in power, have come to suspect that the South was America's great minority and that its suppression made the American world free for majorities, and made, in time, those majorities a menace to humane civilization. Thus seen, the South has been freshly examined in another light. Was the South only holding on to an indefensible and moribund economic system, or was it not also cherishing, like Athens, an aspect of liberty to which the Spartan North was blind? May the South not have been upon the higher path and have been merely drawn into the lower by force? What if that older South should turn out to furnish, by an example long neglected, the guidance which the nation obviously needs?"

"Such questions give the theme to Edgar Lee Masters's 'Lee: A Dramatic Poem,' in which they are argued with a vigor and eloquence never before devoted to them by a poet. This is all the more significant for the reason that 'Spoon River Anthology,' less than a dozen years ago, made Lincoln almost the silent hero of the book, the shadow of greatness which lay across the dingy village. In 'Lee,' Lincoln is almost the villain, who, out of loyalty to the dead hand of John Marshall and fidelity to a metaphysical concept of union, feels obligated to make war upon the South when it asserts its right, as it believes, to resume its sovereignty. Slavery is not the issue. Lincoln at the outset has no intention to abolish it, and Lee hates it. The issue is union or liberty.

"Union may be for liberty if it floods  
With vital dew the roots spread far below,  
Of Locke, Lorenzo, More, the great Virginian;  
Or it may feed the banyan tree to grow  
Over the land with darkening dominion."

"Lincoln, as Mr. Masters now sees him, is only

"The blossom of one episode,  
Whose bud is Union, he is not a root  
Which feeds the trunk and branches and the buds  
With life to every tendril, leaf, volute."

"While as to Lee:

"His branches shall be riven  
And cast to earth in sorrow and defeat;  
Yet they shall nourish earth, and smiling heaven  
Shall bless the grass lands and the fields of wheat.

If no great plan of his shall ever flourish,  
No victory, nor ultimate campaign,  
His duty done from day to day shall nourish,  
Like the crushed harvest of the yearly grain."

"Union, that is, should be regarded as the sentiment of a moment, the tool of a particular task. Liberty is the sentiment of eternity, the end and not the tool. Which is sacred, the tool or the task?"

"If 'Lee' at a first reading appears difficult, that is chiefly because it undertakes to reverse a historical judgment which has been establishing itself for more than half a century. Because the Union survived, a Union, even a devouring Union, has been thought of as natural and destined. History, it must be remembered, is written by the survivors. But history is a field into which any spade may dig. Mr. Masters, in this centennial year of Jefferson's death, has merely sunk a Jeffersonian spade into the field. The survivors, he thinks, have written history wrongly. They have been, at least in the North, so much absorbed in the dramatic spectacle of the will to union as it put forth its powers during the war that they have enlisted their imaginations on one side only, and have identified that side with right and the other side with wrong. They have done this because the will to union was still, years after the war, going on with its work. Looking back over a century or so, they have taken for granted that the road which has led them to where they are was the proper road for their fathers to have taken. But the latest decade or so, suddenly aware that the Federal government has obtained an enormous and, some observers now begin to think, an excessive power, has asked itself whether, after all, the road to the present situation was the proper one. From this change in attitude toward the present speedily follows a change in attitude toward the past. The past is what the present makes it, or makes it out to be."

#### THE WASHINGTON FAMILY IN ENGLAND.

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE.

Antiquarians are busy delving into musty records that have traced George Washington's ancestry back to the days of King Edward I of England. A great help to this end was the discovery during the World War by a venturesome aviator flying on the British coast that the Washington coat-of-arms is still to be seen at old Selby Abbey in Yorkshire, where their memorial window shows in rich gules and argent the same design that inspired Betsy Ross to make the American flag.

Selby Abbey is the finest example of the blending of Norman-Gothic architecture in the world. Its buttressed walls, mullions, massive proportions, and beauty of naive and rood screen would all draw the traveler and artist from every land. Selby stands to-day, since the demolition of the Rheims and Louvain cathedrals, as the finest blending of architectural ecclesiastical beauty in all England. It was built by the Benedictine monks under Richard Gascoigne; and that the Washington coat-of-arms is portrayed on one of the windows shows as proof positive not only that the family was one of prestige, but worthy of emulation; otherwise the Washington ancestry would not have had this memorial. The history of the building of the cathedral is written in Latin by Richard Gascoigne, the monk, and is preserved now in the British Museum, but it does not explain the Washington window, which would lead to the belief that it was added later on. Around the old Abbey stretches an interesting country, particularly dear to lovers of American history, where its benign shadow seems like a mother's encircling arms, for its English-



Gothic unity and Norman masonry of mediæval design, with carved archways of matchless symmetry, beckon the traveler far into the past of many sacred memories, due to association of names.

## PLYMOUTH SECTION OF ENGLAND.

Near Selby Abbey is Northampton, where a Laurence Washington was once mayor; and also "Scrooby," whence the Pilgrim Fathers came. Here also is the birthplace of Governor Bradford, of the Plymouth colony, whose name is to-day borne with pride by his descendants scattered far from New England. These repetitions of names, such as "Northampton," find an echo in our present annals, as President Coolidge's political career started with being mayor of Northampton, Mass., named for the one near the old Abbey, and familiar to many former students of Moody's Bible School, which gathered here for summer sessions.

## SULGRAVE MANOR.

Sulgrave Manor is not far from Selby Abbey, and a reproduction of this old mansion is soon to show Virginia just what it looks like, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Alexander Weddell, of the U. S. consular service, who, while in Greece and Calcutta, became impressed with the need of a stimulus to American architecture, and so conceived that it was proper for Virginia, as the oldest of colonies, to hark back to the Elizabethan era for inspiration. Mr. Weddell was born and reared in Richmond, where his father was rector of the famous St. John's Church, forever associated with memories of Patrick Henry's oratory for "Liberty or Death." He made it his business to buy and present to Richmond, as the future home for the Virginia Historical Society, an old abbey that had been torn down, which material will be used in the replica of Sulgrave, as it belongs to that period. When British newspapers got hold of it, a hugh and cry went up that England was merchandising her heirlooms, but it was proved by Mr. Weddell that these old stones were on the market, and that the monastery of which they had formed a part had been demolished before he made any bid as a purchaser. The present rooms of the Virginia Historical Society are vastly inadequate to the needs of the organization, being the house occupied by Gen. Robert E. Lee's family when Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy.

## LORD FAIRFAX'S INFLUENCE.

Not far from Selby Abbey lives Lady Astor, that scion of old Virginia who has tried to add the Declaration of Independence as a postscript to the Magna Charter. During the World War, she wittily said, when England and America stood shoulder to shoulder as "allies," that "in the days of the American Revolution a German George was on the British throne whom an English George had to leave his home at Mount Vernon to suppress!" This was as true as the Tudor tone of thought that came down in Virginia with Stuart leniency to horse-racing, cock-fighting, and Cavalier pastimes, all of which George Washington enjoyed; for, though Mary Ball, his mother, was of Spartan mold, George did not stay tied to her apron string, but wandered far when under the patronage of Lord Fairfax, who taught him all the dignity and elegance of manner that made even Cornwallis marvel when he saw his conqueror at Yorktown.

There is no more picturesque figure in colonial America than Lord Fairfax, whose bones rest beneath the chancel of the church in historic Winchester, Va., while tourists visit Greenway Court, his old estate, not far away. The land books of Virginia tell that this old nobleman "came into ye Western wilds for ye love of a lady" but fail to call her name.

He found in his young engineer, George Washington, one upon whom he could lavish devotion as a father loves a son. It was a terrible blow to him when he heard the cannons at Winchester proclaiming victory for young America.

"Put me to bed, take off my boots!" cried he. "It is time to die when England is beaten"—and those who caught his last words heard him faintly murmur the oath of fealty of a British peer. As he was so pronounced a Tory, his lands were seized by Virginia and given to "Light Horse Harry" Lee for his services in winning America's freedom; and thus again the Washington thread of destiny crossed the Lee escutcheon, for "Light Horse Harry" Lee's son, Gen. Robert E. Lee, married the lovely Mary Custis, the great-granddaughter of Mount Vernon, and so it is as a background to the past that one recalls these old legends of romance and heroism.

## PORTRAIT OF THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

After the winning of the American Revolution, when the General and Lady Washington journeyed to Philadelphia, then the capital, Samuel Powel, a first cousin of Robert Morris, sent his coach to convey Martha Washington to her home, and this is the coach that one sees to-day at Mount Vernon, for Powel was one of the wealthiest men and most cultured in Philadelphia. His house has been transplanted literally to the New York Metropolitan Museum to give the idea of what was the truly American period of the days of Washington. Mary Washington knew when she last parted with her son that death was near; but the stout-hearted old Tory, who had always prayed for the "King of England," and who felt and feared the Revolution would end in "the halter" for her militant son, had now become reconciled to the belief that he was born to a great duty, if not a great destiny. Such was the love of Washington for his mother that he took her portrait with him to Philadelphia, but being hauled in a wagon with his teaster beds, one of the posts stuck through the canvas and so badly mutilated the likeness that General Washington had it hung in his own bedroom, just for the pleasure it gave him. He intended sending this picture to England for repairs, but his death prevented, but it was later taken to England with pictures of himself and Martha, and these three portraits remained unclaimed there for years. Not until General Grant visited London on his trip around the world were they found. Then, as the Union had been severed with the bloodshed of War between the States, Grant said: "The best way to cement the sections is to place this picture of George Washington, the Virginian who won the Independence of America and founded our nation, in the public schools throughout the entire United States.

"This was done—and so the children of the men who wore the Blue and the Gray grew up to regard Washington as the "Father of His Country—first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"—which eulogy was pronounced by "Light Horse Harry" Lee, father of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

APPRECIATES THE SOUTH.—In renewing his subscription to the VETERAN, Roy Chansler writes from Bicknell, Ind.: "I always enjoy the interesting articles published from time to time in the VETERAN. The articles relating to points of great historical prestige are especially interesting. My ancestors were of Southern lineage, coming North many years ago. I had a number of great-uncles who fought in the war in the Federal army, some of whom never returned, sleeping still on some Southern battle field. I have always had reverence for the South, for it bore the brunt of the war, most of the battles being fought on Southern soil, and it was the South that suffered the devastation caused by the war."



## THE MAGIC FLUTE.

BY VIRGINIA LUCAS.

Can't you hear his flute a-blowing,  
 'Mid all the prison din,  
 Vibrating love and fame?  
 Can't you hear the music flowing  
 From the loneliness within  
 As they bore him back to his "hame"?

O the flame—  
 The flame is leaping higher  
 Of his music and his fame:  
 For poet souls aspire,  
 Like a silver lamp, a-fire,  
 Leaping starward with desire,  
 Love and fame.

But—the stars they each would know him,  
 Their comrade; and would blow him  
 Such kisses as are for a holy child.  
 And he'd answer, mild and lowly,  
 With a tender melancholy,  
 And draw a soul to heaven, though exiled.

[Sidney Lanier, returning to his home from his imprisonment in the North—emaciated, and worn out with sickness and discouragement—was heard by the ship passengers playing on his beloved flute and leading an impromptu orchestra in the steerage.]

## THE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS IN 1864-65.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

(Continued from April number.)

## THE INHUMANITY OF THE FEDERALS.

Now there had been some special exchanges made, and, on August 20, 1864, some six hundred officers were sent to General Foster, who had charge of exchange of prisoners at Hilton Head. General Grant wrote August 21, 1864, to Secretary Stanton: "Please inform General Foster that under no circumstances will he be authorized to exchange prisoners of war." However, it would seem that these six hundred officers had not been sent for exchange, but to be placed under fire on Morris Island. The Federals had been in the habit of firing into the city of Charleston, miles away from the fortifications that were resisting their attack, and where the women and children were in their homes. It happened that the writer was passing through Charleston one Saturday night and lodged at the residence of a widow lady with several young children in her home of the Washington Allston connection. The next morning I found the family in consternation. The Federals had fired a shell into the city. It had passed a few feet over the room I had slept in and buried itself in the next street beyond. Had it gone thirty feet farther it would have entered the city hospital.

Attempting to put a stop to this pastime of murdering sleeping women and children in their homes, a month or so later the Confederate authorities notified General Gilmore that quite a number of Federal prisoners were to be removed into the city and would be in danger if this fire into the city were continued. The response to that was to remove six hundred officers from Fort Delaware to their front on Morris Island. And these doubtless were the six hundred prisoners that General Grant supposed were to be exchanged. Quite a different fate awaited them. They had surrendered according to the usage of civilized warfare and now were put in camps at

the front, subject to the fire of the Confederate guns. Capt. Walter MacRae, one of the officers, has written: "It is certain our enemies made every provision for our annihilation." And their rations were vile.

However, these officers were removed, on October 23, to Fort Pulaski.

On September 30 Secretary Stanton said to Foster: "Hereafter no exchange of prisoners shall be entertained except on the field where captured. Every attempt at special or general exchange has been met by the enemy with bad faith." This last statement may be dismissed. General Seymour and General Grant were more accurate as to motives, while Seymour's description of the Confederates held in the Northern prisons reminds one of Baron Munchausen.

## THE HUMANITY OF THE CONFEDERATES.

In September, 1864, all the prisoners at Andersonville, not sick, were removed to Millen, Ga. Only about 7,500 remained, these all sick. The deaths continued at first; but by December they had fallen to 160 for the month.

Mr. Davis, possessed of all the virtues that ennoble manhood, rather than have the South continue in any measure responsible for the sufferings of these Northern prisoners, rose to the heights of Christian excellence and determined to send many of them to their homes. So, in August, he offered through Colonel Ould to deliver ten or fifteen thousand Federal prisoners without any equivalent, if the Federal authorities would receive them and supply transportation. Never before in history was there such regard shown for the obligation of a captor to unfortunate prisoners. Presently these men, no longer deprived of medicines, could be at their homes with their families!

The Federal authorities took time to consider. They had declined to exchange; should they now refuse to receive these prisoners? What would become of their assertions that the fault lay with the South?

The South would be relieved of the care of these sick men. The sick prisoners were ready, waiting, heartbroken at being cast off by their government. Still there was no answer. What was Mr. Lincoln doing? It seems to have been a bitter pill, and the secret history of this delay has never been made public. However that may have been, Mr. Davis's offer constitutes an aureole of glorious human sympathy around his honored head.

At length, in October, the reception of these prisoners appears to have been sanctioned, although the Confederates were not then notified. Preparations were made. Some of the sick prisoners were removed to Point Lookout to be in readiness for shipment.

On October 14, a trainload of General Seymour's "well-fed rebels" arrived at Baltimore from Elmira. What was their condition? Surgeon Campbell records: "Baltimore, October 14, 1864. Train of 1,200 prisoners from Elmira, N. Y., arrived yesterday. Five died *en route*; one since arrival. Sixty unfit to travel." H. J. Simpson, Surgeon, Medical Division, indorsed: "The condition of these sixty men was pitiable in the extreme and evinces criminal neglect and inhumanity on the part of the officers in making selection for the transfer."

Such is a glimpse of the prisoners on the way. About November 19, the first vessels began to arrive at Savannah and others came in December. Colonel Ould had offered as many as 15,000. The vessels would carry 13,000. Ould supplied 8,000 sick and 5,000 well men. In return, the Federal vessels brought 3,000 sick men; 3,500 had started from the prisons, only 3,000 reached Savannah; 500 had died *en route*.



## AT SALISBURY.

There was quite a number of prisoners in the prison at Salisbury, but no prisoners of war until October, 1864, when these began to come. The number quickly reached 5,000, and then came others; so that the aggregate number of all sorts was 10,000. Conditions at that period were such that the Confederate government could not provide the common necessities either to its prisoners or soldiers in the field. The State of North Carolina, therefore, offered the Federal government to supply the Federal prisoners at Salisbury with blankets, clothing, etc., if the United States would supply to a like extent Confederate prisoners in its hands; but the offer was not accepted. However, that government eventually agreed that each government might supply its own soldiers in prison with clothing and blankets, and ten thousand suits of clothing were sent to Salisbury. Nevertheless, the crowded conditions causing disease and death continued. The appeals for "humanity's sake" fell on deaf ears. From October 1 to February 17, 1865, the number of deaths at Salisbury was 3,419, and of these at least 2,504 were prisoners of war.

In January, 1865, two newspaper men, Richardson and Brown, having escaped, reached Washington. Ascertaining that the Secretary of War Stanton was responsible for the nonexchange of prisoners, Brown wrote: "After our departure from Washington, such a storm was raised about the Secretary's ears, such a tremendous outside feeling was created, that he was compelled to make exchange." The friends of the prisoners raised such a howl that Stanton had to relent. So at last, in February, 1865, the Federal authorities resumed exchange. The method is stated that rolls were made alphabetically of all prisoners not exchanged up to July 1, 1863. Those were to be first exchanged. Then rolls were to be made of the prisoners taken in the first five days of July, 1863. These were to be exchanged. Then rolls were to be made for the next five days, and so on in periods of five days. Such was the schedule as arranged.

The exchange being resumed, all of the sick at Salisbury able to travel were put on a train and were carried away. About 2,800, feeling well enough, started to march to Greensboro, and there was a general delivery of all the prisoners of war held at Salisbury. After that about five hundred others were confined there, of whom some were from Sherman's army. These remained until April, when, Stoneman approaching Salisbury, they were sent to Charlotte.

## AT ANDERSONVILLE.

All the well prisoners having been removed in September from Andersonville, only about 7,500 remained. While some deaths continued, in December the number of deaths was only one hundred and sixty. General Imboden, in command at Andersonville, has put on record that about the middle of March he sent Captain Rutherford to St. Augustine to ascertain whether the Federal commander there would receive these prisoners. Rutherford telegraphed to send the prisoners on, the Federal commander having agreed to receive them. All but twelve or fifteen reported themselves able to go, the number being six thousand. On reaching St. Augustine, the Federal commander, however, did not receive them, and they were marched back to Andersonville. A few days later they were marched to Jacksonville and turned loose to go on to St. Augustine. Andersonville ceased to exist.

The statement of the escaped prisoner, Brown, mentioned above, continued: "The greater part of the Northern prisoners now have been released, but there was no more reason why they should have been paroled or exchanged since February than there was ten or twelve months ago. Our prisoners might

just as well have been released a year since as a month since, and if they had been thousands of lives would have been saved. Dreadful responsibility for some one, and that some one, so far as I can learn, is the Secretary of War."

Inasmuch as the 30,000 prisoners taken at Vicksburg were on the same day paroled, and as the cartel provided for a parole in thirty days, there was no particular holding of prisoners on either side before July, 1863, and consequently but very few deaths of prisoners. Virtually all the deaths occurred after that date. The war having ceased, the South held no prisoners after April, but the North still held some until June 25, 1865. (Colonel Webb's Diary.)

On July 19, 1866, Secretary Stanton reported that 26,246 Confederates had died in the Northern prisons. Some others have figured that 30,000 died there. Whatever the number, these deaths occurred during the last twenty months of the war, and chiefly during the last twelve months. The per cent of deaths at Dartmoor was six per cent. What was the per cent in the Northern prisons? Somewhere about thirty-three per cent or more?

Secretary Stanton reported that 22,576 had died at the South. As Brown and Lieutenant Page said, and as others have said, these deaths are to be attributed to those who denied prisoners medicines and required them to be confined hopeless of exchange. It is probably within bounds to say that, including both sides, more than 30,000, perhaps 40,000 of these deplorable deaths were due to the actions of the Federal authorities. This grave aspect of the subject led those responsible for it to seek a cloak and divert attention from themselves.

The deaths at Andersonville occurred chiefly in August and September. Captain Wirz, an early commandant at Andersonville, was a cultured, refined, humane, and sympathetic Swiss gentleman. He was doubtless as much affected by the distress of a Federal soldier as he would have been by the distress of a Confederate. Those who knew him personally in his home, and knew of his actions in connection with Andersonville, held that opinion of him. But he was selected as the vicarious sacrifice.

The testimony adduced for the hanging of Wirz may be considered in the light of the following: "During the latter part of July, 1864, Captain Wirz was taken sick. About August 1 he left Andersonville on sick leave. So he was not there during August. I heard many say during that awful August: 'I wish that Captain Wirz was back.' It might not be out of place to say that there was 'credible testimony' that he killed a prisoner on the 4th of August, whose name was unknown; that on August 20, he killed another whose name was unknown, and that also on or about August 30, 1864, he deliberately killed another prisoner, whose name was unknown. During the month that Captain Wirz was away on sick leave, Lieutenant Davis was in command. My first meeting with Wirz after his return was about September 2. He was looking poorly and was not well." (From Page's "True Story of Andersonville.")

The above dates are of the alleged deaths, but the alleged acts of Wirz were on August 3 and August 20; and there was still another specification, No. 6, of alleged acts on February 1. Wirz was not at Andersonville prior to April 12; nor was he there in August. Yet he was found guilty on all of these specifications notwithstanding he was not at Andersonville.

The testimony on the above specifications was on a par with much of the other testimony before the Commission to hang Wirz, while witnesses whose testimony would have exonerated him from all charges were not called to testify; and so this humane gentleman was made a sacrifice to ex-



tenuate the conduct of some of the Federal authorities. However, at least 20,000 Confederates who had surrendered to the honor of their captors afterwards met their death, not by the bullet, but otherwise. In addition, probably 15,000 Federal soldiers died at the South needlessly, as a result of the action of the Federal authorities in continuing to have them kept in prisons, where medicines and proper food were lacking, as a war measure based not merely on the suggestion that by an exchange the Confederate army would be recruited, but as an expedient by throwing on the South the care of thirty thousand prisoners its ability to resist would be lessened. So, while the unnecessary deaths at Elmira and elsewhere at the North speak of horrible inhumanity, those of the unfortunate Union soldiers in Southern prisons are to be considered as a cold-blooded business sacrifice in waging the war.

On the part of the South the war was to resist the invasion. The North called this resistance rebellion. Rebellion is resistance to the domination of a ruler. As all the Southern States (as far as circumstances permitted) were in resistance, the ruler in this case was the Northern States. The South asserted independence. The North asserted that it was a ruler. Northern propaganda now is that the South fought to preserve slavery. No; on the part of the South it was to assert and maintain independence. The greater portion of the South took no action until the invasion began, and then, asserting their independence, the border States resisted invasion. The Northern States called it rebellion.

#### *NORTH CAROLINA BOY SOLDIERS AT THE BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE*

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

The most important engagement ever fought on North Carolina soil was when Sherman's whole army was met, and its advance checked, at Bentonville, Johnston County, March 19-22, 1865, by the Confederates under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

This was the last real battle of the War between the States, and it is of special significance to North Carolina because her Junior Reserves (those beardless boys of seventeen to eighteen years) fought so valiantly that three days' unequal engagement.

The North Carolina Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy are looking to the erection on the battle field at Bentonville of a handsome bronze tablet on a boulder of native stone on which will be inscribed the story of how these inexperienced boys, confronted by the whole of Sherman's army of veteran soldiers, under the leadership of Gen. Robert F. Hoke, held the Federals at bay for two days, finally driving them into a swamp.

The battle field of Bentonville is in Johnston County, eighteen miles from Smithfield and forty miles southeast of Raleigh. No sanguinary ground has ever been better preserved by nature. The terrain is covered with evergreen pine trees, and fragrant arbutus decorates the breastworks.

Accessible now by new and improved State highways, this historic spot will be visited by thousands who will learn of the last gallant stand of the army of the Southern Confederacy before its final surrender.

Gen. Robert F. Hoke, the beloved commander of North Carolina's boy soldiers, gives his high praise of them:

"The question of the courage of the Junior Reserves was well established by themselves in the battle below Kinston and at the battle of Bentonville. At Bentonville they held a very important part of the battle field in opposition to Sherman's old and tried soldiers and repulsed every charge

that was made upon them with very meager and rapidly thrown-up breastworks. Their conduct in camp, on the march, and on the battle field was everything that could be expected from them, and, I am free to say, was equal to that of the old soldiers who had passed through four years of war. On the retreat through Raleigh, where many passed by their homes, scarcely one of them left their ranks to bid farewell to their friends, though they knew not where they were going and what dangers they would encounter."

The high praise of our North Carolina soldiers from other Confederate leaders who were in this engagement deserves to be remembered by the people of this State. The following statement was made by Gen. Wade Hampton, who himself took a conspicuous part in this battle:

"No bolder movement was conceived during the war than this of General Johnston, when he threw his handful of men on the overwhelming force in front of him, and no more gallant defense was ever made than his, when he confronted and baffled this force, holding a weak line for three days against nearly five times his number.

"It must be remembered, too, that General Schofield was in supporting distance of Sherman with twenty-six thousand men.

"Few soldiers would have adopted the bold measure resorted to by General Johnston, and none could have carried it out more skillfully nor more successfully than he did. I believe during that fight, and my opinion has never been changed, that if he could have had his plans executed promptly, he would have gained one of the most brilliant victories of the war, and even under all the difficulties that confronted him, he achieved a wonderful success."

The presence of General Johnston in command inspired the fullest confidence in the small army engaged in these three days of battle. His men were willing to attempt any duty that he would require of them and were in fine spirits for the engagement.

General Palmer, who directed the column for the Army of Tennessee in the assault at Bentonville, said this of the North Carolina soldiers:

"The orders published by me at the time will show, and it now gives me great pleasure to repeat, that the 59th and 60th North Carolina regiments in this engagement behaved with distinguished gallantry and won for themselves a merited fame, which will last as long as the historic field of Bentonville will appear on the pages and in the annals still to be written of the grand old State, on whose soil her native sons have achieved such splendid distinction."

It may also be of interest to recall a few of the facts about this most important battle fought on North Carolina soil.

At the approach of Sherman from Fayetteville (in his march from Columbia in March, 1865, the Confederates were ordered to evacuate Kinston, and, hurrying through Goldsboro and Smithfield, they checked the advancing army at Avera'sboro, in Harnett County, March 16. Three days later, just before the junction of the Union forces from Wilmington (under General Schofield) and Fayetteville (under Sherman), Gen. Joseph E. Johnston gave battle at Bentonville in a three-day engagement. The scene of action was a combination of wood and thicket near the dividing line between the counties of Johnston and Sampson. General Johnston's only object in making this fight was to cripple the enemy and impede his advance.

General Hardee was moving toward Fayetteville, Beauregard was directing Stevenson's march to Charlotte; Cheatham, with his division from the Army of Tennessee, had come from Augusta and was moving toward the same points with





THE BATTLE FIELD OF BENTONVILLE, FROM AN OLD DRAWING.

Stevenson, but on the west side of the Congaree and Broad Rivers had the cavalry kept in close observation of the enemy. Hardee's men, though good soldiers, had been kept so long on garrison duty that the long marches broke down many of them, and half of the command, or perhaps more, fell out of the ranks while going to the scene of action.

It was from these widely separated forces, that General Johnston, who was assigned to the command of this department February 23, had to form the army with which he fought the battle of Bentonville, and his first task was to bring together these detached bodies of troops. Hoke's fine division from the Army of Northern Virginia also joined him before the fight and rendered gallant and efficient service. General Johnston had united all his available infantry at Smithfield. Sherman, whose progress had been entirely unobstructed, except by spirited fights made by Hardee at Averasboro, and some affairs with our cavalry, was moving east from Fayetteville toward Goldsboro.

This being the condition of affairs, General Johnston realized that unless the advance of the enemy could be checked it would be only a question of time before Sherman would effect a junction with Grant, when their united armies would overwhelm the depleted and exhausted Army of Northern Virginia. Under these circumstances, he could transport his infantry by rail rapidly to Virginia, where the reinforcements he could thus bring to General Lee might enable these two great soldiers to strike a decisive blow on Grant's left flank. The other was to throw his small force on the army confronting him, with the hope of crippling that army, if he could not defeat it.

The late Col. Charles W. Broadfoot, who commanded the 70th Regiment (North Carolina Junior Reserves), gave a very interesting account of Bentonville.

"On March 16, the battle of Averasboro was fought, and the next morning we moved forward to meet Sherman. The night of the 18th we camped in the woods beyond the stream which runs through Bentonville. The next day, March 19, was a bright Sunday morning. Hoke's Division lined the road and at right angles to us was the Army of the West. The enemy was in the angle. In the afternoon we saw the Western army at right angles to us as it charged and took two successive lines of breastworks, capturing the enemy's artillery. Several officers led the charge on horseback across an open field in full view, with colors flying and line of battle in such perfect order as to be able to distinguish the several officers in proper place and followed by a battery, which dashed at full gallop, wheeled, unlimbered, and opened fire.

"It looked like a picture at our distance, and was truly beautiful. It was gallantly done, but it was a painful sight

to see how close their battle flags were together, regiments being scarcely larger than companies, and a division not much larger than a regiment should be. In the meantime, Hoke's Division was sharply engaged with a corps which was trying to turn our flanks. The enemy's large force enabled him to do this, and next morning Hoke's Division was thrown back and formed a new line of battle facing nearly due west, whereas the day before we had been facing southwest.

"This new line the division promptly fortified with breastworks hastily thrown up of logs, filled in with earth dug up with bayonets and tin pans and a few spades and shovels. In front of this line, two hundred yards, was the skirmish line of each brigade. That of our brigades was commanded by Maj. Walter Clark, of the 1st Regiment. During the two days we held that position the enemy repeatedly charged and sometimes drove in the skirmishes to our right and left, but, being favored by the ground, or for some other cause, the skirmishers of our brigade held their ground the entire time. On Tuesday afternoon, the enemy, having broken through to our extreme left, threatened our communications. That night General Johnston withdrew across the stream, having held 70,000 of Sherman's troops at bay with forces in the beginning not exceeding 14,000, and at no time reaching 20,000. In many respects, this was one of the most remarkable battles of the war. Sherman's troops were evidently demoralized by a long course of pillaging and plunder.

"We suffered, we fought, we failed. It has pleased some to call us rebels because we had done our duty, but this story will record the names of the gallant, bright-faced boys of the North Carolina Junior Reserves on that page where only those of heroes are written."

For the last two days of the fight, General Johnston only held his position to secure the removal of his wounded, and when he had accomplished that he withdrew leisurely, moving in his first march only about four miles. All the Federal wounded who fell into his hands were cared for in his field hospitals, when all of his, who could not be removed were left.

The home of Mrs. John Harper on the battle field of Bentonville was used as a hospital floor for the wounded and dying. This woman went forth to the scene of suffering and gathered into her home these men who had fought so valiantly. She gave burial to those who were left when the Confederate forces departed.

Capt. S. A. Ashe, in his second volume of North Carolina history, gives a graphic story of the battle of Bentonville. He says:

"Happily, in this, the greatest battle ever fought on North Carolina soil, there was nothing in the action of any Con-



federate organization engaged to call for a sigh of regret. That there was any battle, with its wounds and death, may well be deplored; but there arises no suggestion of any inefficiency on the battle field. Well planned, it was well fought.

"The heroes of Hoke's Division, among them our Junior Reserves, covered themselves with glory. The soldiers of the Army of Tennessee never bore themselves better, and the same can be said of Hardee's troops.

"At noon on the 20th of March, the Federal army, being outwitted, made repeated attacks on Hoke's troops till sunset; the last being on Kirkland's Brigade. All their attacks, however, were fruitless. Hoke's troops withstanding them with unsurpassed resolution."

The late Fabius H. Busbee, an officer in the 71st Regiment (Junior Reserves), vividly pictures the battle of Bentonville:

"No one who witnessed the inspiring sight can ever forget the charge of the Confederates early in the fight at Bentonville. With ranks well aligned, field and staff officers mounted, as upon parade, light batteries filling the spaces between the brigades, grandly they swept across the open field, driving the enemy before them. Later in the day, when it became necessary to charge the Federal divisions entrenched within the almost impenetrable swamp, and during the two days following to hold against their assaults the line of hastily formed breastworks, the Junior Reserves were in the thickest of the fight and proved themselves no unworthy comrades of the veterans of the Eastern and the Western armies. But when the third day closed, the masses of Sherman's army were outflanking us and breaking through our lines to the left, slowly and sullenly we fell back while Sherman went on to unite his various commands at Goldsboro.

"While he was replenishing his stores and resting his forces there, Johnston's army was taking a short breathing spell in camp near Smithfield. When Sherman's hundred thousand soldiers began their last advance, our little army moved too, and in the same direction. We passed through Raleigh April 12, 1865, just one day ahead of the enemy, and there learned of Lee's surrender. As we went on by easy marches to High Point, Generals Johnston and Sherman entered upon their abortive negotiations for peace at Durham. When those failed, the army was finally surrendered April 26. The soldiers were paroled May 2 and sent home, and the war was over."

The greater number of North Carolina's Confederate soldiers now living were Junior Reserves, those boy soldiers whom General Lee called the "seed corn" of the Confederacy.

When the beautiful marker shall be placed at Bentonville, the story of the Junior Reserves at this last battle of the War between the States should so interest North Carolinians that this battle ground will become one of the most interesting of the State's historic spots.

#### THE LIEUTENANT'S RESURRECTION.

FROM REMINISCENCES BY THE LATE EDWARD D. MITCHELL, OF VIRGINIA.

In the spring of 1864, General Grant attempted to take Richmond by a flank movement to General Lee's right. This movement from the Wilderness to Petersburg resulted in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, and Second Cold Harbor, in which Grant lost more men than Lee had in his army. Such mortality has never been equalled in ancient or modern warfare. Failing in his direct assaults, Grant determined to "fight it out on that line," if it took all summer.

Thus was begun the siege of the fair capital of the Confederacy, and for eight months we lay in the trenches around Richmond and Petersburg, Grant, all this time, extending his lines to our right, trying to cut off our communications South, which he finally succeeded in doing, in the spring of 1865, by capturing the Weldon Railroad. This forced Lee to stand a siege, with communications South cut off, or evacuate the city and join Johnston in the South. He wisely chose the latter, and commenced the retreat from Richmond. No old soldier will ever forget this last effort to save the grand old Army of Northern Virginia. But, alas! with Yankees in our front, in our rear, and on our right and left, and thousands of them beneath us (the latter did not bother us much), hungry, worn out, half naked and barefooted, humanity could endure no more, and Sheridan's cavalry (the best fighters in the Yankee army) were continually picking us up, until by the 4th of April more than half of us were prisoners.

Among the prisoners, I found Lieut. C. H. Spangler, of the 28th Regiment Virginia Volunteers, one of the bravest of the brave. One evening about dark we stopped for a short rest, when Lieutenant Spangler said: "Boys, I would rather be buried alive than go to a Northern prison, and if you boys will dig me a grave and bury me, when it gets darker and you move on, I will come out and make my escape." So at it we went; but, alas, we dug the grave too short, and the cramped condition in which we performed the last sad rites caused the lieutenant to think that minutes were hours, and hours were days. After piling dirt and brush on him, we placed two cracker boxes as monuments to his memory.

Now, it happened that the Yankees had erected a cooking camp near the new-made grave, and an old German cook in looking around for kindling wood, found the cracker boxes. Just as he reached down to get them, the Lieutenant forced his head out, and, seeing no one, remarked: "I believe they have gone." This was more than the Dutchman could stand, and he rushed away, hollering as loud as he could: "Mien Gott! the rebel! the rebel! He raise from the dead. I leaves this country right way quick; I no stay where dead rebel raise from dead again! No good to kill him."

The howling Dutchman raised the camp, and the Lieutenant was again captured, and finally landed in a Northern prison.

Lieut. C. H. Spangler now lives in old Botetourt, on the waters of the majestic James, enjoys good health, and is respected for his manly worth by all his neighbors.

If Comrade Spangler has his will made, doubtless this clause may be found in it: "My last request is that my second grave be dug six inches too long, by actual measurement. No guess work." And we promise you, Comrade, that if we are present, it shall be done. And we pray God your second resurrection may be one of peace and everlasting life; that Jesus may meet you with the plaudit: "Well done, thou good and faithful soldier; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

In sending this article, Mrs. William P. Bickers, Historian of Kate Noland Garnett Chapter, U. D. C., of Crozet, Va., writes:

"My father, Edward D. Mitchell, at the early age of seventeen, entered his country's service as a private in Company E, 28th Virginia Regiment, Hunton's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. The company was formed at Botetourt Springs under Captain Reck, and was later under command of Captain Chapman, who was killed by my father's side in May, 1863. My father died April 27, 1914."



## THE LAST CAMPAIGN OF FORREST'S CAVALRY.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

(Continued from April number.)

Let us turn now to the movements of Chalmers and Jackson, as far at least as may shed light upon the causes which hindered a concentration of all Confederate resources across the path of Wilson. Armstrong, with his brigade, moved from Columbus on March 26, two days ahead of the other brigades of Chalmers's Division. At Marion, in consequence of an order from General Forrest, Armstrong was halted, and Starkes's Brigade was ordered to join him. The country was full of rumors of the movement of the enemy. Starkes's Brigade came up on the afternoon of the 30th, and was ordered by General Taylor to move upon Plantersville. The Cahaba River retarded Starke until late in the afternoon of the 31st, when a temporary bridge was erected and he crossed over, but the swamps were almost impassable, and the brigade was forced to diverge from the line indicated. Jackson's Division, moving along the route assigned it, encountered Croxton, eight miles north of Scottsville, and after a sharp fight dispersed Croxton, capturing a hundred prisoners, several stands of colors, and a hundred and fifty horses; but, as the bridge over the Cahaba had been burned by the enemy under McCook, he was unable to pass that stream in time to throw his division into the unequal contest, so that, with three of his largest and best brigades beyond his control, the contest was impossible of success.

On the morning of April 2, Forrest arrived at Selma with his staff and escort. He found the place in wild confusion in view of the dangers impending. Long trains of cars loaded with stores and prisoners were being dispatched toward Demopolis. Steamers at the landing were being loaded with other stores of all description to be sent up the river to Montgomery. The streets were thronged with wagons and drays, laden with boxes, barrels, and parts of machinery, and being driven in confusion in all directions. General Taylor, the department commander, was still there, but departed that evening with a train of supplies for Demopolis.

At Selma had been established one of the chief arsenals and depots of the Confederate States, therefore the place was fortified by a double line of works. These works were of strong profile and well arranged with bastions, ditches, and palisades at many points; but they were of no service unless occupied by a strong force; nevertheless as the chief command devolved upon him by the departure of General Taylor, Forrest made dispositions for defense, hopeless as it seemed. Armstrong's Brigade, about fourteen hundred strong, was stationed to hold the line on the left, his men being deployed at intervals of ten feet in order to cover the ground assigned the brigade. Roddy's men and such other forces as were at hand, some seventeen hundred men, were disposed in the same way to the right of Armstrong.

The enemy had camped nineteen miles distant and, taking the field at daylight that morning, began to skirmish with the Confederates about 2 P.M., and kept it up until nearly night, when they had invested the position, making it impracticable for Jackson and Chalmers to enter the place, some fifteen thousand of the enemy confronting less than three thousand Confederates, who were worn out and hungry. Forrest knew not only the weakness of his garrison, but likewise that he had but a short supply of artillery ammunition and not a charge of grape or canister. He also learned that General Buford, with his division, was still on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad and had not been ordered to join him.

Confident of success, Wilson made his approaches with special care to avoid the exposure of his men.

About five o'clock one of Armstrong's guns opened on the Federals, who were forming to assault him, and soon all his guns were in action, and the Federals replied with spirit; but their projectiles went flying high overhead and did no harm. They were little disposed to come to close quarters, but just before night three strong lines were pushed forward to the assault along the entire Confederate front. As I have stated, the Confederate artillery had no proper ammunition, and despite the fire that was opened upon the advancing Federal lines, they moved up steadily and handsomely to their work. They were armed with Spencer rifles that discharged several loads in quick succession, and were reloaded in less time than an ordinary rifle. The massive lines poured out an unceasing stream of leaden hail, to which the return fire was that of a skirmish detachment. Forrest repaired to the scene where the assault was most strenuous. Meanwhile, some militia which formed part of the defense troops, began to break and quit their places behind the works, leaving broad gaps that exposed Armstrong's right, and before any assistance could be sent, the enemy had reached the exposed section, cutting Roddy and Armstrong asunder. Armstrong had repulsed three attacks upon his front, but was forced to withdraw his brigade under heavy fire with serious loss. The last to leave their positions were the 1st Mississippi Cavalry, known as Pinson's Regiment. They stood their ground stoutly, and the enemy was in their rear before they fell back, and the gallant colonel and a great part of his regiment were taken prisoners. The militia had thrown away their arms and were seeking their horses and fled away. The scene was one of wild confusion. The Confederates, beaten from their breastworks, rushed to their horses, while the streets were choked with soldiers and citizens hurrying wildly to and fro. Further resistance upon a field so utterly lost was worse than useless. There was but one avenue of escape open.

Armstrong throughout the fight led his men with the most signal gallantry. Thus Selma fell, and with it the last important arsenal belonging to the Southern Confederacy, just as the illustrious, the "incomparable" Army of Northern Virginia was forced to abandon its long lines at Petersburg and brought to a close the heroic struggle of the Southern people for a separate national existence. Forrest, taking the road along the west bank of the Alabama River, some five miles distant from Selma, heard in the stillness of the night cries of women in distress. Guided by the sound, he and some of his staff and escort dashed in the direction to find a house in possession of some Federal bummers, who, having rifled every article of value, were engaged in the effort to outrage the women. Every rascal was killed on the spot and their bodies left in the yard.

Forrest reached Marion on April 4, where he met Chalmers's and Jackson's Divisions and the entire trains of artillery. He remained there with this force for a few days, then on the 15th established headquarters at Gainesville. While there, we learned of the surrender of General Lee's army and the news of the fall of Mobile to Canby.

Every one could now see that the end was at hand, the end of toilsome marches, the end of night watches, the end of fierce battle with an enemy always superior in numbers, the end of years of hardships and peril; but, greater still, the end of all the proud hopes which had inspired them throughout. General Taylor, having negotiated with General Canby for cessation of hostilities on the same terms as had been stipulated between Generals Johnston and Sherman, arrangements were made to execute proper paroles. The conduct of Generals Armstrong and Crossland in all the engagements ending at Selma can never be fully appreciated. No



two officers ever conducted themselves with greater credit for courage and effectiveness. The writer knew Gen. Frank C. Armstrong intimately. As a soldier he measured up to manhood's loftiest flights; forceful and daring in battle, brave, handsome as Apollo, gentle, thoughtful, sympathetic, honorable, refined, and graceful in manner, speech, and deportment, he was a most chivalrous gentleman. He, more than any man in the army, resembled in character, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was an outstanding figure in Forrest's Cavalry.

The following address by General Forrest is a classic and should be preserved and appreciated as the noble sentiment of a wonderful soldier.

General Forrest issued this address to his soldiers in bidding them good-by. Scores of bronzed and hardy men, whose record for courage, dash, and devotion was never surpassed, cried like children when they heard it read:

"HEADQUARTERS FORREST CAVALRY CORPS,  
GAINESVILLE, ALA., May 9, 1865.

"*Soldiers:* By an agreement made between Lieutenant General Taylor, commanding the Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, and Major General Canby, commanding United States forces, the troops of this department have been surrendered.

"I do not think it proper or necessary at this time to refer to the causes which have reduced us to this extremity; nor is it now a matter of material consequence to us how such results were brought about. That we are beaten is a self-evident fact, and any further resistance on our part would be justly regarded as the very height of folly and rashness.

"The armies of Generals Lee and Johnston having surrendered, you are the last of all the troops of the Confederate States army, east of the Mississippi River, to lay down arms.

"The cause for which you have so long and so manfully struggled, and for which you have braved dangers, endured privations and sufferings, and made so many sacrifices is to-day hopeless.

"The government which we sought to establish and perpetuate is at an end. Reason dictates and humanity demands that no more blood be shed. Fully realizing and feeling that such is the case, it is your duty and mine to lay down our arms, 'submit to the powers that be,' and to aid in restoring peace and establishing law and order throughout the land.

"The terms upon which you were surrendered are favorable, and should be satisfactory and acceptable to all. They manifest a spirit of magnanimity and liberality on the part of the Federal authorities which should be met, on our part, by a faithful compliance with all the stipulations and conditions therein expressed.

"As your commander, I sincerely hope that every officer and soldier of my command will cheerfully obey the orders given and carry out in good faith all the terms of the cartel.

"Those who neglect the terms and refuse to be paroled may assuredly expect, when arrested, to be sent North and imprisoned.

"Let those who are absent from this command, from whatever cause, report at once to this place, or to Jackson, Miss., or, if too remote from either, to the nearest United States post or garrison for parole.

"Civil war, such as you have just passed through, naturally engenders feelings of animosity, hatred, and revenge. It is our duty to divest ourselves of all such feelings and, as far as in our power to do so, to cultivate friendly feelings toward those with whom we have so long contended and heretofore so widely, but honestly, differed.

"Neighborhood feuds, personal animosities, and private differences should be blotted out, and when you return home a manly, straightforward course of conduct will secure the respect even of your enemies.

"Whatever your responsibilities may be to government, to society, or to individuals, meet them like men.

"The attempt made to establish a separate and independent confederation has failed, but the consciousness of having done your duty faithfully, and to the end, will in some measure repay for the hardships you have undergone.

"In bidding you farewell, rest assured that you carry with you my best wishes for your future welfare and happiness. Without in any way referring to the merits of the cause in which we have been engaged, your courage and determination on many hard-fought fields have elicited the respect and admiration of friend and foe.

"And I now cheerfully and gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to the officers and men of my command, whose zeal, fidelity, and unflinching bravery have been the great source of my past success in arms. I have never, on the field of battle, sent you where I was unwilling to go myself; nor would I now advise you to a course which I felt myself unwilling to pursue.

"You have been good soldiers; you can be good citizens. Obey the laws, preserve your honor, and the government to which you have surrendered can afford to be, and will be, magnanimous.

N. B. FORREST, *Lieutenant General.*"

About the 16th of May, some 8,000 officers and men had been paroled and allowed to return to their homes. Thousands of their comrades as valiant and strong of soul as ever died on the battle field in defense of their birthright were in their graves that day when Forrest's Cavalry ceased to exist.

"With shouts above the battle roar,  
They joined the legions gone before.  
They bravely fought, they bravely fell,  
They wore the gray, and wore it well."

#### RETROSPECT.

If those who have read my articles devoted to Forrest and his cavalry have not been able to form a just conception of the distinctive traits of General Forrest, both as a man and as a soldier, I have failed in my effort to present him properly.

It may not be amiss to say that one of the lessons of his operations was demonstrated in the great utility of horses in rapid movements. Examined closely, his operations will be found based on the soundest principles of the art of war.

His tactics, intuitively and without knowledge of what other men had done before him, were those of the great masters of that art—that is, to rush down swiftly, thunderously, upon the enemy with his whole collective strength. He had the happy gift of knowing how to inspire the courage of his men, how to excite their confidence and enthusiasm, how to bend them, the most reckless, to his iron will. In his composition there was as much sagacity as audacity.

Fortitude, courage, and vitality of body gave him energy and celerity in action, while he was guided by a judgment rarely at fault.

At critical instants, he was quick to see, clear in his provisions, swift to decide, and swift to strike. He was always able to impress the influence of his resolute character upon his men and infuse them with like spirit. His combats appear to have been always delivered or accepted at the right juncture. No soldier of either side during the war, Stonewall Jackson, it may be, excepted, carried the genuine, distinctive traits of the American character into their operations as did



Forrest. Ever attracted to take the shortest line toward his object, he always knew how to grasp opportunity and was never at a loss for resources in the most sudden emergencies.

Endowed by nature with as stormful, fiery a soul as ever blazed to heat and flame in any soldier, yet he accomplished as much by address as by swift, hard-smiting blows. A strong man of action, of sleepless temper, strenuous, aggressive, and to whom war was a killing thing, nevertheless General Forrest was not the less adroit and wary and watchful than swift and resolute in his operations. Essentially as daring a leader as ever gained distinction, it may be said of him, in the words of Napier, that his daring was "not a wild cast of the net for fortune," for it was always supported by a penetration and activity that suffered no opportunity to escape.

Forrest was a magnetic man, standing, stalwart and erect, six feet one inch, broad-shouldered, long arms, high round forehead, dark gray eyes, a prominent nose, emphatic jaw, compressed lips, and a moustache setting off a face that said to all the world: "Out of my way; I'm coming!"

His step was firm, action impulsive, voice sonorous, and, taken all in all, there was not a soldier of the Confederacy that acted with more celerity or effective force from the 14th of June, 1861, when he became a private at Memphis, to the 9th day of May, 1865, at Gainesville, Ala., where he surrendered as lieutenant general to the United States authorities. To determine with Forrest was to act, and the flash of his saber at the head of his columns, charging the cavalry or infantry of the enemy, inspired his troops with the sunlight of victory, and they dashed into battle like the audacious warriors of Napoleon on the field of Austerlitz.

We shall never see his like again.

In the article describing the defeat of Maj. Gen. W. Sooy Smith, of the Federal army, on February 20-22, 1864, at West Point and Okolona, Miss., by General Forrest, printed in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for January, I failed to mention having met General Smith thirty-five years after that event at Jackson, Tenn., where I was the freight agent of the Illinois Central Railroad at the time.

General Smith was then chief engineer in charge of all waterway improvements from Chicago to New Orleans. While returning to Chicago from New Orleans he engaged the conductor (Mr. Wilkinson) in conversation, and related to him the story of his march into Mississippi.

Mrs. Wilkinson told him that the agent of his company at Jackson, was one of Forrest's men and participated in the campaign referred to, and he wired me that General Smith was aboard his train and desired to meet me on arrival. I invited him to stop off a schedule, and he accepted my hospitality. It was the first time I ever met the General, but we subsequently became good friends and saw each other often after I came to New Orleans in 1899. General Smith had enjoyed high distinction as an officer in the Federal army. He was an honor man at the Military Academy, and noted for dash and personal courage in the service. He had been chosen to command the expedition to cooperate with Sherman because of his high qualities.

During the day and night of his stay in Jackson, we discussed in a general way the incidents of the war, and particularly those of the Okolona expedition. The general was lavish in praise of his officers and men and expressed the highest appreciation of them. We recounted to each other our recollection of his campaign into Mississippi, and he expressed surprise that I remembered (as he expressed it) so

clearly the occurrences. He stated that great injustice had been circulated against him in the North, and that the papers in the South made fun of him. I asked him in the most polite fashion if we did not defeat him.

"Why, yes, you defeated me; of course, you did. What I claim, and it is true, that no other man could have escaped Forrest at all, while I did return to Memphis with an organized command." He told me that Forrest was the greatest soldier on either side, and he also stated that Sherman had said so too.

## SOME THRILLING WAR EXPERIENCES.

A. D. RAPE, QUITMAN, TEX., DRUMMER, FORTY-SIXTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

After the wounded were cared for and the dead buried who fell in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., in the evening and night of November 30, 1864, we took the road to Nashville. We found a good many of the enemy dead, left on the side of the road unburied.

Near Nashville, on December 2, we formed line of battle south of the city and dug ditches. It was very cold and began to snow. It was a mile from where Stevenson's Division was to the woods. The railroad from Nashville to Columbia crossed the line through Pettus's Brigade, going south toward the timber. It was up grade to Nashville. Some one turned a flat car loose in or near Nashville. It came down the grade to us. We stopped it and pushed it to the woods, cut wood, and loaded it and pushed it back to the line of ditches. The wood was issued to us like our rations. We dug little fire-places in the rear bank of our ditches which were a great help in keeping us warm. It continued snowing for over twenty-four hours, then sleeted about twelve hours and froze solid as it fell. The weight of our cannon would not break through it. During that time the enemy assaulted us and Pettus's Brigade was ordered to move to the left to reinforce the line where it was needing support. Imagine how we traveled over that slick, frozen sleet. When we started down grade the only safe way was to sit down on the ice and slide to the bottom, then crawl on all-fours up the hill on the opposite side. The enemy was shooting at us with every cannon that could reach us. In many places the cannon balls broke the ice for us and killed and wounded several of our brigade, but we kept them from breaking our line. That night we fell back to a better position and dug ditches. For several days there were artillery duels. The weather turned warm enough to melt the ice, thaw the ground, and turn the face of the earth into one big mudhole. The men, wagons, artillery, and horses worked it until it was knee deep in some places. For several days there was very little fighting, only picket shots and artillery duels occasionally, but the enemy was getting reinforcements every day, but we were getting none. I think General Hood made a big mistake in giving General Thomas time to reinforce his army until it greatly outnumbered ours.

Our army never had the confidence in General Hood that they had in Joseph E. Johnston as a commander. Hood was brave and a good corps commander, but too reckless to command an army. When General Thomas got all the reinforcements he wanted, he assaulted our entire line. Gen. S. D. Lee's corps was in the center of our line, Stuart's corps on the left and Hardee's corps on the right. Late in the evening of the 16th Gen. Bates's division on the extreme left gave way. That caused the Federals to turn our left flank so they could form a line across our left and charge our line on the flank, which compelled the right to give up the ditches and fall back. The ground was so boggy we couldn't run. The stoutest



soon got ahead. I think I was among the hindmost with my drum on my back when a Federal not over fifty yards away called to me, saying: "Stop, you little devil, with that drum!" I jumped behind a tree, looked back, and saw that he was going in a different direction. I went as fast as I could to a rock fence and clambered over it. I was then on the road and could travel faster. I did not go far until I met Gen. S. D. Lee on his horse with a battle flag in his hands appealing to the men to form a line there. He told me to beat the long roll. I did so and expected to receive a bullet, but to my surprise the Federals began to retreat. They thought it was our reserve being called into line of battle when they heard the drum. Our brigade and Cummings's Brigade rallied to General Lee and in a little while a battery of artillery joined us in a run. I never saw cannons discharge canister shot as fast during the war. Pettus's Brigade, Cummings's Brigade, and Colby's battery saved our supply train from being captured. The two brigades and the battery covered Hood's retreat two days and nights. The Federal cavalry tried hard to capture us. They formed a hollow square around each brigade. The second day, late in the evening, a cold rain was falling. General Pettus called his brigade to attention and told us we were surrounded. "What must we do?" Some one in the ranks told him we would try to do what he commanded us to do, as we always had done. He gave the command to fix bayonets and form a hollow square with guns loaded and go in position to guard against cavalry. We had not formed the square but a few moments before they charged us. Our men did not fire until they got close up to us, as the breech of our guns was on the ground and the men's right knees also on the ground with fingers on the triggers and bayonets raised to a level with their heads. I never saw as many men and horses killed at one volley. The remainder of that cavalry did not bother our rear any more. We made fires not far from there. I put on a new Federal suit of clothes and slept under two blankets. I got off of a Federal horse I captured when the rider was shot off in forty feet of me. I also got his rations and made coffee in his coffee pot and drank it out of his cup. I hope he was prepared to die and is in heaven now.

#### AN EPISODE OF WAR.

BY F. A. DICKS, NEW ORLEANS, LA

Two little Confederate boys were perched on a fence one royal June day of 1863. The blaze of a noonday sun enfolded the fields and forest in a mantle of quivering brightness. 'Twas one of those hours in Mississippi when birds cease their songs and enjoy a siesta among the nodding leaves. Only the sleepy cry of the locust was heard with its poppy-laden invitation to drowse and dream day dreams.

These two little fellows on the fence looked down a long, dusty road which forked a short distance away. Not a living thing in sight. No sound of war's alarm was heard except now and then the faint rumble of one of the great guns at Vicksburg, eighty miles away, bidding defiance to Grant. They prattled about the time when the war would end and the big brothers would come home from the army, or whether 'twould last so long that they would be old enough to put on gray uniforms, brightly buttoned, and each carry a gun under the leadership of the glorious Lee.

The spirit of patriotism was early enkindled in the hearts of the Confederacy's children. Every child longed for the opportunity to act a hero's part. While they talked, a little dust cloud was seen far down the road. What could it be? Raids by the Federal garrison at Natchez were not uncommon,

leaving devastation and terror in their trail. Confederate scouts often passed by, or paused for refreshments. What caused the dust, friends or foes? Nearer it came, and presently appeared what seemed the oars of a Roman galley punctuating the cloud, rising and falling with the regularity of practiced arms. On it came, and now the hoofbeat of a fleeing animal was heard. Curiosity was spurred to highest pitch—when the mystery was solved as there shot by a little long-eared mule carrying three stalwart Confederate soldiers, armed with long saplings, which they were using with the utmost vigor to stimulate the flagging energies of their steed. As they swept along the dusty highway like triple Elijahs, they shouted that startling cry that so often disturbed the hearts and homes of those days: "The Yankees are coming!"

As they sped onward out of sight and hearing, the boys discussed should they go or stay to await further developments; while deliberating, another dust cloud appeared. Rapidly it approached, and out of it came a company of Federal cavalry headed by an officer who halted his men in front of the boys and inquired roughly if they had seen three rebels on a mule riding by. Here was the opportunity the two little Confederates had dreamed and talked of to show their loyalty to the struggling South. Truth may have clamored to be heard, but patriotism blazed in their souls and put aside all else as they replied with steady eyes and voices that no soldiers had passed them. The officer, suspecting the correctness of their statement, began to threaten and swear mighty oaths he would punish them, styled them rebels whom he would carry to prison, and finally declared they should be flogged terribly as an example. It was a serious trial for the little fellows to face the group of angry men and maintain their denial, but they did, and finally the officer, noting that much time had been lost, and despairing of obtaining information, ordered the column to renew the pursuit.

The delay, however, enabled the Confederates to escape. Did the Recording Angel drop a tear and blot the falsehood from his record?

RESIGNATION.—"My earthly possessions are few, but I feel like I am rich in the love of God. I'm now in my eighty-fourth year; was four years in the Western Army during the War between the States; was never permitted to return home from the time I enlisted at Bowling Green until I was paroled in Georgia; was never in the hospital at any time during my stay in the army. I was in all of the battles around Atlanta and was captured at Jonesboro, Ga., though kept only eighteen days and then exchanged. I am proud to say that I can have inscribed on my tombstone that I was a private in the Confederation army and fought for what I thought was right. I enjoy reading the *VETERAN*, and intend to have it as long as I can. I belonged to the Orphan Brigade, Lewis's Regiment, Company E, 6th Kentucky Regiment. In my judgment, Joseph Lewis was the best general in the Western Army. Our command was mounted after being exchanged, and we were then under Joseph E. Johnston until paroled in April, 1865. I rode a little mule home; he was branded "C. S." and "U. S." I was paid \$2.50 in silver, and had only a quarter when I reached home from the war. . . . I weigh one hundred and four pounds, and am as gay as a spring chicken, still able to court the widows; have had two wives."—*George R. Page, Game Ky.*

FOREVER ENSHRINED.—We must forever consecrate in our hearts our old battle tag of the Confederacy, not now as a political symbol, but as the consecrated emblem of a heroic epoch.—*Dr. Randolph H. McKim.*



## THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING.

Fair were our visions! O, they were as grand  
As ever floated out of fancy land;  
Children were we in simple faith,  
But godlike children, whom nor death,  
Nor threat, nor danger drove from honor's path,  
In the land where we were dreaming.

Proud were our men as pride of birth could render;  
As violets, our women pure and tender;  
And when they spoke, their voice did thrill  
Until at eve, the whippoorwill,  
At morn the mocking bird, were mute and still  
In the land where we were dreaming!

And we had graves that covered more of glory  
Then ever taxed tradition's ancient story;  
And in our dream we wove the thread  
Of principles for which had bled  
And suffered long our own immortal dead,  
In the land where we were dreaming!

Though in our land we had both bond and free,  
Both were content; and so God let them be;  
Till Envy coveted our Sun  
And those fair fields our valor won;  
But little recked we, for we still slept on—  
In the land where we were dreaming!

Our sleep grew troubled and our dream grew wild,  
Red meteors flashed across our heaven's field;  
Crimson the moon; between the Twins  
Barbed arrows fly; and then begins  
Such strife as when Disorder's chaos reigns  
O'er the land where we were dreaming!

Down from her sunlit heights smiled Liberty,  
And waved her cap in sign of Victory;  
The world approved, and everywhere  
Except where growled the Russian Bear,  
The good, the brave, the just gave us their prayer  
For the land where we were dreaming!

We fancied that a Government was ours—  
We challenged place among the world's great powers;  
We talked in sleep of rank, commission,  
Until so lifelike grew our vision,  
That he who dared to doubt but met derision  
In the land where we were dreaming!

We looked on high; a banner there was seen,  
Whose field was blanchéd, and spotless in its sheen;  
Chivalry's cross its union bears,  
And vet'rans swearing by their scars  
Vowed they would bear it through a hundred wars  
In the land where we were dreaming!

A figure came among us as we slept;  
At first he lowly knelt—then rose and wept;  
Then gathering up a thousand spears  
He swept across the field of Mars;  
Then bowed farewell, and walked behind the stars,  
From the land where we were dreaming!

We looked again—another figure still,  
Gave hope, and nerved each individual will;  
Full of grandeur, clothed with power,  
Self-poised, erect, he ruled the hour  
With stern, majestic sway—of strength a tower  
In the land where we were dreaming!

As while great Jove, in bronze, a warder god,  
Gazed eastward from the Forum where he stood,  
Rome felt herself secure and free,  
So "Richmond's safe," we said, while we  
Beheld a bronzed hero—godlike Lee,  
In the land where we were dreaming!

As wakes the soldier when the alarum calls—  
As wakes the mother when the infant falls—  
As starts the traveler when around  
His sleeping couch the fire bells sound—  
So woke our nation with a single bound,  
In the land where we were dreaming!

Woe! woe is us! the startled mothers cried  
While we have slept our noble sons have died!  
Woe! woe is us! how strange and sad,  
That all our glorious visions fled  
Have left us nothing real but our dead  
In the land where we were dreaming!

And are they really dead, our martyred slain?  
No, Dreamers! morn shall bid them rise again!  
From every vale—from every height  
On which they seemed to die for right—  
Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight  
In the land where we were dreaming.

—Daniel Bedinger Lucas.

This, the most finished as it is the best known product of his genius, was written by the author in Canada, whither he had gone January 1, 1865, to assist in the defense of his friend, Capt. John Yates Beall, who was tried as a spy and guerrilla and executed in New York, February 24, 1865.

The poem, published anonymously in the *Montreal Gazette*, was reproduced in many papers both in England and the United States. The form given above is as it first appeared, dated "Chambly, June, 1865," the last stanza omitted.

## SIGNERS OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

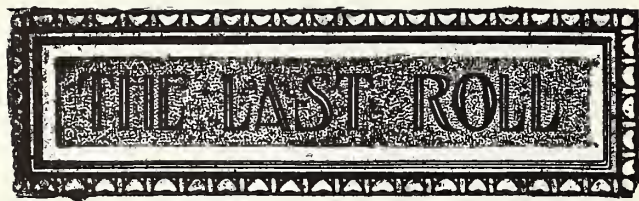
Helping a pretty girl to escape to England so that she may marry the man of her choice is a scheme not usually associated with such dignified worthies as the signers of the Declaration of Independence, yet Francis Hopkinson, of New Jersey, was one of three romantic youths who assisted the lovely Elizabeth Shewell to escape from the custody of her brother so that she might flee to England to wed Benjamin West, who later was to become famous as a portrait painter. His colleagues in the escapade were none other than Benjamin Franklin and William White, the latter destined to become the first Episcopalian bishop in America. Thus says Robert Shackleton in "The Book of Philadelphia."

Hopkinson was the first student enrolled at the University of Pennsylvania and was graduated with the first class. He read law with Benjamin Chew and was admitted to the bar. He was a member of Congress in 1776, and became distinguished during the Revolution through his political and satirical writings.

In January, 1778, while the channel of the Delaware was nearly free of ice, a number of Whigs at Bordentown, N. J., sent torpedoes floating down the stream in the form of kegs filled with powder, and arranged a mechanical device causing them to explode when brought in contact with any other ob-

(Continued on page 196.)





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

### THE LAST CALL.

Hark! Hear the bugle calling  
The Dixie men in gray,  
Their steps are slow and faltering,  
Those "Johnny Rebs" to-day.  
The long lines now are shorter,  
The ranks are thinning fast,  
But every one's a soldier  
And will be 'til the last.

Hark! Hear the bugle calling!  
They answer one by one;  
But not to go to battle,  
For that vict'ry was won.  
A still, small voice commands them:  
"Your weapons, lay them down."  
The Captain of the Lord's host  
Whispers: "Comrade, come home."

Hark! Hear the angels singing!  
The hosts around the throne  
All shout their glad hosannas  
As one more soul is won!  
Look, by that gray-clad soldier  
Is one that wore the blue;  
Again that voice is speaking:  
"I died for you . . . and you."  
—Frank L. Connor, in *Tampa Daily Times*.

### MITCHEL LAFAYETTE DAVIDSON.

Mitchel L. Davidson, beloved citizen of Lynnville, Giles County, Tenn., passed away at the home of his daughters there on January 5, 1927, after a brief illness, aged eighty-two years. He was a Christian gentleman of noble and lofty impulses, honest, conservative, unselfish, and he lives in the hearts of his friends and loved ones.

Mitchel Davidson was born on December 14, 1844, in Lawrence County, Tenn., and enlisted as a private in the Confederate army in September, 1862, serving as a member of Company D, 9th Tennessee Cavalry. He took part in many important engagements of his command. Being wounded at Jackson, Tenn., in July, 1863, he was furloughed home. In November following, he was arrested on charges by the Federals and carried to Camp Morton Prison, Ind., and remained there until released on May 11, 1865. He walked home and began farming; married and moved to Lynnville, Tenn., but continued farming.

He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and served as steward for over forty years. He was also a member of the Harvey Walker Camp, No. 483, Sons of Confederate Veterans; was present at all meetings, willing to help in all movements of the Camp. He never doubted the righteous-

ness of the cause for which he fought so valiantly in war, and he fought just as courageously, persistently, and conscientiously for the cause of Christ. His sword is sheathed, and he slumbers quietly, awaiting the reward of the faithful.

### J. Q. THOMPSON.

J. Q. Thompson, generally and affectionately known as "Uncle Q," passed from this earthly life on Saturday, February 12, 1927, after an illness of a few hours, at the family home at Troy, Tex. Born in Chesterfield County, S. C., March 26, 1831, he had lived a useful life of ninety-six years.

From his native State he went to Texas, and then settled in Arkansas, where he was married to Miss Nancy Barnes.

J. Q. Thompson entered the Confederate army on May 28, 1862, joining Company B, 3rd Trans-Mississippi Infantry, under Capt. Sam Gibson and Col. Pitts Yell. He rendered most valiant service for the Southern cause during the remaining three years of the war, participating in several battles—Mansfield, Prairie Grove, Fort Smith, Jenkins's Ferry, and others; was never wounded or captured. At the close of the war he received a brigade discharge from the commander, Kirby Smith. While he was in the army, his wife and daughter died. In 1868 he was married to Miss Martha Pearson, of Caddo, and to them were born four sons and six daughters, who survive him with the son of his first marriage.

Mr. Thompson engaged in teaching for a number of years, holding positions in the States of South Carolina, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. He moved to Bell County, Tex., in 1870, and bought a farm near Old Troy. He served as county commissioner, and was notary public for twenty-seven years.

In the work of establishing Churches and schools his accomplishments stand out more prominently than that of any other citizen in his section of the State. He was one of the leading workers in establishing and building up the Troy public school and served for a number of years on its Board of Trustees. He united with the Baptist Church at the age of eighteen and was a devoted member during the remainder of his life. He served as an official of the Troy Baptist Church during the greater part of its history. He was a charter member of the Troy Lodge A. F. and A. M., and served as its secretary for eighteen years; was also a charter member of the Order of Eastern Star Chapter there.

A great and noble citizen, a man in whom every one placed the utmost confidence, his uprightness and integrity of character, his cultured, refined, Christian personality won for him at all times the highest respect and esteem.

### DANIEL T. SAUM.

Daniel T. Saum, member of one of Shenandoah's largest and best-known families, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Walter Wisman, near Jadwyn, Va., aged eighty-four years.

Comrade Saum was a brave Confederate soldier, having served with the famous "Muhlenbergh Rifles," Company F, 10th Virginia Regiment, throughout the entire period of the war. Leaving Woodstock with this company after the surrender, he returned to the homeland to help rebuild the desolated Valley.

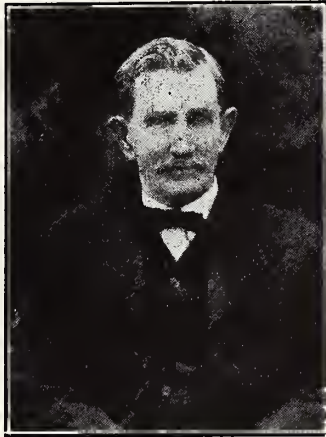
For more than sixty years he had been a leading member of the Christian Church, for many years an elder, and his funeral services were held from the church at Saumsville which he had helped to establish.

Surviving him are five children—two daughters and three sons—also two sisters and three brothers.



## ROBERT MCCLUNG HOUSTON.

Robert M. Houston, one of the best known, most highly esteemed, and greatly loved citizens of Meridian, Miss., died at his home in that city on February 10, after a brief illness. He had long been a resident of Meridian and was prominent in the insurance business there and throughout the State, being considered one of the best authorities on that business in the State.



ROBERT M. HOUSTON.

Robert M. Houston was born in Livingston, Ala., January 6, 1847, of Virginia ancestry, his forbears having first removed to Tennessee and then to Alabama. His father was a cousin of Gen. Sam Houston. Comrade Houston went to Meridian in 1869, and in 1873 was married to Miss Mollie Hogshead, who died in 1926. His residence in Meridian had been continuous, and he was ever actively interested in the advancement of the city and its people, in Church work, and business circles. He was an elder in the First Presbyterian Church, and was the active secretary of Walthall Camp, U. C. V., being one of the most enthusiastic and one of the most loved members of the Confederate organization. Like his devoted wife, he loved the Confederacy and never lost an opportunity to honor the memory of those who fought, bled, and died for the principles on which it was founded. He joined the Confederate army in April, 1864, at the age of seventeen, and was paroled at Meridian at the close. His service had been with Company A, 1st Battalion, Alabama Cadets, known as the Pelham Cadets. In his passing, that great cause has lost one of its truest followers.

In 1923, Comrade Houston and his wife celebrated their golden wedding, an account of which appeared in the VETERAN. He is survived by four daughters and two sons, also four grandchildren.

Walthall Camp, U. C. V., passed memorial resolutions in honor of this beloved member, whose passing was an irreparable loss to the fast-thinning ranks of gray.

## COMRADES IN OKLAHOMA.

Ben McCullough Camp, No. 1452 U. C. V., at Duncan, Okla., has recently lost four of its members, as follows:

Harrison M. Frensey, who served under Forrest in the 12th Kentucky Regiment.

W. A. Williams, who served in Company F, 14th Texas Cavalry.

D. E. Fulton, who served in Seldon's Artillery, Walthall's Brigade, Alabama Troops.

T. L. Sparks, who served in Company H, 58th North Carolina Infantry, Maj. George Harper, Army of Northern Virginia.

These veterans each lived well past eighty years, and each of them was a highly respected citizen of our city. Their interest in the work of building a greater South never diminished. They were proud to be builders of the great new State of Oklahoma, and here they cast their lots and spent their declining years, happy in the realization that they had done a work worth while. They have gone to their reward.

[L. A. Morton, *Assistant Adjutant*.]

## C. C. CONKLYN.

Charles Cassender Conklyn, son of William H. and Nancy Burris Conklyn, the last to survive of the family of nine brothers and sisters, was born March 1, 1839, and died October 6, 1926, near Charles Town, Jefferson County, W. Va., the county of his birth as well as three generations before him. In October of 1859, he, as a member of Capt. John W. Rowan's Company of State Volunteers, participated in the capture of John Brown and his raiders at Harper's Ferry, Va. (now West Virginia). He was detailed as one of six special military guards for Brown from the time of his capture till his trial and execution, this special detail being on duty at the jail front door, with positive orders to allow no one to pass on the morning of the hanging. Neither white nor black citizens were allowed on the streets without a pass from the commanding officer.

In 1861, Charles Conklyn joined Baylor's Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, where he served till made field quartermaster for the regiment, and was acting field quartermaster for the brigade when taken prisoner in 1864 and confined eleven months at Point Lookout. He was exchanged in March, 1865, and sent to Richmond, where he was furloughed to recuperate for service. Barefooted and in rags, he flanked the enemy's lines, determined to visit his home, west of the Blue Ridge, after an absence of more than two years, but General Lee surrendered before he reached the Jefferson County line.

Comrade Conklyn married Miss Margaret C. Welsh, daughter of Benjamin Boydston and Eleanor Gilbert Smith Welsh, in December, 1860. She preceded him many years to the grave, leaving eight children, all of whom were around him to the last. At the time of his death, he was the oldest Free Mason in the county both in years and membership. He was a great reader and took an active part and interest in State and world affairs; he he was always a great admirer of Lee and Jackson, Early and Jones, under whom he served.

## JOHN CALHOUN PITCHFORD.

On April 10, 1926, at the age of ninety-two years, John Calhoun Pitchford passed peacefully into the great beyond. He was born in Warren County, N. C., January 26, 1834, the son of Dr. T. J. Pitchford and Matilda Cheek, of North Carolina. He attended the Warren Academy and graduated from Wake Forest College, with A.B. degree in 1855, delivering the Latin Salutatory. Four years later he returned to secure the Master's Degree. For several years following his graduation he served as teacher. After three years of teaching in Eastern Carolina, he was given a position in Madison College, Miss.

In 1860 he moved to Mississippi, and in the early spring of 1862 he joined the Madison Artillery, a company organized in Canton, which became a part of Poague's Battalion, 3rd Army Corps, A. N. V.

He was under galling fire in many battles, notably at the Wilderness, at Spotsylvania, and at Cold Harbor. In the latter battle he was one of the number shot out of the ranks, being struck by four bullets in fifteen minutes, and fit for no more duty for two months. During the next fall he returned to the army and remained to the end.

Comrade Pitchford was married to Miss Harriet Eliza Day, a lovely belle of Weldon, N. C. With his wife he returned to Mississippi, where he went bravely to work to rebuild his home. He was a member of the Baptist Church, having joined many years ago.

A man of sterling worth, he embodied all that made for good citizenship, enjoying the love and respect of all.



His faithful wife, oldest daughter, and two sons preceding him several years, and surviving him are five sons and three daughters.

#### ROBERT YOUNG.

Robert Young, Adjutant of R. T. Davis Camp, No. 759 U. C. V., since its organization, died at his home in Eatonton, Ga., January 13, 1927, after several years of confinement to his home. Born in 1843, in the north of Ireland, he came to Eatonton in 1855, where he lived until his death.

Enlisting in the State service in December, 1861, he served until his enlistment in the Putnam Light Infantry, Company G, 12th Georgia, May 14, 1862; was wounded slightly at Malvern Hill, again at Chancellorsville, severely at Charles-town, Va., and was captured at the evacuation of Petersburg, April 2, 1865. Remaining in prison until his release, June 22, 1865, being the last of his comrades to take the oath of allegiance, he returned to his home at Eatonton and entered the mercantile business with his cousin, W. T. Young, and later in his own name. In 1868 he married Miss Susan Adams, his beloved companion until her death a few weeks before his. His associations in business of his own, in public affairs, and the love of his Master's work won for him many friends and the confidence and esteem of those who knew him.

His heart enthused with the importance of preserving the records and traditions of the cause for which he fought, Comrade Young served and led his comrades of this county as Adjutant of their Camp until his death, taking active interest in the preparations for all gatherings, never too unwell to help a comrade, searching for and preserving for the future the records of all soldiers from Putnam County, one of whom he loved so well to be known.

On account of failing health in the nineties he gave up his large mercantile business and devoted the remainder of his life to less strenuous work, serving various positions of duty and love with which he was honored. He served as Worshipful Master of the Masonic Lodge, and in many ways was vitally connected with the affairs of the Presbyterian Church, serving as ruling elder for fifty-one years until his death. The ringing of this old Church bell he termed "a call to be better than himself."

#### GEORGE W. PARK.

George W. Park, a member of one of the most prominent families of Maury County, Tenn., and gallant veteran of the Confederacy, died at his home at Park's Station, after several months of failing health, aged eighty-six years.

He was born and reared and had spent practically all his long and useful life in Maury County, with the exception of the four years he gave to his country during the War between the States. He was a gallant soldier of the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, serving in the ranks under Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest and "Fighting Joe" Wheeler.

With three other Maury countians, Comrade Park had the distinction of being made one of the last "scouts" of the Southern Confederacy, having been selected for this duty at Chapel Hill, N. C., two or three days after the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee at Appomattox Courthouse and before the news of the surrender reached the army commanded by General Wheeler.

Returning to his home at Park's Station after the war, he became one of the best-known citizens of the county. He had been a member of the Presbyterian Church for many years.

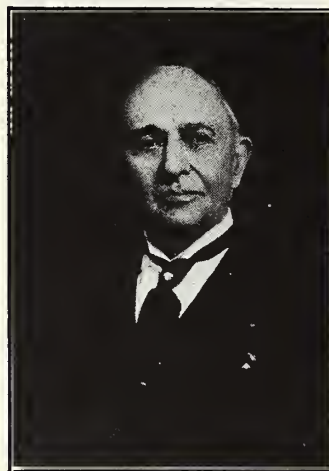
In addition to his aged wife, he is survived by three daughters and five sons, also a sister.

Honorary pallbearers were his Confederate comrades.

#### MAJ. RANDOLPH STALNAKER.

Maj. Randolph Stalnaker died at his late residence in Beverly, W. Va., after a short illness, aged eighty-two years.

He was born in Greenbrier County, Va., June 8, 1845, and spent the early part of his life in Lewisburg, where he acquired a common school education. In the latter part of the War between the States, he joined the Confederate army, serving on the staff of Gen. A. W. Reynolds. He was an enlisted soldier in Hounscheil's Brigade, C. S. A., and participated in some of the important battles.



MAJ. RANDOLPH STALNAKER.

In 1868, Major Stalnaker became private secretary to Gov. H. M. Matthews, in which capacity he served four years. From 1881 to 1885, he served as Secretary of State with offices in Wheeling, W. Va. Since when he had been special

agent of the law department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

From life's opportunities he has achieved marked success in a financial and business way, having enjoyed many exceptional political honors and gained a wide circle of acquaintances and friends throughout the State.

He was a member of the Beverly, A. F. and A. M., and the Royal Arch Masons, an Elk, and a member of the Elkins Rotary Club. He was a former member of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church of Wheeling, and in recent years a communicant of the Grace Episcopal Church of this city.

In 1916 he was united in marriage to Mrs. Mabel Burns Baker and established his home in Beverly. After the death of his wife in 1925, his sister made her home with him. His nephew, Commander Paul Stalnaker, a surgeon in the United States navy, was also with him at the end.

#### N. S. BONNER.

N. S. Bonner, of Roby, Tex., one of the few Confederate veterans in that section of Texas, died at his home on March 5, 1927, in his eighty-second year. He was born in Warren County, Tenn., October 2, 1845.

Though too young to enlist at the beginning of the War between the States, N. S. Bonner served in the Confederate army throughout the war, the last two years being regularly enlisted in the cavalry under Gen. N. B. Forrest. He was the last survivor of his company, and it is thought that his passing completes the roll call for his regiment. He was considered the most expert marksman and one of the most able horsemen in his company; he was twice wounded.

In 1868, Comrade Bonner removed his family to Texas and settled in Falls County. In 1897, he removed to Fisher and engaged in farming in the western part of the county. He served Fisher County as surveyor for eight years and his duties in this regard caused him to remove his family to Roby in 1905, where he lived until death. He was elected to the office of county treasurer of Fisher County for four consecutive terms; and again was elected in 1924, when he was seventy-nine years of age. He was very active, both in mind and body up to within a few days of his death.



Comrade Bonner was married three times, and is survived by his wife, two sons, and two daughters, one son being by his first marriage. There are also eighteen grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Comrade Bonner was a member of the Church of Christ, having obeyed the gospel before he entered the army, and he had always taken an active part in Church work. He was a Mason for almost half a century, and was also an Odd Fellow.

## FRANKLIN H. DICE.

Franklin H. Dice, who passed away on March 24, 1927, at Amarillo, Tex., was born in Pendleton County, Va. (now West Virginia), on September 15, 1839. He was married on May 12, 1861, to Miss Mary A. Andrew, in Rockingham County, Va., and to this union five children were born, four of whom survive him.

Just four days after his marriage, Franklin Dice was mustered into the service of the Confederate army, becoming a member of Company E, 25th Virginia Volunteer Infantry, and he served through the four years of war—three years as a rifleman, and one year as fifer in a drum corps. He served under Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, and was with Lee's army at the surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. Though ever loyal to his Southland, when peace was declared he became a loyal citizen under the Stars and Stripes, his love for which was often expressed; and during the World War he would visit the trains carrying troops, taking with him an American flag and playing his beloved fife for the pleasure of the boys in khaki.

Mr. Dice was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for over sixty years. He was active in the work of the Church and his Camp of Confederate Veterans. In January, 1923, the Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Sayre, Okla., bestowed on him the Cross of Honor, which he always wore with pride and appreciation. He went to Oklahoma in 1896 and settled on a homestead near Elk City, where he lived for many years, later moving into Elk City and making his home with a daughter there and part of the time with a daughter at Randlett, Okla.

Besides the son and three daughters, he leaves twelve grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

[Mrs. E. E. Wall, Secretary Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C.]

## L. T. LEAVELL.

After a long illness, L. T. Leavell, of Pembroke, Ky., died on March 11, 1927, at the age of eighty-six years. He was born in Christian County, Ky., where he had lived his life except for a short time in Arkansas, from where he enlisted in the 3rd Arkansas Infantry, Company H, under Col. Van H. Manning, Longstreet's Brigade. He served throughout the war, then returned to his home in Christian County and lived the rest of his life on a farm near Pembroke.

Comrade Leavell was a wonderful old man, active and interested in events transpiring, and his passing caused great sorrow to his community as well as to his family. He requested that his war record be published in the Last Roll of the VETERAN, to which he was a faithful subscriber. He was especially interested in his Confederate comrades and enjoyed meeting with them.

As a young man, Comrade Leavell became a member of the Christian Church, and he had been a consistent member of the faith during his long life. His wife, who was Miss Addie Lackey, died some six years ago, and he is survived by two sons and three daughters. As he had lived, so he died, courageous and unafraid.

## JUDGE REUBEN ECHOLS COLE.

In Portland, Tex., on November 22, 1926, Reuben Echols Cole went from many years of suffering here to join his comrades on "Fame's eternal



JUDGE R. E. COLE.

camping ground. Though born in Neshoba County, Miss., most of his eighty-one years had been spent in Yell County, Ark. In college at Newnan, Ga., when the War between the States began, he did not hesitate, but, joining the many young boys whose patriotism urged resistance to the invaders of their beloved Southland he enlisted in the Confederate army, joining Hill's Regiment of Arkansas Cavalry, Cabell's Brigade, Fagan's Division, Sterling Price's army, he served loyally and faithfully the entire four years in the TransMississippi Department, C. S. A.

Returning to Arkansas at the close of the war young Cole became a successful planter, marrying, in 1870, Miss Mattie Woods, who preceded him to the better world. Four daughters and one son survive him, also a devoted sister and one brother.

Now that he has passed "beyond the sunset's radiant glow," it is good to remember that while with us he measured up to the full standard of a Christian gentleman. Called to many positions of honor and trust, no word of suspicion or blame ever assailed him. Sheriff of his county from 1874 to 1878 when such lives were in jeopardy every hour, coolly, calmly, and unflinchingly, without fear or favor, he upheld the majesty of the law in those terrible reconstruction years. Later, as county judge, his wisdom and foresight did much for the upbuilding of his section.

As he had followed the blood-stained cross of the Confederate battle flag until it was furled forever, so the blood-stained Cross of Calvary had been his guide for many years. A member of the Baptist Church from youth, his loyalty to his Lord and Saviour was an outstanding feature of his life, and we can well believe that he has been welcomed into his Father's house with the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and that with his commander and comrades of long ago he is enjoying the reunion of the blessed in that "Land that is fairer than day."

## CARROLL M. DAVIS.

Carroll Mayhew Davis, son of William R. and Elizabeth Keene Davis, was born in Clay County, Tenn., November 13, 1845; he died on January 19, 1927, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Levi Motley, in Vandalia, Mo., aged eighty-one years.

Comrade Davis enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of sixteen years, serving with the 8th Tennessee Cavalry, for nearly three years and was then transferred to infantry; but the most of his service was under General Forrest. The last six months of the war he spent in prison at Camp Chase, Ohio, after his capture at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. Five brothers and three brothers-in-law also served the Southern



army from this family. Young Davis was wounded and left for dead on the battle field of Franklin, and he carried that bullet near the hip to his grave. He was captured and taken as prisoner to Camp Chase, from which place he was discharged on June 15, 1865.

The privations of war did not diminish his loyalty to the cause for which he fought, but with the coming of peace he made a true and loyal citizen of the united country. He went to Missouri shortly after the war and had been a distinguished citizen of Lincoln, Pike, and Adrian counties. He is survived by three sons and a daughter.

#### CLARENCE RIDDICK HATTON.

From memorial resolutions passed at a special meeting of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City, March 17, 1927, the following is taken:

With profound sorrow and a keen sense of personal bereavement, the members of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York record the death of our comrade, friend, and Commander, Clarence Riddick Hatton, on January 15, 1927, in his seventy-ninth year.

In 1861, when a lad of about fourteen years, he entered the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va. He was eager to enter the Confederate service, but not being allowed to leave the Institute, he committed a breach of rules that he might be suspended and thus have an opportunity to enlist. He was attached to General Godwin's brigade and was commissioned captain, acting adjutant general, major, and chief of staff. On October 19, 1864, at the battle of Cedar Creek, he was wounded in the throat, and the ball was carried in his throat the rest of his life. After treatment in the Petersburg Hospital, he returned to duty in February, 1865, and was paroled as a prisoner of war on June 22, 1865, at the age of eighteen years.

Comrade Hatton was one of the founders of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans in 1890, one of the first Camps to be organized. Ever afterwards he was a most active, efficient, and devoted member of the Camp, serving for many years as Adjutant, then as Commander to his death. He was a faithful attendant of the Confederate reunions and had served on the staffs of Commanders in Chief Freeman and Vance with rank of brigadier general.

He was devoted to his *Alma Mater*, the Virginia Military Institute, and in June, 1923, he received his "war diploma" with the graduating class of that year, sixty-two years after he had attended the Institute.

For thirty-five years Comrade Hatton had been in the employ of the New York Department of Public Works.

Death came to him in his sleep, in his seventy-ninth year, and apparently his last thought was of the Confederacy, for beside his pillow were his glasses and a copy of the *VETERAN*, to which he was devoted. He was buried in his Confederate uniform, in the Confederate plot of Mount Hope Cemetery with his comrades of the gray. This plot was the gift of Charles Broadway Rouss.

It was his love for his friends, his ever cheerful and sympathetic outlook, his devotion to the pleasant little things in life which will remain long in our memory of him. His well-ordered mind, his carefully balanced judgment, his high integrity, his strong sense of civic responsibility, his keen desire to faithfully perform any duty devolving upon him, and his never-failing appreciation of the importance of things in life which make for human happiness, the qualities we well knew in our Commander, the qualities which made all love him.

[Henry H. McCorkle, Lieutenant Commander New York Camp, C. V.]

#### ZACHARIAH T. CRAVENS.

Zachariah Taylor Cravens, better known to thousands of citizens of Sequoyah County, Okla., as "Uncle Zack," died at his home in Sallisaw, after a long illness. He was a veteran of the War between the States, a Mason for fifty-seven years, a member of the Methodist Church, and a citizen of the county for thirty-nine years, these among the many things that crowded into his life of close to eighty years. He was a friend to the needy and a man who practiced what he preached.

Born in the State of Arkansas in 1847, Zachariah Cravens was one of the young soldiers of the Confederacy, giving his service during the last two years of that bloody conflict. After the war he went back to Arkansas, but in 1887 he moved his family to the Indian Territory and settled near Sallisaw, where the rest of his life was spent. There were not more than a dozen white families in the community at the time, and "Uncle Zack" immediately made friends with the red men. During late years he spent some time with his sons and daughter in Muskogee and San Antonio, but always came back to the people he loved at Sallisaw.

He was probably the oldest Mason in Sequoyah County, with a membership of fifty-seven years. He was active in the fraternity and attended the lodge meetings regularly, despite his advanced age. He was also an honorary member of the Eastern Star. After the War between the States, he joined the Ku-Klux Klan, and ever felt glad that he was a member of that great organization which freed the South of renegade authority.

Following the funeral services at the Presbyterian Church, his body was laid away in the city cemetery. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter, also by seventeen grandchildren.

[From tribute by J. E. Bryan, pastor Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Sallisaw.]

#### WILLIAM C. FRAZIER.

Much sorrow was occasioned by the death of William C. Frazier, one of the most highly esteemed residents of the Summit Point community in West Virginia and the last Confederate veteran of that section. He lived alone on his farm two miles north of Summit Point, and in the night he passed peacefully to his reward.

William Frazier was born in Loudoun County, Va., in May, 1843. In early youth he came to the farm near Summit Point to make his home with his uncle and was living there when the War between the States opened in 1861. Being among the first to volunteer in the service of the Confederacy, he enlisted in Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, Capt. Robert W. Baylor commanding, and served faithfully throughout the four years of the war.

Farming claimed his attention after the war, and Comrade Frazier gave careful attention to farm management, maintaining a high state of production on the farm throughout the sixty years he was engaged in it. All of his adult life he was intensely interested in Church work. He was a member of the Summit Point Episcopal Church, aided materially in building it, and gave liberally of his means in maintaining it.

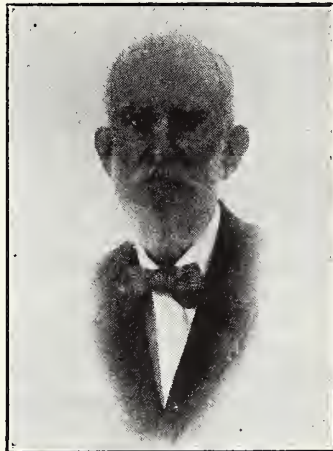
He had never married, and the only member of his immediate family now living is a brother, Thomas Frazier, residing in Tiffin, Ohio.

The funeral services were conducted in the Summit Point Episcopal Church, and interment was in Zion churchyard, Charles Town.



## JOHN NEILL SEARCY.

John Neill Searcy answered the last roll call on October 27, 1926, at his residence in Longwood, Fla., aged eighty-four years. After services of the Episcopal Church, the Masonic burial service was conducted by the Longwood Masonic Lodge, of which he was a Past Master.



JOHN NEILL SEARCY.

John N. Searcy was born March 15, 1842, near the village of Fairfield, Bedford County, Tenn. His grandfather, Robert Searcy, was clerk of the Federal Court in Nashville, and the second Grand Master of Masons in Tennessee. His father, Dr. James Searcy, was born in Nashville, December 8, 1812, and moved to Panola, Panola County, Miss., in 1855, where the family resided until the War between the States began. John Neill Searcy and his oldest brother, in May, 1861, joined the Pettus Artillery, Mississippi Volunteers, commanded by Capt. Alfred B. Hudson, who was killed at the battle of Shiloh. The name of the company was then changed to the Hudson Battery, which name was retained until the end of the war. After the siege of Vicksburg, the battery was placed in Gen. N. B. Forrest's Corps. John Neill Searcy was paroled as sergeant of the Hudson Battery at Gainesville, Ala., on May 12, 1865.

## JOSIAH P. SNYDER.

Josiah P. Snyder, born January 7, 1839, died April 11, 1927, thus having more than completed eighty-eight years of life. He was the son of Peter and Mary Catherine Stone Snyder, who went from Highland County, Va., and settled on Polk Creek in Lewis County, then Virginia, about 1834, and began their residence in the present homestead, which has since been occupied by the family. Joseph Snyder was born in the old house first erected by his father and mother soon after they took possession, and it has been his home throughout his life; it is not known that he was ever away from this home at night during more than sixty years. There were four brothers and two sisters of them, and he was the last of the family. He was never married.

Josiah P. Snyder and his brother, Dr. Jeremiah Snyder, enlisted in the Confederate army in the early part of the war and served to the end of that great struggle. He was an aide on the staff of Gen. W. L. Jackson, and was in the larger part of the great battles of the war. He belonged to the 26th Brigade of Virginia Cavalry, his company commander being Capt. George I. Davisson.

Comrade Snyder was well educated for his time, and a man of fine mind, unusually well read, and a good conversationalist, qualities that had he chosen might have given him an important place in the history of his county and State; but he chose rather to live the quiet, unpretentious life.

## ROBERT SAMUEL BOWLES.

Robert S. Bowles, a member of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, died in that city on April 18, at the age of eighty-five years. Comrade Bowles served as first sergeant of Company C, 19th Virginia Regiment, C. S. A.

## A. J. SHAFFER.

At Memphis, Tenn., on April 12, 1926, after months of suffering from a fractured hip, A. J. Shaffer fell into the peace of sleep eternal, passing at the age of ninety years. From the record of his life as written by himself, the following is taken:

A. J. Shaffer, born in Perry County, Ala., November 28, 1835, was the son of Adam and Louise Shaffer. In 1839, his parents moved to Oktibbeha County (now Clay), Miss., and there he grew to manhood. In March, 1862, he enlisted as a Confederate soldier, becoming a member of a company organized at Starkville, which became Company C of the 35th Mississippi Regiment, at West Point, Miss., with W. S. Barry as colonel, and which became a part of Baldwin's Brigade. Young Shaffer was taken ill with typhoid fever and sent home. Returning to his command, he was with it during the siege of Vicksburg, and after being exchanged the command was with Hood in the Georgia and Tennessee campaigns. He was wounded at the battle of Nashville, December 15, 1864, captured, and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was paroled on the 13th of June, 1865.

Comrade Shaffer got back home on the 20th of June, and at the time of his death was living on the place which his father settled. "God has been so good to me all my life," he wrote, "and I hope to meet Jesus my Saviour, face to face, when I shall cross the bar."

## WAR A SYSTEM.

BY MARCUS D. HERRING, BILOXI, MISS.

In discussing a "System for the Conduct of War," the *Atlantic Monthly* quotes Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice as saying: "Lincoln built up such a system under stress of bitter experience. Davis, starting on his task with far greater technical equipment than Lincoln possessed, never devised any effective system. Lincoln from the first was seeking for a man, and when he had found a man in Grant, the rest was easy."

The difference between Lincoln and our beloved President Davis was that it took Lincoln nearly four years to find his man, while Mr. Davis found our great soldier and Christian gentleman, Lee, at the beginning of the war and never thought of superseding him. He even declined his resignation after the battle of Gettysburg and remarked to some critics: "If General Lee is not a good soldier, we have none."

General Maurice said that when Lincoln found Grant the rest was easy. Of course it was easy, because the Southerners under Lee had worn themselves out whipping the Yankees. Every spring from 1861 to 1864, after recruiting during the winter, getting large numbers of foreigners, they came across the Potomac with a new general, with the usual result—whipped by Lee and his boys—every time they were whipped and driven back home, and Lincoln would give them a new general.

"Fighting" Joe Hooker was brought from the West and put in command of 90,000 men. Jackson, with 23,000, flanked and made him trot back.

If Grant had been brought up a year before, Lee would have qualified him to be superseded as he did McClellan, Meade, Hooker, and others.

Loss of the battle of Manassas caused the suspension of McDowell, the seven days' fighting about Richmond finished McClellan, and Gettysburg closed the career of Meade—and so on.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

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Charleston, S. C.

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Forc, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: Tampa has most brilliantly conducted a great reunion. With her wealth of color, her flowers and palms, her warmth of welcome, and open hospitality, she lavishly entertained her guests.

As your representative, the President General was the recipient of most courteous treatment by the Florida Division of United Daughters of the Confederacy and the local Daughters, who were hostesses at numerous teas, luncheons, and receptions, at which the President General was the honor guest.

The days spent with the Veterans, with the women of the Memorial Association, and with the Sons of Veterans were days of enthusiasm and inspiration. Representatives of the United States army and navy were present, and a spirit of fraternal good will and fine fellowship prevailed.

The President General had called a meeting of her Executive Board for Monday preceding the reunion; the entire day was devoted to the work of the organization, three meetings being held—morning, afternoon, and night. The meeting of the Board adjourned Monday night at 12 o'clock, before many of the members of the organizations in charge of the reunion had arrived.

\* \* \*

The question has often been asked the President General, sometimes by letter and sometimes by wire, whether she has indorsed or will indorse such and such a movement, and must Chapters go to work to accomplish some project, usually the work of some other association. The President General has no power or authority whatever to indorse any movement of any kind.

That which is indorsed always appears in the Minutes of the general convention. The organization in convention assembled has the power to indorse projects and to undertake work. A thing which has not been indorsed at a convention can certainly not receive the indorsement of the President General during the year. The President General and the Board have only such powers as are delegated to them by the Daughters in convention assembled.

If many would realize this, much trouble and confusion would be avoided.

\* \* \*

Now as to our book, "Women of the South in War Times," let me appeal to you once more publicly and for the last time.

This matter of assuming a certain number of volumes for each State is not a matter of centralization in any sense of the word, but is the action of your delegates in convention assembled. A great amount of pledges for volumes have been met, but there remain five large Divisions which we hope

will find it possible to arrange in some way to absorb their quotas. It is due the book itself that this be done, as its historic value is minimized by constant appeals in its behalf.

We expect to close this matter at the Charleston convention, and we do most earnestly appeal to those Divisions which have not redeemed their pledges to feel in honor bound to do so in the next few months.

\* \* \*

## IN MEMORIAM.

We learn with deep sorrow of the death of an Honorary President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. James Alexander, of Alexandria, Va.

Mrs. Alexander has been ardently devoted to this cause from the early days of the organization, being one of the workers in its very beginning. She labored faithfully and consistently, without thought of honor or reward, and in her passing the Daughters have lost a loyal coworker, who was herself a girl of the sixties.

RUTH LAWTON.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Arkansas.*—The State is much elated over the prospect of having the 1928 reunion, the legislature having appropriated \$30,000 for this purpose. The legislature has also appropriated \$35 monthly pension for its Confederate veterans.

The Margaret Rose Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, tried very hard to send a larger delegation of Veterans to Tampa than to any previous reunion.

\* \* \*

*Colorado.*—The historical program of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, given in March at the home of Mrs. C. B. Elkins, Denver, was a great success. This was a departure from the regular schedule and a novelty among the Chapters of the city, which Stonewall Jackson Chapter hopes to make a part of its yearly work. The afternoon was of a social nature, with no business session, this being an extra meeting. A large number of members heard the program, which included only subjects relating to the War between the States.

Five talks were made by members and one by William Gentry, a student at East High School. Mrs. M. T. Bradley and Mrs. C. C. Davis spoke of the careers and characters of two Southern generals, Albert Sidney Johnston and J. E. B. Stuart. Mrs. Charles P. Welsh read a newspaper clipping on Stonewall Jackson. Mrs. Ben N. White, Jr., and Mrs. J. R. Witt gave accounts of the battles of Vicksburg and Murfreesboro. William Gentry's talk was on the two most famous Confederate leaders, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Mrs. E. P. Dameron had charge of the program and introduced the speakers.



As a token of appreciation to William Gentry, who is the given by the Sterling Price Chapter on January 21, in commemoration of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson. Mrs. R. G. Gentry, a member of the Chapter, for assisting with this and other meetings, Mrs. Alonzo Fry, President, presented the young man with a birthday cake on behalf of the Chapter. The day of the meeting was his fifteenth birthday anniversary.

Two little girls, Misses Marie Alexander and Elizabeth Fine, gave readings in keeping with the historical, all on Southern subjects, one each given in costume.

\* \* \*

*Louisiana.*—Chapters over the State are reporting excellent meetings and fine loyalty among the members. One faithful daughter, Mrs. Neitta Byerly, has begun her *twenty-seventy year* as treasurer of Edward Sparrow Chapter, Lake Charles.

Members of the Chapters at Baton Rouge, the home of Mrs. Babin and Miss Laycock, President and Secretary of Louisiana Division, assisted these officers in giving a boat ride benefit, and made over two hundred dollars to be used in the work of the Division.

One Chapter is giving especial attention to its programs. Ruston Chapter has for several years been doing some good study in Confederate history and literature, full emphasis being placed on political history. Interesting talks and papers have been given on civil leaders, North and South, on the United States and Confederate constitutions, and an early program calls for a discussion of Bowers's "Jefferson and Hamilton."

Since the beginning of the year, the New Orleans Chapter seems to have increased its activities, if that were possible. On General Lee's birthday a bestowal of Crosses of Honor and Military Service Crosses was held in Memorial Hall, and a large attendance gave praise to the splendid program presented. Receiving Crosses of Honor were Messrs. J. A. Cocks, William Fell, and Leslie M. Thompson. The Cross of the late Samuel B. Todd was given his daughter, Mrs. Annie Todd Thompson. Mrs. Abraham Lincoln was a sister of Mr. Todd, who fought under the flag of the South. Messrs. Leslie Beard and L. E. and F. E. Montague, descendants of Confederate veterans and themselves veterans of the World War, were given Military Service Crosses.

At the Chapter meeting on March 14, it was announced that on April 6, a Cross of Honor would be given the descendant of a Confederate veteran, and three Military Service Crosses will be bestowed upon World War veterans.

To the many scholarships offered to lineal descendants of Confederate veterans by this Chapter has been added one of especial interest, that of Mount Carmel Convent. The good nuns instituted this convent as a refuge for little children whose gray-clad fathers gave up their lives for the Southern cause. To-day, they are educating lineal descendants of those heroes.

The Chapter has indorsed and subscribed to a memorial for the late Miss Mattie McGrath, of Baton Rouge, also voting a donation to the Children of the Confederacy memorial at Mobile, Ala., to Father Ryan, priest, poet, and soldier of the Confederacy.

On June 3, the Chapter will dedicate the two handsome stone and bronze markers it has placed on the Jefferson Davis Highway at the city limits and at East Pearl River bridge. A miniature of the marker has been placed in Memorial Hall.

\* \* \*

*Missouri.*—The Crystal Room of the Hotel Robidoux, of St. Joseph, has been the scene of many lively U. D. C. meetings, and was chosen again this year for the annual luncheon

Mrs. W. C. Hughes, Vice President of the Missouri Division and President of Sterling Price Chapter, was in charge of the program. Past Presidents, Miss Elliott Spalding, Mrs. W. R. Millan, and Mrs. Herbert A. Owen, were introduced and extended greetings. There were sixty guests present.

In the historic old city of Hannibal, the boyhood home of Mark Twain, the Hannibal Chapter held its annual "Lee and Jackson" meeting in the silver room of the Mark Twain Hotel. Very attractive were the decorations arranged for the event, American flags and Confederate flags being much in evidence, together with a handsome State flag, and on display was a Confederate flag presented to the Chapter by Captain John Appler, a brother of Mrs. Mary Leake, eldest member of the Hannibal Chapter.

The Rev. James B. Douglas, pastor of the Park Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a native of the State of Virginia, was the principal speaker and his subject was "Lee, the American."

Capt. J. W. Barton, of Frankford, Brigadier General of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., was an honor guest. He paid a tribute to General Lee and General Jackson, whom he personally knew, and to the women of the South, giving them the credit for keeping sacred the memories of Dixie Land.

It is with such willingness and enthusiasm that the Chapters of the Missouri Division work for those at the Confederate Home at Higginsville, and their efforts are so appreciated by the joy and gladness brought to the "men and women of the sixties," that all of the workers feel well repaid.

\* \* \*

*Maryland.*—The Division officers and Chapter Presidents were entertained on March 23 at Hagerstown by the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter at a charming luncheon, the occasion being the semiannual meeting called by Mrs. Paul Iglehart, President, most of her official family being present. The work of the gathering was largely devoted to the reading of reports.

Resolutions will be drawn up and sent to the family of Mrs. Charles Par, formerly acting President, and Honorary President of the Division.

It was voted to hold a two-day session of the State convention to meet in Baltimore, beginning the fourth Wednesday in October.

\* \* \*

*South Carolina.*—The Lexington Chapter held its February meeting in the home of Mrs. E. G. Dreher, Miss Ethel Dreher, and Mrs. L. H. Funderburk, being assistant hostesses. Miss Mary Wingard, in charge of the program, gave a sketch of the life of Stonewall Jackson. After "Dixie," Mrs. F. B. Roof read a war letter written by Capt. Sam M. Roof. Other features were: "Lee, Son of Virginia," Miss Cecil Barre; vocal solo, "Sword of Robert E. Lee," Miss May Boozer; "The Origin of the Confederate Flag," Mrs. L. C. Callison; "General Lee to the Rear," Mrs. Frank Shealy; "Sketch of the life of the person whose war record gives me U. D. C. membership," Mrs. W. W. Lorick; vocal solo, Mrs. J. H. Mathias. The business was conducted by Mrs. J. A. Barre, and there were several matters discussed pertaining to Chapter welfare.

The Lancaster Chapter had its last meeting at the home of Mrs. W. H. Terry, with Mrs. Sistan, Mrs. Lathan, Mrs. Redding, and Miss Adelaide Nelson as joint hostesses. The Chapter is full of enthusiasm and new members are being received monthly. Interesting historical programs are carried out. A medal was offered to the pupil of Buford High School



submitting the best essay on "Buford's Part in the War between the States." This medal was won by Prosser Faulkenberry, and will be presented at commencement. At the last meeting beautiful memorial services, with resolutions, were held for a recently deceased member, Mrs. Jennie Clark Hughes.

\* \* \*

*North Carolina.*—Daughters of the Confederacy of the North Carolina Division are happy and jubilant over their accomplishments in the recent State legislature. After years of struggle, they were able to secure an increased appropriation for pensions, which will give \$1 per day for Confederate veterans, and \$20 per month for widows.

The legislature also gave them \$50,000 for a North Carolina monument at Gettysburg. The North Carolina Daughters themselves had raised \$11,000 for this purpose, so a handsome monument to mark the spot where North Carolinians forged farthest ahead on this historic field is now assured. Governor McLean will act as chairman of a commission, to be appointed by himself, for selecting the design and carrying out the details of placing the monument. Three Daughters are to be placed on the commission.

At the request of North Carolina Daughters, a bill was also passed legally adopting "The Old North State" as the official State song. Other achievements of North Carolina Daughters through the recent State legislature were: A doubled appropriation for the maintenance of the Confederate cemetery at Raleigh, and a small appropriation for the upkeep of the North Carolina Room in the Confederate Museum in Richmond. The North Carolina public at large is beginning to realize that the U. D. C. form a live organization that brings worth-while things to pass. Mrs. J. Dolph Long, the State retiring President, was the legislative chairman. The three special things now engaging North Carolina Daughters are: Raising funds for a chapel at the Confederate Woman's Home at Fayetteville; raising funds for erecting a suitable marker on the field of the Battle of Bentonville, in Eastern Carolina, which was the last real battle in the War between the States, and where North Carolina's brave Junior Reserves rendered such valiant service; raising funds for beautifying the Jefferson Davis Highway through North Carolina.

The spring district meetings are now in progress, and Mrs. Walter F. Woodard, the State President, is visiting each one and giving inspirational addresses. Mrs. L. E. Fisher, of Asheville, is the new publicity chairman.

\* \* \*

*Tennessee.*—The annual convention of the Tennessee Division will be held in Sewanee, May 10-13, with the Gen. E. Kirby Smith Chapter as hostess.

The Children of the Confederacy of Tennessee have been asked to make up a fund of \$1,000 to endow a room in Confederate Memorial Hall at the George Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville, as a memorial to Sam Davis, Tennessee's boy hero. A memorial to Father Ryan is the work for the Children of the Confederacy adopted by the general convention at Richmond, Va., 1926.

\* \* \*

Some time ago, Mrs. W. J. Caldwell, of Rives, Tenn., wrote of a plan for getting facts of Southern history before our own people, which was to have each U. D. C. Chapter to appoint a publicity chairman who would secure space in her local paper wherein such facts would be set forth in an interesting way, and thus catch the attention of the reader; and especially could this be made a means of getting the attention of the young people interested in the history of their own section through these and other items favorable to the South.

#### MRS. NORMAN V. RANDOLPH RELIEF FUND FOR NEEDY CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

*Children of the Confederacy:* Again this year, the President General has given me the privilege of serving as chairman of our Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund. I am addressing particularly the Children of the Confederacy, because I want to enlist their interest in the best work the U. D. C. and the Children are engaged in to-day, the care of our needy women of the sixties.

At the last general convention, held in Richmond in November, the chairman of this committee took pledges for the coming year for this Fund. We then had twenty-nine pensioners on our roll, and the pledges were just sufficient to take care of that number. Since that time, we have added two to the list, and to-day we have under consideration two additional applicants that we do not want to refuse.

Now, Children, I am asking if you will pledge the amount to take care of these two old women for the coming year. I am sure you would be glad to have the satisfaction of knowing you had a vital part in helping to take care of these old charges of ours.

Annie Carter Lee Chapter, C. of C., of Tampa has given this Fund a check for \$50, and a letter received from Mrs. F. W. Milspagh, President of the Auxiliary to the Gen. Robert E. Lee Chapter, the Annie Carter Lee, Nashville, Tenn., states that her girls would contribute \$50 to this Fund, and I am asking that each Director of the C. of C. Chapters place this matter before the Children and enlist their interest in this worthy work.

*United Daughters of the Confederacy:* The summer will soon be here, when the various Chapters of the U. D. C. will be disbanded for the summer. If you have not already done so, will you not send your pledge through the Division Treasurer to the Treasurer General, as we must not fail to have the checks reach the beneficiaries promptly the first of every month? Last year some of the Division Treasurers held the money in their treasuries until after the convention in Richmond, so please forward it early each month so that we may be able to meet these monthly payments promptly.

Thanking you for your interest in the past and believing that this worthy work will have your first consideration, I am Faithfully yours,

(MRS. AMOS H.) JULIA HARRISON NORRIS,  
Chairman Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund.

#### AN INTERESTING LETTER.

The many friends of Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler will be interested in the following extract from a letter written by her to a friend recently. Mrs. Schuyler, taking a South American cruise, writes from the Royal Mail Steamer Laconia: "It has so far been a most interesting experience. We made our first landing at Havana, a city familiar to so many Americans that it is quite unnecessary to describe it. It is as foreign as though it were thousands of miles away instead of only a few hundred, and the absence of English, for a place so near the States, shows a lack of enterprise. . . . The city is very clean and the residences very handsome and the streets very narrow, to insure shade and coolness. From Havana we sailed for the Canal, and here I had my real thrill. Gorgas, Goethals, Gaillard, all Southern men, how their names will go ringing down the ages with one of the greatest triumphs man has ever made over the elements. . . . Panama is a city that is typical of those that inhabit it, but Ancon, which joins it, might be as far away as the poles



so far as any resemblance in the two places is concerned. Ancon is the city in which all Americans live, and is a very modern town, in architecture like many in the States, but the foliage is just wonderful. It surpasses anything I have ever seen on this hemisphere, and Antra, in Portugal, alone surpasses it. One just feasts ones eyes on the riotous growth, so abundant that it seemed to say: 'We will not be held down.' Since leaving the Canal we have been on that wonderful ocean, so calm that one might be on a mill pond. This morning we reached Callao and motored over to Lima, Peru's capital. The day has been spent in seeing the town. The Cathedral where Pizarro's body lies, the tomb of Santa Rosa, patron saint of South America, and the university of Lima, which was chartered in 1561 and founded before the landing at Jamestown, and many other things too numerous to be mentioned. To-morrow we go up into the Andes."

## WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

Now, before the summer rush starts, now, when spring time is here and we have not completely become absorbed in our many duties and pleasures, let's make a huge effort to concentrate on the work of this special committee, "The Women of the South in War Times." Let's pay off the long-standing debt of the general organization and not allow any curtailment whatsoever of the program, whose outline we all know so well. Again, congratulations to the many Divisions who have so successfully carried their part "to a finish."

It is with special pride we report the splendid work of the Boston Chapter, Mrs. F. L. Hoffman sending in recently an order for ten copies. Also that of California, Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglass sending in an order for twenty copies, and both Divisions so long "Over the Top." We have but few remaining large Divisions who have not completed their quotas. To them we appeal. A well-defined movement has been launched by nearly all of these Divisions, and the successful result of their activities will be reported before many months is our hope and so the near finishing up of the distribution of 10,000 copies of Our Book is not altogether discouraging. With this conclusion in mind, we await.

Best wishes. MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.  
Fairmont, W. Va.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS

U. D. C. Program for May.

GEORGIA SECEDED JANUARY 19, 1861.

In the Confederate Congresses Georgia was represented by the following citizens. In the list of names, the letter "P" stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for first and second Confederate Congresses:

*Senators*.—Benjamin H. Hill (1, 2); John W. Lewis (1); Herschel V. Johnson (1, 2).

*Representatives*.—Robert Toombs (P); Howell Cobb (P); Francis S. Bartow (P); Martin J. Crawford (P); Eugenius A. Nisbet (P); Benjamin H. Hill (P); Augustus R. Wright (P, 1);

Thomas R. R. Cobb (P); Augustus H. Kenan (P); Alexander H. Stephens (P); Thomas M. Foreman (P); Nathan Bass (P); Hines Holt (1); Louis J. Gartrell (1); William W. Clark (1); Robert P. Trippe (1); David W. Lewis (1); Hardy Strickland (1); Charles J. Munnerlyn (1); Julian Hartlidge (1, 2); Porter Ingram (1); William E. Smith (2); Mark Blanford (2); Clifford Anderson (2); John T. Shewmake (2); Joseph H. Echols (2); James M. Smith (2); George N. Lester (2); Hiram P. Bell (2); Warren Aiken (2).

### PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN OF CONFEDERACY, 1927.

MAY.

Locate Belmont, Mo., where General (Bishop) Leonidas Polk defeated Gen. U. S. Grant, November 7, 1861.

Read "Aunt Jemima's Quilt," by S. M. Peck. Library of Southern Literature, Volume IX, 3961.

### CHILDREN OF CONFEDERACY CATECHISM.

1. What was the first step taken by the seceded States?

They proceeded to organize a government by uniting themselves under the name of the Confederate States of America, and adopted a constitution for their guidance.

2. Whom did they elect as their President?

Jefferson Davis, born in Kentucky, then living in Mississippi, United States Senator from that State when Mississippi seceded.

3. Why was Mr. Davis the unanimous choice of the Confederate States?

Because he was considered one of the greatest constitutional lawyers in the United States, and also had the most intimate knowledge of military affairs.

4. What was his military experience?

He had been educated at West Point, served ten years in the United States army in Indian frontier warfare (1828-1835).

5. What greater military experience had he?

When he was serving in Congress from Mississippi, he resigned his seat to become a colonel of the Mississippi troops in the War with Mexico, 1846.

6. In what way did he win especial distinction?

By his military strategy when he went to the assistance of Zachary Taylor's troops and was acclaimed the hero of Buena Vista and Monterey.

7. What reward did the United States government offer him?

The post of Brigadier General, U. S. A.

8. Did he accept?

No, he declined, and returned to civil life.

9. What high position did he later occupy?

He was Secretary of War in President Pierce's Cabinet (1853-1857).

10. Did he attain any especial prominence as Secretary of War?

Yes; his record stands as one of unusually high achievement. It was said that there have been few Secretaries of War so thoroughly and practically prepared for the duties, because he was familiar with every detail of army life and needs.

11. What were some of his notable achievements as Secretary of War?

(1) Making great improvements at West Point Military Academy. (2) Planning a transcontinental railway. (3) Being instrumental in securing more territory by purchase from Mexico. (4) Supervising the building of the great aqueduct bringing the water supply to Washington.

(Continued on pag 197.)



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
 209 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Atlanta, Ga.  
 MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
 1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
 MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
 Fayetteville, Ark.  
 MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*  
 4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.  
 MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
 MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*  
 Athens, Ga.  
 MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
 College Park, Ga.  
 MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
 MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
 Montgomery, Ala.  
 REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
 Mathews, Va.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
 ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garaside Welch  
 WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
 FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
 GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
 KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeanne D. Blackburn  
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 MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough  
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 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward  
 TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
 TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
 VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

### "I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."

(Memorial poem written by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate of the South, and read at the Memorial Hour of the Confederate reunion in Tampa, Fla.)

I know that my Redeemer liveth!

Sing, O my soul, when lips are hushed by pain.  
 Beyond the steep of life that marks its going,  
 I know, I know, that I shall live again.

I know that my Redeemer liveth!

E'en though I cannot find a single star,  
 They shine, undimmed beyond the mists of twilight—  
 God's hand shall ever keep them as they are.

I know that my Redeemer liveth!

Though earth shall break the song with many a tear,  
 I know that it will reach my Heavenly Father—  
 I know a loving Father, too, shall hear,

I know that my Redeemer liveth!

Nor grave nor stone the song of faith can stay;  
 For God's own angel of the Resurrection,  
 Shall rend the grave and roll the stone away.

### THE CONVENTION AT TAMPA..

*My Beloved Coworkers:* For six months I have sent out statements that I could not stand for reflection at the Tampa convention, feeling that new officials bring new life and inspiration, which our work needs. Since coming to Tampa and making plans with that end always in view, when time for election came, bringing letters and telegrams urging me to "stand by the ship," and finally when your faithful and devoted Recording Secretary General for twenty-eight years positively assured me that unless I would consent to reflection, she would not attempt to "carry on," I have yielded in the face of all advice of physicians and friends against further responsibility on my part. More touched than I can express by the loyal devotion and affectionate assurances that pledged every possible support in the work, and the granting of my request that a special office be created for this year for our dear Miss Rutherford, that she might share with me any work that became burdensome, I stand pledged to you to do all within my power to carry forward with increasing zeal the purpose for which we are pledged.

For the beautiful testimonial of your appreciation, words

fail to express my thanks. I shall wear the jewel happy in the thought of having won this visible token of your affection after nine years of most harmonious association.

Mrs. James R. Armstrong, of Oklahoma City, has been asked to report to you the very successful and enjoyable convention. And now may we not plan and work to make Little Rock convention of next year the very best ever held?

May the spirit of Eastertide bring into the life of each one of you the promised peace and joy which shall be the birthright of every one that believeth in the risen Lord.

In faithful and loving service,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

### APPOINTMENTS.

The President General makes the following appointments:

Mrs. James R. Armstrong, Oklahoma, Chairman of Text-books in Schools.

Mrs. Ernest Walworth, Memphis, Tenn., Chairman Gold Bar of Honor.

Mrs. Webster, Washington, D. C., Chairman Books for Allen Seegar Library of Paris, France.

Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Memphis, Tenn., Chairman Official Badges.

Mrs. Norma Hardy Britton, Washington, D. C., Parliamentarian.

Miss Phoebe Frazer, Memphis, Tenn., Chairman on Resolutions.

Mrs. N. B. Forrest, Atlanta, Ga., Chairman for Stone Mountain.

Mrs. L. D. T. Quimby, National Organizer C. S. M. A.

### C. S. M. A. NOTES.

#### GOLD STAR ENROLLMENT.

The effort to enroll every living veteran of the Confederacy in a special "Gold Star" Book of Memory, to be kept in Memorial Hall at Stone Mountain, is being enthusiastically indorsed by Confederate organizations. The plan is also to present the veterans with a beautiful gold medal.

Kiwanis Clubs of Tarboro and Rocky Mount, N. C., have enrolled every living veteran in their counties. The Rotary Club at Athens, Ga., has enrolled thirty-three veterans in Clarke County.

The first county to complete its quota in the Children's Founders Roll was Charles City County, Va., and the second was Hinds County, Miss.



## BILLY SUNDAY VISITS STONE MOUNTAIN.

On a recent visit to Stone Mountain, the Rev. Billy Sunday said: "The Stone Mountain Memorial impresses me as being the most stupendous undertaking in the history of mankind. Next to the tomb of George Washington, I believe the Stone Mountain Memorial will become the foremost shrine of the American people."

At a meeting of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans, La., the plan to enroll every living veteran in the Gold Star Book was indorsed, and the association will enroll the veterans in Camp Nicholls Confederate Home, New Orleans.

## TO COMMEMORATE THE BIRTHDAY OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

As the birthday of Jefferson Davis approaches, June 3, Daughters of the Confederacy all over our land will pay tribute to our only President of the Confederacy.

Many worth-while articles and books have been written in praise of this martyr of the Confederacy, and abundance of material for programs on June 3 is available. The Rutherford History Committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is endeavoring to distribute through colleges and schools articles to disprove the myth circulated both in the North and in the South that Jefferson Davis "recanted," just as we used the Lee-Acton letter to disprove the myth that General Lee "recanted."

At the recent Confederate reunion in Tampa, Fla., the United Confederate Veterans heartily indorsed the booklet by Dr. Daniel A. Long, Florence, S. C., on "Jefferson Davis's Rightful Place in History." This had previously received the indorsement of the Sons of Veterans and the State Boards of Education of both North and South Carolina. It is regarded as a most accurate and dispassionate view of Jefferson Davis. This Committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy recommends its use in programs for June 3, and among other material distributed by our committee is the address of Bishop Charles B. Galloway, of Virginia (published in the VETERAN for June, 1925), which disproves the "recanting myth" of President Davis.

The very condensed and accurate little booklet on President Davis, by H. H. Smith, Blackstone, Va., has also been used and is most valuable in our work. Miss Rutherford's 1927 "Scrapbook" contains valuable facts about Jefferson Davis and his political views as compared with those of Lincoln. Miss Rutherford has given many copies of these pamphlets in broadcasting the truths of Southern history.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy are making this a "Jefferson Davis" year, so it behooves every loyal Daughter to emphasize June 3, the birthday of President Davis.

MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON,

Vice Chairman Rutherford History Committee, U. D. C.  
Fayetteville, N. C.

The following comes from Miss Lillie Martin, President, U. D. C., Hawkinsville, Ga.: "I can't begin to tell you how very much I enjoy the VETERAN and what a help it has been to me in my historical work. With its excellently arranged programs, its message from our President General and our State Presidents and other officers, it has been a wonderful help in our monthly meetings."

## A MOTHER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

A dear old lady living in McLean, Ill., is Mrs. Eliza C. Bowers, now ninety years of age. She was born in the Shenandoah Valley of Rockingham County, Va., the daughter of John and Amelia Gaines Burkholder, and she married Isaac N. Bowers, of the same county and with him shared the dangers and sorrows of the four years of war which so ravaged that beautiful Valley. In her face there is still a sadness when she speaks of those harrowing experiences. Nine children came to bless their home, and seven of them are left to make glad her declining years.

For many years Mrs. Bowers has lived in Illinois, but still is she loyal to her beloved South, making occasional visits to the Valley, and a constant reader of the VETERAN. She is typical of the women of the South, charming in manner, broad-minded, charitable, kind, and sweet. She is a Christian of the old-fashioned kind, a member of the Lutheran Church of Virginia. Interested in current events, she keeps up with the happenings of the day and takes an active part in household affairs. She is a vision of loveliness in her garden among the old-fashioned flowers she loves so well. Her friends are countless, and her children rise up to call her blessed. There are seven grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren whose activities help to keep her young. Truly, "to know her is to love her, to name her is to praise."

## ANOTHER "YOUNGEST CONFEDERATE."

Referring to the article in the April VETERAN on "The Youngest Confederate," S. P. Thayer writes from Elmer, Mo.: "I can go him one better. James M. Seney was born leap year, February 29, 1844, and had had only four birth days when he enlisted in 1861. At his death, July 7, 1925, he had had only twenty birthdays. How about it? Mr Seney was one of many who were never reconstructed. 'Big Jim,' as he was familiarly known, was one of eleven children of Ira Seney, of Kentucky, and Susanna Sleeth Seney, of Ohio, all of whom are dead except a daughter, Mary Ann, who is in her ninety-fourth year.

"The Seney's were of French-Indian stock, and settled in this county in 1835, there being only two families within its borders at their time of immigration.

"James M. Seney enlisted in the War between the States in September, 1861, in the 3rd Regiment of Missouri State Guards, under General Price, and was in the battles of Lexington and Pea Ridge. At the latter he was wounded in the thumb and tip of a fore finger, a Minie ball having struck the thumb as he had his rifle gripped to fire. The bone was shattered, and his mother picked the pieces of bone out with an ordinary pair of pincers.

"James's brother, Robert M. Seney, fell on Red River, under Price, while fighting for the rights of the heroic South, as did Will Seney at Vicksburg. Will was a cousin.

"'Big Jim' had another brother in the war, Wilburn Seney, and three cousins, Marion and Wesley Seney, under Price, and Warren Seney under Quantrell and Anderson, the latter taking part in the Centralia and Lawrence massacres.

"James M. Seney was a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, since early manhood, and was highly respected by all who knew him."

"The memory of their proud deeds cannot die;  
They may go down to dust in bloody shrouds  
And sleep in nameless graves. But, for all time,  
Foundlings of fame are our beloved lost."



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

## GENERAL OFFICERS.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va..... *Adjutant in Chief*  
 JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry, S. C..... *Inspector in Chief*  
 JOHN A. CHUMBLEY, Washington, D. C..... *Judge Advocate in Chief*  
 DR. W. H. SCUDDER, Mayersville, Miss..... *Surgeon in Chief*  
 Y. R. BEASLEY, Tampa, Fla..... *Quartermaster in Chief*  
 MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, 821 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.  
*Historian in Chief*  
 B. T. LEONARD, Duncan, Okla..... *Commissary in Chief*  
 REV. H. M. HALL, Johnson City, Tenn..... *Chaplain in Chief*

## EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

LUCIUS L. MOSS, *Chairman*.....Lake Charles, La.  
 N. B. FORREST, *Secretary*.....Atlanta, Ga.  
 CHARLIE M. BROWN.....Asheville, N. C.  
 SUMTER L. LOWRY.....Tampa, Fla.  
 EDMOND R. WILES.....Little Rock, Ark.  
 JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY.....Wichita Falls, Tex.  
 JESSE ANTHONY, 7 Iowa Circle.....Washington, D. C.

## DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke, Va.....Army of Northern Virginia  
 JOHN ASHLEY JONES, Atlanta, Ga.....Army of Tennessee  
 EDMOND R. WILES, Little Rock, Ark., Army of Trans-Mississippi



## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

DR. W. E. QUIN, Fort Payne.....Alabama  
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock.....Arkansas  
 JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill.....Central Division  
 ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C.  
 District of Columbia and Maryland  
 SILAS W. FRY, 245 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.  
 Eastern Division  
 JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee.....Florida  
 DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah.....Georgia  
 J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington.....Kentucky  
 JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.  
 ROBERT E. LEE, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis.....Missouri  
 JOHN M. WITT, Tupelo.....Mississippi  
 J. D. PAUL, Washington.....North Carolina  
 L. A. MORTON, Duncan, Okla.....Oklahoma  
 A. D. MARSHALL, 1804 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington  
 Pacific Division  
 REID ELKINS, Greenville.....South Carolina  
 J. L. HIGSAW, Memphis.....Tennessee  
 LON S. SMITH, Austin.....Texas  
 R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke.....Virginia  
 E. L. BELL, Lewisburg.....West Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## REUNION NEWS ITEMS.

Sumter L. Lowry, of Tampa, city commissioner and general chairman of the S. C. V. Reunion Committee, was elected Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans at the concluding business of the organization at Tampa, Fla.

At the election of officers, Mr. Lowry's name was the only one placed before the convention. He has been active in the organization for many years, and last year was chosen Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department.

John Ashley Jones, of Atlanta, was elected Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department to succeed Mr. Lowry.

Others elected as department commanders are: Edmund R. Wiles, of Little Rock, Ark., as Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, to succeed himself; Col. R. G. Lamkin, of Roanoke, Va., as Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department.

Nathan Bedford Forrest, of Atlanta, was elected as a member of the General Executive Council, while Maj. E. W. R. Ewing succeeded himself as Historian in Chief.

Adoption of plans designed to eliminate the use of "unfair" textbooks in Southern States; decision to employ a paid organizer in each district to stimulate interest in the organization and increase membership; and the pledging of funds necessary to complete the purchase of Manassas Battle Field property for the creation of a Confederate park were among the principal business transacted at the closing session.

## WOULD KEEP HISTORY FAIR.

The report of Edmond R. Wiles, Chairman of the Committee on Future Activities, urged the Sons to be ever alert to see that Southern schools are kept free of histories "unfair" to the South, and its recommendation was applauded by the delegates and officials.

"One of the most important tasks of this organization is to see that the unfair histories in our schools are eliminated," declared Nathan B. Forrest, of Atlanta. "One of the big weaknesses of our organization is that we have had to definite plan of action to prevent the use of these unfair books.

"It is the South's disgrace that one-half of the people do not know, and do not take the trouble to find out, what is being taught to our children. We must take it upon ourselves to learn what histories children are studying, and take steps to have thrown out those found incorrect or those which give a distorted idea of the part of the South in the war."

The convention adopted a motion, introduced by Mr. Forrest, that Division Commanders of the Sons of Veterans be requested to make a complete list of all histories taught in their States and submit them for the approval of the Textbook Committee.

"If the Textbook Committee finds any book objectionable—that is, histories which do not give the truth concerning the Confederacy and the South, we shall take steps to remedy the fault," he declared.

## CONFEDERATE PARK

After an outline of the plan to create a Confederate park on the Manassas battle field, the various Department Commanders pledged more than the \$5,000 necessary to complete the purchase of a 125-acre tract needed for the proposed park.

The plan was outlined by E. W. R. Ewing, chairman of the Battle Field Committee, who said that the work has been handicapped because of a lack of funds. Each State pledged to contribute \$500.

Commander in Chief Moss told the Sons that the proposed creation of a Confederate park on the Manassas battle field was one of the most important matters before them.

The work has been handicapped by lack of funds, but strong efforts will be made to raise the money necessary to carry out the project.

## CONSTITUTION REVISED.

A new constitution was adopted by the Sons upon recommendation of the committee appointed last year to revise the old one. No essential changes were made, the revision having been made to bring the constitution up to date.

Reports of various Commanders and other officials emphasized the necessity of stimulating interest in the Sons' activities and increasing the memberships of the Camps. The delegates also were urged to work for increased pensions of veterans and widows.

Morgan Smith, Commander of the Arkansas Division, reported that that State had passed a bill giving pensions of \$50 a month to veterans, probably the highest of any Southern State. More than \$4,000,000 annually will be available for the pension fund, he said.

This bill was put through the legislature by Senator W. W. Raney, of McCrory, Ark., who also succeeded in having the legislature appropriate \$30,000 to defray the cost of entertaining the Veterans at Little Rock for the 1928 reunion.



## NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

J. D. Paul, Commander of the Division of North Carolina, reported that the North Carolina legislature also had voted a considerable increase in the Veterans' pensions.

## EIGHTEEN FLORIDA CAMPS.

There are eighteen S. C. V. camps in Florida in good standing, John A. Reardon, Commander of the Florida Division, reported. Touching on the splendid achievement of the Tampa Camp in increasing its membership from seventeen to one thousand, Mr. Reardon said that Tampa had set 3,000 members as its objective.

"If they don't get that many by June, I'm coming down here to see what's wrong," he said.

## GRAND BALL OF S. C. V. AT REUNION.

Confederate veterans reveled as in yesteryear when they were the guests of the Sons of Confederate Veterans at a grand ball in the Davis Islands Coliseum.

The boys in gray cheered as the band struck up a martial selection, and they led the Grand March.

The Stars and the Stripes and the Stars and Bars mingled in the decorations which fluttered above the heads of the ten thousand people, of all ages and walks of life who attended the affair.

Songs by a massed chorus of five hundred voices, led by Joseph Sainton, formed a stirring feature of the evening's program.

The strains of "Old Black Joe," "Swanee River," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," and "Dixie" drifted out over the huge ballroom, as the chorus, swelled by the voices of thousands of others, sang the songs of the Old South.

The floor was reserved for the veterans until 10:30, after which most of them retired in favor of the young people, who danced till the wee sma' hours.

## OFFICIAL STAFF, S. C. V., AT REUNION.

Gen. Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La., Commander in Chief; Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va., Adjutant in Chief; Official Staff: Matron in Chief, Mrs. C. M. Brown, Asheville, N. C.; Chaperon in Chief, Mrs. Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.; Sponsor in Chief, Miss Emily Etheridge, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Maid of Honor in Chief, Miss Mildred Fournet, Lake Charles, La.; Maid of Honor in Chief, Miss Mary Jane Nelson, Wichita Falls, Tex.; Maid of Honor in Chief, Miss Elizabeth Kinard Newberry, S. C.; Resident Matron in Chief, Mrs. Sumter L. Lowry, Tampa, Fla.; Resident Chaperon in Chief, Mrs. George L. Cook, Tampa, Fla.; Resident Sponsor in Chief, Mrs. William Anderson, Tampa, Fla.; Resident Maids of Honor in Chief: Miss Louise Lipscomb; Miss Nancy Cotter, Miss Frances Phillips, Tampa, Fla.

## OFFICIAL LADIES OF THE LOUISIANA DIVISION.

Matron of Honor, Mrs. Robert A. Hunter, Shreveport; Chaperon, Mrs. W. F. Nolan, Opelousas; Sponsor, Miss Josephine Smith, Lake Charles; Maids of Honor, Miss Ellanora Gorham, Lake Charles; Miss Mazie Hunter, Shreveport; Miss Elizabeth Lawton, Natchitoches; J. R. Price, Commander of Louisiana Division, S. C. V.

## OFFICIAL STAFF, ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Edmond R. Wiles, Commander; Mrs. W. P. Bolding, Chaperon, Wichita Falls, Tex.; Mrs. J. Edward Jones, Matron of Honor, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Miss Pauline King, Rusk, Tex.; Miss Pauline Dillard, McCrory, Ark.; Miss

Frances Vaughan, Little Rock, Ark., Maids of Honor; Miss Darden Moose, Sponsor in Chief, Little Rock, Ark.

## OFFICIAL STAFF, ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Morgan Smith, Commander; Mrs. Oscar Swafford Poe, Matron of Honor, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Vernon Jackson, Chaperon, Little Rock, Ark.; Miss Mary Louise Morgan, Sponsor in Chief, Fort Smith, Ark.; Miss Mildred Gould, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Miss Lois Vanderburg, Little Rock, Ark.; Miss Wilma Earl, Little Rock, Ark., Maids of Honor.

## OFFICIAL LADIES, CAMP No. 305, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington, D. C., District of Columbia, and Maryland Division; Matron of Honor, Mrs. J. F. Johnson; Chaperon, Mrs. Elton O. Pillow; Sponsor, Miss Carolyn I. Wildman; Maids of Honor, Miss Kathleen P. Nalle, Miss Kate Sexton, Miss L. Carpenter; Elton O. Pillow, Division Commander; Weldon W. Price, Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

## OFFICIAL LADIES, VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Matron of Honor, Mrs. Charles T. Norman, Richmond, Va.; Sponsor, Miss Blanche Spencer, Martinsville, Va.; Chaperon, Mrs. Nick Schottland, Martinsville, Va.; Chaperon, Mrs. Bert C. Phlegar, Christiansburg, Va.; Maids of Honor, Miss Marion C. Ewing, Charlottesville, Va.; Miss Caroline Parkinson, Warrenton, Va.

## OFFICIAL LADIES, TEXAS DIVISION.

T. A. Bledsoe, Commander; Chaperon, Mrs. W. C. Warren, Abilene, Tex.; Matron of Honor, Mrs. J. K. Bivins, Longview, Tex.; Sponsor, Miss Mary Carlisle, 1906 San Antonio Street, Austin, Tex.; Maids of Honor: Miss Beulah Allen, Rusk, Tex.; Miss Edna Faye Freeze, Greenville, Tex.; Miss Marjorie Watson, Austin, Tex.

## NEXT REUNION AT LITTLE ROCK.

The selection of Little Rock as the next reunion city was marked with a great display of enthusiasm by spectators as well as veterans. The invitation was formally extended by Dr. Morgan Smith, of Little Rock, Commander of the Arkansas Department, Sons of Veterans, who was introduced by Colonel Wiles, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V. Dr. Smith read an invitation from the governor of the State.

John Ashley Jones, representing the city of Atlanta with an invitation to meet in that city next year, withdrew in favor of Little Rock, because, he said, "Atlanta would not contest the invitation from a sovereign State." He put the convention on notice, however, that Atlanta would go after the reunion in 1929 and "intends to have it that year if we have to whip everybody to get it."

Senator Rainey, of Arkansas, joined in the invitation to hold the reunion in Little Rock.

## THE LESSON.

What of the men who went forth and returned not again?

In thousands of thousands, a glorious army they lie

At rest from the strife, to whose vision the lesson was plain,

Who counted the cost of the learning and feared not to die.

Is there nothing that speaks to our hearts in the blood that was shed

The lives that were given ungrudging that we might be freed

If we hear not the voice of the victors 'tis we who are dead,

And only the dead in their glory are living indeed.

—Canadian-American.



## SIGNERS OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

(Continued from page 181.)

ject afloat, as an offensive against British craft. One of them, touching a piece of ice in front of the city, exploded and created intense alarm. For twenty-four hours afterwards not a thing was seen floating on the river without being fired at by musket or cannon. The event greatly amused the Americans, and Hopkinson subsequently wrote his famous satirical poem, "The Battle of the Kegs."

Hopkinson lived in Bordentown, a place made gay in early times by the festivities of Joseph Bonaparte, who had been king of Spain and of Naples, and of a long succession of titled men, generals, and statesmen.

A social note appearing in the *Pennsylvania Chronicle and Universal Advertiser*, of September 5, 1768, reads as follows: "On Thursday last, Francis Hopkinson, Esq., was joined in the Velvet Bonds of Hymen to Miss Nancy Borden, of this place, a lady amiable both for her internal as well as external accomplishments."

GEORGE WYTHE.

"He might truly be called the Cato of his country, without the avarice of the Roman, for a more disinterested person never lived."

Thomas Jefferson wrote thus of George Wythe, one of the Virginia signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Wythe was the son of a wealthy planter and an exceptionally intelligent mother, under whose instruction he learned Greek and Latin and gained some knowledge of mathematics and the sciences. He received further training at William and Mary College.

Before he attained his majority both parents died, and he was left in possession of a large fortune. From this time until he was thirty years of age he lived a life of dissipation and extravagance. The course of his life was changed when he began to study law under John Lewis, an eminent practitioner, and he rose to the front rank of the Virginia bar.

George Wythe was a leader in the House of Burgesses until the Revolution. He was a member of the committee which drew up the remonstrance to the House of Commons on the proposed Stamp Act. Wythe was responsible for framing the last-named paper, but it so far exceeded the demands of his colleagues in boldness and truth that it was viewed as bordering on treason and accepted only after much modification.

The Virginian was appointed a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1775, where he signed the Declaration of Independence.

He lost almost all of his property during the Revolution, and he helped out his fortunes by accepting a professorship of law in William and Mary College, which he held from 1779-89. Among his pupils were two Presidents of the United States, a Chief Justice, and a number of other eminent Americans.

On the reorganization of the Court of Equity, Wythe was made sole chancellor and held the office for more than twenty years. Later he emancipated his slaves and gave them means of subsistence. He died in Richmond, Va., in June, 1806.—*From a series issued by the Sesqui-Centennial publicity department.*

FROM FIRST TO LAST.—I delivered the epilogue of the great drama in which I had played a humble part. So, from the Charleston convention to this point, I shaped the fortunes of the Confederacy and can say, as Grattan did of Irish freedom: "I sat by its cradle and followed its hearse."—*Gen. Richard Taylor, born in New Orleans in 1826.*

## THE STARS AND BARS FOREVER.

"Touch it not, unfold it never,  
Let it droop there, furled forever,  
For its people's hopes are dead."

—*The Conquered Banner.*

No, fold it not away forever  
Keep it in our heart's depths ever,  
Love it, keep it for its past;  
Take it out sometimes and wave it,  
Think of those who died to save it,  
Glory in the blood we gave it,  
Bind it with our heartstrings fast.

Take it out sometimes and show it,  
Let your children early know it,  
Know its glory—not its shame,  
Teach them early to adore it,  
Let them honor those that bore it,  
Scorn forever those that tore it,  
Tell them how it won a name.

That will mock Time's crumbling finger  
And in future ages linger  
On the brightest rolls of fame.  
Yes, 'tis true 'tis worn and tattered,  
And with brave heart's blood 'tis spattered,  
And its staff is broke and shattered,  
But it is a precious sight.

'Tis a witness how secession  
Threw the glove down to oppression  
Scorning at the last concession,  
Giving life blood for the right.  
O, we cannot, cannot lose it!  
In future years we yet may use it—  
O how could the world refuse it,  
Or its history bright?

No, in our heart's deep, deep recesses  
Its memory lingers yet, and blesses  
Those who for it fought and died.  
And we pray the God in heaven,  
Who our darling idol's given,  
And who to us this hope has given,  
This prayer be not denied—

In future years some hand may take it  
From its resting place and shake it  
O'er the young and brave;  
And the old spirit still undaunted  
In their young hearts by God implanted  
Will triumph o'er foes who vaunted,  
And freedom to the South be granted,  
Though now there's none to save.

Though folded away so sadly,  
In future years we'll wave it gladly,  
In prosperous paths we'll tread.  
And thousands yet unborn shall hail it,  
Tens of thousands never fail it—  
Forgotten be the men who wail it,  
Hated those that now can trail it—  
O, can our hopes be dead?

—*Sarah A. Tillinghast.*

Written at Fayetteville, N. C., 1865-66.



## THE YOUREE PRIZE.

(Continued from page 191.)

The Youree Prize will hereafter be awarded on the following basis according to the chairman of the World War Insignia Committee, Mrs. J. A. Rountree:

Fifty dollars to the Director of the State that awards the greatest number of the Cross of Military Service; twenty-five dollars to the Director of the State making the second largest number; twenty-five dollars to the Director making the highest per cent of awards based on the membership of the Division, provided not less than twenty-five have been awarded. This latter includes also those Chapters in States in which there is no Division. The per cent is determined by dividing the number of crosses awarded by the number of Chapters in good standing. Thus every one has an equal chance.

## A MAJESTIC PAIR OF SENATORS.

The legislature of Georgia, which assembled on November 6, 1861, elected Benjamin H. Hill and Robert Toombs as senators to the first regular Confederate Congress, which met at Richmond, Va., February 18, 1862.

It is interesting to note that Benjamin H. Hill had strongly opposed secession. Bob Toombs, both in the Senate of the United States and in the State convention at Milledgeville, vehemently favored the secession policy.

On the final ballot in the convention Hill voted for the secession ordinance, as did a number of other anti-secessionists, "under the idea that its passage was a foregone conclusion and further opposition was useless, while it was necessary to give all the moral force possible to the act."

Gov. Joseph E. Brown notified Bob Toombs of his election as senator, but he declined to accept the office. He was at that time a brigadier general in the Confederate army, having in September, 1861, resigned the office of Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Jefferson Davis, to which he had been appointed on the preceding February 21. Governor Brown appointed Dr. John W. Lewis to the senatorial vacancy until the next meeting of the legislature.

When the legislature met in November, 1862, Herschel V. Johnson was elected senator to the place which Toombs had declined and to which Lewis had been appointed.

Confederate Senators Hill and Johnson constituted a gigantic pair of orators and debaters. They formed a blazing

part of the true glory of the senate of the Confederacy. Immortal Georgians!—*From Historical Notes by John J. Boisseuille.*

## THE DAVIS MONUMENT AT FAIRVIEW

The Jefferson Davis Memorial Commission, a body appointed by the governor of Kentucky to have charge of the Jefferson Davis Monument and the park in which it stands, wish to announce that an elevator is being installed in the monument.

It is the expectation of the commission to open this to the public on June 3, in commemoration of the birthday of Jefferson Davis. All interested are invited to attend. There is a good hotel at Hopkinsville, and Fairview can be reached by motor.

The money for this elevator was appropriated by the legislature of Kentucky at the session of 1926, the governor, members of the State Purchasing Bureau, and other State officials expect to attend the opening.

Actual construction is being supervised by G. R. Gregg, who built the monument. For further information write the secretary.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL COMMISSION.

JOHN B. PIRTLE, *President*;

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Secretary, Louisville, Ky.*

THE HOME AT PEWEE VALLEY, KY.—In ordering subscription to the VETERAN, J. E. Kern writes of the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., of which he says: "I came here five years ago, since when eighty-five inmates have passed away, and fifty-six others have been taken into the Home. We now have sixty inmates, eighteen of whom are in the hospital. On the Board of Trustees are three veterans, three Daughters of the Confederacy, nine Sons of Veterans, making fifteen. . . . We cheerfully take off our hats to our legislature for its generous appropriations for our comfort. I was eighty-one years old on February 22; was a member from start to finish of Company C, 9th Kentucky Cavalry; only three now living. A clipping cut many years ago from Colonel Breckinridge's *Lexington Herald* states:

"One of the most splendid companies of cavalry that ever served under any flag was Company C, of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, nearly all of whose members were sons of Bourbon. The *Herald* takes off its hat to the line and noncommissioned officers of that company and stands uncovered in the presence of its rank and file."

Mrs. H. F. Montgomery, 503 Goodwin Avenue, Anniston, Ala., would like to get a copy of the song, "Do They Love Us Still in Dixie," both words and music.

If any reader of the VETERAN can give any information on the life of Belle Boyd, the famous Confederate spy, it will be appreciated by Mrs. Blanche E. Little, 21 First Street, N. E., Washington, D. C. She is anxious also to learn where she is buried.

Mrs. Pearl J. Mickin, 1110 Liberty Avenue, Beaumont, Tex., is anxious to secure the war record of her grandfather, Richard Clark Jackson, who enlisted at Milford, Baker County, Ga., in 1862 and served through the war; she thinks he was in the army under General Lee.

Mrs. J. R. Yarbrough, Route 6, Box 100, Clarksville, Tenn., is trying to secure a pension for her mother, the widow of Thomas Addison Johnson, who went into the Confederate army from Alabama. He served under a Captain Black in the 10th Alabama Regiment, commanded by Colonel Forney. She will appreciate hearing from anyone who can testify to his service.

Mrs. Julia A. Woodville, Indiantown, Orange County, Va., is trying to get a pension, and wants to hear from any comrades or friends of her husband who can testify to his service. Edmond S. Woodville was a member of Company I, 6th Virginia Cavalry, Payne's Brigade, Fitz Lee's Division, J. E. B. Stuart's Corps, A. N. V.

C. A. Haddock, of Hamburg, Ark. (in care of Crossett Camp), is trying to establish the war record of his father, Lary Marshall Haddock, who, he finds, went into the army in 1862 and served two years, but he does not know with what command. Anyone who can help him in this search is asked to write him at once.



M. Bertrand Couch, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Chicago Camp, S. C. V., is seeking data on his family line, and especially on the war record of his father, Henry Madison Couch. His great-grandfather was Peter Couch, his grandfather, Henry Couch, and his father was Henry Madison Couch, all of Scott County, Ark. He also asks the middle name of Lieut. Col. Henry M. Couch, of the 8th Arkansas Infantry, and any information on his family. Address Mr. Couch at Box 305, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. William Penn Bickers, Crozet, Va., asks that some member of Company E, 28th Virginia Infantry, organized in Botetourt County, Va., will write her the place as to where this company was formed; where it fought, and when encamped. Do they remember guarding a bridge over a body of water—the bridge of at least four spans, and where was that bridge? Did they know John O'Connor of said company (Irish brogue distinct), and where he settled in late life? This is an important inquiry, and a full reply will be appreciated.

Anyone having a copy of the VETERAN for January, 1922, in good condition, will confer a favor by sending it to the VETERAN office, when payment will be made. Please write in advance of sending.

Miss Aileen Jacobs, 168 North Maringo Avenue, Pasadena, Calif., wishes to secure her grandfather's record as a Confederate soldier so she may join the Daughters of the Confederacy. It seems that Richard Dawes served for a year in the Confederate army, and then contracted pneumonia and died; she does not know the company and regiment with which he was connected and hopes there may be some comrade alive who can give that information. Her own father, Julius Albert Jacobs, was too young to enlist as a soldier, but served as a drummer boy, in what command she does not know. Any information on either will be appreciated.

Mrs. G. M. Green, Barnwell, S. C., writes for some information on the service of Nicholas A. Patterson, living near Dunbarton, S. C., who served with Marmaduke's Brigade of Missouri Cavalry. As that State has no record of her Confederate troops, he has not been able to get any verification of his record there, and hopes to get in communication with some old comrades or friends who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. It is hoped that some survivor of that command will see this and can certify to his record.

Anyone having a copy of the VETERAN for January, 1922, is asked to report to this office. Only copy in good condition is wanted.

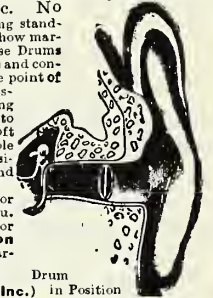
## Deafness

**From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!**



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

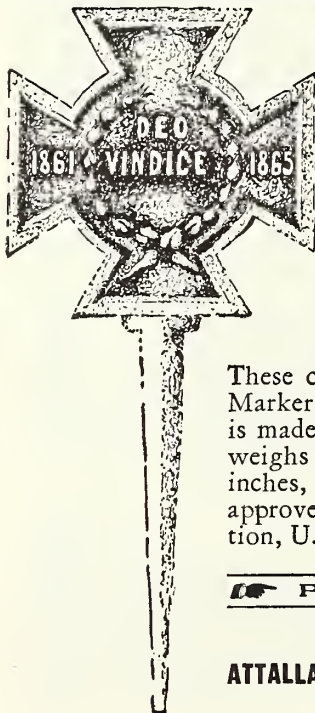
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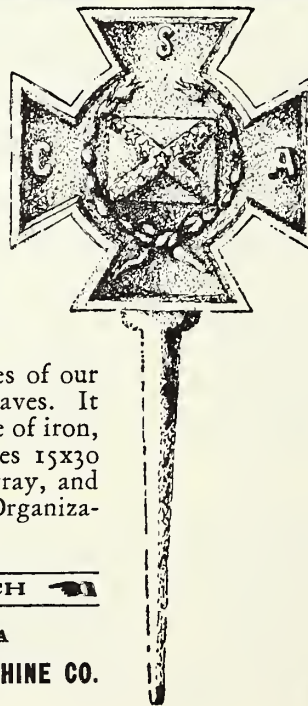
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R. L. Breland, of Coffeeville, Miss., is trying to get some information on the war service of his father, Oliver F. Breland, who volunteered at Union, Miss., in the early part of 1862, and was enlisted at Marion Station in August following. He served as a member of Company E, of the 5th Regiment of Mississippi Minutemen, which was organized at Meridian in September, 1862. The regiment did guard duty at Columbus and was then sent on to Vicksburg and took part in that terrible siege. The command was sent to Columbus, Miss., after being paroled, and was there mustered out of service, September 12, 1863. Mr. Breland is anxious to ascertain if his father was exchanged and entered the service again.

Miss Pearl Cohee, of Neligh, Nebr., seeks information in regard to Gen. James E. Slaughter, as to his brothers, his parents' names, his grandparents, whether he was married and had children, and where he was living at time of death; in fact, any information about him will be useful to the inquirer. He was acting Inspector General under General Bragg, and the last record of him is that he was "commanding Western Subdistrict of Texas (Trans-Mississippi Department), 1864."



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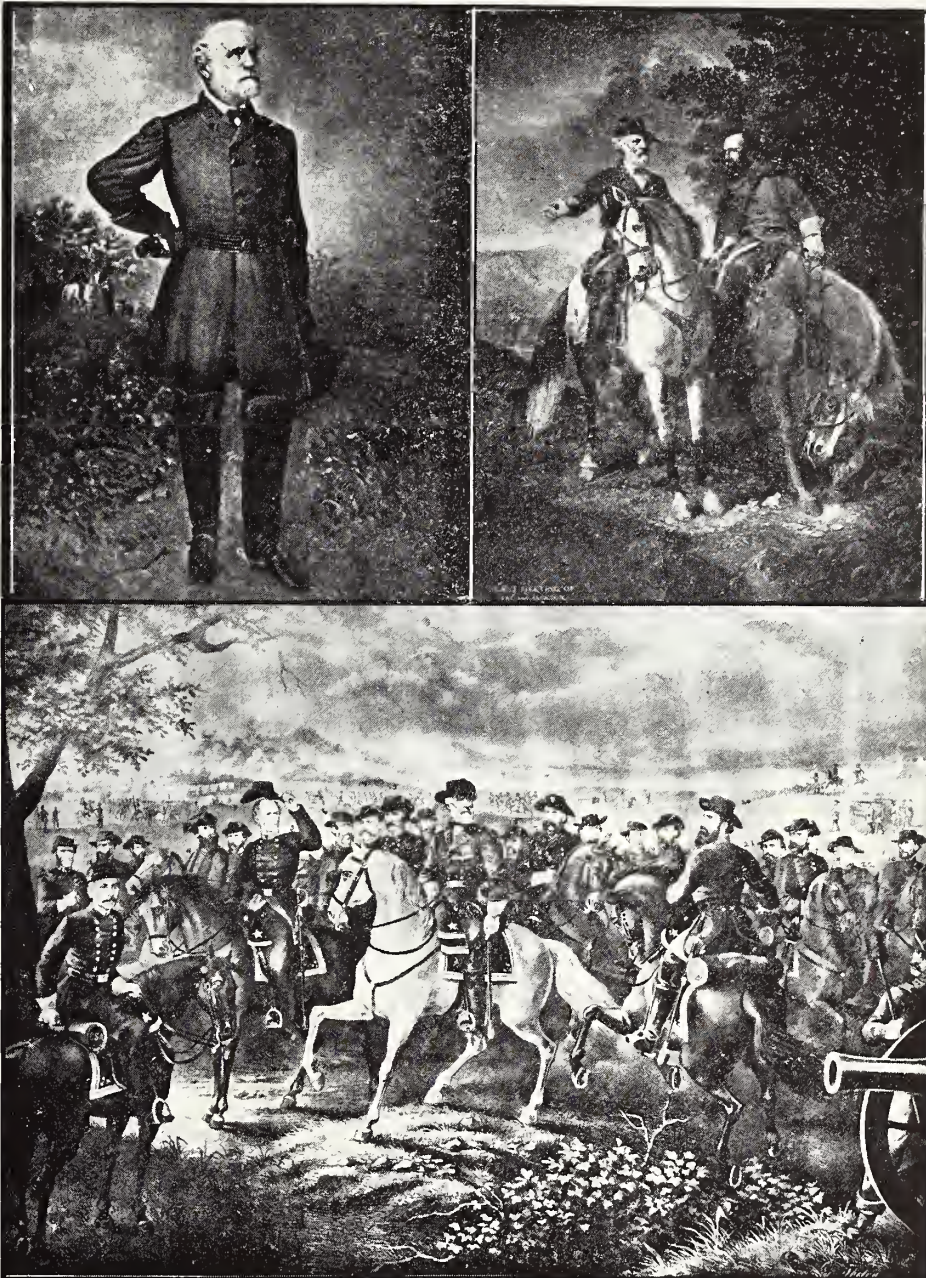
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UPPER LEFT: "LEE AT FREDERICKSBURG"    UPPER RIGHT: "LAST MEETING OF LEE AND JACKSON"  
 LOWER: "LEE AND HIS GENERALS"

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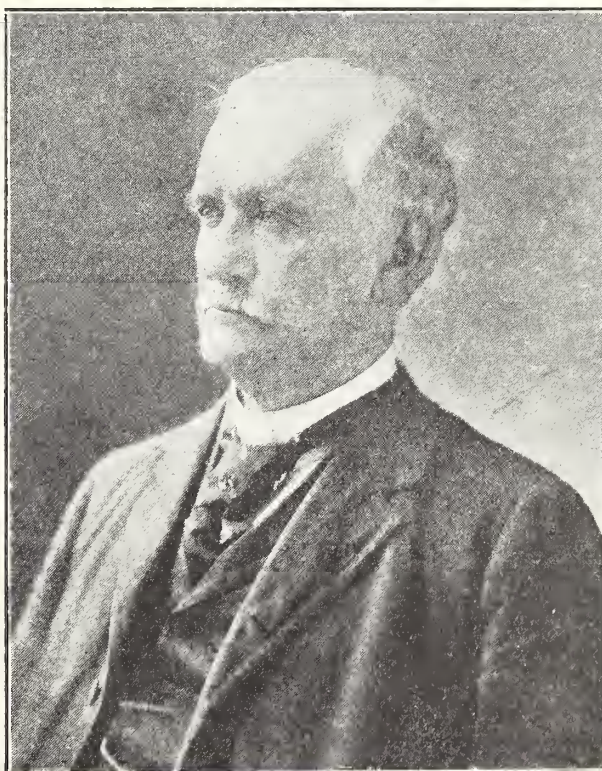


# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

JUNE, 1927

NO. 6



**JOHN TYLER MORGAN, OF ALABAMA.**  
Brigadier General, Confederate States Army.  
U. S. Senator from Alabama.



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NOTICE

147 Fulton Street  
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Mrs. George W. Lewis, whose husband is superintendent of the Confederate Home at Ardmore, Okla., wishes to secure the war record of her father, S. F. Lee, but does not know with what command he served. He was born in Virginia, but went to South Carolina and married there; doubtless he also enlisted from there. It is hoped that some comrade or friend of those days can give her the information wanted.

Mrs. D. M. Hays, of Gainesville, Tex., 315 Weaver Street, would like to hear from any survivors of the 2nd Texas Regiment who remember her husband, David Madison Hays, who served throughout the war in Company F of that regiment, Moore's Brigade, Western Army. She is trying to get a pension.

## "OUR OWN STARS AND BARS."

Beautiful song now being used extensively on all Southern programs. Was sung at the Tampa reunion. Suitable for all Southern celebrations. Get your copy or copies now. Price, 35 cents per copy, or three copies for \$1. All money derived from sale over expenses will go to the Stone Mountain fund. Send order to Mrs. Lloyd K. Wooten, 107 East King Street, Kinston, N. C.

## FOR SALE.

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# Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1927.

No. 6.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

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GEN. FELIX H. ROBERTSON, Waco, Tex. . . . . *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. . . . . *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## COMMEMORATING THE SERVICES OF JEFFERSON DAVIS TO THE UNITED STATES.

On June 3, at Brownsville, Tex., a bowlder commemorating the services of Jefferson Davis to the United States of America, and also marking the southernmost point of the Jefferson Davis Highway, was unveiled and dedicated by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, President; Miss Decca Lamar West, Chairman of Bowlder Committee, U. D. C.

## SPECIAL ORDERS NO. 1.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA., May 4, 1927.

Upon the recommendation of Lieut. General R. A. Miller, Commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V. Col. R. O. Cornwall, of Dallas, Tex., is hereby appointed to command the Texas Division until the next annual meeting of the Division, to be held in San Angelo, Tex., October 6, 1927.

By command of J. C. FOSTER, *General Commanding.*  
HARRY RENE LEE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

## ATTENTION, COMMANDERS!

To Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders Greetings: The Commanders of Departments, Divisions, and Brigades are requested to fill their full quota of staff appointments as early as possible, advising their recipient so honored to apply for his commission, accompanied with the fees, as soon after notification is received as may be convenient.

Application for commissions and remittance of fees to be forwarded to Mrs. W. B. Kernan, Assistant to the Adjutant General, 7219 Freret Street, New Orleans. Receipts will be issued from the General Headquarters without delay.

It is imperative that the lists be forwarded at the earliest possible opportunity so the full staff appointments may go on record.

With kindly greeting to the veterans composing our federation, and a heart full of appreciation and gratitude for the many expressions of good will and coöperation I am receiving daily, I am

Your comrade and well wisher,

J. C. FOSTER, *Commander in Chief.*

Houston, Tex., May 14, 1927.

HOW MANY SURVIVORS?—How many are left of the famous old Stonewall Brigade? Andrew Davidson Long, of Ladonia, Tex., now eighty-three, is one of them, and would like to know of others.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### SACRED ANNIVERSARIES.

June 3.—Jefferson Davis.

### SWORD AND PEN.

Ancient among the feuds, never before  
Did this fell strife so menace as to-day—  
This duel to the death, with Mind at bay  
And Might in perfect fettle, fierce of roar;  
Roused by low passion and the lust of gore,  
The ruthless Sword, forcing the awesome fray,  
Seems destined to the hilt to have its way—  
Seems verging on the rôle of conqueror.  
Courage! Above the crimson river's flow,  
Above the ravaged homes and ruined land,  
Justice and Love outlive Hate's wildest gust;  
The Pen supreme shall yet subdue the foe—  
Shall doom, by man's consent and God's command,  
The reeking saber to eternal rust! —Anon.

### A PATRIOTIC PROTEST.

The Daughters of the American Revolution proved themselves to be true descendants of the patriots who won their independence and then established a republican union of sovereign States when, in their national congress, just concluded, they demanded the preservation of the rights of those States and sounded a warning to the women of the land to scan critically all proposed legislation which would affect the home and the care and education of children.

"Investigate the origin and object of all legislation. Ascertain whether it is in accordance with the Constitution of the United States," warned the committee on national legislation.

The Daughters of the American Revolution are as awake to their duty as were the Minutemen of 1775. They must have recalled that the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States provides that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited to it by the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people." That is the direct inference to be drawn from the vigorous resolution the congress adopted, which demands that all activities of the Federal government be confined to the effective discharge of the national duties expressly delegated to the Federal government by the Constitution, and that all Federal activities not necessary to the performance of those national duties be discontinued as rapidly as possible, thereby restoring to our nation, our States, and our individual citizens the respective responsibilities imposed by the form of government for which our forefathers fought, worked, and died.—*Exchange*.

LAST PUBLIC ADDRESS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—In the State Capitol of Mississippi, his native State, Jefferson Davis made his last public address on March 10, 1884, forty-three years ago. In that address, worthily a farewell, he said: "It behooves the Southern people to promote the welfare of the Union, to show to the world that hereafter, as heretofore, the patriotism of our people is not measured by lines of latitude and longitude, but is as broad as the obligations they have assumed, and embraces the whole of our ocean-bound domain."

### THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY DISASTER.

The tragic situation in our beautiful Mississippi Valley section has aroused our whole country to the importance of finding some means by which this catastrophe may be prevented in future years. It is too big an undertaking for any section, and that the government should assume this responsibility seems a logical conclusion. Its representatives are now making a study of the situation, and doubtless an engineering committee will be appointed to begin the work of flood prevention for the future. Much has been done for relief of the sufferers in this great disaster, and there is much more to be done to give them a start toward rehabilitation. Many homes and plantations have been practically obliterated, and their owners will need financial help in establishing homes elsewhere. There has been liberal response to the call for funds, and there will be more calls, to which every one not in this ruined area should feel it a duty to respond. It is impossible to realize the situation without being there; but we know that every dollar is needed.

An extra session of Congress may be called in order to make provision for relieving the distress and need occasioned by this unprecedented flood, and none of us will object to an unprecedented appropriation of our government funds for the necessary relief. Congress has been generous in past years in making appropriations for relief from disasters in foreign countries, and even more should be done for our own. The following appropriations in late years show that our money and supplies have been used in generous measure:

On December 22, 1921, \$20,000,000 was appropriated for the relief of sufferers from famine in Russia.

On January 20, 1922, \$4,000,000 worth of medical supplies were made available for further relief of these sufferers.

On May 28, 1924, a blanket order for the use of naval supplies for earthquake sufferers in Japan was issued.

On February 24, 1925, Congress also made available a credit of \$6,000,000 for the issuance of supplies for the relief of earthquake sufferers in Japan.

A billion dollars would not restore this valley to its former condition, but it would go a long way toward it. Let us all ask this help from our government.

The following comes from a good friend, W. A. Everman, of Greenville, Miss., right in the worst flood district:

"This is the twenty-fifth day that I have been marooned by the flood, first in second story and later on first floor. The water is fifteen inches deep in my yard and is falling one inch every twenty-four hours.

"No language can exaggerate the loss of life or property damage caused by this flood. Just think of one-third of the area from Cairo to New Orleans, a distance of nine hundred miles, with crevasses in Missouri, Kentucky, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Total area in acres, eighteen million, and six million now under water.

"The President of the United States has been appealed to for special session of Congress without success. It will require ten millions of dollars to close breaks, and our levee boards have empty treasuries and no revenues this year in possibly eighty or ninety per cent of the flooded sections."

REUNION OF MOUNTAIN REMNANT BRIGADE.—Commander Z. I. Williams, Mountain Remnant Brigade, 5th Texas Division, U. C. V., issues a call for their annual reunion at Christoval, Tex., July 27-29. All attending are expected to bring their bedding; cots and tents will be provided.



## THE SOUTH NEGLECTFUL OF DUTY.

The following comes from Harry F. Barrell, of St. Petersburg, Fla., and calls attention to a great neglect in the teaching of Southern children. He says:

"I was too young to be in the grand contest for State Rights and personal liberty and the preservation of the principles of Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, as laid down in the formation of our government, and later so ably defined and defended by John C. Calhoun, and Jefferson Davis, having been born in December, 1858, but I have always been a stanch defender of those principles and have taken an active part in political campaigns since, as a ten-year-old boy, I worked and shouted for Seymour and Blair in 1868. I have been a voter in Florida since 1920, and have always stood for State Rights, Free Trade, and Personal Liberty, writing and speaking in every campaign, State or national, up to and including 1916, when broken health prevented my taking an active part. I have been both surprised and shocked to see the way in which the South has allowed the great principles of our forefathers, the history of our glorious war for Right and Liberty, 1861-65, and the lives and deeds of our glorious leaders—Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and the hosts of others who fought for the gray—to be almost totally ignored in our schools. I have questioned hundreds of school children and high school graduates here in Florida, and very few know anything about the Confederacy, the war of 1861-65, or the great Southern leaders, the Confederate flags, or even the fact that their State seceded or fought for liberty. It should be seen to that every Southern State has in its schools portraits or busts of these great Southerners, and that they use textbooks which set forth fully and fairly the glorious history of our beloved Southland."

## MISSOURI CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

At the recent session of the Missouri Legislature, an appropriation of \$100,000 was made for pensions to Confederate veterans of the State who are now in need, the allowance being about ten dollars per month. Daughters of the Confederacy and leading veterans of the State worked hard to secure this appropriation by the State, for outside of the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Missouri had made no provision to care for her destitute veterans of the Confederacy in their old age and feebleness. The success of their effort means that these veterans will now have a little more bodily comfort.

It seems that Missouri passed a pension law in 1913, and that pensions were paid to veterans of that State for three years, but the next appropriation was vetoed by Governor Gardner and no pensions had been paid since. A very strange proceeding on the part of a governor, and Missouri has at last righted that wrong.

MONUMENT TO BOTH SIDES.—A Droop Mountain Battle Field Commission was authorized by the late legislature of West Virginia and was organized with John D. Sutton, of Sutton, Braxton County, as chairman; N. F. Kendall, of Taylor County, secretary; and the following members: M. M. Harrison, of Putnam County; R. F. Kidd, of Gilmer County; A. L. Helmick, of Tucker County. This commission is empowered to select a site on Droop Mountain for a monument to commemorate the battle there on November 6, 1863, which will be a tribute to the memory of both Confederate and Union soldiers.

6\*

ANOTHER CONTRAST BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.—In his farewell address, Washington styled the union of States, or the government of the United States, an "experiment," and solemnly warned that "geographic discriminations"—i.e., aggressive sectionalism—would endanger that experiment. Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, uttered a like warning when the "Missouri Question" rocked the country. Lincoln and those with him flouted these warnings, and, using the question of negro slavery as a screen for tariff and other matters of economics, split the Union by electing a sectional candidate, by a sectional vote, on a sectional platform. Lincoln did not "save the union" of Washington and the other Revolutionary Fathers; he helped to destroy it, then saved the Republican Party by instituting a totally different union on the ruins of the old.—Lloyd T. Everett.

CHILDREN'S IDEAS OF GREATNESS.—School children, apparently, have no conventional ideas for judging greatness. Prof. L. A. Williams, of the School of Education, University of California, announced he had reached this conclusion by a test of more than three thousand school children. Amusing details of the test were made public by Professor Williams. The pupils gave the following an equal number of votes for greatness: Sherlock Holmes, Andrew Jackson, Charles Chaplin, Mohammed, Buffalo Bill, Benito Mussolini, Ronald Amundsen, and President Coolidge. Along with them ran Moses, Nicolai Lenine, Louisa May Alcott, Corot, Galileo, and a few others. When Mr. Williams asked the children to give their reasons for believing in the greatness of their heroes, some of the answers were: "Rockfeller—Leader in oil stations." "Woodrow Wilson—Signed the contract for the World War." "Lincoln—Because he was simple." "Coolidge—Sees that the people do right by prohibition." "Jefferson—Leader of free love." "Galileo—Made his pupils invent the thermometer."

August Vollmar, Chief of Police, of Berkeley, and Alexander the Great received the same number of votes as the greatest of the great.—*The Sunday Citizen, Asheville, N. C.*

GOOD WORDS FOR THE VETERAN.—Commander S. C. Trammell, of Camp No. 1180 U. C. V., of Kemper County, Miss., says this of the VETERAN: "No Confederate veteran can afford to miss a single copy of this valuable magazine, the official organ of our association. Not only the veterans, but each Son and Daughter and every descendant of Confederate soldiers should subscribe and read the history of and the service rendered to our Southland. The principles for which the South contested on the battle fields still live in the hearts of all true Southerners, and will live on for generations to come. Our greatest accomplishment and honest purpose is to have true history of the War between the States imparted. To the noble Daughters of the Confederacy be given all praise in commemorating the valor, courage, sacrifice, endurance, and determination of the Confederate soldiers and their illustrious leaders, which challenged the admiration of the world. Stone Mountain, God's gift to the South, the most wonderful of his creations in this country, will stand a perpetual monument to their memory to the end of time. It will be the Mecca of our Southland, the hallowed ground of sacred memories. . . . Let us stand steadfastly by the organ of our association, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, increase its circulation, and hold up the editor's faithful purpose in giving us true history."



## GOD IN MAN.

BY W. H. GIBBS, COLUMBIA, S. C.

What makes men sublime and raises them above  
 Their fellows, winning reverence and love  
 From others as their right and as their due?  
 They are men of flesh—men like me and you;  
 The bodies weak, that bind us prone to earth,  
 They have with all their ills. Whence comes the worth  
 That wins our tribute of respect and praise  
 As due to beings that our natures raise?  
 'Tis power of fearless, loving heart and mind  
 That, godlike, lifts men high above their kind;  
 'Tis mighty soul that scorns the body's sway  
 O'er self, yet bends to move its ills away  
 From other's paths, or aid them ill to bear,  
 Leading out from darkness—lending light to cheer.  
 'Tis self-suppression—loving thought of others  
 That make them seem like noble elder brothers,  
 Who help to guide our faltering steps along  
 The paths of good, and shun the paths of wrong.  
 The men that win us thus are not the kind  
 That are self-vaunting and self-seeking, blind  
 To faults in self. They are men who see  
 Self-frailty, and pardon such in you and me.  
 They, lowly in themselves, make others high,  
 And teach their fellows how to live and die.  
 Where blame might rest elsewhere, they take the blame,  
 And bear the burden of another's shame.  
 While mourning other's ills, self-suffering gives no sign.  
 Such men prove human nature kin to the divine.  
 In battle or in peace they seek the front,  
 Not for glory, but to bear the brunt  
 And brave the danger, help to lighten load,  
 Or make for feeble steps an easier road.  
 Such men are few, above all such I see  
 One giant figure—Robert Edward Lee.

## SIXTY-TWO YEARS FROM APPOMATTOX.

BY C. M. MILLER, KEYSER, W. VA.

It all comes up from distant memories as vivid as are the events of but yesterday. Yet, looking about us, what changes are found under the lights and shadows of that long span of years. The few now remaining of the thousands who, with tired bodies and broken hopes, turned from the burning rafters and ashes of the Confederacy that Sunday morning, April 9, 1865, are to-day but withered and drooping branches of once robust oaks of the mortal forest.

A class of historians, biographers, and contributors to publications of far-reaching circulation continue to delve for any semblance of truth in framing up their shallow and unwarranted statements of an offering of the sword of General Lee to General Grant in the capitulation of Appomattox. With this for years exploded myth as the one apparent object in view, a writer in *Collier's Weekly*, dated March 12, 1927, seeks in the kitchen and in the stable newly discovered testimony from the negro body servant of General Lee, as an eyewitness to much no one but this faithful old servant ever saw, to prove by him a sword presentation several times denied by General Grant over his own name in print, and not recorded or even mentioned by staff officers of the two chiefs officially acting in the ceremonies. The illustrious commander of the Southern armies was too great and kind a man to be ignoble to his loyal servant, or to anyone, but it is absurd for any writer to rank him on such level as is disclosed in the article referred to.

In letters that are historic, bearing date back several days prior to the date of surrender, Generals Lee and Grant had concluded the cartel of surrender in which appears the distinctly stated term, "Officers shall retain their side arms"; and in the formal meeting at the McLean house, that cartel, agreed upon several days in advance by correspondence between the two army chiefs, was strictly observed, except, at the request of General Lee, a few lines were added covering the right of surrendered soldiers to their horses and the issue of rations for distribution. These facts are stated both by Col. Charles Marshall, acting in the negotiation upon the part of General Lee, and by General Horace Porter, similarly acting on the part of General Grant. Both state that General Lee wore a new uniform, with a handsome sword and sash, and that General Grant wore a simple blouse, without either sword or sash; and that General Grant courteously apologized to General Lee, saying his dress suit and sword were with the baggage wagon, which at that time had not come up. This apology was the only reference, either spoken or implied, to a sword from the beginning to the end of this confirmatory formality. *Collier's* has General Grant on this occasion faultlessly arrayed in a brilliant uniform, sitting as if in parlor dress.

It may not be unworthy of mention to add that the two records of this final conference, one by Colonel Marshall and the other by General Porter, agree with singular exactness in all essentials. The above-referred-to publication has a negro in the conference room with these distinguished commanders, with chosen members of their staffs, and he only of all present sees the passing of a sword to lend credence to this long-exploded myth. *Collier* makes this loyal old servant say these two chief generals met the first time while riding up the public road that Sunday morning to the Courthouse, each dismounted, and they met and shook hands. The truth is, they did not meet until General Grant joined General Lee in the McLean house, where he explained his reason for not being able to wear his dress uniform and sword, both being with his baggage in the rear. Each, Colonel Marshall and General Porter, record that in the salutation they referred pleasantly to this as their first meeting since their parting in Mexico.

But here is the crowning folly of *Collier's Weekly*, of March 12, 1927, said to be from the mouth of this simple-minded servant, trusted and esteemed, no doubt, by the Confederate commander. This old servant, as the story goes, close to his chief, receives a wound on the head in the battle of Gettysburg, cuts a few capers, and rebukes General Lee for laughing at him. Think of it! General Lee, a model of sober dignity, softened by benevolence, risking his faithful servant in that pitiless storm of battle, talking leisurely with him while that commander's glorious army was wavering in a lock for victory with the army of General Meade in the most murderous and fateful battle ever waged in the history of American wars!

Col. Charles Marshall, a cultured gentleman, an intrepid soldier, and the secretary of General Lee from the beginning of the four years of war to the close at Appomattox, said in his view General Lee never rose to such an eminence of grandeur as when sitting on Traveller at the base of Gettysburg Heights, watching the magnificent charge of Pickett's Division on the Federal fortification to a heroic and complete finish, then to see all of his great plans end in defeat because a corps commander, due at the support of Pickett's Division, failed to appear, causing a hopeless defeat and gradual drift from that hour in Confederate fortunes to Appomattox. Colonel Marshall said the utterance of a single word and that defeat could have been fixed on the rightful shoulders, but Lee was too



great a man to utter that word. There is a lofty grace and an inspiration worthy of its place in history. The soldier standing in the flame and heat of battle in such a scene as was this ceases to think it strange that in distant and pagan antiquity a rude but noble soldiery would gather about their proudest chief on the field of his conquest and crown him in the majesty of a god.

In closing this, I will reproduce a recent incident occurring in the State of Virginia. A gifted orator was delivering an eloquent oration at the unveiling of an equestrian statue of Lee. Some one, more than willing to interrupt, thundered out: "The pedestal is too small for the monument." The speaker instantly flashed back in the face of the critic: "Yes, sir, you are right; no pedestal limited to the size of this continent would be large enough for a monument of Lee on Traveller!"

## THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. JANIE R. D. SMITH, ROCK HILL, S. C.

Whence came those forms with weary shoulders bent,  
With borrowed burdens once their loved ones bore?  
Dark-robed and joyless through the years they're sent,  
Sad chroniclers of days that are no more.

O, young and gleesome maidens of to-day,  
In ceaseless rounds of changing pleasures run,  
Think not your tinselled life can e'er assay  
To mold such worth as war for them has done.

Once they were children in a sunny land,  
When childhood found its sweetest, brightest phase,  
And quick obedience reigned on every hand;  
Like them there are no children now-a-days.

So fair it seemed, the change was hideous,  
When forceful evil made its inward way,  
Crushing all else but foes invidious,  
And ending fair childhood's happiest day.

With no eye to pity, no arm to save,  
Homeless and friendless and crying for bread,  
Mourners for life to the brink of the grave,  
Nothing was left them—only their dead.

They gave their loved ones to honor's bright cause,  
They gave their sons to foreign nations' call;  
Fearless and faithful in peace and in wars,  
*Women of the Confederacy* passed through it all!

What their eyes have seen, what their ears have heard  
Of dismal truth, indelibly engraved,  
Their hearts alone, in fullest sense and work,  
May now impart where truth is often waived.

With lowly modesty, to them inborn,  
Think not they are backward, lifeless, or slow;  
Sing but again the old South, now forlorn,  
And see them rejoice in memory's glow!

*Women of the Confederacy!* true in every stage,  
Bravely you've battled shipwreck, change, and loss,  
Through fairy youth, through womanhood and age;  
Fear not the waves—God signals: "Come across!"

This poem won first prize in a State-wide contest and was read at the Historical meeting during the convention of the State Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in Camden, S. C. This prize was given by Mrs. Agatha Woodson, of Edgefield, in honor of her mother, Mrs. Sue Abney.

In her response, when presented with the prize (five dollars in gold), the author said:

"*Madam President and Others:* Do you know that your honorable judges are awarding this prize to a real, true woman of the Confederacy? Yes, I wore the homespun; I knit my own stockings; my shoes were tied with leather strings and patched at night by an old negro man by the light of pine knots. I plaited my own palmetto hats and trimmed them the best I could with whatever I could get. With all these hardships, I was proud and happy and hopeful, as all the

rest of the people were; proud because they represented the spirit of the early American patriots; happy because they were standing for the rights of their beloved South; hopeful because they had high principles and believed in them.

"That the truths of history may be preserved, the women of a later generation have given their time, energy, and means to collecting and preserving its data. It is to them thanks are due for the estimate of this poem, and especially to her who has award-



MRS. JANIE R. D. SMITH  
As a Girl in the Sixties.

ed the prize of gold, which will always be a favorite treasure."

The picture of Mrs. Smith was taken from a little tintype made during the War between the States. She is the widow of Capt. Alexander E. Smith, one of Stonewall Jackson's scouts, who was within a few feet of the General when he fell mortally wounded.

In presenting the prize, Miss Marion Salley, Division Historian, said that the real poet who judged the papers in this contest had commented upon the poem as a rare achievement for a writer of more than fourscore years of age.

A TRUE CONFEDERATE.—The venerable Mrs. C. A. Carson, of Greenville, S. C., a sister of the late Gen. M. C. Butler, of that State, writes of her pleasure in reading the *VETERAN* with its reminiscences of the Confederate soldiers. "They must never be forgotten," she says, "their hardships and suffering. I had seven brothers in that war, and one young brother was killed at the battle of Gettysburg and two wounded. M. C. Butler lost his leg there, and another brother, younger, lost his right arm. My mother was a widow; lived through the entire war. My husband entered the army at seventeen. . . . We old Confederate women have about served our time, our tasks about done. We must soon rest under the shade."



## ECHOES OF THE REUNION.

BY DR. E. P. LACEY, BESSEMER, ALA.

Another reunion has come and gone, but it will remain in the memory of many as a delightful occasion on the "highway of life" after the last veteran has folded his tent and marched to "Fame's eternal camping ground," where so many of his comrades await him. Time, the ruthless destroyer of all things animate, has dealt gently with the veterans, as some of them are still erect, and with flashing eye and martial tread they seem to bid defiance to the common enemy of mankind, to whom all must surrender sooner or later. The marvel is that so many have been spared so long, as few are less than eighty years of age. Some are very feeble, and one wonders how they are able to endure the long trips that are necessary for them to reach the places selected for the reunions. It must be the same unconquerable spirit that carried them to the high-water mark of courage and endurance achieved during the war. As was said by one on the Union side during the war: "We will have to award the Southern soldiers the attributes of intelligence and courage never before equaled and certainly never before surpassed in the annals of the human race." This was a deserved and beautiful tribute to an enemy during the bitterness and hate engendered by war.

In a sermon delivered by Henry Ward Beecher during the war, he said: "Where shall we find such heroic self-denial, such upbearing under every physical discomfort, such patience in poverty, in absolute want, as we find in the Southern army? They fight better in a bad cause than we do in a good one. They fight better for a passion than we do for a sentiment. They fight and bear up under trouble nobly, they suffer and never complain, they go in rags and never rebel; they are in earnest for their liberty; they believe in it, and if they can, they mean to get it."

Mr. Beecher was never a friend of the Southern people, but had he lived until the present, he would have seen the President of the United States advocating the necessity of preserving the reserved rights of the States, the principle for which the Confederate soldiers fought from 1861 to 1865. In his Williamsburg address, Mr. Coolidge said: "If the Federal government should go out of existence, the common run of people would not detect the difference in the affairs of their daily life for a considerable length of time. But if the authority of the States were struck down, disorder approaching chaos would be upon us within twenty-four hours." The President realizes the value and importance of the Federal government, also the necessity of preserving the rights of the States.

The supreme test of one's loyalty to a principle is to be willing to surrender one's life in its defense. The South gave the best she had in defense of a principle, for "her armies were not passion-swept mobs rising in mad rebellion against constituted authority, but armies whose ranks were filled by men whose convictions were honest and whose loyalty to the Southern cause was without fear and without reproach." Class distinctions were forgotten; the rich and the poor stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks in a determined and united effort to win the independence of the Confederacy, if possible. Their forefathers made the same fight to win the independence of the colonies from the English crown. The Confederates failed, but the fight they made "will live forever in the memory of mankind as one of the most heroic in all history." It is for these men that their descendants and fellow countrymen of the South make journeys to the reunions in as rev-

erential a mood as the orientals make a pilgrimage to the birth-place of Mohammed.

The veterans are granted privileges that could only be bought with the sacrificial blood of martyrs. "They gave their lives as a freewill offering on the altars of duty," and for this reason they deserve all the gratitude and love that is given them. Every one is anxious to please them and endeavors to anticipate their wants. They engage in all the festivities of the occasion, and the hearts that at one time were hardened and seared by the cruelties of war respond "as feelingly and thankfully" to kindness and attention as they did in the days of their youth. They attend the balls, join in singing, and linger over the hands of the sponsors and maids with the ardor and enthusiasm of youth. This spirit is reciprocated in an endeavor to make the occasion one of the happiest periods of their existence. Old friendships are renewed, new ones made, and they meet their comrades of the long ago who otherwise would never be seen.

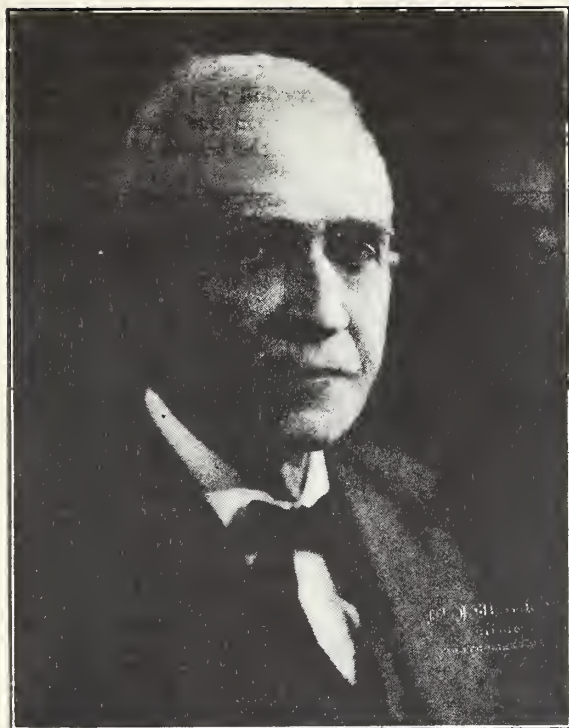
Two brothers met at the recent reunion who had not seen each other since the close of the war in 1861. It was worth the reunion to bring these two brothers together, for each thought the other was dead, and this meeting was doubtless the happiest event of their lives. Each had lived unconscious of the existence of the other, and the intervening years had



GEN. EDGAR D. TAYLOR, COMMANDING ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

Edgar D. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., was born August 21, 1848. In 1863 he enlisted in Company G, Henley's Battalion, Troops for Local Defense, which was later the 3rd Regiment, Troops for Local Defense, commanded by Col. John McAnerny. He had an active part in defending Richmond from Dahlgren's raiders, March 1, 1864; is Past Commander of R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Richmond, and was Adjutant General and Chief of Staff under Commander in Chief Julian S. Carr.





GEN. A. T. GOODWYN, COMMANDING ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

A. T. Goodwyn, of Elmore, Ala., was one of the South Carolina College Cadets who participated in the bombardment of Fort Sumter, 1861. Returning to Alabama, he assisted in organizing a company of sharpshooters, which became Company E, of Cox's Battalion of Sharpshooters, and in 1863 was transferred to the 9th Alabama Battalion as Company K; this battalion then became the 58th Alabama Regiment. He served as first sergeant, lieutenant, and finally as captain of the company, of which he is now the only survivor.

brought no message that somewhere or somehow the time would come when their hearts would be made glad by this reunion in Tampa. Doubtless they recounted the many changes that had taken place since they last met, as time had scattered their friends and relatives as the winds scatter the sands of the desert. There was still stamped on their memory the day when they left home and loved ones to go forth as their youthful defenders, and thousands of those who marched away at the same time never returned. The remnant of that gray-clad army is rapidly passing, and our annual reunions give us the opportunity to honor the living and pay tribute to the dead, "for the love that survives the tomb is the noblest attribute of the soul."

While the reunions are confined to the Southern States, still they partake of the nature of a national meeting, as delegates and visitors are present from most of the States in the Union. The Federal government was represented at the reunion in Tampa by a man-of-war, and when the Commander in Chief of the Veterans went on board the same salute was fired for him that would have been given a general of like rank in the army of the United States. This was a gracious act and was deeply appreciated by the veterans and all affiliated organizations

I hope the reunions will be continued after the last veteran has gone to his reward, for I know of no other meetings in the South that can take their place. They possess both social and patriotic features that appeal to our better natures, and while under the spell of their influence, one resolves to be a better

citizen. The soul is dead indeed that is not moved by the patriotic speeches, the martial music; and the tattered banners that the veterans carried through the flame of battle inspire us with a noble purpose to respond to the call of our country as cheerfully and as courageously as did our fathers in 1861.

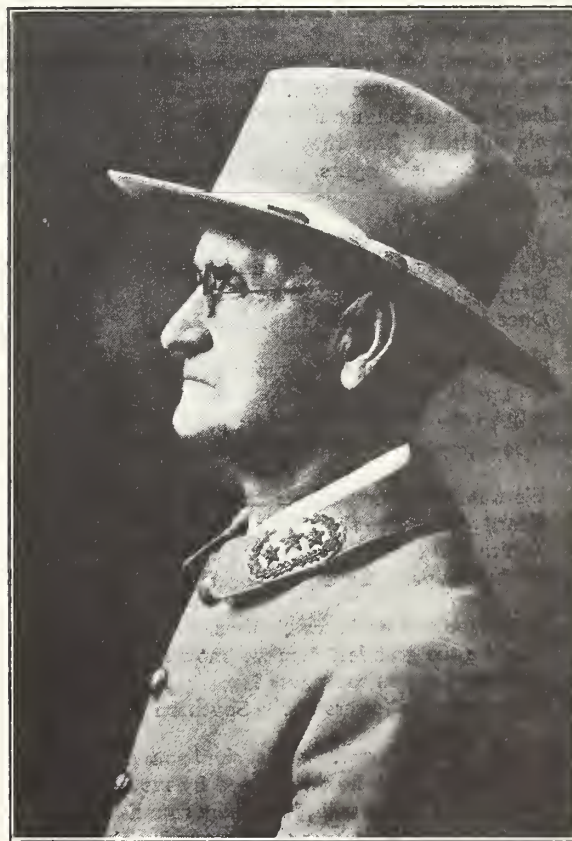
The dances and receptions and the old Southern melodies carry the veterans back to the days when the sunshine of youth was not obscured by the dark shadows of war. In the presence of such pleasant surroundings, they forget the infirmities of age and live over again "the pleasures that waited on life's merry morn." There is an increasing appreciation of the services the veterans rendered their country, as they taught the world new lessons in patriotism and devotion to duty. Their fellow countrymen will endeavor to make their remaining days on earth as pleasant as possible.

## OUR VETERANS.

BY MRS. VALLIE H. PERRY, HISTORIAN TAMPA CHAPTER, U. D. C.

When we bade the heroes of 1861 "good-by" after their short sojourn in our city, there was left in our hearts a feeling of loneliness that we cannot fully express, a feeling that something splendid had gone out of our lives that we may not hope to grasp again.

It was a grand sight to see these heroes who have survived



R. A. MILLER, COMMANDER TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

R. A. Miller, of Abilene, Tex., was born March 5, 1848, in Campbell County, Ga. In December, 1863, he enlisted in Company A, Lee's Battalion, later with the 1st Confederate Battalion, Davis's Brigade, Heth's Corps, A. N. V. He went to Texas in 1879.



the threescore years since that memorable day at Appomattox. Greater in their submission to the inevitable than perhaps they would be had theirs been the victorious army. These—'tis only a remnant now—are the gray-clad soldiers who came back foot sore, penniless, and weary to devastated homes, wasted fields, and facing an ignoble reconstruction. Through the years they have brought system and order out of chaos; their wisdom and guiding hand reestablished the South, and we rejoice that so many have lived to see the result of their efforts in a grander, greater, and more glorious Southland.

Theirs was a fight against the greatest odds ever faced by any people. Theirs the greatest determination that ever went forth to battle. Theirs the bravest hearts that ever fought for country, homes, and principles of right; and, when overcome by greater numbers and exhausted resources, they accepted the irony of fate and came home to begin a new life under entirely new conditions. And the South of to-day is their everlasting monument.

How grand they looked in the parade. Everywhere they were always the same chivalrous boys of 1861, the same old military air and mien in their every move; and to us who have had the blessed privilege of seeing, knowing, and being among them, they are the grandest men God has ever created. Some have long since passed through the portals, but as we looked on them here we could not and would not let the thought, "these too, will soon be passing away," enter our mind. Life still holds much for them. Eternal youth seems their heritage—and may it ever be.

As long as sun, moon, and stars shine down through Southern skies may the memories of your bravery, sacrifices, valorous deeds, and unconquerable spirit live in the hearts of our children's children. May they never forget those who fought so daringly for their rights, their homes, and their sacred honor.

Yes, ye heroes of great renown,  
Conquerors of our hearts and town;  
Gray-haired now tho' you may be,  
Once you followed the immortal Lee.

Time has set a seal upon your brow,  
And your ranks are thinner now,  
Still to the roll call, "I am here,"  
Was echoed by many from far and near.

We watched your banners floating by,  
Heard your yell—the old battle cry—  
You're still the boys who wore the gray,  
Tho' sixty years have passed away.

With love and pride we gladly say,  
You are the grandest men we know to-day,  
Our love for you can never lag,  
Gray-haired followers of the Southern flag.

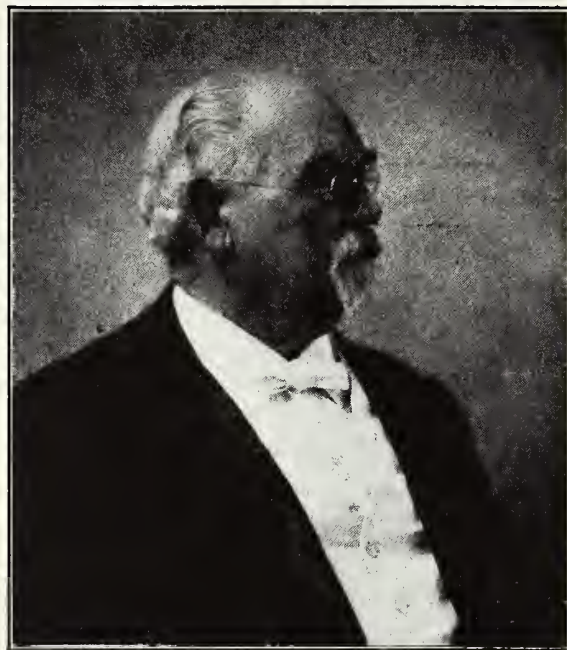
When "Taps," brave hearts, shall sound for you  
There'll be many flowers, kissed by morning dew;  
And loving hands will place them round  
Upon the sacred, tear-stained mound.

#### TO COMRADES IN REUNION.

(Address by Capt. C. M. Brown, Sr., at the thirty-seventh annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, at Tampa, Fla., April 5-8, 1927. Captain Brown enlisted in Company G, of the 9th Florida Regiment, serving until the

last under Gen. Robert E. Lee, surrendering at Appomattox Courthouse, having the rank of captain.)

Sixty-six years ago the bugle's thrilling blast pealed forth in startling strains from every hill in Dixie, while we, with the blush of youth still fresh upon our cheeks, and for our country's honor, bade adieu to the scenes of our childhood,



CAPT. C. M. BROWN.

and straightway turning to loved ones, said: "Good-by, father; good-by mother, farewell sister, farewell brother."

And with our backs to our homes and our faces toward the dreadful fields of war, through a bloody pilgrimage was exemplified the greatness of Southern valor. History claims nothing grander, not even in the days of mediæval chivalry. At the end of weary years, we returned to our ruined homes amid the wailings of widows disconsolate and mothers weeping for their dead.

To-day we celebrate the memory of those who were our friends, our relatives, our comrades in the great day of our country's trials, when war, one of the great and active agents of "King Death," drew his sword and took an awful oath that he would crimson every river and redden every hill and every vale with human gore and pile his mutilated thousands upon Death's pale altars as a daily sacrifice all over our beautiful Southland—and it was done!

History tells us again that no nation has yet been born, lived, or died without having rioted in horrid butchery. The thunder tread of its revolutions has trampled to dust institutions hoary in their antiquity and grand in their history. Shivered grandeur and ruined nationalities lie scattered in anarchial confusion along the track of progress—and war means progress!

Progression, then, writes its name in blood, and the banners of its advance are humid with tears and flaunted by sighs.

The past brotherly bloodshed within the confines of our own land seems deplorable indeed, but war is the necessary expression of the selfishness and inharmony of man's fallen nature. For, as the light of civilization is increasing, every war works for the general good of humanity. It strikes down and prevents civilization, which has crystallized to suit the



degree of intelligence and light of a past age, from concreting itself so fixedly that all advancement would be impossible. Licentiousness, luxury, wealth, indeed everything which prevents man's mental and moral progress, naturally destroy the conservative and formative basis of governments and nations, and the elements composing them lose their affinity for each other—and the consequence is *war!*

War itself, however, eliminates the causes which produced it, and the elements again harmonize upon the same basis, or another.

Yet we are glad to know that the success of armies in battle does not always show that theirs was the right side in the controversy, for, be this as it may, our cause, while just, yet was lost to us.

And now, my dear comrades, there is one more grand reunion which I trust we shall all attend. The sign of this reunion will be when a bright light appears in the east above the brightness of the sun, and shines even unto the west; when the heavens will be thronged with angels, clad in heavenly plumage, and He who died for us shall appear in a chariot of golden cloud, gliding softly down from heaven to earth upon a magnificent pavement of laminated sunbeams.

Be ready, my dear comrades, for then we shall have no fear "for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

God has made everything for our enjoyment. For our sakes the sun shines, stars twinkle, planets revolve, comets blaze, lightnings flash, and angels fly.

And now, my comrades, the salutation of me with mine own hand, which is a token of my sincere love and brotherly affection for you, my comrades. Farewell.

## A TARGET FOR BULLETS.

William M. Goodykoontz was a Confederate soldier of Virginia whose fighting was interrupted several times by wounds. It was at Williamsburg Va., on May 5, 1862, that a Minie ball penetrated to his right shoulder blade, and he carried this Yankee memento to his grave, it having gradually worked down under the skin of his upper right arm.

The second wound was received at Second Manassas, on August 30, 1862. Before going into this battle, each man was furnished an extra round of cartridges, but they were not agreed as to how or where to carry this extra round. William Goodykoontz decided to put his in the right front pocket of his pants, and that decision probably saved him from a serious wound. As it was, a heavy ball landed on those cartridges, causing a body bruise, which healed in a short time.

The third engagement in which he was wounded was at South Mountain, Md., on September 14, 1862, when the second finger of his left hand was shot off at the first joint; but this did not prevent his continuing in the fight until the battle was ended.

In his fourth and last battle, July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg, he was desperately wounded and his military service was brought to a close. On this occasion he was shot in the left shoulder, and the bone of the arm on that side was shattered down to the wrist. He was serving with Company A, 24th Virginia Infantry, of Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. As is well known, Pickett's famous charge, as recognized by historians, was one of the most conspicuous and memorable examples of military daring. At the time of his wounding, William Goodykoontz was within twenty feet of the Union breastworks. When he realized that he was badly wounded, his first effort was to get

off the field, for he was anxious not to be shot in the back. He was conscious that the firing seemed to be in volleys, that there were certain windrows of stubble or other farm matter that had been raked up, and between the volleys he would run from one windrow to another. In such manner he got beyond the Seminary Ridge, where he was reasonably safe, though he could hear the shells moaning and the canister singing overhead.

For fear he might be captured and in order that he might have proper relief, he was anxious to get back into Virginia. A broken-down artillery horse was near, and he got a negro man to put on him a rope for a bridle and an old coffee sack as a saddle, then he rode as fast as the animal could go. At nightfall he came to a farmhouse, considerably illuminated, and hitched at the gate was a fine saddle horse. As best he could, he got off the old plug and mounted the new find, then rode rapidly into Maryland, crossing the Potomac River at Harper's Ferry.

William Goodykoontz had two brothers in the Confederate service, one of whom, George W. Goodykoontz, was in the same company at Gettysburg. He was desperately wounded at Drewry's Bluff, near Richmond, in the fourth year of the war, being struck in the mouth and foot simultaneously by Minie balls. The ball entering the mouth clipped the end of his tongue and crushed a number of teeth, then lodged in the deep muscles of the neck. He told how, after he had been wounded, one surgeon cut through the thick of his neck and with forceps withdrew the ball, and while this was being done he was witnessing the operation by another surgeon in disconnecting the mutilated toes from his foot.

## OUR OWN STARS AND BARS WILL LIVE FOREVER. DEDICATED TO THE NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ANNA JONES WOOTEN.

There's a banner we uphold, a banner without stain;  
And in each precious fold we can see the past again.  
O, the gallant hosts it led have become our glory dead,  
But the Stars and the Bars will live forever.

### Chorus.

O, we're faithful and true to the Red, White, and Blue,  
But the Stars and the Bars ne'er can fade from our view.  
In fancy they'll ever wave o'er the Southern soldier's grave.  
Yes, we're faithful and true to the Red, White, and Blue,  
But our own Stars and Bars will live forever!

There's a starry banner now uniting Blue and Gray:  
Most loyally we bow—and serve that flag to-day;  
But our mighty past still burns, and our heart of hearts returns  
To our own Stars and Bars that live forever!

O, ye daughters of the Southland, ne'er let your courage lag  
'Till generations yet unborn shall know and love this flag.  
Shall we let this vision fade? No! too great a price was paid  
That the Stars and the Bars might live forever!

Like the Victim of the cross, as things are seen of men,  
Full many a cause is held but loss to pass from mortal ken;  
But the "boys" who followed Lee live on through the U. D. C.  
And their loved Stars and Bars shall wave forever!

This song was given on the program of exercises at the Tampa reunion and was received enthusiastically. It is most suitable for any Confederate occasion, and those who desire copies of it with the music should communicate with the composer. The song is advertised in this number of the VETERAN.



## THE GRAND OLD MAN OF ALABAMA.

(This essay by Mrs. Samuel H. Newman, of Dadeville, Ala., Historian Alabama Division, U. D. C., was judged the best paper submitted in the annual contest for the Mary Lou Dancy Loving Cup, May, 1925.)

Alabama has produced many distinguished men, and prominent among them was Senator John Tyler Morgan, patriot, soldier, jurist, orator, diplomat, statesman, and Christian gentleman.

John T. Morgan was born in Athens, Tenn., June 20, 1824. He entered a pioneer school when only six years of age, and there he received the foundation of a classical education. During the brief period spent in school, he evidently acquired a better knowledge of Latin than that possessed by the average high school student of to-day. He is quoted as saying: "When I left school at nine years of age, I knew more Latin than anything else. I had read *Historiæ Sacræ*, the first six books of *Cæsar*, and the *Æneid* of *Virgil*. I had dipped into *Sallust*, and was pretty well acquainted with *Horace*. I had mastered all there was in our little geography and had gone as far as vulgar fractions in arithmetic. These three years comprised my entire academic education."

About this time the Morgan family moved to Alabama and settled in what is now Talladega, or Calhoun County. The country was a wilderness and still inhabited by Indians. When he was not busy with his studies or assisting his father in the fields, young Morgan enjoyed playing with the Indian children.

As there were no schools accessible, his pioneer mother, evidently a cultured woman, taught her brilliant son. The Bible, John Wesley's Sermons, and the English Classics were the principal textbooks used. Some of the latter existed only in the mother's memory. Deprived of the printed page, she transmitted passages orally to the child. His mind was wonderfully receptive, and by this method the boy acquired a memory which proved to be of inestimable value to him in his senatorial career.

While in Paris, serving on the Behring Sea Commission, Senator Morgan was asked by an Englishman what university he had attended.

His reply was: "I never stepped foot upon a college campus until one day, during the War of Secession, I had occasion to take my regiment behind the brick walls of William and Mary College to find protection from Minie balls and rifle bullets."

The future senator studied law in the office of William P. Chilton, of Talladega, and was admitted to the bar when only twenty-one years of age. He was a presidential elector in 1860 for Breckinridge and Lane, and was a delegate to the State convention which passed the Ordinance of Secession. The measure had no more ardent supporter than this gifted young lawyer.

His first military service was on the staff of Major General Clemmens, who commanded the State forces at Fort Morgan. When this fort was transferred to the Confederate government, he enlisted in the Cahaba Rifles, which was afterwards mustered into the 5th Alabama Infantry. Upon the organization of the regiment, he was elected major. When the regiment was reorganized, he resigned his command and returned to Alabama for the purpose of recruiting a regiment of partisan rangers. He accomplished this task chiefly by his own efforts and equipped it with but little aid from the government. He was elected its colonel, August 11, 1862.

Convinced of Colonel Morgan's ability as a military leader, General Lee, when planning his Gettysburg campaign, had

him appointed brigadier general and personally notified him of his promotion. This was the first and only commission that Gen. Robert E. Lee ever personally bestowed upon a recipient.

With that strict adherence to duty which characterized his every act, General Morgan resigned the commission to return to his own regiment, which had been left without a field officer by the death of Colonel Webb.

He was a modest soldier and did not aspire to rank. But when in November, 1863, he was again appointed brigadier general, he accepted, because at that time his regiment could safely spare him. He had not been trained for a military career, but he was of the very best type of the Southern volunteer soldier, courageous and careful, ready and resourceful, dauntless of danger, and undismayed by disaster. His first thought was for the comfort and safety of his men. He never sought praise or glory for himself by the unnecessary or reckless sacrifice of his soldiers. His command saw active, arduous, and constant service. It was often far in front of the advancing army, without support or reinforcement. At the time of General Lee's surrender, Morgan was busy trying to secure recruits for the depleted ranks of the Confederate army.

During the dark days of Reconstruction, General Morgan took an active part in bringing order out of chaos. The proud old Southland lay prostrate; upon every side was the ruin and desolation of war. The boasted aristocracy of the South, almost feudal in its magnificence, had been swept away. But this great man knew the steadfastness of Southern character and its ability to overcome obstacles. By his courage and wise counsel, he strengthened his people until they emerged from the shadow of war into the sunlight of peace and prosperity. He was with them during the reign of the "carpet-bagger" and negro domination, when the slave of yesterday went up to occupy the seat of civic authority. None but those who experienced it can visualize what the South suffered. The so-called representatives of law and order were themselves outlaws of the lowest type.

Had it not been for Morgan, and men like him, red-handed anarchy would have spread torch and sword, and the man-slayer would have held high carnival amid the ruins of a devastated land.

From 1865-76, General Morgan diligently practiced law, his chosen profession. He was classed among the ablest lawyers of Alabama. "He loved the lore of the law, traversed its broad fields, explored its recesses, and found delight in its philosophies."

In 1876, he was a Democratic elector-at-large on the Tilden and Hendricks ticket. During the same year he was elected to a seat in the United States Senate, and he was a faithful and conscientious member of this body until his death, thirty years later. His long years of reading and study now bore a rich harvest. His power as a speaker, especially in debate, enabled him to discuss measures in such masterly ways that, when he had finished, even his opponents were impressed with the sincerity of his motives.

Senator Morgan was a statesman and an American. No narrow partisanship could swerve him from his duty to the government. In a controversy with the Central and Union Pacific Railroad Companies, he saved the government the handsome sum of \$52,000,000. The president of the roads was so impressed with the great legal ability of the senator that he offered him \$50,000 a year to act as his attorney. The offer was promptly refused.

Senator Morgan's rare tact as a diplomat caused him to be



placed on many important committees. One of these was the Committee on Foreign Relations.

His early association with the Indians made him the friend of the "Red Man," and the first real test of his abilities as a senator was in regard to Indian affairs. He was an important factor in winning the rights of statehood for Oklahoma and the Indian Territory.

To Senator Morgan belongs the honor of having the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans joined by the Panama Canal. For years he labored for an isthmian canal. He made a thorough and comprehensive study of the situation. The result of his investigations convinced him that the Nicaraguan Route was the logical one. For almost a quarter of a century he plead with his people to do this great work. His central thought was an American canal, and that thought was what finally won the victory. At first he had but few sympathizers or coworkers, but he lived to see the day when the whole country had caught a vision of what his prophetic wisdom had long been cognizant. Now that the two oceans are united by a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, the work stands as a gigantic monument to the superb statesmanship of Senator John Tyler Morgan. Although the route chosen for the canal is not the one favored by him, yet he will go down in history as the father of the Isthmian Canal.

Senator Morgan won the hearts of all true Southerners by his efforts against the "Force Bill." His judicious handling of the situation resulted in its ultimate defeat. Had it passed, the South would have been subjected to the humiliation of Federal soldiers supervising the elections.

Senator Morgan had the distinction of being one of the arbitrators selected to serve on the Behring Sea Fisheries Commission. The duty of this commission was to arbitrate differences which had arisen between the United States and Great Britain relative to the seal fisheries.

Gifted with a depth of vision possessed by few men of his or any other generation, Senator Morgan early recognized the great importance to America of acquiring the Hawaiian Islands. He met with much opposition even from his own party. Had it not been for him, the United States might have lost this important post stationed at a point well named the "Crossroads of the Pacific." Soon after their annexation, the wisdom of his course was vindicated, for the islands proved invaluable to us during the Spanish-American War.

A contemporary critic of national reputation, writing of the personnel of the United States Senate, said, enumerating the foregoing and other notable achievements of Senator Morgan, that, "no matter what the subject under consideration, he was always able to enlighten his colleagues and the world."

Senator Morgan lived at a time when there was great work to be done. He gave to that work the full measure of his time and splendid abilities. His long years of public service had endeared him to the hearts of his countrymen in all sections of the republic. Few men in public life have been more beloved. In all things his first thought was for others. His every act was for the good of his people.

The great resources of Alabama were early recognized by him. He was a pioneer in calling attention to the vast storehouse of undeveloped wealth within her borders. No man did more to promote the industrial and commercial interests of Alabama and the South. And while the history, traditions, and ideals of his own people were dear to his heart, he had an intense love for the whole country. To the honor and glory of that country he gave the accumulated wisdom and experience of years.

Seventeen years ago this grand old man left us. These years

have brought to pass many of the great things which he predicted, and others which even he, with his far-sighted statesmanship, could not foresee. Out from the shadows of another war, the nation has emerged triumphant. To-day, the United States is the greatest country under the sun. Our beautiful Southland has blossomed like the rose. No other section is more highly favored. The present industrial prosperity of the South is a marvel. Our financial strength is growing by leaps and bounds.

Alabama, the beloved State of Senator Morgan, has come into her own. In this good year of 1925, her future is as bright as the rosy-tinted morn when the sun comes peeping through the eastern gates.

Alabama is justly proud of her many distinguished sons who have attained eminence in every walk of life. That she appreciates those who labor for her advancement was exemplified in 1906 when she nominated the two grand old colleagues, Morgan and Pettus, to succeed themselves.

These men had grown old in splendid service for others. With them it was "Twilight and evening bell," and soon would come the dark. As a token of appreciation for work well done, the people of Alabama decided to keep them in the United States Senate so long as they both lived. Realizing that in all human probability they would not survive the term of office, alternates were nominated to succeed them. This is the only incident of the kind in our country's history.

Among the many beautiful tributes to the memory of Senator Morgan, the following is quoted from Senator Bankhead's address:

"Senator Morgan was a man of wonderful perspective, and his mental horizon was not limited to local conditions or partisan convictions.

"His statesmanship was of that quality 'that he could see the near side of far things and the far side of near things.' The universe was his forum and humanity his field of endeavor.

"Senator Morgan's life was gentle. In social intercourse he was always affable, considerate, and just. His affectionate solicitude for the happiness of his household was beautiful in its tenderness.

"He was scrupulously honest and fair in all his dealings with men. 'He locked his lips too close to speak a lie; he washed his hands too white to touch a bribe.'"

Senator Morgan was a member of the Methodist Church. He was held in high esteem by all the people of his State, regardless of creed. Throughout the long span of his splendid life, he at all times walked with God. "He died as he would have wished to die, endeavoring, struggling, accomplishing. He died as he had always lived, a noble, courteous, Christian gentleman."

The strong ties of friendship which united the lives of Senators Morgan and Pettus were so beautiful and touching that we cannot think of one as existing without the other. Their names are linked with golden chains of memory.

They were wedded to the same lofty ideals and purposes. They worked diligently for the uplift of State and nation. They died almost together. "In life they were united, in death they were not divided." Close together they sleep in beautiful Live Oak Cemetery in the city of Selma.

Senator Morgan was first to answer the last "Roll Call." His passing brought sorrow to many hearts all over the nation. An escort from Washington accompanied the body of the dead statesman to its last resting place. Senator Morgan had come home, home to the people he loved and to the people who loved him.

Reverently and tenderly the last sad rites were performed.



They covered his grave with floral tributes and left him there in the land he loved, under the blue skies of his native State, where the birds sing, the flowers bloom, and the winds breathe a requiem. In addition to the people of Selma, vast throngs of friends from all sections of the country gathered to pay tribute to the memory of his inherent greatness, noble character, and purity of soul.

Senator Morgan's eulogy, spoken in honor of Senator Hill of Georgia, was equally appropriate for him: "Discarding all blind confidence in fate, and deeply sensible of responsibility to God, his noble and just spirit left its brief existence for one that is eternal, satisfied with the past and confident of the future."

#### COL. JOHN LOGAN BLACK, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Col. John Logan Black was the only son of Hon. James A. and Sara Logan Black, of South Carolina. He was born at the old King's Mountain Iron Works, on Broad River, where his father was the manager and where the large plant of the Cherokee Fall Manufacturing Company now stands.

His father represented the old "Iron" District in Congress from 1844 to 1848, and died in Washington, D. C., in 1848. After the death of his father, Colonel Black obtained an appointment at West Point Academy, where he was educated. Among his classmates were Chief Justice Nichols, of Louisiana; Gen. O. O. Howard and James Abbott Whistler, an artist, who attained fame and renown in his profession.

After leaving West Point, Colonel Black married his cousin, Miss Mary Peay Black, daughter of Hon. Joseph Black, of Richland County, and settled in Fairfield County, where he engaged in planting on an extensive scale. The war, however, soon came on, and Colonel Black, being an intense and enthusiastic Southerner, promptly offered his services to his State and the Confederacy.

He was in Charleston, S. C., when the first gun of the war was fired. On October 16, 1861, Governor Pickens wrote to Captain Black that if the Secretary of War would make requisition on him for five more cavalry companies to serve "for the war," he would issue a proclamation for the same. On December 31, 1861, an order was issued for the formation of five companies to be known as the 1st Battalion, 1st South Carolina Cavalry, "under command of Lieut. Col. John L. Black." Of these companies, Captain Black had raised one. This battalion served on the seacoast, Colonel Black often commanding a district. In July, 1862, the command was increased to a regiment.

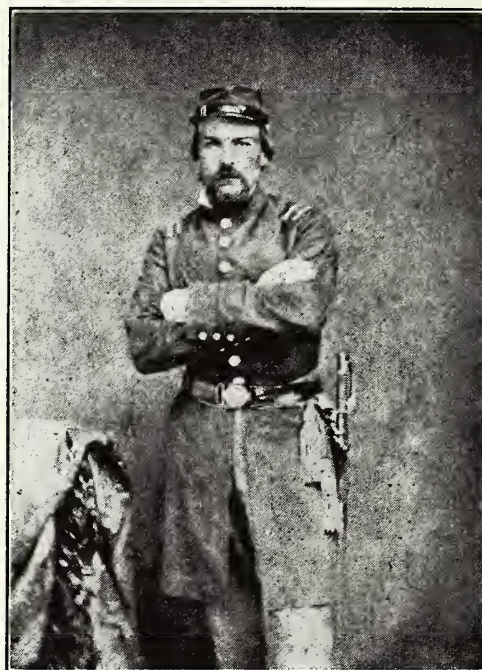
Colonel Black asked the War Department to transfer his command to Virginia. This request was granted, and he was sent there under General Wade Hampton. On December 22, 1862, Colonel Black made a raid across the Rappahannock. In action near Brandy Station, June 9, 1863, he was wounded. He was highly commended for skill and gallantry in capturing General Stuart's headquarters, held by Union cavalry. He was again wounded July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg.

In March, 1864, the 1st and 2nd South Carolina Cavalry were so depleted, having only about three hundred mounted men, it was advised that these commands be sent home to be recruited. The order was issued, and Colonel Black was returned to South Carolina, reporting to General Beauregard. On April 28, Colonel Black was ordered to make a personal inspection of the district from Walhalla to Greenville, to prevent hostile raids across the mountains. On May 10, he submitted a very able report, covering over two hundred printed pages in the official record.

On May 17, 1864, Colonel Black's command was ordered to Charleston, S. C. With headquarters on James's Island, he performed responsible duties until the advance of Sherman's army. His commander, General Taliaferro, said: "I desire to record my appreciation of the energy and vigilance displayed by Colonel Black, commanding the east lines, not only during these operations, but ever since he has been intrusted with this important command."

February 12, 1865, he was ordered to guard the Santee River, taking station at Holly Hill. March 28, 1865, in command of his own and the 6th North Carolina Regiment, he engaged the advance of the 20th Corps, en route from Goldsboro to Raleigh, and was repulsed at Moccasin Hill.

When the war was over, Colonel Black retired to private life on his plantation near Ridgeway, having, in the course



COL. JOHN LOGAN BLACK, C. S. A.

of his military career, had the privilege of being three years on the battle fields of Virginia under Gen. R. E. Lee.

Colonel Black died suddenly March 25, 1902. He was survived by five daughters; Misses Eunice and Virginia Black, Mrs. H. W. Desportes, of Ridgeway; Mrs. Joseph Nance, of Due West; and Mrs. Dr. John H. Miller, of Laurens.

Colonel Black was endowed with a strong mind, an extraordinary memory, a fine education, and an extensive fund of general information. He was especially well informed as a mineralogist, and devoted much of his later years to the development of the mineral resources of the State.

Of him Brig. Gen. Henry L. Abbott, U. S. A., in the write-up of the class of 1850 at West Point, says: "No one could meet Colonel Black and not be charmed with his conversation and impressed with his character." His views on prohibition were so decided that when on the battle field, severely wounded, he refused the whisky handed him by his surgeon, saying: "A drink of cold water, please, Doctor."

In 1876, he led Fairfield County, wearing a Red Shirt, working to make his friend and comrade, Gen. Wade Hampton, governor of South Carolina.



## AN AIDE-DE-CAMP OF LEE.

EDITED BY MAJ. GEN. SIR FREDERICK MAURICE. REVIEWED BY  
MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

"Invaluable" is a term much abused by publishers and critics, but this volume offers one of the rare occasions on which it may be properly used. It is described on the title page as "Being the Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall, Sometime Aide-de-Camp, Military Secretary, and Assistant Adjutant General on the Staff of Robert E. Lee."

Only one possible fault—an omission—may be found with the capable editing of General Maurice, and that is the apparent indifference with which he passes over the character of the causes of the war between the sections, which he seems to have misunderstood, in some measure, in his "Life of Lee." For example, in Colonel Marshall's papers he comes upon "a statement of the Southern case in the controversies which provoked the war." Immediately General Maurice shies off. The subject does not interest him; and he dismisses the discussion set forth by Colonel Marshall without further consideration in the following terms: "Since he wrote, many other pens have been busy with the same subject, and the controversies either are happily dead or have taken in the politics of the day an entirely new term."

Those who are interested in cause and effect, or the philosophy of the controversy, would have been glad to have these omissions supplied, even though "many other pens" have written on this subject. It is still a matter of grievous misunderstanding, and a thousand persons may perceive the outlines of the campaigns as against one who at present appreciates the all-important economic basis of the political struggle which, along a geographical line, for so many years preceded the war. As it is, the war is usually interpreted to mean a struggle for the maintenance or the abolition of negro slavery. In one place Colonel Marshall himself is proportionately misled by the extraordinary clamor over an issue which was widely used as a camouflage to disguise political and economic conflict.

On all matters of military concern, however, this Marshall-Maurice contribution to American history is so convincing that, for the first time in the reading of perhaps hundreds of volumes, the present writer feels disposed to accept every statement or deduction which the author or the editor presents.

Being constantly with General Lee during the last three years of the War of Secession, and having inscribed the majority of his important papers, Colonel Marshall had access to all the reports of all the officers, together with General Lee's views on each. Also, no other man had an equal opportunity to absorb General Lee's spirit and desire to be fair to all concerned in every particular. General Maurice does not understate the matter when he asserts that "one-half of these contributions to history would have justified the publication of Marshall's papers." Certainly a perusal of them makes it clear that here and now is added to the almost perfect character of a man the characterization of an almost perfect commander. Mistakes that have been credited to General Lee—even by his friends and admirers—are seen to be due to misunderstandings on the part of subordinates, however splendid those subordinates may have been at other times. It would seem that they were fallible and Lee alone well-nigh infallible. Perhaps in military history there is no record like it, and this seems to be the last intimate word with respect to that record.

Popular and historical errors in regard to Lee's responsibility for occasional failures are accounted for in General

Maurice's introduction in the following words, in which he writes that Lee's "dispatches were not finally approved without discussion, and, indeed, Marshall says he was often disappointed and pained when an arduously acquired piece of information, showing clearly that the responsibility for some failure rested with the subordinate commander who had acted injudiciously or who failed to act judiciously, was struck out by Lee, . . . and never in a public dispatch did the commanding general blame anyone under his command."

There are scores of points that one would like to comment upon in regard to the three hundred pages in this volume. A few only may be taken up here. In the first place, Marshall makes it clear that the ineptitude of the military legislation of the Confederate Congress may be compared to that of the Congress of the Confederation which so handicapped Robert E. Lee's model and prototype, George Washington. On the other hand, he shows that there was one law passed by the Confederate Congress in 1862 which, had it not received the presidential veto, might well have changed the whole nature of the conflict. "This incident," says Colonel Maurice, "is not mentioned by Jefferson Davis in his 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,' nor is there any mention of it in the voluminous correspondence contained in 'Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist; His Letters, Papers, and Speeches,' while it appears to have escaped the notice of Lee's biographers, except for a brief reference in Long's 'Memoirs of R. E. Lee.'" This was the law creating the office of General in Chief. Had Lee received such comprehensive authority many serious handicaps in the control of military affairs would have been removed from him. On the other hand, from a constitutional standpoint, President Davis had the whole range of American precedent on the side of a veto.

As one reads the first chapter of Colonel Marshall's notes one is impressed more than ever with the fact that the Confederacy was able to accomplish so much, due to the glaring defects in the matter of military provision. Two of these stand out strongly: First, the firm belief of the political element in the South that foreign intervention would be certain, a belief that hindered military preparation; second, the measure Congress put into effect by which, in the reorganization of 1862, officers were to be elected by the men. Under these circumstances, it is truly remarkable that the entire army was not incapacitated by incompetent political officers or by those who consented to relaxation of discipline in order to be popular.

This first chapter also presents one of the most interesting statements in the whole volume, in which Colonel Marshall declares with regard to lack of sufficient preparations that "*every one remarked how the people clamored to be taxed to serve the country when a timid Congress was hesitating to impose taxes.*" Other interesting points are brought out by the exceptional knowledge and competent editing of General Maurice; for example, in a footnote bearing upon Lee's plans for the general defense of the Confederacy, General Maurice remarks as follows: "This plan of Lee's for the utilization of man power in war, formed in April, 1862, was substantially that adopted by the United States on its entry into the World War in 1917."

Again, General Maurice in another footnote refers to the seven days under General Lee as marking "the beginning of an epoch of military history." And he supports the statement by reviewing with military exactness the tactics of commanders in previous European campaigns.

Incidentally, the writer took up this volume immediately after the reading of the work previously reviewed on "The Military Genius of Abraham Lincoln." The Marshall



opinions, supported by the editorial notes of General Maurice, fully confirm his conclusions in regard to how General Lee played upon the fears of the government at Washington in order to save the government at Richmond. General Lee's movements were exactly timed to relieve the pressure upon the Federal capital which must have been fatal had General McClellan been able to carry out his plans without interference from Washington.

The absorbingly interesting account of Appomattox, given on the authority of Colonel Marshall, who was part and parcel of the proceedings, is itself worth a special review. Colonel Marshall wrote:

"Perhaps the most impressive feature of that occasion was the fact that there American soldiers met together who dealt with each other as American soldiers. If the officers of General Grant's army had been instructed how to act, if they had learned their parts, if they had been taught by the greatest actors how to play them, how to act at a time when one of the loftiest souls that God ever sent upon earth was humbled, how to act so as to show their respect and veneration, they could not have done better than they did."

The account from beginning to end is in straight-away, matter-of-fact fashion, simple and clear withal, as military dispatches are supposed to be. A sense of humor is occasionally in evidence, as shown in the following paragraph, when Lee was searching for Grant to consider the terms of surrender:

"I have said that as General Lee passed through his rear guard on his way to the place where this conference took place, the men cheered him as of old. They were the flower of the old Army of Northern Virginia, and I felt quite sure that if the officer commanding the advancing Federal troops should consider himself bound by his orders to refuse my request for a suspension of hostilities until General Lee's letter could reach General Grant, the rear guard of the Army of Northern Virginia would secure all the time necessary."

The account of the campaign in Pennsylvania in the summer of 1863 would seem to be authoritative and final; and the comment on the battle of Gettysburg is less complete but equally authoritative. The present writer discussed this whole campaign fully with the late Charles Francis Adams, U. S. A. After this conversation, General Adams declared that, after the battle began Longstreet was primarily responsible for Lee's failure at Gettysburg, due to his extreme slowness in carrying out Lee's orders, however much the absence of Stuart's cavalry may have unexpectedly brought on a battle contrariwise to Lee's carefully laid plans. Dr. Henry Alexander White, in his biography of Lee, has shown that on the march or in preparing for battle, Longstreet had been lamentably slow on several occasions prior to Gettysburg. While Marshall indicates that Longstreet was inexcusably slow, this sluggishness (or stubbornness) on the part of the "old war horse" is given far less attention than Stuart's misinterpretation of orders, which, because of Longstreet's own expression in passing on these orders, furnishes at least a basis for misunderstanding.

This volume explodes the belief, projected into prominence of late, that "a friendly citizen of Frederick" had informed Lee of McClellan's fortunate finding of the famous "lost order" relative to the movements of Lee's troops in the Maryland campaign of 1862. The Marshall manuscript, with General Maurice's critical notes, makes it clear that Lee was not informed

of McClellan's find, and that, therefore, McClellan had all the advantage in the matter.

While one is tempted to write more, these comments may be closed with the statement that within the covers of this book we have the greatest exposition of Lee's military policy, in some of its details and in all its larger outlines, that has yet been published.

#### BEAUVOIR, HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Beauvoir was the last earthly home of a great man, great in himself and in that he was the representative of a great cause. It is of historic interest to all who love greatness, a shrine to those who loved the cause of which Jefferson Davis was chieftain; a hallowed spot to those who loved the man for himself.

At the death of Mr. Davis in 1889, the lovely old home on the Mississippi coast became the property of his daughter, Varina Anne, lovingly known to all Southerners as "Winnie Davis, the Daughter of the Confederacy." For more than a year after his death, Mrs. Davis and Winnie lived there alone, when Mrs. Davis was ordered to a higher clime. In obedience to her doctor's order, and also to be near the publishers who were bringing out her biography of her husband, Mrs. Davis and Winnie went to New York City.

As the war had consumed Mr. Davis's private fortune, the two women had been left without means of livelihood, and even had the invalid's health not demanded a change, they could not have lived at Beauvoir because of the expense of keeping up the place. In New York they were able to secure enough literary work to support themselves.

The old home where the President of the Southern Confederacy had spent his last days, where he had written and left to posterity "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" (a true and complete history of the War between the States), where clustered thousands of tender memories of the great man and his family, was left to the ravages of time and decay. In 1893 a terrible hurricane swept the Mississippi coast, and no spot suffered more from its fury than did Beauvoir. Blinds were blown off, a part of the roof was torn away, and rain poured in upon frescoed walls and family portraits and furniture; fences and uprooted trees were strewn in a tangle of wreckage and undergrowth.

Immediately after the storm, Mrs. A. Mc. Kimbrough, from her summer cottage near Beauvoir, visited the place, and



MEMORIAL GATEWAY AT BEAUVOIR.



from the moment of that visit she began the splendid work which she carried on through many years to its final happy culmination. She at once wrote an appeal to the people of Mississippi for contributions with which to repair the devastated place. Meeting with no response to her call for help, Mrs. Kimbrough returned to her home at Greenwood, Miss., and organized the Ladies' Beauvoir Improvement Society, and as its leader went earnestly to work to raise funds. After about two years there was a sufficient sum in hand for the purpose, and the work of making repairs was turned over to Mr. Andrew Maginnis, of New Orleans, a warm personal friend of the Davis family. Like many other devoted Southerners, he had from time to time offered Mrs. Davis pecuniary aid, but the proud widow of Jefferson Davis, though willing to accept assistance from her State, never consented to receive personal donations.

As Mrs. Davis had written that she could not return to Beauvoir because of ill health and her financial condition, as well as the danger for two unprotected women to live in so isolated a place, Mrs. Kimbrough now conceived the idea of preserving Beauvoir as a memorial home. It should, she thought, become the property of Mississippi, whose war-worn veterans could thus be provided with a shelter for their remaining years. Although Mrs. Davis had refused several offers for the place (one of ninety thousand dollars from a Northern syndicate which proposed to erect there a handsome winter hotel), because she would not consider turning it over to alien hands, she offered to sell it to Mississippi for twenty thousand dollars, this to include all the furnishings and the priceless relics it contained, Mr. Davis's sword, the coronation robes worn by Winnie when Queen of the New Orleans Carnival, and many other valuable trophies. She and Winnie had wanted to make all this a gift to the State, but they were not financially able to do so. Upon receipt of this offer, Mrs. Kimbrough again made appeals to the people of the State, urging the necessity of a home for the Confederate veterans of the State and the importance of preserving Beauvoir. Later she petitioned the legislature; but this appeal, published during the sitting of that body, failed to arouse much public interest, so she turned to the Daughters of the Confederacy, newly organized in that State. She presented her plea before her home Chapter on its organization, and receiving slight encouragement from this quarter, she brought it before the State Division in convention at Jackson; but the Daughters declined to undertake the work, fearing they would not be able to raise the twenty thousand dollars.

Notwithstanding all this discouragement, Mrs. Kimbrough's determination never wavered. She knew the State would realize sooner or later the importance of securing this historic home and of its duty to the widows and orphans of the South's dead chieftain. Gradually this indifference was being overcome.

In the meantime, the valuable furnishing of Beauvoir had been distributed to museums throughout the South, as they could not be safely left in the unprotected condition of the old home. Mrs. Kimbrough again wrote Mrs. Davis and asked for her lowest price upon the property, and Mrs. Davis, in order to see her husband's home owned by the people of her beloved State and the brave old heroes of the gray housed there, fixed the price at ten thousand dollars. Mrs. Kimbrough now went before the legislature and made a most touching appeal, and, though the resolution was tabled, a new era in the history of Beauvoir was imminent. Inspired by the venerable and gracious presence of Mrs. Davis, who was now on a visit to Mrs. Kimbrough and her people,

Mississippians everywhere became stirred with kindly sentiment in regard to the old home and its noble mistress.

As soon as it was known that the legislature had failed to make any appropriation for the purchase of Beauvoir, the Sons of Confederate Veterans of Mississippi applied to Mrs. Kimbrough as purchasers, and Commander Daniel, of the State Division, the leading spirit of the Sons in the movement to buy the place, went to Greenwood to consult with Mrs. Kimbrough, in whose hands Mrs. Davis had left the sale of the place. Though a year later the Sons had failed to raise the necessary amount, Mrs. Davis agreed to take the amount in hand, some eight thousand dollars, and the promissory note of the Sons for the balance, Mrs. Kimbrough and her sister, Mrs. Yerger, going on this note. In that way, Beauvoir passed into the possession of the Sons of Confederate Veterans of Mississippi, and the State was allowed to make it a Home for Confederate veterans of Mississippi as long as there should be such need of it. The place was equipped by the Mississippi Daughters of the Confederacy and has been maintained by the State. Many buildings have been erected for the housing of veterans, their wives and widows, and many improvements made until it is a model institution of the kind.

Beauvoir is to-day one of the most beautiful places of interest in the South, the proud possession of Mississippi and of all Southern people, and it will ever be preserved as a memorial to the South's great leader, Jefferson Davis. In coming years it will be a shrine visited by thousands who have learned to appreciate the greatness of the man and his sacrifice for the Confederacy.

(The above was taken from an article prepared by a member of the Beauvoir Historical and Memorial Association, successor to the Ladies Beauvoir Improvement Society).

## INSCRIPTION ON THE MEMORIAL GATE AT THE BEAUVOIR CONFEDERATE HOME.

### Top.

ERECTED BY THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF  
THE CONFEDERACY.

1917,

TO COMMEMORATE JEFFERSON DAVIS AND OUR CONFEDERATE  
VETERANS BURIED AT BEAUVOIR.  
1861 JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE 1865  
SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY

### Left.

"STRANGER, TREAD LIGHTLY HERE, FOR THIS IS HOLY GROUND."  
HERE ARE BURIED OVER 200 OF OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD. ONCE  
THE HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN  
CONFEDERACY, NOW THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME OF  
MISSISSIPPI.

### Right.

"EACH SOLDIER'S NAME SHALL SHINE UNTARNISHED ON THE  
ROLL OF FAME, AND STAND THE EXAMPLE OF EACH DISTANT  
AGE, AND ADD NEW LUSTER TO THE HISTORIC PAGE."

At a late meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Beauvoir Confederate Home, of which Mrs. Kimbrough is a member, it was decided to begin the work of beautification of the grounds by planting flowers and shrubs, according to the plans of the landscape gardener from the A. and M. State College. It is also planned to begin the refurnishing of the mansion in the style of its occupancy by the Davis family, and contributions of furniture used by Mr. Davis are being made by the U. D. C. of the State and the Beauvoir Memorial Association.

This association has furniture left to it by Mrs. Davis, and also has a fund at interest with which Beauvoir will be refurnished.

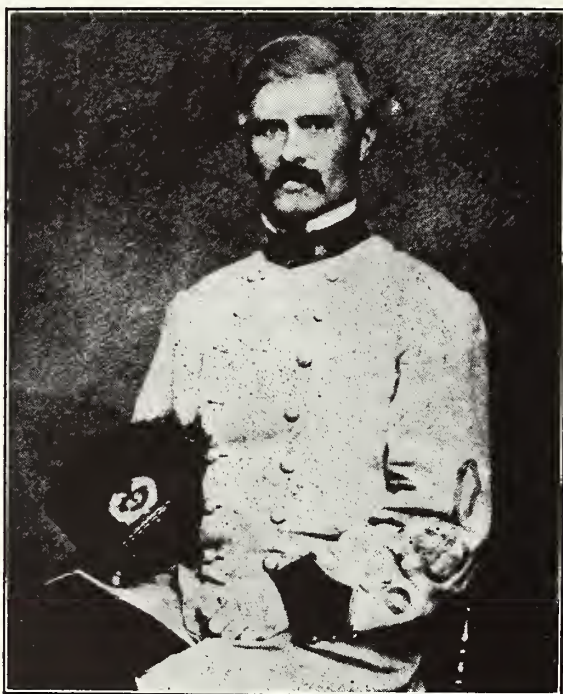


## SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

DR. WILLIAM F. STEUART.

CONTRIBUTED BY R. D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

Dr. William F. Steuart, of Maryland, came of a family of doctors and soldiers. He was a great-grandson of Dr. George Steuart of the University of Edinburgh, who came to this country and settled in Annapolis, 1821. Dr. William F. Steuart's grandfather, Charles Steuart, married Elizabeth Calvert, granddaughter of Charles, the fifth Lord Baltimore.



DR. WILLIAM F. STEUART.

At the same time as this wedding, Eleanor Calvert, sister of Elizabeth, became the bride of George Washington Parke Custis, adopted son of Washington.

Dr. William F. Steuart's uncle, Dr. Richard Sprigg Steuart, was a pioneer alienist of Maryland and founded the Maryland Hospital for the Insane at Spring Grove.

William Frederick Steuart was the son of Charles Steuart and Ann Biscoe. He was born in Anne Arundel County, Md., and studied medicine at the University of Maryland. At the outbreak of the War between the States, he was practicing his profession in Baltimore.

His eldest son, Capt. Harry A. Steuart, went to Virginia and helped to organize the 3rd Maryland Battery of Artillery. Later, he made several successful trips through the lines to Baltimore for medical supplies, and he was commissioned a captain. He was taking a wagonload of medicines through Southern Maryland on his way to the Potomac when he was captured and sent to the Old Capitol Prison, Washington, as a spy. There, in a desperate attempt to escape, he was shot and killed by a guard.

Dr. Steuart escaped to Virginia, and his family was exiled from Baltimore. He was commissioned a surgeon, and was attached to the brigade of his cousin, Gen. George H. Steuart, of the Army of Northern Virginia. He served until the surrender of Lee.

After the War, Dr. Steuart returned to Baltimore and was

Superintendent of the Marine Hospital and later of the Hospital for the Insane. In the latter years of his life he conducted a private sanitarium at Harlem Lodge, near Baltimore, and at Melvale and Mount Washington, Baltimore County.

## REFUSED TO BE A PRISONER.

Down in Paris, Tenn., lives a ninety-four-year-old veteran of the Confederacy who had active service with the great cavalry leader, N. B. Forrest, and whose life since the war has been of varied interest. W. D. Poyner came into the world near Charlotte, in Dickson County, Tenn., April 27, 1833, and in his long life he has seen many wonderful happenings and changes in this old world. He began preaching in 1879, and has been actively in that work up to the present. For some years he has been Commander of the Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris. His last experiences as a soldier of the Confederacy included capture and escape while on the way to prison, which he tells in the following:

"I served in the 10th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment under General Forrest, my captain being Oce Alexander, of Paris, and Nicholas N. Cox was my colonel. After the Chickamauga fight I was transferred to Armstrong's Brigade, where I served until captured thirty miles above Strawberry Plains. My brother, John Howard Poyner, was with me all the time, and we were captured by General Elliott, commanding the Cumberland Federal forces, on the 10th of January, 1864.

"They started with us to Knoxville, thirty miles on foot. We stayed one night at Strawberry Plains, then marched to Knoxville. While there we met one hundred and thirty-five prisoners, and stayed ten days, living on one-third of a quart of meal bran per soldier. We were nearly frozen and starved to death, and were compelled to march in the hall about twenty at a time to keep from freezing. There was not room for all to march at once, so we had to take it time about. After ten days, we were put on a train and sent to Loudon, on the Tennessee River, where we took a boat to Chattanooga and were put on a train bound for Rock Island Prison. We were thinly clad, and I knew that it would mean death, so it was then that my brother and I determined to jump from the train, or by some other means make our escape. We watched all night, and a chance came about four in the morning. The guards were in the doors, which stood ajar, one asleep, and the other had a blanket thrown over his head to keep away the wind.

"I slipped in and got the gun of the guard who was asleep, and stood guard over him from Shelbyville to Fosterville. It was necessary for me to take off my boots to keep from arousing them. My brother was to bring them and his while I prepared a way for us to escape. I stood there with the gun in my hand and was going to knock the other one down in case he should try to resist our escape.

"As they whistled for Fosterville and put on the brakes, I jumped off the train and hid under a culvert. The stream was not frozen over because of its swift current. I was expecting my brother to jump also, as he was about two feet from the door when I jumped, but he didn't get to do so till the train had started, and he was on the other side of a cattle guard from me. He also passed the regimental guards, but as he jumped the fireman saw him and fired. He was not hit, however, and never stopped running till he got in a cedar glade, where he put on his shoes, one a six, the other a ten, and both for the same foot. The firing of the pistol aroused all the guards, and they were put on their beats. I had to keep as quiet as possible, as I was within the regimental guards. One of them came within ten feet of me, and as he turned his



back I slid out of the culvert and got in a little ravine about four feet deep. I found the ice about four inches thick, and I could slide on it without its giving me away, so I slid along for about a hundred yards, then rose and ran.

"I had no idea where my brother was, so I ran with my bare feet about six miles over frozen ice and snow, cutting my feet until I could be tracked by the blood. The first place to



REV. W. D. POYNER AND HIS DEVOTED FRIEND AND COMRADE, CAPT. P. P. PULLEN (AT RIGHT).

which I came, I walked up to the door and holloed, 'Hello,' when two big dogs rushed at me. I gave one my hat and the other one leaped at my throat. Knowing that I could not manage them, I ran and jumped the fence; one caught my pants and tore a four-inch strip all the way down. My clothes were frozen, and as I ran the torn pants would flop against my leg. Thinking this was still the dogs after me, I never ran so rapidly in all my life.

"About four miles from that place, I came to another house and again holloed, 'Hello,' when I caught sight of a man running out the back door, which frightened me for a few minutes. Regaining my courage, again I called out, which brought an old negro woman to the door. She asked me in, and I walked up to the fire. I had to travel at night to get through the enemy's lines. I asked her who it was that ran out of the house when I came up, and she said: 'You know.' 'I do not,' was my reply.

"By my clothing she soon saw that I was a Confederate soldier, and she then called her husband, who had left upon my coming, thinking I was Yankees coming after him again. When I asked him if there were any white people on the place, he said: 'Yes, sir, Massy; but he would cuss you all to pieces.' Not being afraid, I persuaded him to take me to the house to meet the old man. He did so, and when we reached the house I was asked who I was. I told him, 'An old Rebel soldier,' to which he said: 'I wish they were all dead and in hell.'

"At this I grabbed him by the collar and told him if he didn't hush I wouldn't leave a greasy spot of him, and that I wanted breakfast and that quick. I got it, and it was the first food I had had since jumping from the train. I looked at his feet, but his shoes were not large enough for me, so the old negro man gave me a pair of twelves which he had at his house. Ordinarily I could not have worn them, but my feet being so sore and swollen, I managed to use them. Two miles farther on I came to a house, and my call brought an old lady, about eighty years old, to the door.

"Who are you?"

"I don't know whether I'm a pig or a pup."

"Well, if you're not a Rebel soldier you don't suit my ticket," she said.

"Bully for you," I shouted.

"She asked me in, and after showing her my feet, she got me a pair of socks smeared in mutton suet and beeswax, and gave me another pair to pull on over them. She then got me a pair of her husband's shoes, a much better fit than the pair the negro had just given me. After eating breakfast, she summoned me to a room.

"Why this?" I asked.

"There are Federal Home Guards in the yard, and you will be safe, so come in and let me lock you up."

"No," was my reply, 'I am just out of one lockup.'

"Well, pull off that pea jacket, stick it in your bosom, go three miles due east, and you will find my husband and a negro making rails."

"On the way I had to slip through cedar glades, hiding here and there from Yankees, as the country was full of them. I came to the old man and warmed by his fire. He told me that his son lived just across the field and for me to go to him and tell him his father said for him to take me as far as possible in order to get back by day. I went to his son's house, but found no one there and was compelled to walk on. I slipped across the turnpike and once again started for home. I met two citizens and a boy and told them I was glad to see some of my friends, and that I would like to have something to eat.

"They sent me right down to a house where there was a Yankee captain. I had only a hickory stick, which I carried for bad dogs, as everybody seemed to have them. When I knocked at the door, a man came and asked me in. I sat down, laying my hickory stick beside me, and, as I looked around, there sat a Yankee captain, who had not thus far spoken to me. Shortly he turned and said: 'You seem to be a soldier.'

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Have you taken the oath?"

"No, sir."

"Then how in the hell came you here?"

"I came on foot, train, and boat," I answered.

"I must take you to Shelbyville for you to take the oath."

"No one man or any two men will take me there alive," I said, even though I realized that hickory sticks would not shoot and pistols would. 'But when I get home, if I need the benefit of the oath, some of my Union friends will go with me to take it.'

"Have you any Union friends?"

"Yes, sir. I have one near Columbia, Mr. William Gregory."

"Is he your friend? Why, we were run out of this country together."

"I can't help that," I replied.

"What do you know of Mr. Gregory?"

"I told him how once I was sick with chills and fever, and I stayed at Mr. Gregory's house until I recovered, and that I had been able to save a valuable horse for Mr. Gregory by scaring off the thief who was about to take it. 'Ten righteous Lots saved Sodom, and one will save you,' was the Captain's comment.

"I next turned to the man of the house and asked him for some breakfast. He refused me, saying that he had taken the oath. The captain rebuked him and had him give me something to eat. We then walked out into the yard and there stood the two citizens and the boy who sent me there, thinking to find me a prisoner. They were shocked at my being free. The Captain and I then started for his mother's, who lived four miles off. As we approached the door I heard his brother-in-law say: 'There comes the captain with a prisoner.' After



entering, the captain told his mother not to look upon me as a prisoner, but as a gentleman. Sometime after dinner he mapped out my route to Columbia and bade me good-by.

"I traveled slowly, due to the soreness of my feet, but soon found myself in Dickson County, where I was born. I was so well acquainted there that I began to travel in the daytime.

"Shortly I was at the head of Yellow Creek, and I stayed with my uncle, Mr. Morris, that night. The next day I went to a Mr. Jones's and that night about twelve o'clock the Yankees came. I was asleep in the same room with the family, and to protect me, Mrs. Jones pretended she was sick and lay down on top of the cover of my bed, her sister putting the cover from her bed over Mrs. Jones. There she stayed, playing sick until ten o'clock the next morning—just to save me.

"The next night I spent with my uncle, Bill Turner. During my journey the day following I crossed the Tennessee River on a slab and got home in about three days, the distance being fifty-six miles.

"My brother had gotten home eighteen days before, as he had shoes to start out with. He was planning to try to find me had I not reached home when I did. This was the first time I had seen my wife and babies in three years, and I was very happy and thankful to be home again.

"I remained home a few days, making saddles, and bought me a horse. I then reported to General Lyon at Paris, when I was put under Captain Bateman, and we tore up the railroad from Charlotte, Tenn., to Johnsonville. From there we crossed the Cumberland River to Bowling Green, Ky., and were on our way to Hopkinsville with one cannon and about four hundred men. We captured two steamboats with provisions and oats, used the boats in crossing, and then burned them. A gunboat came down the river, and after we fired on them they turned back. We next went to Hopkinsville, burned a tanyard, surrounded and conscripted the town. Captain Lyon and his staff robbed the bank.

"I was a good saddle maker and was sent to Waverly to make saddles. Soon I left there and went to Missionary Ridge to establish a shop, but I could not, as there were so many Yankees. I returned home again and began to make saddles there. Captain Lyon offered me a hundred dollars for the saddle I was using.

"About two weeks later news came that General Lee had surrendered to Grant and that we were to go to Paducah to be paroled."

#### LOUISIANA IN CONFEDERATE CONGRESSES.

Thomas Jinkins Semmes, a cousin of Admiral Semmes, and a Senator from Louisiana to the Confederate Congress, was born December 16, 1824, at Georgetown, D. C. He graduated first from Georgetown College, with the A.B. degree, then from the Harvard Law School with the degree of LL.D. He practiced law in Washington City for about five years before going to New Orleans to engage in the same profession.

His paternal ancestors were of English and French extraction and were among the early settlers of Maryland. Raphael Semmes, father of T. J. Semmes, was a farmer in Charles County, Md. His mother was Matilda Jinkins, whose ancestors came from Ireland with Lord Baltimore to Maryland and were prominent settlers there.

In 1851, Thomas J. Semmes was admitted to the bar in Louisiana. He was elected a member of the Democratic State Central Committee, of which he became secretary. Then followed his election to the lower house of the General Assembly in 1855.

In 1858 President Buchanan appointed Mr. Semmes United States District Attorney, and it was while serving in this office that the duty of prosecuting General William Walker for leading a filibustering expedition against Nicaragua devolved upon him. Resigning this office, he was elected Attorney General of Louisiana, and was a delegate in 1861 to the State convention which adopted the ordinance of secession. He was one of the committee appointed to draft that important document. Subsequently he was elected one of the Confederate Congress, a position in which he served with commanding ability and unswerving loyalty to the close of hostilities.

In 1850 Mr. Semmes married the charming Myra E. Knox, daughter of William and Anna Lewis Knox, of Montgomery, Ala. Their elegant home in New Orleans was filled with art treasures. It was the rallying place for noted men and lovely ladies, who enjoyed their old-time social life. Their family consisted of five sons and two daughters, several of whom lived to maturity and married into influential families. During the occupancy of New Orleans by the Federal troops, their beautiful home, with its wealth of art and superb furnishings, was taken by Butler and sold. Three years later, the United States government allowed Mr. Semmes to repurchase his lost property, only a little of which he ever recovered. He died in 1899.

Lucius J. Dupre, son of Cyprien Dupre and Marcelite Giudry, and the grandson of Jacques Dupre, governor of Louisiana in 1831, was born in the Parish of St. Landry about the year 1822. He graduated at the University of Virginia in July, 1841, at the age of twenty, as Bachelor of Laws. Returning to his native State, after practicing his profession for a while, he was elected district judge.

He was a member of the Secession Convention of 1861, and when war was declared he enlisted as a private in the 18th Louisiana. While in service he was elected to the Confederate Congress, where he served four years.

He was married to Caroline Vanhille, and of their six children only one is left, Gilbert L. Dupre, formerly district judge, now a member of the legislature from the Parish of St. Landry. The eldest son, Jacques, was a military student under W. T. Sherman at the State Seminary when war was declared. He joined the armies of the Confederacy, and expired at Vicksburg the night before the surrender. Judge Dupre died in Opelousas, La., in March, 1869.

Charles M. Conrad, U. S. Senator from Louisiana, was born at Winchester, Va., about 1804. While he was still young, his family moved to Mississippi and later to Louisiana. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and began the practice in New Orleans; entered politics and was a member of the State House of Representatives for a number of years before he was elected U. S. Senator from Louisiana, as a Whig, in place of Alexander Mouton, resigned, serving from April 14, 1842, to March 3, 1843. In 1844 he was sent as a delegate to the State constitutional convention, and was elected representative from Louisiana to the thirty-first Congress, as a Whig, serving from December 3, 1849, to August 17, 1850, when he resigned. President Fillmore appointed him Secretary of War, and he acted in this capacity from August 13, 1850, to March 7, 1853. He was a delegate from Louisiana to the Montgomery Provisional Confederate Congress of 1861, and representative from Louisiana in the first and second Confederate Congresses of 1861 and representative from Louisiana in the first and second Confederate Congresses, 1862-64. He died at New Orleans, La., February 12, 1878.

John Perkins, lawyer and jurist, was born in Louisiana, July 1, 1819. He graduated from Yale College in 1840,



studied law, and began practice at New Orleans. He traveled extensively in Europe, and upon his return to America was appointed a judge of the circuit court in 1851. A year later he was elected a representative from Louisiana to the thirty-third Congress as a Democrat. During the War between the States he served as a member of the Confederate Congress.

Henry Gray entered the service of his State at the outbreak of the war in 1861. In May, 1862, he was commissioned colonel of the 28th Louisiana and took an active part in defending the State against the Federal troops in 1863. Of his part in the battle at Camp Bisland, Gen. Richard Taylor, in his report of the battle, commented as follows: "Colonel Gray and his regiment, officers and men, deserve most favorable mention." In one of the numerous battles on the Teche, Colonel Gray received a bad wound, but recovered in time to command a brigade during the Red River campaign; and so gallant was his conduct that the commission of brigadier general was conferred on him, dated from the battle of Mansfield, April 8, 1864. After the close of the war, he resided in Louisiana until his death, December 13, 1892.

## "THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER."

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

For nearly one hundred years the people of North Carolina have sung,

"Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's blessings attend her,  
While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her,"

and some months ago, when a song writer (not a Tarheel) endeavored to supplant this historic song with one of his own and stated that the legislature would be asked to officially declare his song as the State song, the people of the State felt it was time to ask the legislature to put its official stamp on the song written by the distinguished William Gaston in 1840 and which has been sung by every school child since that time as North Carolina's State song. By tradition and usage, it was the State song, but lest others endeavor to supplant it, a committee of the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was appointed at the last State convention to present a request to the next legislature to officially make this the State song of North Carolina.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina have for months made a real effort to have all clubs, civic organizations, and patriotic societies to more generally use this song, and they have distributed hundreds of copies of the words with the music. They have also had the music orchestrated, so that many bands all over the State now play this stirring air. The valuable services of Mrs. E. W. Randolph, former chairman of the Music Department of State Federated Clubs, in her research work and publication of this old song, has awakened interest in its history and development. While the words of the song are not just up to date and may not fit our State's present industrial era, yet they breathe loyalty, State pride, and earnest enthusiasm for North Carolina which we would do well to emulate. Every Tarheel felt pride in hearing the Old North State broadcast on North Carolina Day at the Sesquicentennial and its history told by Governor McLean. Dr. Charles McIver instilled the love of this song in his girls at the State Normal College.

The Assembly of North Carolina has given its official indorsement to this song, and thus prevents any writer from defaming Gaston's "Old North State," so that our hearts may swell with gladness whenever we name her. It is not many States that have a song written by so illustrious a

person as a State Senator, a congressman, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The Hon. William Gaston, who wrote "The Old North State" in 1840, is said to have done more than any other man to make North Carolina respected and beloved by its citizens.

So we feel that the Assembly has done well to preserve as the State song one written by such a distinguished author. May every citizen of the State show pride in this old song by singing more than one stanza at all public and civic gatherings.

"May our hearts ever swell with gladness whenever we name her.

Hurrah! Hurrah for the Old North State Forever."

The late Col. Richard Creecy said this of the author: "William Gaston has now been dead for many years. In any association he was truly a great man. I speak of him not as a lawyer, not as a judge nor a statesman nor an orator, writer, philosopher, or poet, but as a great representative man, representative of the excellencies of his race, the dignity of learning, the beauty of virtue, the worth of integrity and honor and uprightness of character—the Christian graces, the kindly sympathies, the fraternal impulses of life which alone impart to man his real manhood and make him a reflex 'image of his Maker.' Yet, great as he was, no literary memorial commensurate with his real magnitude has yet been dedicated to his memory."

(State Historians, U. D. C., are asked to furnish a copy of their State songs to the VETERAN with some little history of the composers. Such material is valuable to our history.)

## THE OLD NORTH STATE.

Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessing attend her!  
While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her;  
Though the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame her,  
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The Old North State forever!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! The good Old North State.

Though she envies not others their merited glory,  
Say, whose name stands the foremost in Liberty's story!  
Though too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppression,  
Who can yield to just rule more loyal submission?

Plain and artless her sons, but whose doors open faster  
At the knock of a stranger, or the tale of disaster?  
How like the rudeness of their dear native mountains,  
With rich ore in their bosoms and life in their fountains.

And her daughters, the Queen of the Forest resembling—  
So graceful, so constant, yet to gentlest breath trembling;  
And true lightwood at heart, let the match be applied them,  
How they kindled and flamed; ah none know but who've tried them.

Then all who love us, love the land that we live in  
(As happy a region as on this side of heaven),  
Where Plenty and Freedom, Love and Peace smile before us.  
Raise aloud, raise together, the heart-thrilling chorus!

—William Gaston.



# UNIQUE EXPERIENCES IN THE CHICKAMAUGA CAMPAIGN.

BY J. W. MINNICH, MORGAN CITY, LA.

When the month of September recurs each year, memory takes a leap backward to those fateful days preceding the great battle of Chickamauga. Pegram's Brigade of Cavalry, so called, was organized in the month of July, if I remember rightly, at or near Athens, East Tennessee, and consisted of the 1st and 6th Georgia, Rucker's Tennessee Legion, 12th and 16th Battalions; Col. George N. Folk's 65th North Carolina Battalion (five companies), classed as the 6th North Carolina Regiment in the official reports; and Huwald's Tennessee Battery, Capt. Gustave Huwald. About the time that General Bragg evacuated Chattanooga, we were ordered to join him in Georgia, and operated on the north, or right wing of his army, and it was not long before we came in contact with Rosecrans's forces.

I will quote here from General Pegram's report, No. 437, Volume 30, page 528, *et seq.*, Official Records: "The first of these (contacts) occurred near Graysville on the 10th inst. (September), when out on a reconnoissance with the 6th Georgia Cavalry Col. John R. Hart. It had been reported that the enemy had thrown himself between Colonel Scott (our second brigade at the 'Red Houses,' or Ringgold Bridge) and myself. Deeming the opening of communications with Scott most important, I ordered Colonel Hart to charge the enemy with two companies of this regiment. This he most gallantly did and brought out fifty-nine prisoners, being the skirmishers of Palmer's Division."

I will leave the official reports to digress and relate some incidents not touched upon therein. When the prisoners were brought in they were found to be *all Germans*, and they were a sulky set. They were halted where my company (G) was halted. We tried to get some information from them, but it was useless. They pretended to not understand, and, no doubt, the great majority of them understood but little, if any, English, having been *imported* but a few months at most—raw Dutch. We could not get a word from them. I tried them in my native Pennsylvania Saxon-Hollandic mixture, but all efforts to get a word from them were futile. At last, exasperated by one German's sullen silence, I fired at him something I felt sure he would understand, "*Du bist em dumble kopf*," and gave up all attempts to learn whose command they belonged to.

Before all this occurred, we had debouched from the dense wood into the open and saw before us the covered bridge spanning Chickamauga Creek in flames and nearly half consumed. Who fired it? I have never learned. It was then we turned back and encountered the enemy's skirmishers, who had been directed toward the Marysville bridge and were close upon our heels. Their object, it appears, was to march rapidly and seize the bridge and hold it for their own use. They were armed with the "Austrian rifle," the progenitor of the later Austrian "*Manlicher*," and were a welcome addition to our armament which was somewhat nondescript even then—U. S. converted Springfield muskets, some sawed-off, long Belgians, with a special kick, which made them almost as dangerous behind as in front. I carried one for a while and recall it with a sprinkling of Enfields and odds and ends.

We made a wild dash to get back to the Ringgold-Chattanooga road, and found it clear of the enemy as far as we could see. We crossed it and went over to the Dwyer's Bridge road, and crossed the Chickamauga at the ford a short distance above Dwyer's Bridge. At a crossroads just beyond,

we came up unexpectedly on a vidette post of "Minty's Federal Brigade," and captured four men of the 4th U. S. Cavalry. They were no more surprised than we, for we had had no intimation that any Federals were east of the Chickamauga as yet. We made our way uninterrupted up the creek, and turned up on the 11th in the neighborhood of Peavine and Rock Spring Churches. From about the latter, we set out during the early morning of the 12th to Leet's Spring, or Tanyard. I could not remember having seen or known anything of such an institution until I read Gen. D. H. Hill's account of Chickamauga in the *Century*, 1886. (See "Battles and Leaders in the Civil War," *Century*.)

We stopped at the spring in front of Leet's house, and refreshed ourselves with the cool, clear waters that gushed out on a level with the road. I think we all took a bath, in part at least, as we were too near the house to risk a full splash. Some washed the dust and grime out of our "extras," and the sun was hot enough to dry them in a very short while; and I had mine safely packed in my saddlebags when an advance guard of some fifteen men was sent ahead. They turned to the left on the Ringgold-Lafayette road, disappeared from sight, and we never saw them again.

The day before Wilder's Brigade of mounted infantry had cut in behind us in a raid on Ringgold and Tunnel Hill and had been checked and now were on the return to Crittenden's Corps at Lee and Gordon's Mill by way of Leet's. We in the ranks knew nothing of this, and our officers apparently were ignorant of this latter phase in Wilder's movements, but we were soon to be enlightened. Whatever had been the instructions to the advance guard, it became evident that it was surprised and captured, or dispersed, evidently the former, as there were several men from my company in it, and we never saw them again. About fifteen minutes, more or less, after they had left us, we started to follow, the 6th Georgia leading, and Company G was at the head of the column. We had entered the woods not more than a hundred yards, riding in column of fours, when we were surprised to see a line of horsemen top the ridge ahead, strung across the road at about fifteen-yard intervals. They stopped on sight of us, and we stopped at the sight of them. Neither of us knew who the other was, and though within easy rifle range they did not fire at us, and we wondered about our advance guard. They were in the deeper forest shade, and we were both so dust covered that at that distance in the shadows neither could at first sight distinguish friend from foe. After a very short minute or two, one of our boys addressed the colonel thus: "By —! Colonel, they are Yankees! They must have caught the advance guard, or we'd have heard them."

Several of us had already dismounted and were getting into skirmish order. More foolish than the others, I ran up a little gully in the head of which grew a bunch of black jack oak and small pines, and there awaited events. I did not notice at first that the command had fallen back into the open. Even after realizing that I had been left behind, I did not follow immediately—that is to say I was green. Even with over two years of active service behind me, I was green in this kind of warfare. I had never yet met an enemy face to face, so to put it, and, as I have before intimated, the day was hot, and those men were in their shirt sleeves of gray, their blue pants gray-yellow with the accumulated dust of a hard march. I wanted to be sure. The man at the right of their line rode toward my place of concealment, and when within twenty yards I challenged him, demanding to know whether he was Yank or Rebel. He made no answer, but came on riding around the head of the gully, peering down into the thick



brush, which must have concealed me perfectly. I was nervous. By this time I realized that I had "put my foot in it" rather deeply. His silent answer to my challenge and query was ominous, and I began to berate myself for being a consummate jackass—and I haven't yet changed my estimate of myself on that occasion.

He rode around the head of the ravine to the south side and stopped, peering down through the bushes. Evidently he did not see me at all, but I saw him clearly, and also saw that I was "in a hole," if some of his comrades were to come just then. I saw him stoop and peer down into the shady, somber depths, and, as he did so, uncovered himself fully and, looking direct, into my eyes, presented the fairest target possible. Thrusting my Enfield through the branches, and sighting straight between his eyes over his horse's head, I pulled the trigger and—down he went—not much! His horse reared up, swung around to the left and galloped back toward his comrades, the rider sitting straight in the saddle—as clear a miss as was ever made by a crack shot anywhere—and I could shoot straight in those days, which is not a boast.

Before he could reach his companions, I was making tracks down the hill toward the open and touching the ground only once in a while. In fact, I jumped most of the way. The troopers had not advanced yet beyond the point of their first halt, except the one I had so providentially (for him) missed killing. I have often thought of him as a brave man and felt glad that he got away unhurt. I found the command lined up in the open field above (east of) the road, with the right to and into the brush at the foot of Taylor's Ridge with the left and battery on the Lafayette-Ringgold road. In this position we awaited the enemy, who soon appeared in force, and the firing on both sides began in a lively manner. This was my first small arms fight, and I was duly excited. More excitement was to follow—but I will now revert to General Pegram's report again. After Graysville "the second engagement with the enemy was on the 12th inst., near Leet's Tan-yard, where we fought two hours with Wilder's Lightning Brigade of Mounted Infantry. [This celebrated brigade earned its title not only by its fighting qualities, but because of the celerity of its movements.] My force engaged in this fight was the 6th Georgia and Rucker's Legion. It would be impossible to pay too high a tribute to the daring gallantry of my small force in this unequal conflict with the picked brigade of General Crittenden's Corps. For a time the fighting was almost literally hand to hand. I was forced back only about four hundred yards, which point I held during the night. My loss was ten or twelve killed and seventy wounded, numbering some of my most valuable young officers."

The General gives account only of the fight and none of the details, which will have to be given with the hope that some old comrade of the 6th Georgia may read it and have his memory refreshed. In giving a fair and truthful account of the succeeding events culminating at Rossville Gap, September 21, and my personal observations and experiences, the personal big "I" must of necessity appear more often than may be considered good taste. But I must here enter a criticism of the latter part of the above-quoted report where the General says he "fell back only four hundred yards." The command fell back to the road leading into Taylor's Valley, and to Nickajack Gap, a long rifle shot from our first line in action. The cause of this precipitate falling back was the fact that Wilder, while engaging us in his front, had sent a regiment through the woods and brush to the top of Taylor's Ridge to take us in flank and rear. This move was discovered in time to frustrate the intended coup, and the command retreated on a run to the road through the Gap. The 6th

Georgia was there dismounted and sent up on the ridge to meet the flankers, and it was there in the dense brush that the actual battle was fought almost muzzle to muzzle. My captain, John R. Lay, Company G, told me that he was not more than six feet from the muzzle of the gun that brought him down. That part of the fight did not last more than fifteen or twenty minutes. The Federals had all the advantage in arms—seven-shot Spencer rifles, whereas we had only muzzle-loaders, one against seven. It was in those few minutes that the 6th Georgia had eleven men killed and over sixty wounded. One, Archie Shira, was killed in the road before the fight in the brush began. When the command retreated, Lieutenant James and four men were detailed from my company to observe any movement of the enemy on the road. By whose order I never learned, we were placed in such a position that not only endangered our lives, but invited capture by a mounted force. Behind our first line was a fence on the crest of a spur extending from the ridge to and beyond Leet's house, the crest a short distance south of the house. Along this crest was a fence extending from the ridge to the road, and from the road down past the house and garden. South of this fence was an open field extending to the road to Taylor's Valley on the east and to far beyond on the west. Gus and Dave Vann were placed a very short distance behind (south) of this fence on lower ground; Lieutenant James and Archie Shira, in the road at a lesser distance; and I was put into position about seventy-five yards from the road, and from eighty to ninety yards from the fence west of them. A very unsatisfactory, as well as dangerous position for us, as the sequel shows.

The command had disappeared while we waited for the next move of the enemy. We had not long to wait. On the opposite side of the spur the ground rose more steeply than on our side, and the dry hogweed was almost waist high. This enabled the enemy to creep up to the fence on my side of the road without detection. In front of the Vanns the conditions were more favorable for observation, as it was also in the road above me. The Vann brothers were the first to see the enemy's line appear advancing, and fired their rifles, shouting to us: "They're coming!" They then turned and started for the rear. About the same time, or a half minute later, the Lieutenant and Archie, in the road, turned to follow calling to me to fall back, which was needless to anyone with a grain of sense, which the sequence proved was none of my attributes. As they turned to follow the two Vanns, poor Archie was struck in the side by a bullet and fell from his horse, which followed James up the road. Anyone but a consummate jackass, such as I proved to be, would have been glad to follow at his best speed. But when I saw my good friend and comrade fall, my feelings got the best of the last bit of common sense I possessed, in a rage to get revenge for his fall. My mare, a gentle, obedient beast, had more sense than I. She wanted to follow the others, but I held her head to the front, determined to get a shot at the men who had gotten my comrade. The first intimation I had that the enemy was on my side of the road was when a fellow directly in front of me poked his rifle through the top rails of the fence and let drive at me. The bullet just grazed the top of my hat. I was a fair target, and the fidgeting of my mare was evidently the only thing that saved me from the fate of my comrade. It was a beautiful "line shot," only two inches too high. Poor Puss! She paid for my stubbornness and lack of sense. The shot coming from an unexpected direction startled me a bit, but when the fellow stood up, I let drive for his belt, just above the top of the low fence. I heard the bullet strike the rail and thought I saw a splinter fly up. It, too, was a good line shot. I did not wait to see more than that



the man leaped, or fell back from the fence, while at the same moment others appeared lining up behind the fence. Then I realized my folly to the full. I turned then to get to the rest of the command, which was now quite out of sight and a full half mile up the road. As I turned, trying to reload my rifle, several of the blue coats opened on me and the bullets whistled by, above, below, and on both sides. They must have been overanxious to get me. Turning to the right while reloading a bullet caught "Puss" in the left flank, and she stopped short, paralyzed for the moment. I had rammed a cartridge home by that time, and, sliding from the saddle on the off side, I put on a cap and, resting the rifle over her withers, let drive at them. Again I heard the bullet strike the rail directly in front of one of them, and he jumped back. In such moments a fellow makes up his mind quickly. There was only one of two things to do—surrender or run for it. I had a horror of captivity far greater than any fear of bullets though. I was always afraid of them, both large and small. Therefore, in a twinkling my mind was made up, I determined to run for it, knowing well the risk—not less than thirty to forty men lined up at the fence and only ninety to one hundred yards distant at the farthest. My course lay across the open field a good third of a mile to the nearest shelter, a fence and ravine. As soon as I got from the shelter of my mount, the whole line opened on me, and the bullets flew thick and fast. I flew as no champion sprinter ever covered ground for possibly two hundred yards and landed in a drain from the upper field and road (about three feet wide and two feet deep), striking my stomach on the hard-baked bank with such force that it knocked the breath completely out of me. Recovering speedily, the occasion fully demanding speed in every sense, I looked back through the tops of the dead hogweed to assure myself whether or not I was being followed. Seeing no move, I composed myself as quickly as possible, loaded my rifle, and was on the point of firing when I saw Puss move off slowly and diagonally across their front toward a gap in the fence where one of our horses, wounded, stood in the road. Tears of rage and sorrow for my loss of the faithful steed which had carried me through a hard campaign in Kentucky and East Tennessee came unbidden and blurred my sight for the moment. Always the lover of a good horse, or any good animal, in fact, it hurt me to see her fall into the hands of an enemy who might not treat her as she deserved in her dying moments, for I knew her wound was mortal. I wept frankly; I was but a boy, under twenty. Slowly and painfully she moved forward to join a companion in misery. When about thirty yards from the gap, two men jumped the fence and advanced toward the crippled beast, for plunder, no doubt. This action aroused my ire to the highest pitch, and I determined to give them a surprise. No doubt they thought they had done for me. As one of them reached out to take the mare by the bridle rein, I took as careful aim as my ruffled nerves permitted, directly over the saddle, and pulled the trigger. It was a surprise to them all right, and if the man aimed at was not "scotched," the bullet passed close enough to wind him. He leaped back, and the two of them lost no time in getting back over the fence, while Puss, poor thing, continued her painful way without stopping till she came to her wounded companion, and I last saw her there. I could see the Federals by that time lined up behind the fence to the brush at the foot of the ridge—a regiment. But my shot roused them to the fact that I was still very much alive, and the whole shooting match below the road opened on the spot where the shot came from. There was no wind to blow the smoke away. From the road down to the end of their line, they rained bullets down on the spot where the smoke rose

lazily. But I was not there. They did not know about the "drain," and when they opened fire again, I was some fifteen or twenty feet further downstream. But they surely cut down the hogweed. Finally they ceased firing, and I sent in a shot from my new ambuscade, attracting the fire to that point, while, stooping low, I regained the first position and sent in a shot from there again. I could not be certain that either of my shots had taken effect other than to damage the oak rails to some extent perhaps; I heard two impacts plainly. I was too nervous.

No sign of my command anywhere, and a regiment of enemies in front, at a range of three hundred to five hundred yards, or less. My mind was far from being at ease. Still I felt safe in a way, as they did not advance beyond the fence. But I must get away from there. Behind me lay an open space twenty-odd acres deep by twelve to fifteen acres wide, with no shelter from bullets except the burned stump of a big tree about thirty yards from the road, and some sixty or seventy yards from the drain. I made a dash for it, accompanied by a hail of lead. Every man in that outfit took a shot or two at me, but as my course was diagonal, the bullets passed behind me; I was "hitting the high spots" only. Gaining the stump (about ten feet high), I felt safe for the time being, and regained the breath I had spent in the strenuous sprint—and no sprinter on the cinder track ever made faster time in "nothing flat." Here I also regained my courage and a bit of confidence. But thirst began to assail me. Mouth "too dry to spit" and not a drop of water to be had at any price. At the upper end of this first field was a row of oaks, beginning about eighty yards from the road, and extending down across the field to the woods of the Peavine Creek bottoms. Those oaks suggested a ravine and water, and I determined to make for that ravine. I had exchanged several shots with my friendly tormenters back at the fence, and they were certainly poor shots, as not one of the bullets even grazed the stump, and it was twice my size. I would have retreated no farther but for the lack of water. Almost choking with thirst and dust, I felt that I must have water or collapse completely, so I started for that ravine. As soon as I left the stump, my friends at the fence opened again with all they had in store. I doubt that any single individual ever had as many bullets fired at him in the space of not more than a half hour. Then, as I sprinted across that field, a panic seized me—what if a bullet did bring me down before I could get to water? I might die of thirst there in the hogweeds. Horrible thought! But as I sped across that barren waste of weeds, with the bullets whistling above, around, and underfoot, kicking up the dust. The heat was intense. Finally, gasping for breath, I reached the low fence and rolled over on my back and lay there until my breath came back and then descended into the shaded ravine. After a long search in the dry bed of the ravine, I found not a spring or water course, as I hoped—a hog wallow into which the water had seeped until it was half full. Lying down on the side of it, I stuck my face into the almost ice-cold, clear water and drank until I could hold no more. Then I sat up and in an instant fell back unconscious. For the first time in my life I had fainted. How long the faint lasted I could not tell—ten minutes or ten seconds. After a short rest, I got to my feet rather stiffly and went up to the fence to assure myself that I had not been followed. No enemy pursued, and no command in sight. Afoot and alone—imagine my feelings!

This did not end my experiences for the day by any means, but the rest must be for another chapter. I have omitted some things from this account for the reason that I have never heard of anyone else having had any like experience



and, though very true, I will not write it down here simply because not one person in a thousand would believe the story.

General Wilder's report on this fight states his loss was "Three men killed and ten wounded," and that he fought "two regiments of infantry and drove them two miles." What rot! Our burial detail claimed to have buried in or adjacent to Leet's orchard, twelve of ours and thirteen of Wilder's men. On Sunday, the 13th, Wilder's report was discounted by Leet's people, who reported to our officers that Wilder had carried away more than "sixty wounded" in ambulances and wagons. A week later came "Jay's Mill," Chickamauga—"Pegram's Brigade at Chickamauga and Experiences of a Private," next chapter.

## SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

JAMES WILSON.

As a constructive statesman, whose political philosophy was based upon confidence in the public, James Wilson, Pennsylvania signer of the Declaration of Independence, had no equal in the Federal convention of 1787.

In striving for such provisions as would best guarantee a government by the people, he favored the following measures: Independence of the executive, legislative, and judicial departments; the supremacy of the Federal government over the State governments; and the election of senators as well as representatives by the people. He was opposed to the election of the President or the judges by Congress.

James Wilson was a Scotchman and received most of his training for his subsequent services as statesman and jurist in his native country. He was born in St. Andrews, Scotland, in 1742, and studied successively at Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Edinburgh. Then he emigrated to America and became employed as a tutor in a college and academy. A little later he began the study of law in the office of John Dickinson. He practiced with great success in Reading, Carlisle, and Annapolis, after which he returned to Philadelphia, where he remained for the rest of his life.

In May, 1775, Wilson became a member of the Continental Congress. During the same month he received a commission as colonel, raised a battalion of troops in his county, and for a short time in 1776 he took part in the New Jersey campaign. His principal labors during 1776 and 1777, however, were within Congress. He wrote and published his sentiments concerning the Colonial independence with great freedom and boldness.

In September, 1777, the political faction which had opposed independence again came into power, and Wilson was kept out of Congress until the close of the war. He was back again, however, in 1783 and 1785-1786, and, advocating a sound currency, labored in coöperation with Robert Morris to direct the financial policy of the confederation.

James Wilson aided in drafting the Constitution of the United States and was a member of the convention which changed the constitution of Pennsylvania. In 1789 he was appointed a judge of the United States Supreme Court, in which capacity he served until his death at Edenton, S. C., in 1798.

GEORGE CLYMER.

A true leader of revolutionary days he was of service to his country in so far as he possessed many and diverse talents and made use of them all. Such a man was George Clymer, one of the Pennsylvania signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Aside from many offices and committee appointments which

he was called upon to fill as a statesman, George Clymer is known as a founder of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and the Pennsylvania Bank.

He was a member of the Continental Congress in 1776, 1777, and in 1780. With Richard Stockton, he was appointed to inspect the Northern Army at Ticonderoga on September 26, 1776. In December of the same year, when the approach of the British forced Congress to flee to Baltimore, the Pennsylvania signer was one of the commissioners left in Philadelphia to attend to the public interests.

Tact, decision, and honesty are some of the qualities which characterized his dealings, particularly those with the Indians.

When he was appointed a commissioner to treat with the Indians at Fort Pitt, it was largely upon his report to Congress that the government was induced to carry the war into the enemy's country.

It was natural that Clymer should become a member of the convention which framed the national Constitution and a representative in the first Congress to function under it. His "platform" constitutes a quaint commentary upon the politics, immigration, and debt funding of the period. He opposed the bestowal of titles upon the President and Vice President.

He combated the notion that representatives should always vote in accordance with constituents' instructions. He favored gradual naturalization of foreigners.

He supported the assumption of State debts by the nation.

After concluding a treaty with the Creek and Cherokee Indians, George Clymer withdrew from public life. He died in 1813, at the age of seventy-four.

RICHARD STOCKTON.

Thrown into the common prison in New York by a band of loyalists and treated with the utmost severity during the Revolution was the fate of Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

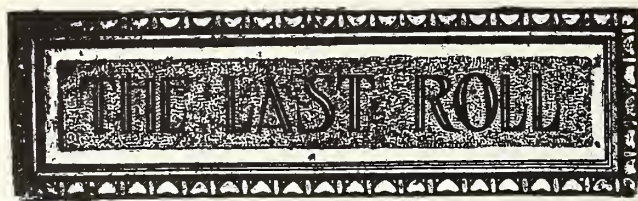
At the direction of Congress, General Washington remonstrated with General Howe, and Stockton was exchanged shortly afterwards, but his health had been permanently impaired.

The New Jersey signer was born near Princeton in 1730. He was graduated from Princeton College, after which he studied law. When he visited Great Britain a few years later, he exerted himself especially to remove the prevailing ignorance regarding the American colonies. For a while he strove to effect a reconciliation between the colonies and the mother country, and was silent for a time in the opening debates on the question of independence. In the end, he expressed concurrence in the final vote and signed the Declaration.

Richard Stockton's library, one of the best in the country, was burned by the British when they occupied Princeton at the close of 1776, and his estate, called "Morven," in the suburbs of Princeton, was devastated. The portraits of the signer and his wife were pierced with bayonets. By these strokes of ill luck, and by the depreciation of colonial currency, his fortunes were greatly diminished, and he was forced to obtain help from friends.

As an eminent lawyer who became judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, Richard Stockton became a valuable member of the Continental Congress, to which he was elected in 1776. He signed the Declaration of Independence along with his distinguished son-in-law, Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, who had married his daughter Julia.—*From a series issued by the Sesquicentennial Publicity Department, 1926.*





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

### THE TRUST.

BY ALBERT SPEIDEN, MANASSAS, VA.

Thinner the old gray line is growing,  
As swiftly pass the years.  
One by one the gray are going,  
As we lay them by with tears.

But as they go, in gray coats sleeping,  
They leave us a sacred trust,  
For unto us is left the keeping  
Of traditions they held just.

Then let us be up and doing,  
Alive to our sacred trust,  
On the graves the flowers strewing  
Of those sleeping in the dust.

And to those among the living,  
May we in their pathway strew  
Flowers, their sweet fragrance giving,  
To show they are remembered too.

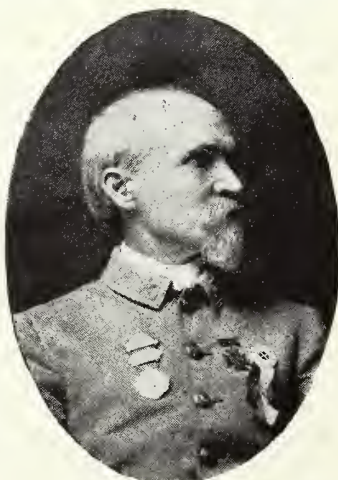
COLUMBUS L. NOLEN.

A loyal and valued member of Egbert J. Jones Camp, U. C. V., of Huntsville, Ala., was lost in the passing of Capt. C. L. Nolen, on March 26, and a beloved friend is missed from familiar places. For years he had served as Adjutant of the Camp, and his interest in and love for his Confederate comrades never wavered.

Comrade Nolen was born in Dyersburg, Tenn., February 11, 1846, and at the age of seventeen years he enlisted in the Confederate army at Decatur, Ala., becoming a member of Company E, 4th Tennessee Cavalry (Starnes), serving under Generals Forrest and Wheeler during the entire war. He took part in many

battles and campaigns, among them the battle of Atlanta, and his command followed Sherman in the march to the sea.

In March, 1874, Columbus Nolen was married to Miss Eleanor E. Wright, of Dyersburg, and a son and three daughters were born to them, all surviving. He established the first bank in the city of Dyersburg, and was also a member of



C. L. NOLEN

a successful hardware firm of that place. The buildings on the east side of the square, now occupied by prominent firms, were put up by him, and in other ways he was a leading spirit in the upbuilding of his home town. Moving to Huntsville in 1890, he there entered the hardware business, making a success of that while making many friends in his new home. He was also for many years a director of the Huntsville Bank and Trust Company. He was a member of the Central Presbyterian Church, and for long an elder.

After many months of illness, a gradual failing of bodily powers, his gentle spirit passed into the life eternal. Clothed in the Confederate uniform he loved so well, his body was taken back to the old home community, and, after brief services in Dyersburg, he was laid to rest with the loved ones of long ago in the family cemetery in Lauderdale County.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

HENRY CLAY SHARP.

The soul of Henry Clay Sharp answered to the last summons on the night of April 2, 1927. He was born November 17, 1844, the son of Jacob and Elizabeth Simonds Sharp, of Hertford County, N. C. He enlisted for the Confederacy and rose to the rank of sergeant of Company D, 68th North Carolina Regiment, serving from 1863 to the end.

He was our county historian, and when the movement was started toward the formation of a Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, he displayed much interest. The Hertford County Chapter was organized in May, 1909, and he was always our valued friend, and his going is keenly felt, for he was never happier than when talking about the days of service for the Southland, giving each boy of Hertford County his just honors as a soldier.

Mr. Sharp was a student, and he wrote well and interestingly. He was a valuable asset to his county. When he returned from the University of Virginia in 1869, where he graduated as a civil engineer, he turned his attention to the drainage of swamp lands of his own, and was a successful planter until he retired from business several years ago. He was a capitalist of note; a friend to those who needed his advice; and he helped many people to own homes and buy real estate who would never have done so had he not made the way clear for them.

He has served his county well. He was register of deeds from 1876 to 1880. He was elected clerk of the Superior Court in 1882, but declined to qualify. He was postmaster at Harrellsville from 1881 to 1885. He had been president and vice president of the bank of Harrellsville.

Mr. Sharp married Miss Eulalia Sharp, and the two daughters reared to womanhood blessed him in his declining years.

In honor he was impregnable; in simplicity he was sublime. [Mrs. Roswell C. Bridger, President Hertford County Chapter, U. D. C.]

### COMRADES IN ALABAMA.

The Egbert J. Jones Camp, No. 357 U. C. V., at Huntsville, Ala., has recently lost four of its members:

B. L. Coyle was a member of Company K, 4th Alabama Cavalry.

J. W. Polk Kelly was a member of Company K, 4th Alabama Cavalry.

C. L. Nolen was a member of Company E, 4th Tennessee Cavalry (Starnes).

J. M. Cornutt was a member of Company K., 2nd Kentucky Battalion of Cavalry.

This leaves the Camp with only twenty members.

(Mrs. Alice McCravey, Adjutant.)



## ARKANSAS COMRADES.

The following deaths among the Confederate veterans of Fayetteville, Ark., and that section, were reported by Mrs. T. M. Logan, of Fayetteville:

George W. Rainey, more familiarly known as "Uncle Dood," died at his home in Huntsville, Ark., on July 1, 1926, after several years of feeble health. He was perhaps the oldest native citizen of that section, having been born at Huntsville, August 29, 1839, and that was continuously his home except when serving as a soldier of the Confederacy. He was with Gordon's Regiment, of Cabell's Brigade, with James Moody as captain of his company. "Uncle Dood" was known for his kindly disposition and a passion for the friendship of children, and he will be long remembered thereby.

Matthew Grubb was born in Tennessee, January 7, 1848, but had lived in Arkansas the greater part of his life; his death occurred on July 5, 1926, at Alabam, Ark. He was one of those young soldiers of the Confederacy, and though his service did not begin regularly until late in 1864, he was with the army for two years in all. He was with Cabell's Brigade, but his company and regiment are not known, though it is thought he was under Captain Rodgers or Capt. Calvin Wiggins. His brother, Jack Grubbs, served with the 7th Arkansas Cavalry, also his brother-in-law, Francis Marion Logan, and a cousin of the latter, Bob Brown, the three being together all during the war. Matthew Grubb is survived by his wife, four daughters, and two sons.

Augustus Allen, a prominent citizen of Prairie Grove, Ark., died there on March 3, 1927, at the age of eighty-three years. He was born near Clarksville, Ark., and had lived in the State all his life. He served four years with the Confederacy, being with Churchill's Brigade, and was a member of the Prairie Grove Camp, U. C. V. He is survived by his wife, and their fifty-fourth wedding anniversary was celebrated during the winter. They had no children.

John J. Clark died on March 9, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John C. Anderson, of Fayetteville. He was taken ill while visiting a daughter in Oklahoma, and died shortly after being taken home. He was born October 12, 1840, in Moncure County, Ark., the son of Morris and Lucinda Clark. Several years later his parents removed to Washington County, where he was reared. He was married in 1860 to Miss Nannie Goshen, and is survived by three sons and three daughters. During the War between the States he served with Company K, King's Regiment of Arkansas Troops.

At the age of ninety-two years, "Uncle Abe" Dixon died at Prairie Grove on January 6, after a short illness. He was born in Alabama and spent part of his childhood in Tennessee. He served in the Confederate army from August, 1862, to May, 1865, as a member of Company K, 34th Arkansas Volunteers, taking part in the battle of Prairie Grove. Surviving him are a son and three daughters, also twenty grandchildren.

Thomas J. Mullins, born in Raleigh, N. C., October 26, 1841, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. C. Banks, near Johnson, Ark., on December 8, 1926. He served through the four years of war with the 3rd Missouri Cavalry, C. S. A., and was paroled from Fort Monroe, La. He was married to Miss Theodosia Stearns in 1869, and four sons and a daughter survive him. Comrade Mullins was a pioneer of Arkansas, going to Fayetteville with his father in 1866.

J. C. Stanford, formerly of Fayetteville, Ark., died in Memphis, Tenn., his late home, on December 8, 1926, at the age of eighty-four years. He was born at Cartersville, Ga., in 1842, and entered the Confederate army with a Carters-

ville company which became a part of Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. He fought in all the great battles where General Lee commanded, and was wounded several times. He was married to Miss Sarah Paff, of Georgia, and in 1867 they went to Arkansas, taking a homestead near Waldron, but removed to Fayetteville in 1894 that his children could be educated at the University of Arkansas. His wife died shortly after their fifty-seventh anniversary, and he then made his home in Memphis. He is survived by three sons.

## MAJ. J. W. CARTER.

Born under Southern skies, Maj. J. W. Carter, full-blooded Cherokee Indian and a veteran of the Confederacy, died at the age of one hundred and seven in his beloved Southland, at the Confederate Home of Alabama, on the night of March 3. His death marks the passing of one of the most picturesque figures of the Confederacy.

This hardy old veteran saw service in the Texas war for independence under Gen. Zachary Taylor and served as chief scout under Gen. N. B. Forrest in the War between the States. The history of his life reads like fiction. Born in Floyd County, Ga., near what is now the city of Rome, in 1820, the "Wildcat" was taught the crafts of his tribe among the beautiful foothills of the Blue Ridge. But the day came when he must leave his native soil. Palefaces thronged into that section, and the Cherokees were driven into other lands. The "Wildcat" never forgot. . . . His people named that march across the Father of Waters as the "Trail of Tears." Hundreds died of starvation and fatigue; his journey ended in Oklahoma.

When the Mexican War broke out, Carter had established a reputation as a guide in the West, and General Scott sent for him; he refused to go, for Scott's soldiers, he said, were among those who had persecuted his people; but he joined Gen. Zachary Taylor and followed him through the war with Mexico. When the War between the States came on, Carter was living at Tahlequah, Okla. He joined the Confederate forces under Gen. Albert Pike and was made captain of scouts. He served in the Western campaign, including the battle of Red River and all the fights against the army of Franz Sigel, under General McCulloch. Later he was chief of scouts under General Forrest.

Shortly after the war, Major Carter went to Montgomery to spend the rest of his life in the "Cradle of the Confederacy," among his comrades in arms. Skilled in Indian lore, he set up a shop as "Herb Doctor" and enjoyed a wide trade, being held in high estimation. He was a member of Camp Lomax, U. C. V., of Montgomery, and never missed a reunion, where he was conspicuous in his broad-brimmed hat, a feather in the band, topping a mass of long black hair. Injured by a fall at his little home in Montgomery, he was sent to the hospital at the Confederate Home at Mountain Creek, where he died shortly afterwards and was laid by his comrades in the cemetery there.

[From *Montgomery Advertiser*.]

## T. F. SIGMAN.

After several months of confinement in the hospital at Beauvoir Confederate Home, T. F. Sigman, who served in the 13th Tennessee Infantry under that splendid cavalry officer Nathan Bedford Forrest, passed over to meet his comrades and relatives who had gone before him across the "Golden Strand."

[Marcus D. Herring, Adjutant Beauvoir Camp No. 120 U. C. V.]



## JOSEPH J. COCKE.

Joseph James Cocke, the oldest civil engineer in South Texas, died on October 17, 1926, at his home in Brownsville, Tex.

He was born December 13, 1841, in King William County, Va., and received his elementary education in Roanoke County at the Valley Union Seminary, a coeducational school of which his father, Dr. Charles L. Cocke, was principal, the founder of Hollins College. He had prepared for the University of Virginia, but the outbreak of War between the States prevented his matriculation.

In May, 1861, he volunteered in a regiment, later known as the 59th Virginia Infantry, which formed a part of General Wise's Legion. He was afterwards detached from that regiment, and in the latter part of the winter of 1861 and 1862 was employed as a drillmaster in the Peninsular country of Virginia. In the spring of 1862, young Cocke joined the second company of the famous Richmond Howitzers, and was actively engaged as an artilleryman during the remainder of the conflict, participating in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Spotsylvania, and other historic battles of his native State. He was twice seriously wounded at Fredericksburg, and again at Spotsylvania. With the remnant of his command, he was present at the surrender at Appomattox.

After returning home (Hollins Institute), Joseph Cocke remained in Virginia three years, in 1868 going to Texas, locating first in Lavaca County. In 1870 he went to DeWitt County and there taught school for two and one-half years. He was also appointed deputy county clerk, and later deputy sheriff, deputy clerk, and deputy surveyor, and still later elected county and district clerk and superintendent of schools.

As the pioneer civil engineer of the Lower Rio Grande Valley, Comrade Cocke was the promoter of various projects that have resulted in the most important developments of the country. As a pioneer land surveyor, he ran out many of the most important grant lines and surveys of South Texas.

He was prominent in Masonic circles for over fifty years and a regular attendant in all of these bodies until his death.

Comrade Cocke was married, in 1879, to Miss Mary Pleasants, of DeWitt County, Tex., who died in 1923. He is survived by three daughters and a son.

He was a faithful and consistent member of the Episcopal Church.

## GEORGIA COMRADES.

Deaths in Camp No. 435 U. C. V., Augusta, Ga., from April 26, 1926, to April 26, 1927:

H. C. Roney, 22d Georgia Infantry, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps; died June 28, 1926.

N. K. Butler, 8th Georgia Cavalry, Dearing's Brigade, Butler's Division, Hampton's Corps; died July 12, 1926.

George F. Lamback, 2nd Georgia Battalion; died September 26, 1926.

Walter H. Chavous, Hampton's Cavalry Legion; died August 15, 1926.

James L. Fleming, 1st Georgia Infantry, Brown's Division, Hardee's Corps; died December 13, 1926.

Albert B. Saxon, 63rd Georgia Infantry, Walker's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Cheatham's Corps; died April 1, 1927.

John H. Archer, 5th Georgia Regiment, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps; died April 14, 1927.

[Charles Edgeworth Jones, Historian Camp 435 U. C. V.]

## DR. JAMES J. NEELY.

Dr. James J. Neely, for nearly a quarter of a century Superintendent for the Western State Hospital for the Insane at Bolivar, Tenn., died in Memphis, Tenn., on May 7, 1926, at the age of seventy-eight years.

Of distinguished parentage and ancestry, James J. Neely was born at Bolivar in 1848, the son of S. Rufus Polk and Elizabeth Lea Neely. As a boy of fourteen, he ran away from home in 1862 to join the Confederate army. Making his way to the headquarters of the 7th Mississippi Regiment, in Panola County, Miss., he was accepted for service with Company E, and served to the end of hostilities, being in the thick of the fight at Brice's Crossroads, West Point, Artesia, Harrisburg, and other places.

After being mustered out at Gainesville, Ala., he returned to Bolivar and attended school for two years. He then entered the University of Mississippi, and, after graduating there, went to Bellevue Hospital School of Medicine, New York, and obtained his degree. Returning to Bolivar, he engaged in general practice, and during the administration of Gov. R. L. Taylor he was made Superintendent of the Western State Hospital there, which he held for twenty-four years. He then moved to Memphis, and was there associated with the Board of Health. Failing eyesight caused him to give this up in 1924.

He was an able physician and an expert on nervous and mental diseases.

Dr. Neely was twice married, his first wife being Miss Julia Smith, of Memphis, daughter of Judge Thomas R. Smith. Six children were born to them, of whom five survive him. His second wife was Miss Alice Collier, daughter of Col. W. A. Collier, of Memphis, and she survives with their three children.

In all of life's relations, Dr. Neely was one of the finest products of an age which has passed. Courteous, kindly, loyal, he went his way in life and well did he wear "the grand old name of gentleman."

## ROBERT S. BOWLES.

Robert S. Bowles, eighty-five years of age, said to have been one of the two last Confederate veterans living in Brooklyn, N. Y., died at his home there on April 18.

Edwin Selvage, eighty-five, who became the sole surviving Confederate veteran in Brooklyn, paid final tribute to his comrade.

Mr. Bowles was born in Fork Union, Va., and served four years in the Confederate army. He was wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. He was first sergeant in Company C, 19th Virginia Regiment. He located in Brooklyn forty years ago, and for thirty-five years had been a communicant of the Greene Avenue Baptist Church there. He had been a member of the Confederate Veterans Camp of New York City, and a member of the Fork Union, Va., Lodge, F. and A. M., for sixty-five years.

Henry C. Blackmore, G. A. R. veteran, of Brooklyn, also paid tribute to the man who had fought against him in the War between the States.

Interment will be in Greenwood Cemetery. Comrade Bowles is survived by his wife, a son, and three daughters—Mrs. James M. Whitehead, Mrs. George H. Bowers, and Mrs. Frank T. Knowles.

W. M. HARDIN.—Report comes of the death, on March 2, of W. M. Hardin, for many years postmaster at Rome, Ga., a loyal Confederate veteran and a devoted friend of this publication. A sketch of him will appear later.



## CHARLES H. GRIFFIN

Charles H. Griffin, a gallant Confederate veteran and highly esteemed and beloved citizen of LaGrange, Ga., died at his home in that city on March 7, 1927. He was the son of Charles H. and Mary Ashford Griffin, and was born in Troup County, near LaGrange, on November 15, 1845.

He entered the service of the Confederate army in 1863, and was severely wounded at the battle of the Wilderness. He was a member of the LaGrange Light Guards, Company B, 4th Regiment, Georgia Volunteers. With the exception of Judge W. W. Turner, he was the last surviving member of this company. After being wounded, he was taken to a hospital in Lynchburg, where he was confined in a helpless condition for a long period of time; he then returned home on a furlough to recuperate. He was on his way back to join his command when he heard of the surrender. He was still weak and limping from his wounds and experienced many hardships in getting back home. He was an active member of Camp 405 U. C. V., from its organization and contributed generously to it.

After the war he engaged in farming in Troup County, and afterwards entered the mercantile business and then the real estate field. He was a consistent member of the First Baptist Church of LaGrange from early manhood to his death.

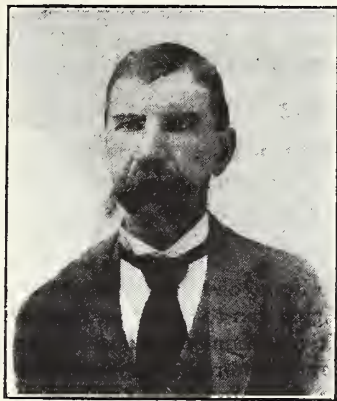
For a long number of years he was the chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Roads and Revenue of Troup County, and no county ever had a more faithful or efficient officer. Due largely to his good judgment and to his economical and intelligent administration of the county affairs, Troup County's finances were always in splendid shape and her roads and public buildings ranked with the best in the State. He spent his entire life in Troup County, and by his uprightness and integrity he won the confidence and esteem of every one who knew him. He was a brave and loyal soldier, an upright and progressive citizen, and a true Christian gentleman.

## SERGEANT WILLIAM C. FRAZIER.

On April 13, William C. Frazier, of Summit Point, W. Va., answered the last roll call. He was a son of Samuel H. and Mary Waters Frazier, born May 13, 1843, in Loudoun County, Va. In early boyhood he went to make his home with his uncle, Jonathan Frazier, near Summit Point, and he inherited this uncle's farm, where he lived his long and useful life as farmer and enterprising citizen. He was modest and unassuming and made warm friends by his genial disposition and his cheery words and smiles for every one.

On April 21, 1862, Company B, of the 12th Virginia Cavalry, was organized at Harrisonburg, Va., George Baylor as captain, and young Frazier became a member of it. He served to the end of the war and surrendered at Appomattox. Captain Baylor said: "W. C. Frazier always answered roll call, always ready to do his duty, and a more gallant soldier never trod the battle field. He became a sergeant."

William Frazier was a lifelong member of the Episcopal Church at Summit Point. He aided materially in building



CHARLES H. GRIFFIN.

the church and gave liberally of his means toward its maintenance, giving it by will \$7,000. He loved his Church and the cause of the South. By his request, a small Confederate flag was placed over his heart as he lay in his casket. After the funeral services in his beloved church, his body was laid to rest in Zion Churchyard of Charlestown. The Confederate flag was draped over his casket and beautiful flowers, sent by the Leetown Chapter, U. D. C., and many friends, attested the high esteem in which he was held. He is survived by one brother and many nieces and nephews.

He was the last of his command in the home community. J. D. Butler, of Charlestown, and Dr. B. B. Ransom, of Harper's Ferry, are the only surviving members of Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry.

[Mary W. Lanham, a niece.]

## SOUTH CAROLINA COMRADES.

The following members of James D. Nance Camp, No. 336 U. C. V., of Newberry, S. C., were lost to that membership during the past year:

A. B. Cromer, Company C, 3rd South Carolina Regiment; died May 21, 1926.

J. C. Counts; died August 5, 1926.

J. W. Gilliam, Company H, 5th Battalion, State Troops; died December 22.

H. C. Poaz, Company A, 17th South Carolina; died November 6.

O. M. Buzhardt, Company A, 4th Battalion, State Troops; died November 7.

J. D. Sheely, Company C, 3rd South Carolina; died January 3, 1927.

WHAT BECAME OF RUBE?—J. E. Deupree, of Ravenna, Tex., asks that this inquiry be reprinted: "During the War between the States I was a soldier of Waul's Texas Legion, then east of the Mississippi River. As several of my comrades had negro servants, I wrote to my uncle and guardian, who then lived in this vicinity, to send my negro boy Rube to me by Lieutenant Wright, who was coming from Texas to our command; and my good uncle promptly complied with my unwise request and sent, or started, Rube to me on a good horse, with one hundred dollars in money. But in the meantime our command had been transferred to North Alabama, and when Rube reached the point where he had been directed to come, he very unwisely undertook to follow us to North Alabama. And that was the last I ever heard of Rube. We had been playmates in childhood and were devoted to each other, and I have lamented him through these long years. Whether he was captured and robbed by the Yankees, or robbed and killed by guerrillas, I never knew. But these lines are written in the faint hope of hearing what became of him, and anyone who can enlighten me on this point, will please write to me."

A CONFEDERATE BRIDGE BUILDER.—Information is wanted on the Confederate service of Capt. Claiborne Rice Mason, of the Engineering Corps, connected with Stonewall Jackson's command, and anyone who knew this capable "bridge builder" in or out of the army will please communicate with Charles E. Mason, Box 853, Newport News, Va. He is a descendant of Captain Mason (who may have been lieutenant colonel of engineers) and is trying to verify some of the family tradition as to Captain Mason's connection with Jackson during the war and his ability to build bridges across streams in record time, or before the design was ready.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*  
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va.....*First Vice President General*

MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Second Vice President General*  
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MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex.....*Third Vice President General*

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4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va.....*Treasurer General*  
Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky.....*Historian General*  
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MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St Louis, Mo.....*Registrar General*  
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MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....*Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md....*Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. FORG, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* The hearts and minds of all of us have turned to those members of our organization whose friends, families, and fortunes have been endangered by the terrific flood in the Mississippi Valley.

Immediately an attempt was made by the President General to send forth a call to all Divisions for help in this great emergency. It was thought that through the medium of the Associated Press this call would have an immediate response so much desired. Notwithstanding the interest and co-operation on behalf of the local representative in Charleston who "offered" the call, it was not accepted by the Associated Press.

This caused delay, and the written call for help was then sent out by the Recording Secretary General to all Division Presidents, requesting that funds be sent through our usual channels, the Division Treasurers to the Treasurer General, Mrs. B. A. Blenner, of Richmond, Va., who in turn would forward to two of our general officers who chance to be in the Flood District, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Kolman, of New Orleans. These officers will work under the direction of the local Red Cross in their various communities. It is always the plan of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in times of war or disaster to collect funds and other necessities through its own organization to be turned over eventually to the Red Cross. There is a personal and more affectionate appeal to help our own in a desolated area.

The Daughters have responded, and checks have begun to be sent to the officers in charge.

While many are struggling against the forces of nature, others in more quiet surroundings are engaged in the pleasant task of arranging for the gathering in the fall of the Daughters in their annual convention in the city of Charleston, S. C.

Weekly the members of the Charleston Chapter are meeting and arranging committees and planning for the entertainment of the guests. Much will, therefore, be accomplished before the members scatter to the mountains and other points. Mrs. J. Sumter Rhame, President of Charleston Chapter, is General Chairman of Arrangements.

The hotel which will be used as headquarters is the Francis Marion. Mr. William O. Christian, the manager, is most helpful and generous in his plans and will do all in his power to make for you comfortable and satisfactory reservations. Write him promptly and secure your rooms.

Delightful trips are being arranged to the points of historic interest in and about the beautiful old city. To Fort Moultrie, where General Beauregard figured with such gallantry; to old Fort Sumter, the grim sentinel in Charleston Harbor;

to Fort Johnson, on James Island, from which was fired the signal gun to announce the opening of firing on Fort Sumter; drives around the exquisite Battery, now having become world famed and regarded more beautiful than Naples and as lovely as the places of the Riviera; visits to the old churches, examples of architecture, pure and chaste; to the old Colonial and Revolutionary buildings; to the lovely lacework of iron gateways; into the old-fashioned gardens, into the old homes—right into the hearts of the South Carolina Daughters; all this is being arranged with loving thought and care. It is, therefore, hoped that many, many of the members of this organization will come to help with what should be a great convention in so suitable a setting. RUTH LAWTON.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Arkansas.*—There are 3,500 Confederate veterans in Arkansas, and great efforts are being made to have every one enrolled in the Gold Star Memory Book and to decorate each one with a gold medal. Mrs. J. F. Jenkins, of the David Owen Dodd Chapter, of Pine Bluff, reports that every veteran in Jefferson County has been enrolled and given his medal.

The veterans and their wives in the Confederate Home were entertained recently with a splendid program of music. Arkansas is giving special attention to the happiness and comfort of these old people.

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*California.*—The increased interest in California in U. D. C. affairs was indicated by the large number of reservations made for the convention in San Francisco, May 10-14.

The two outstanding questions of this convention were the care of the veterans and education.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, with its wealth of history, is on the shelves of every library of the larger California city, and in the Los Angeles Library several years' files of the VETERAN, given by Mrs. Spencer Roan Thorpe, were bound in large volumes and placed in the room of heraldry.

Mrs. Blankenburg, President of the State Division, was much entertained in Los Angeles as she returned from a visit to the Chapters around San Francisco. At these luncheons and dinners her talks were most helpful for the good of the Division, and a most delightful personal touch was gained.

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*Louisiana.*—Robert E. Lee Chapter, Lake Charles, has taken up the work of marking Confederate graves with small cement markers that will hold the flag on Memorial Day. To raise funds for this work, a tag day was held. Ruston



Chapter is doing similar work, marking graves with small iron crosses which have the Confederate emblem and the letters "U. C. V." on one side, and on the other the dates, 1861-1865 and the words, "Deo Vindice."

Camp Moore Chapter, Tangipahoa, has recently celebrated its silver anniversary with elaborate ceremony. The invitations sent out gave a brief account of its twenty-five years of good work, especially its work in caring for Camp Moore Cemetery, with its four hundred Confederate graves, and closed with the words: "Let us 'Keep the glory of the Confederacy shining on.'"

New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, has this year bestowed five Crosses of Honor and six Military Service Crosses. One of the Crosses of Honor was presented to Mrs. Annie Todd Thompson, for her father, the late Samuel B. Todd, a Confederate soldier and a brother to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. This Chapter has acquired a new scholarship to be offered to descendants of Confederate soldiers, one in Mount Carmel Convent, an institution which was established as a refuge for little children whose gray-clad fathers gave up their lives for the cause of the South. It also reports a donation to the Children of the Confederacy memorial at Mobile, Ala., to Father Ryan, priest, poet, and soldier of the Confederacy.

Pickett Chapter, Leesville, has recently done a good bit toward spreading Confederate truth by giving copies of "Southern Women in War Times" and "Stone Mountain Memorial" to their city high school. Also they have made a donation to assist in decorating the graves in Camp Chase Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio, on Confederate Memorial Day.

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*Maryland.*—An ambition long entertained has been realized through the efforts of Mrs. Paul Iglehart, President of the Maryland Division.

A new Chapter, the William A. Murray, of Annapolis, has been added.

The Ridgely Brown Chapter reports all pledges met and all working to maintain the usual standard of efficiency.

The Executive Board is called by the President of the Division each month. Phases of the various U. D. C. activities are discussed and plans made for the furtherance of the work.

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*Missouri.*—The Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter, of St. Louis, gave a reception on April 23, at the home of Mrs. Robert Stockton Mitchell, honoring Mrs. John Patrick Higgins, Registrar General. Mrs. Higgins is also President of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter.

The John B. Stone Loving Cup, offered by the Missouri Division for the largest increase in membership, was won by the Independence Chapter and was greatly admired by the large company who were guests of the Chapter at its annual tea given at the home of Mrs. Randall and her sister, Mrs. William Randall, on January 25, in commemoration of the birthdays of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Matthew Fontaine Maury. Miss Matilda Brown was assisting hostess. The old colonial home was beautifully decorated with flags, and hospitality reigned supreme.

Mrs. Laura Bridges, mother of our hostesses, and Mrs. Nannie Wallace were asked to pin the Crosses on Capt. George C. Cassell and Claud R. Brown, lineal descendants of Confederate veterans. Col. Edwin A. Hickman, U. S. A., was unable to receive his Cross in person, being at that time in the Philippines, so it was presented to Colonel Hickman's mother, Mrs. William Z. Hickman, who is Chaplain for Life of the Independence Chapter.

Several officers and members of the Kansas City Chapters

were present. After refreshments were served, all of the guests lingered to hear interesting stories from the older members of this historic Chapter.

Mrs. Laura Bridges is in her eighty-ninth year, being perhaps the oldest native-born citizen of Jackson County, having been born and reared within a mile of Independence, where she lived throughout the trying times of border warfare and was forced to leave her home under "Order No. 11." A short account of her trying experiences at that time was published in the *Kansas City Journal Post*, Sunday, May 16, 1926.

Mrs. Nannie Wallace has the distinction of being the daughter of a soldier, the wife of a soldier, and the mother of a soldier. Her father served in the Mexican War, her husband in the War between the States, and her son in the Spanish-American war. Mrs. Wallace entertained her Chapter in her home last year on her eighty-fifth birthday.

The Independence Chapter is planning now to place a bas-relief of Woodrow Wilson in the splendid new community building erected last year as a memorial to the World War soldiers of Independence.

Mrs. J. LeRoy Smith, State Historian and President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Kansas City, has received a Confederate flag for her Chapter, a gift from her father, Col. Hopkins Loudin, eighty-one years of age, of Santa Monica, Calif. Colonel Loudin enlisted in Arkansas and was with Gen. Sterling Price in Missouri. He was in the battle of Westport. Colonel Loudin had two brothers who served during the four years of the war.

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*South Carolina.*—The one hundred and ninth birthday of Brig. Gen. Wade Hampton, C. S. A., and later governor of South Carolina during Reconstruction days, was celebrated in Florence at the high school during the assembly. Mrs. Ida S. Brunson, representing Ellison Capers Chapter, presented the student body a copy of the Ordinance of Secession, appropriately framed in old mahogany, with gold cord. Her remarks, telling of the inspiration that led to the formation of Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy were most interesting. After this ceremony, Mrs. Brunson presented another copy of the Ordinance to the Public Library.

South Carolina is much gratified over the increase in members of her Children of the Confederacy, having registered during the past year 409 new members.

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*Texas.*—The Mary West Chapter, of Waco, has been most diligent in bestowing Military Crosses of Service. For the benefit of this work, they recently gave a beautiful pageant entitled "Miss Confederacy." The idea originated with the Chapter President, Mrs. J. B. Powell, and the pageant, given at the Raleigh Hotel, was directed by Mrs. Spiney. Thirteen tables were decorated to represent the States, and a beautiful pennant from each State was presented to "Miss Confederacy," in the order of secession, until the entire numbers were grouped about her, she then making a brief response.

On one side a young girl bore the tattered flag of the Confederacy, and Father Ryan's "Furl That Banner" was recited. On the other side, Uncle Sam carried the Stars and Stripes, and while the orchestra played the Star-Spangled Banner, two by two they marched from the stage. An elaborate banquet followed.

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*Virginia.*—Within the month of April district meetings have been held at Fredericksburg, Farmville, Williamsburg,



and Norfolk. These meetings, representing four of Virginia's six districts, were well attended and were most interesting.

On April 29, a party was given by the Richmond Chapters in honor of the seventy-ninth birthday of Mrs. Norman V. Randolph. This is a day dear to the hearts of all Virginia Daughters, and one which they never forget.

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*Tennessee.*—The annual convention of the Tennessee Division was held at Sewanee, May 11-14, with the Kirby Smith Chapter as hostess. The place of meeting was an inspiration to those who attended. Here is located the University of the South, in whose upbuilding generals of the Confederacy followed the example of their great leader in becoming teachers of Southern youth, and the work accomplished by Gen. E. Kirby Smith, Francis A. Shoup, and Bishop Elliott was second only to the great accomplishment at Lexington, Va. This University is the great Church school of the Episcopal Church, and in his address on Welcome Evening, Bishop Gailor recalled the early history of Sewanee and told how the work there was inspired by a band of Confederate soldiers, "who, with undefeated courage, like Robert E. Lee, forsook the battle field for the classroom."

Mrs. Telfair Hodgson, President of the Kirby Smith Chapter, and a daughter of Gen. B. F. Cheatham, was general chairman of the convention and presided at the opening meeting. Her report of Chapter work showed wonderful accomplishment. With a membership of only thirty-five, and but fourteen of these year-round residents of Sewanee, this Chapter has carried on the Division work and its individual undertakings in fine spirit, and entertained the State convention in royal style. The social features of the convention have not been surpassed anywhere, and the most satisfactory provision was made for the business meetings and the entertainment of the delegates.

The report made by the President of the Division, Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, showed much work accomplished and the completion of several undertakings of past years. Notable among these was the completion of the fund of \$50,000 for the Confederate Memorial building at Peabody College for Teachers, and this insures the establishment of the Chair of Southern History. Mrs. Owen Walker, Chairman, has been infatigable in her efforts to complete the fund.

The State Historian, Mrs. A. R. Dodson, of Humboldt, reported that 247 historical meetings had been held in the Division; 192 memorial days observed; historical essays written, 230; and much other work carried out in that department. The work in schools was stressed as especially important. Memorial trees planted amounted to 1,657, and in this work the John Lauderdale Chapter, of Dyersburg, received the prize, having planted 1,387 along the Jefferson Davis Highway between Dyersburg and Newbern. In addition, five hundred rambler roses have been planted along the roadside. Many of these trees were given as memorials to Confederate veterans and other dear lost ones.

As Regent of the Tennessee Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., Mrs. Thomas Newbill, of Nashville, reported having secured an appropriation by the Tennessee Legislature of \$5,000 as an endowment for the upkeep of that room. "Tennessee is the first and only State to endow its room by one large gift," writes Mrs. N. V. Randolph, who for many years was the active Vice Regent for Tennessee and gave of herself unstintingly in the effort to secure sufficient funds for its maintenance.

The report on the work at the Confederate Home, which is one of the chief activities of the Division, showed a substantial

sum had been raised for that work. Mrs. R. H. Poindexter, Nashville, is chairman of that committee.

The address on Historical Evening was made by Dr. Fitzgerald Flournoy, of Washington and Lee University, who spoke on a "Southern South," urging that the South keep its distinctiveness rather than be a copy of any other section. This address was given before the general convention in Richmond last November, and was received with general approval.

The officers for 1927-28 are:

President, Mrs. Lowndes Turney, Chattanooga.

First Vice President, Mrs. Charles W. Underwood, Sewanee.

Second Vice President, Mrs. B. M. Cowan, Collierville.

Third Vice President, Mrs. Eugene Monday, Knoxville.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. M. Patterson, Savannah.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Robert T. Taylor, St. Elmo.

Treasurer, Mrs. T. W. Faires, Memphis.

Historian, Mrs. A. R. Dodson, Humboldt.

Registrar, Mrs. L. L. McEntire, Erwin.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. K. S. Howlett, Franklin.

Custodian of Flags, Miss Eliza Claybrooke, Nashville.

Poet Laureate, Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson, Memphis.

Director Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. O. N. Allen, Chattanooga.

Mrs. Nathaniel Gooch, charter member of Nashville Chapter No. 1, and Mrs. Evander Williams, of Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, were elected Honorary Presidents.

A sad feature of this convention was the serious illness of Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, of Sewanee, Honorary President, U. D. C., who was to have welcomed the convention on behalf of the Kirby Smith Chapter. Many messages and beautiful flowers were sent to her from the convention and cheered her in the days of suffering. Her death occurred soon after the convention. Mrs. Eggleston was Past President of the Mississippi State Division, and also Honorary President of both the Mississippi and Tennessee Divisions.

\* \* \*

*Kentucky.*—Every Chapter of the Fourth District, Kentucky Division, was represented at the meeting held at Frankfort recently.

Miss Annie Belle Fogg, President of the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, presided. Mrs. Lucien G. Maltby, Division President, gave a most interesting address, stressing the patriotism, heroism, and sacrifice of the South of the sixties and appealed for the preservation of historic relics, for the making of memorial gardens, and for the writing of history, fiction, and poetry by Daughters of the Confederacy to perpetuate the ideals of the Southland.

Mrs. Augustus Thomas, Chairman of Children's Chapters; Mrs. George Mastin, Chairman of Education; and Mrs. John H. Cleland, Custodian of Crosses, made interesting reports of their work.

Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Historian General, U. D. C., made a talk, urging historical essay work; celebrating Kentucky Day in schools; the adoption of State textbooks, particularly histories; preservation of relics and flags, and stressing the ideal of practical service.

#### "THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

One of the encouraging things about the campaign to finish the quota of "Women of the South in War Times" is the fact that the U. D. C. Chapters in the North and the West have recognized the value of this book in bringing conviction to their Northern friends—conviction as to the character of the



Southern cause, with regard to which these Northern friends are so often in error.

In the South, on the contrary, a great many of the members of the U. D. C. are still unacquainted with the character of the book, and some think of it as merely one more volume of reminiscences or something of that sort, and not as a volume that is unusual, if not unique, in its special field. They do not realize that it is a book which has received more favorable criticism both in America and abroad than any publication devoted entirely to the Southern side of the armed controversy in the War between the States. For example, investigation has shown that practically ninety-nine out of one hundred editorial offices in England and France are under the impression that the American War was a *crusade* on behalf of human liberty. Some day we hope to have sufficient publicity funds to supply all the chief editorial offices, both in America and abroad, with copies of this book for purposes of reference and correction.

Our Book shows almost at a glance that the War of Secession was not waged on a moral basis; but that the real basis of the war lay in a clash of economic policy and political and sectional antagonisms. Exchange teachers from France and Great Britain have been given this book, and they have gone back to their own countries to teach, for the first time, the true causes of the American conflict.

Yours in the work, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

## TO THE CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

(At each monthly meeting of the Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., a flag ceremony is gone through with three Confederate veterans as color bearers, and in this ceremony the following poetic tribute to the Confederate flags is used. It was composed by Mrs. Frances Brown Chase, Flag Chairman, and dedicated to Atlanta Chapter.)

Flags of the South—Confederate land—  
 Valor, purity, and truth for which they stand,  
 We salute thee—three in one,  
 Flags we revere, till with traveling days we've done.  
 Yesteryear, maidens fashioned of their silken frocks flags to  
 unfold;  
 To-day, their replica (our heritage) we still uphold.  
 We worship at our ancestral shrine,  
 For who has more right than Southern mankind?  
 It's a flag respected all over the land,  
 For it's had the guidance of God's own hand;  
 Into the "Great Beyond" its fragrance goes,  
 Its concept, its spiritual birthright, our Heavenly Father knows.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS

U. D. C. Program for June.

LOUISIANA SECEDED JANUARY 26, 1861.

In the Confederate Congresses, Louisiana was represented by the following citizens. In giving this list of names, the letter "P" following stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for first and second congresses:

Senators: Edward Sparrow (1, 2); Thomas J. Semmes (1, 2).

Representatives: John Perkins, Jr. (P, 1, 2); Alexander D. Clouet (P); Duncan F. Kenner (P, 1, 2); Henry Marshall (P, 1); Charles M. Conrad (P, 1, 2); Charles J. Veillers (1, 2); Lucien J. Dupre (1, 2); Benjamin L. Hodge (2); Henry Gray (2).

### C. OF C. PROGRAM, JUNE.

Trace line of forces of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston from Columbus, Ky., Fort Donelson in Tennessee, Bowling Green, and Cumberland Gap in Kentucky. Describe camp life; if possible get this information from a real Confederate soldier.

Read "Uncle Remus Addresses Brother Wind," by Joel Chandler Harris. Library of Southern Literature, Volume V, 2131.

### C. OF C. CATECHISM.

1. Did Mr. Davis resign his seat in the senate as soon as Mississippi seceded?

No; his State seceded on January 9, and he remained in the senate until January 21, pleading for some pledge from the North that would secure the interests of the people of the South.

2. Does it appear from this that he led his people in secession?

No; like General Lee he was led by the people of his State, obeying their call and believing that his first duty was to his State.

3. Who was elected Vice President of the Confederate government?

Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, eminent in his country's history.

4. Had the Confederate States any other President and Vice President?

No; Mr. Davis was the first and only President, and there was no other Vice President than Mr. Stephens.

5. Where did the first Congress of the Confederacy meet?

At Montgomery, Ala., on February 4, 1861, and, on the 9th of February, Mr. Davis was unanimously elected President and inaugurated on the 18th of February in the Alabama Statehouse.

6. How many Congresses were there?

Three. The Provisional Congress, and the first and second Permanent Congresses.

7. How many capitals did the Confederacy have?

Two; Montgomery, Ala., and Richmond, Va.

8. When and where was the capital moved?

From Montgomery to Richmond on May 6, 1861.

9. Whom did Mr. Davis select for his cabinet?

Robert Toombs, of Georgia, Secretary of State; Leroy P. Walker, of Alabama, Secretary of War; Charles G. Memminger, of South Carolina, Secretary of the Treasury; Stephen H. Mallory, of Florida, Secretary of the Navy; Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, Attorney General; John H. Reagan, of Texas, Postmaster General.

(The Director should be able to give a brief biography of these men.)

10. Did the Confederacy have a flag?

Yes; Congress, on March 6, 1861, passed an act adopting the first flag of the Confederacy, called the "Stars and Bars."

11. How many stars had this flag at this time?

Seven, as only that number of States had then seceded; but other stars were added as the other States came into the Confederacy, until there were thirteen. There were three bars, two red and one white.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7000 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*  
Athens, Ga.  
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Towner R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA.....  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

A word of greeting and appreciation to the Memorial Women, especially the large number who were unable to be present at the convention recently closed in Tampa, and regret that the opportunity of personal contact and exchange of ideas, which gives impetus and fresh inspiration and enlarged vision, was lost. Illness depleted the ranks of the official family, and a number of the most active and beloved members were sorely missed. Mrs. C. B. Bryan and Miss Sue H. Walker, our honored Vice President General, our faithful and most honored and loved Chaplain General, Giles B. Cook, were absent on account of illness; our Treasurer General, from recent bereavement; all so loyal and true, caused gaps in the rank and file which overshadowed the convention.

Despite these drawbacks, the convention was one of the largest yet held, and much good was accomplished.

Our Memorial Day, which the Confederated Southern Memorial Association stands for, and whose women originated and promulgated the idea and have carried on these last sixty years, was and is being now widely observed each year, and it is a revelation to any who may imagine that Southern patriotism is not as strong and loyal to-day as ever. Wonderful outpourings of love and loyalty in the long processions to the Silent City of the Dead, where rest our immortal heroes, attest more strongly than words the devotion of the South to her heroes. The coöperation of our sister organization, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, on Memorial Day, makes possible a wider observance most commendable, and the 26th of April and June 3 will stand, as the ages pass, dedicated as enduring tribute of the devotion of a people to the heroic sacrifices of her heroes. Let us plan far ahead and endeavor each year to extend into every town and hamlet this testimonial that proves to the world that they did not sacrifice in vain. Plant fresh flowers about their hallowed dust; keep these sacred mounds with tender care. Let us more and more seek to bring the children under the influence of and in participation in this custom so beautifully planned and sublime in its observance. Ever bear in mind our motto: "Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget."

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

## TAMPA REUNION AND C. S. M. A. CONVENTION.

The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, which has met continuously and at the same time and place as the U. C. V. and the S. C. V. in convention for the twenty-eight years of its federation, was held in Tampa, Fla., April 5-8. Our meetings owe much of their success to the privilege accorded in the beginning of their convention life, the courtesy extended in holding our annual meetings at the same time and place as the veterans in reunion.

The welcome, or opening, meeting had a most brilliant array of speakers. Dr. Sumter L. Lowry, chairman of the Reunion Executive Committee, presided; Bishop J. D. Wring, of Florida, gave the invocation; and addresses of welcome from Hon. Perry G. Wall, Mayor of Tampa; Gen. M. D. Vance, Commander in Chief, U. C. V.; Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, President General, U. D. C.; Gen. Harry Rene Lee, Adjutant General, U. C. V.; Hon. Lucius L. Moss, Commander in Chief, S. C. V., and Hon. Carl W. Hinton, in an address on the Stone Mountain Memorial; and a wonderful climax came in a masterly address on "The Women of the Sixties," by the Hon. Park Trammel, ex-governor and United States Senator for Florida. Response was made by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General, C. S. M. A. The Cowboy Band, of Texas, and our own Confederate Choir, of Virginia, rendered most appropriate selections of old Southern airs.

The presentation of a large bunting Confederate flag, beautifully mounted on a handsome pole, to Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General, by Miss Jessica Smith, beloved daughter of Orren Randolph Smith, and Color Bearer of the U. C. V., an honor given her in recognition of her father's having designed the original Stars and Bars, was a happy incident of the welcome meeting. The gift was an expression of loyalty to all that Southern traditions stand for.

Business meetings opened on Wednesday with approximately one hundred delegates in attendance, when committees were appointed and welcome brought from local patriotic organizations.

At eleven o'clock the convention adjourned for opening meeting of the United Confederate Veterans, where greetings were extended that body by the President General. The members of the convention were guests of the city of Tampa at a lovely luncheon in the Tampa Bay Hotel at noon. In the evening, Miss Mildred Rutherford, our Historian General, gave, in the costume of the sixties, a delightfully inspiring address to a large audience in the ballroom of the Tampa Bay



Hotel. After the morning session on Thursday, business was suspended at noon and the convention repaired in a body to the Auditorium to unite with the veterans and Sons of Veterans in the Memorial Hour, when the names of deceased members of the three organizations for the past year are read and tribute paid their memory. In the poem by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate General, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," with violin obligato; and in the masterful tender tribute Hon. Charles B. Parkhill, with the added selections by the Confederate Choir, followed by Taps, the audience rose, spellbound, and quietly left the Hall, filled with memories of an uplifting, beautiful hour.

The afternoon of Thursday was given over to reports of officers and associations, followed by the election of officers for the coming three years as follows:

President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, elected for life.  
First Vice President General, Mrs. C. B. Bryan.  
Second Vice President General, Miss Sue H. Walker.  
Third Vice President General, Miss Mildred Rutherford.  
Treasurer General, Mrs. J. T. Hight.  
Recording Secretary General, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson.  
Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. Bryan W. Collier.  
Poet Laureate General, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle.  
Auditor General, Mrs. Belle Allen Ross.  
Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, for life.  
Chaplain General, Rev. Giles B. Cook, for life.  
Thus closed a most harmonious, successful convention.

On Friday morning the reunion closed with a mammoth parade that in point of numbers eclipsed preceding ones. The spirit of the old South was there, but the Rebel Yell does not vibrate as of yore, and many an eye moistened with tears as the heroes in gray passed and many familiar faces were absent. One especially missed was the dear Chaplain General, Giles B. Cook, last surviving member of General Lee's staff, who, until the last moment hoped and prayed for strength to join the old comrades, but was too feeble for the long journey.

## IN MEMORIAM—MRS. EMMA T. HARVEY.

Sunrise on the morning of May 9 saw the pure spirit of our beloved and honored State President of West Virginia, and President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Huntington, take its flight upward and into the presence of her Lord and Master, whom she so loved, and whose service gave her such great happiness and joy. What a vacant place she has left in the hearts of hundreds of friends, for her rare nature, gifted with unusual personal charm, drew to her with magic cords strong as steel not only friends who saw her saintly graces, but those who knew her from afar. Her pen dipped deep into the love that knew only the creed, "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and who came to know and love her tenderly through a mutual interest in all things that pertained to her loved Southland. Her pen proved a tie binding to her last day. To her dear life partner, with whom she had spent more than the golden anniversary of wedded happiness, and who was to the end her guide and inspiration, our tenderest sympathy and our prayers to in this hour of grief too deep for words. May the God of peace be with and comfort him. And to the loved friends of her Association we can only say: "As you loved her, carry on the work in which the deepest affection guided her to honor the memory of her own and every Southern mother." Her pure spirit has just gone on a little way. May we follow on in the way she has led and reach the goal where she has gone.

Sleep on, sweet friend, until the dawning of the morning when we shall meet again. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

## A PERFECT DAY.

Mrs. James R. Armstrong, Oklahoma State President, Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and President of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association of Oklahoma City, sends an appreciative expression in the following: "Our thanks to the good people of Tampa for the delightful entertainment during the convention just held in their city. What a pleasure to be with our beloved President General, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Rutherford, Miss Hodgson, and other general officers. An interesting convention was held, and we made our dear Mrs. Wilson President General for Life, also presented to her a beautiful lavalliere with topaz setting in appreciation of her wonderful work during the past years.

"Another happy event was the making of our much-loved and honored Miss Rutherford Historian General for Life, when she was appointed by our President General to assist her, as Third Vice President, in the work.

"I appreciate the honor conferred upon me in being re-elected of Oklahoma and National Chairman of Textbook Committee. The Jefferson Davis Memorial Association of Oklahoma City won the banner for having the largest representation from any one association, twenty in number. Of course, I felt proud of Oklahoma. When our President General permitted us to place the Gold Star on six of our veterans, their names to be enrolled in the Gold Star Memory Book at Stone Mountain, I had the honor and pleasure of putting this Gold Star on my dear uncle, Maj. C. R. Scott, of Montgomery, Tex., my only living relative.

"As State President of Oklahoma, I pledge my hearty support in the work, and with the assistance of the U. D. C. Chapters we will endeavor to place Gold Stars on every living Confederate veteran.

"And now we come to a 'Perfect Day' as the close of reunion week in Tampa. As guests of our honored and much-loved Poet Laureate, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, and her charming sister, Miss Phæbe Frazer, a delightful drive over Florida was enjoyed by our President General, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Jessica Smith (Color Bearer), Miss Edith Pope, and the writer. We were taken to St. Petersburg, where our veterans and other visitors were being entertained; to Clearwater, with a delicious luncheon at the Gray Moss Inn; to Tarpon Springs, with its interesting sponge industry. Returning, we visited the Memorial Church (Universalist), with the magnificent paintings by the great artist, Innis, which replace the windows blown out in the great Florida storm; the wonderful Rolyat Hotel, St. Petersburg, with its Spanish architecture; Snell Island, with its statuary brought from Italy; back to Tampa across the Gandy Bridge. Then to the railroad station, where I started on my visit to St. Augustine and Cuthbert, Ga. (my birthplace), and on to Oklahoma, to face the surging waters of the flooded Mississippi and other streams. May we all meet again in Little Rock for the 1928 convention."

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

The Memorial Association of Memphis, Tenn., of which Mrs. C. B. Bryan is President, held a most interesting meeting on May 4, when plans were perfected for the observance of Memorial Day, June 3. The Association decided to present Gold Stars to Maj. Marcus V. Crump and Capt. I. N. Rainey, thus placing their names on the Roll of Honor in Memorial Hall, Stone Mountain.

The names of Mr. R. B. Spillman and Col. Charles Frazer will be placed in the Book of Memory as a tribute to their interest in the Memorial Association in the early days of its organization.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

## GENERAL OFFICERS.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. .... *Adjutant in Chief*  
 JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry, S. C. .... *Inspector in Chief*  
 JOHN A. CHUMBLEY, Washington, D. C. .... *Judge Advocate in Chief*  
 DR. W. H. SCUDDER, Mayersville, Miss. .... *Surgeon in Chief*  
 Y. R. BEASLEY, Tampa, Fla. .... *Quartermaster in Chief*  
 MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, 821 Southern Building, Washington, D. C. .... *Historian in Chief*  
 B. T. LEONARD, Duncan, Okla. .... *Commissary in Chief*  
 REV. H. M. HALL, Johnson City, Tenn. .... *Chaplain in Chief*

## EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

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## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

DR. W. E. QUIN, Fort Payne. .... Alabama  
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock. .... Arkansas  
 JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill. .... *Central Division*  
 ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C. .... *District of Columbia and Maryland*  
 SILAS W. FRY, 245 Central Park West, New York, N. Y. .... *Eastern Division*  
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 J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington. .... Kentucky  
 JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La. .... *Mississippi*  
 ROBERT E. LEE, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis. .... Missouri  
 JOHN M. WITT, Tupelo. .... Mississippi  
 J. D. PAUL, Washington. .... North Carolina  
 L. A. MORTON, Duncan, Okla. .... Oklahoma  
 A. D. MARSHALL, 1804 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington. .... *Pacific Division*  
 REID ELKINS, Greenville. .... South Carolina  
 J. L. HIGSAW, Memphis. .... Tennessee  
 LON S. SMITH, Austin. .... Texas  
 R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke. .... Virginia  
 E. L. BELL, Lewisburg. .... West Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

### S. C. V. CAMPS.

The new Camps organized and the membership of the Sons of Confederate Veterans have almost doubled since 1923. The total Camps of the Divisions and the membership are as follows:

Division	Number of Camps				Total Membership			
	1923	1924	1925	1926	1923	1924	1925	1926
Alabama.....	11	17	27	29	222	318	674	1,166
Arkansas.....	7	22	11	10	98	543	243	248
D. C. and Md.....	1	1	1	1	85	78	100	76
Eastern.....	1	1	1	1	24	100	200	112
Florida.....	6	9	6	8	77	291	104	208
Georgia.....	9	7	22	8	282	254	829	360
Kentucky.....	5	6	5	7	58	78	140	144
Louisiana.....	9	21	11	5	468	771	335	159
Mississippi.....	8	41	18	11	153	720	377	275
Missouri.....	4	4	7	2	94	150	108	78
North Carolina.....	7	4	33	41	142	265	917	715
Oklahoma.....	9	8	14	11	201	231	404	229
Pacific.....								
South Carolina.....	3	6	7	9	58	113	136	313
Tennessee.....	4	7	21	11	219	944	664	427
Texas.....	23	27	19	39	464	544	772	904
Virginia.....	23	38	26	28	1,403	1,382	1,360	1,480
West Virginia.....	4	6	6	5	91	115	118	120
Total.....	135	226	230	226	4,141	7,066	7,503	7,036

Camps organized: 22 in 1923; 102 in 1924; 94 in 1925; 59 in 1926. Total, 277.

### CAMP CHACHERE ORGANIZED.

On April 6, 1927, Camp Jim Chachere No. 778 was organized at Opelousas, La. Mrs. W. F. Nolan, business manager and editor of the *Clarion Progress* was instrumental in organizing the Camp. The officers and members are:

Commander, W. P. Cain; First Lieutenant Commander, H. M. Roberts; Second Lieutenant Commander, Joe Roberts; Adjutant, David Hollier; Treasurer, Leon S. Hass; Quartermaster, Preston Hollier; Judge Advocate, R. L.

Wyble; Surgeon, L. A. Gindry; Historian, Allen Sandoz; Color Sergeant, Ned Opry; Chaplain, W. B. Prescott.

Richard Hollier, Burton Roberts, Lester Roberts, and Fred Sandoz.

### REPORT ON 1926 YEARBOOK.

The Minutes of the 1926 convention were printed for the first time since 1908, at the solicitation and request of a great number of Sons.

Number of copies printed, 5,000; distributed to Sons, 4,200; distributed to State, university, public and high school libraries, 500; books on hand, 300. Total, 5,000.

Cost of 5,000 copies and envelopes, etc., \$1,067; postage on 4,700 copies at 4 cents each, \$188; postage on 500 copies which were returned and resent, \$20; \$208. Total, \$1,275.

### RECEIPTS FROM YEARBOOK.

Seventy-nine members contributed for 95 books, \$95; 3 members contributed for 5 books, \$15; 12 members contributed for thirteen books, \$26; 95 members contributed for 113 books, \$136.

One would hardly think that so few members were interested in the Yearbook. We can see from the foregoing that the contributions received were just about half sufficient to cover postage. The cuts in the publication cost about \$100, and these Sons contributed only \$8 to the book. If half of the present and past general officers, Department Commanders, and Division Commanders had contributed \$1, this would have been sufficient for the entire cost of the publication.

### 1927 YEARBOOK.

The Yearbook for 1927 will include the Minutes of the Tampa convention, a list of all officers for 1927, and a complete list of the general officers, Department and Division Commanders from 1896 to date.

The Executive Council has authorized the distribution of the 1927 Yearbook for the price of \$1. (Those who have photographs therein are requested to contribute not less than \$3.) Only sufficient books will be printed for persons who remit in advance therefor. If you want the 1927 Yearbook you are requested to make application to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff, Law Building, Richmond, Va.



## CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

Senate Bill No. 24, passed by the Arkansas legislature authorizing a note issue of \$14,000,000, which is expected to double the amount of benefits now being paid to beneficiaries of the Confederate pension bill, was signed recently by Governor Martineau.

Senator Walter W. Raney, of Woodruff County, author of bill, Representative W. H. V. Wahlquist, of Fulton County, who sponsored it in the House, and Gen. M. D. Vance, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, witnessed the signing of the bill.

The appropriation is to be used over a period of seven years and will give Confederate soldiers or their widows monthly pension payments of from \$35 to \$50 instead of approximately \$180 payable each year.

Approximately 7,000 Confederate soldiers or their widows will participate in the fund provided by the new pension act. Issuance and mailing of the warrants each month will be from the office of J. Carroll Cone, State Auditor.

Senator Raney introduced the same bill in the Senate two years ago, but it was never passed in the House, due to a crowded calendar and rush of bills in the closing days of the session. The note issue is taken care of from the annual three-mill State tax levy for Confederate pensions.

## WHAT THE SOUTH SHOULD MEAN TO ITS PEOPLE.

BY EDMOND R. WILES, LITTLE ROCK, ARK., COMMANDER ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, S. C. Y.

The South occupies a unique and distinctive place in history, not only of this country, but of the world.

It is the only country, some one has noted, that celebrates a defeat. The sentiments, traditions, and burning love for native land is just as alive to-day in the hearts of its people as in any period of its history. There is little of sectional animosity manifested by the descendants of the defenders of the South—not so much as is sometimes employed by those outside its borders.

The South has covered itself with glory in every crisis through which this country has passed, dating from the Revolutionary War down to the World War. The records show that in the last war a Southern division composed of North and South Carolina and Tennessee troops made the farthest advances on the French front and were awarded the greatest number of medals for individual acts of heroism.

The conspicuous part enacted by Southerners in the formative period of our history, by such men as Washington, Jefferson, and others, should be the pride of every true Southerner.

The society known as the Sons of Confederate Veterans, organized in Richmond, Va., thirty-one years ago, has as its purpose, first, the procuring of historic relics and data from which a true history of the War between the States, that would reflect the correct events leading up to and transpiring during this period, might be written; second, to perpetuate and foster the traditions and sentiments peculiar to our people; third, to honor for all time the memory of our fathers and grandfathers and the cause for which thousands of them gladly lay down their lives on the bloody fields of Manassas, Chickamauga, Vicksburg, and others, and to erect monuments and memorials commemorating their valor. Such valor was never displayed against such overwhelming odds through such a long period of time.

Our organization does not indorse sectional strife or keeping alive animosities that would tend to alienate the two sections

of our great country. A movement set in motion at the last reunion has as its purpose the erection of suitable and fitting memorials over the old negroes of the South who remained true to their "white folks," whose care was intrusted to them by their masters. There is not recorded, so far as this writer has been able to ascertain, a single instance where they proved untrue to their trust or offered violence to their charges.

The plan of organization of the Sons of Confederate Veterans is about the same as the military maintained during the War between the States. There are three departments: The Department of Northern Virginia, the Department of Tennessee, the Trans-Mississippi Department. These Departments are composed of the States of the Confederacy with a few additions. For example, there are large Camps in New York City, Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Seattle, and San Francisco.

Arkansas has a total of eleven camps in good standing, with the Robert C. Newton Camp, No. 197, of Little Rock, as the banner camp, numbering in membership around one hundred and twenty-five. The objective for the past several years in Arkansas has been to erect suitable monuments on the battle fields of Arkansas, a State Memorial in keeping with the dignity of the State in the Vicksburg National Military Park, on ground set apart for this purpose.

It is noticeable of late years, however, that we have been going to the North to choose our characters for essays in public schools, for which prizes are offered by Northern societies; that frequently we name our school buildings for men of note of the North, our highways, etc. This may be all right if we mix in some of our own people for these honors. But let us by all means keep their names bright and fresh before our young people as well as others. Why not choose from the gallery of famous Southerners the names of Lee, Davis, Jefferson, Beauregard, and others too numerous to mention? We can hardly conceive of these being honored elsewhere than in the South. Why not honor our own people?

## A VOLUME OF CONFEDERATE LETTERS.

*To Readers of the Veteran:* I am preparing a volume of "Confederate Letters," which will reveal as many aspects as possible of the Southern life and spirit during the War between the States, and just before and after. It will not be partisan in nature, but an honest and unshrinking presentation of conditions as they were. Of course, it will include big, spectacular events. But it will also portray faithfully the everyday problems, struggles, and hopes of people of all classes—the soldiers at the front or in prison, the surgeons and the nurses in hospitals, the women on plantations, the children, the slaves (and those who had charge of slaves), refugees from the war zone, inhabitants of areas raided or overrun. In short, my purpose is to bring before readers of to-day a composite and accurate picture of that period of suffering and conflict.

In doing this I shall not use words of my own, but shall make selections from letters and diaries written at the time. Hundreds and thousands of Southern families have preserved such material. Thousands of other families have mislaid or destroyed it, so that it is lost to the cause of truth and history. I wish to examine all the material I can which is still in private hands and which has not already been published.

As the son of a Confederate cavalry officer, I am making this a labor of love and I, therefore, cannot buy material. But I will pay postage both ways on anything sent me for



examination, will copy such parts as I can use, and will return it safely to the owner.

If my book is to be as vivid and complete as it should be, I must have the coöperation of many different people. A large number with whom I have had personal touch have aided me most generously. May I now have the voluntary help of every reader of this notice? Will you send me anything you have in the way of old letters, diaries, or other documents? Will you speak in my behalf at the next meeting of your Chapter of the U. D. C. or other organization? Please do not refrain from sending me material because you think it too humble. A simple account of some homely matter may be exactly what I need to round out a picture.

Until July 15, send material to me in care of the University of Texas, Austin, Tex. Thereafter, I shall travel for six or eight weeks in behalf of the book, but after September 15, I can be reached at 2647 Cedar Street, Berkeley, Calif.

Please act as soon as possible. And please remember that you must take the lead if your material is to be of any use in the common cause. Will you do your part, and at once?

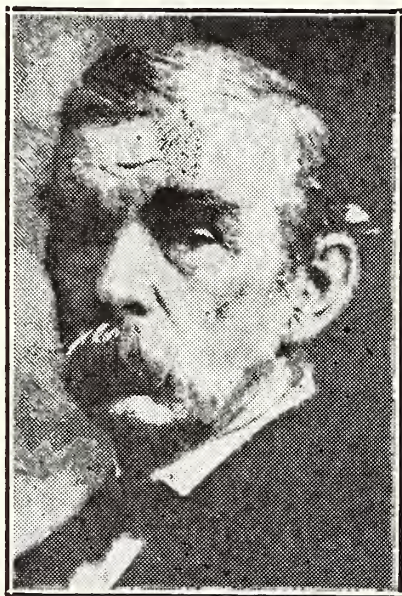
In appreciation.

GARLAND GREEVER.

### A BELOVED VETERAN.

BY MASON BLANKENSHIP.

Gilmer Calhoun Greer was born April 6, 1844, seven miles west of Union S. C., in the home where he now lives. At the age of seventeen he enlisted in the Confederate army, on August 20, 1861, at Yorkville, S. C., and was mustered into Company A, W. H. McCorkle, captain, 12th South Carolina Regiment, Maxy Gregg's Brigade. He was first sent to the camp of instruction at Lightwood Knot Springs, seven miles from Columbia, where he drilled for two months. He had measles and was sent home, but as soon as he was able went back to the army and joined the command at Pocotaligo.



GILMER C. GREER.

He was in the fight at Port Royal Ferry, then guarded the coast, drilled, and lived the life of a real soldier until he was rushed to Richmond for the Seven Days fight. He fought all of the first day, marched all night, and was in the fight the next day until about night, when he received a flesh wound in his right arm; was then sent home on furlough. As soon as able, he rejoined the command at Culpeper Courthouse, Va.; was in the battle of Fredericksburg, and volunteered with one other member of Company A in a battalion of sharpshooters to go on the march to Gettysburg, reaching there July 1. He was in the first two days' fight, but July 3 he was wounded seriously in the right shoulder, and left on the battle field for dead. He was afterwards taken prisoner and carried to Davis's Island, twenty-five miles from New York. Two months later he was exchanged and taken to a

hospital in Richmond, where he remained four months and returned home January 8, 1864, not being fit for duty. He was placed upon the retired list, after reporting to headquarters in Richmond. Mr. Greer was eighty-three years of age, April 6, 1927, and is remarkable in mental and physical vigor. He is dearly beloved in his home county, and is called "Uncle" by all who know him.

### IS DAVIS A TRAITOR?

(Republished under title "The War between the States.")

This little book, published in 1866, was written as a defense of secession. Its presentation of the subject is so fine that it is still in demand, and a few years ago it was republished under the title of "The War between the States." In his preface the author states: "The sole object of this work is to discuss the right of secession with reference to the past in order to vindicate the character of the South for loyalty and to wipe off the charges of treason and rebellion from the names and memories of Jefferson Davis, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Robert E. Lee, and all who fought or suffered in the great war of coercion. The present work aims to show that however those illustrious heroes may have been aspersed by the ignorance, the prejudices, and the passions of the hour, they were nevertheless perfectly loyal to truth, justice, and the Constitution of 1787 as it came from the hands of the Fathers. The calm and impartial reader will, it is believed, discover therein the ground on which the South may be vindicated."

The following is taken from the "Explanatory Preface" by Sophia Bledsoe Herrick, daughter of Dr. Bledsoe, in which she tells how and why the book was written:

"Albert Taylor Bledsoe had been graduated at West Point in 1830. He was there with both Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee, though not a classmate of either. While professor of mathematics in the University of Mississippi his relations with Davis were maintained with great cordiality. He was not in favor of secession, but with the call for her quota of 75,000 men from Virginia to enter the Federal army, he, like Lee and other Virginians, felt that he could not ally himself with the enemies of his State, so he entered the Confederate army, receiving the title of colonel; but he was preëminently a student and a scholar, not a soldier. Later, President Davis gave him a position in the Confederate Cabinet, his title being Chief of the Bureau of War, and his duties those of Assistant Secretary of War. Later on, in a consultation between Davis and Lee, it was decided that the greatest service he could render to the seceded States would be to write a constitutional history, which should, if the facts were made clear, justify the South in the right to secede. In order to do this it was necessary for him to have access to the debates in the formation of the Constitution of the United States, as well as of the individual States then constituting the Union. The necessary documents were not to be found south of Mason and Dixon's. He was, therefore, obliged to go to England to study there in the British Museum."

Dr. Bledsoe made a stay of several years in England, and the book was published after his return in 1866. Jefferson Davis was then a prisoner at Fortress Monroe and in peril of his life, so he gave the book the title of "Is Davis a Traitor?" though he had intended using what was given as the subtitle of the book. The material he had brought to light in the book was most helpful to Charles O'Connor, chief counsel for Mr. Davis, in his preparation of the defense.

Under a new title, "The War between the States," the book was republished by the J. P. Bell Company, of Lynchburg, Va., from whom it can still be procured at one dollar.



**"OLD GLORY'S" DEBUT**

The first time the Stars and Stripes was used has been ascertained by War Department historians at the request of historical societies. The flag flew for the first time over Fort Stanwix, N. Y., August 2, 1777.

The necessity for making the flag when the enemy invested the garrison was found described in a volume, "A Narrative of the Military Actions of Col. Marinus Willett," who was a member of the fort. It reads: "The fort had never been supplied with a flag. The necessity of having one had, upon the arrival of the enemy, taxed the invention of the garrison a little, and a decent one was soon contrived.

"The white stripes were cut out of ammunition shirts; the blue out of the camulet cloak taken from the enemy at Peekskill, while the red stripes were made of different pieces of stuff procured from one and another of the garrison."—*National Tribune*.

J. P. Marrs, of Fayetteville, Tenn., writing in the interest of his mother, the widow of Marcus Marrs, a Confederate soldier who served under Captain Caldwell, of Russellville, Ky., but he does not know the company and regiment. The last known of Captain Caldwell he was living in Atlanta, and possibly some one who served under him or who knew of his service can give the information desired.

Mrs. Robert E. Yorke, granddaughter of Reuben Crawford and Andrew Manning, who enlisted with Virginia forces from near Princeton (now West Virginia), is anxious to establish their records so that she can join the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Andrew Manning died during the war of sickness, and the report is that he was buried at sea; Reuben Crawford survived the war and lived at Princeton for many years, but all his war papers were stolen, and the family has nothing on his record. It is thought that Rev. Tyler Frazier, who served with him, could give some information of his service, and she will appreciate hearing from Mr. Frazier, or from anyone who knows where he is now living.

Information is wanted concerning the Confederate service of Thomas Jefferson Downing, born in Fayette County, Ky. He is said to have been captured and imprisoned for a time at Altoona, Ill. After the war he removed to Missouri and died there. Please address Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, 307 Hillcrest Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Anyone having a copy of Colonel Oates's book on "The War between the Union and the Confederacy," for sale, will confer a favor by addressing this office, stating price wanted. The book is now out of print.

**THE WASTE OF WAR.**

Government efficiency in business is thus emphasized by Congressman William R. Wood, of Indiana:

"During the war the United States government contracted for 41,000,000 pairs of shoes—thirteen pairs for each of the 3,500,000 men in the army.

"It bought 945,000 saddles for its 86,000 cavalry horses—eleven saddles per horse. In addition, every horse was supplied with seven halters, four horse brushes, three horse covers, and five nose bags.

"For the officers there were purchased 712,510 sets of spur straps, or thirty-six sets for each; and for the men 149,456,511 bread cans, or forty-nine cans per man.

"It expended \$176,000,000 in nitrate plants, picric acid plants and coke ovens, and produced nothing.

"It spent \$116,000,000 for poison gas and obtained no gas.

"It spent \$127,661,000 for docks and terminals at which no ship ever docked.

"It spent \$200,000,000 on powder plants, and produced no powder.

"It spent \$1,051,511,000 for airplanes, and there was never a fighting machine delivered in France.

"It ordered 2,288 ships, of which only four hundred and fifty were delivered before the armistice. Nearly two thousand were delivered in the latter part of 1919 and four hundred and seventy-three were delivered in 1920. The cost to the American taxpayer was \$4,000,000,000."—*Exchange*.

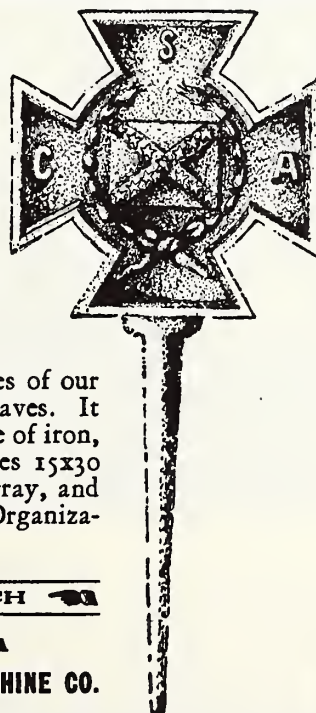
John Amar Shismanian, of Exeter, Calif., is interested in getting some information on the war record of his grandfather, James Morrison McClelland, of Lexington; Ky., who was a prisoner at Camp Chase; served under Gen. E. Kirby Smith. He was known for his cheerful spirit and was called "Uncle Tad."

Mrs. H. F. Montgomery, 503 Goodwin Avenue, Anniston, Ala., wants a copy of the song, words and music, of "Do They Love Us Still in Dixie," and will appreciate hearing from anyone having this song for sale or knowing where it can be procured.

"I cannot get along without you. Most valuable and interesting publication," writes Capt. Willie Jones, of Columbia, S. C.



**"Lest  
We  
Forget"**

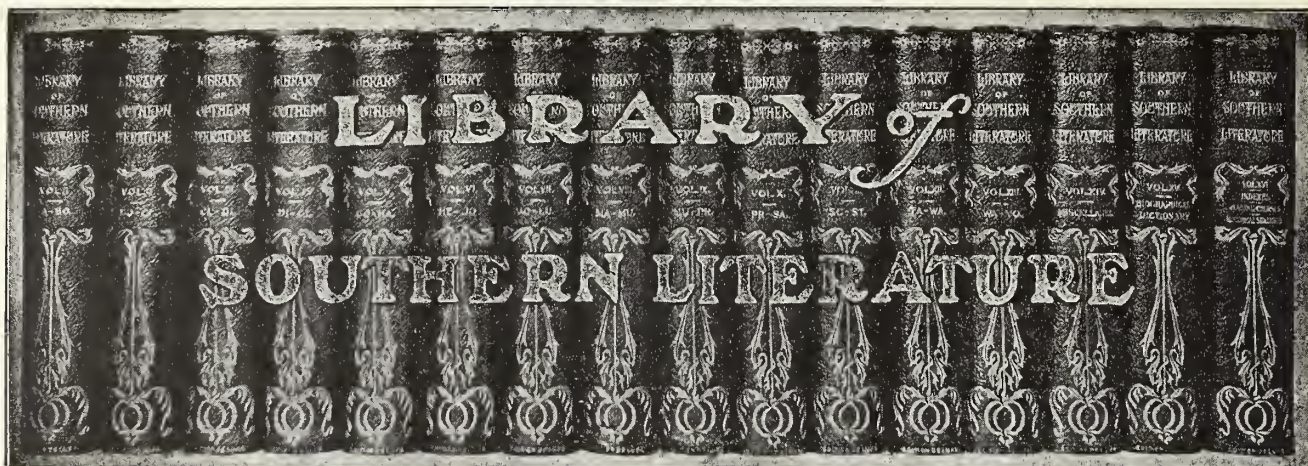


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UPON the Daughters of the South devolves an obligation as sacred as high heaven---an obligation to keep ever before her children the lofty ideals or chivalry for which the South has always stood. It is she alone who must instill in them a reverence for the heroic men and for the patriotic memories of a 'storm-cradled nation.' The broadest duty to her country demands this service at her hands. As the divinely appointed guardian and teacher of the young, it is to her that the youth of the South must look for instruction."

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"It is the duty of the Daughter of the South to inculcate Southern truths at the home fireside; and to supply her with the necessary means for performing this task with thoroughness the LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE has been provided. It should appeal to her as no other work has ever done or can ever do. Why? Because it reflects the innermost soul of the South. It reveals the wealth of thought, of sentiment, and of character by which the Cavalier race has ever been distinguished. It constitutes the fullest, the strongest, and the most complete defense of our people which has ever been made at the bar of public opinion. There is no sinister sectionalism reflected, our thoughts are centered on sectionalism as it relates to home and interest and affection for one's neighbors."



LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE, within its seventeen volumes, by each of its 8,000 pages, furnishes history, traditions pressed through its Literature. It should become the treasure of each household, the beacon light for our children, and does perpetuate the contributions of the South in American letters.

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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

JULY, 1927

NO. 7



#### AN INGENUOUS CONFEDERATE DEVICE AT FORT PULASKI.

By swinging up the muzzle of this 8-inch smoothbore seacoast gun in Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of the Savannah River, so it could be used as a mortar for high-range fire against Federal batteries, the Confederates were able to drop shells in the Federal trenches. With this and other ingenious devices the little garrison kept up its resistance until forced to surrender. (From "Photographic History of the Civil War." By courtesy of the Review of Reviews.) (See page 250.)



## TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
3. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.
4. Financial Prospectus.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

## BOOKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Scarcer and more scarce become the works on Confederate history written by those who had a part in making it. What is written hereafter will be by those whose viewpoint comes from reading what has been written by the participants. Much of this material is now available only through libraries in large centers, and it is important that it be accessible everywhere. Every U. D. C. Chapter should have a library for the use of members in the historical work of the organization; every school should have its library of Southern history, and every home should have its collection of these books. Delay in collecting them means a loss in every way.

From time to time the VETERAN is able to offer books that are difficult to procure now, and it is only occasionally that more than one copy can be offered. Two or more copies are available in some books of the following list, but it is well to make second and third choice in giving your order:

- Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson. Nice sets, cloth. Two volumes.....\$7 00
- Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis. Two volumes..... 8 00
- Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones..... 4 00
- Lee and His Generals. By William Parker Snow. Illustrated..... 5 00
- Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke. Illustrated..... 6 00
- Service Afloat. By Admiral Semmes. Illustrated..... 7 00
- Recollections of a Naval Life (including service with the Sumter and Alabama). By John McIntosh Kell..... 3 50
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- Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson..... 4 00
- Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston. By Col. William Preston Johnston..... 5 00
- Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards (very scarce)..... 5 00
- Four Years in the Saddle. By Col. Harry Gilmor..... 3 00
- Poems of Henry Timrod. Memorial Edition..... 2 50
- Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Gen. Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry). Edited by Gen. R. E. Lee, 1867. 6 00
- Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

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147 Fulton Street  
New York, N. Y.

Mrs. A. C. Fitzgerald, 1134 Highland Boulevard, San Antonio, Tex., would like to hear from any survivors of Company F, 5th Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, A. N. V. She is trying to get a pension and needs information on the service of her husband, William M. Fitzgerald.

James Sherier, 907 Fifteenth Street, Washington, D. C., makes inquiry in behalf of Mrs. Sarah T. Eddins, who wishes to get a pension. Her husband, Henry Clay Eddins, was a native of Orange County, Va., and was a member of the 1st Virginia Artillery (13th Regiment), and she would like to get in communication with any of his surviving comrades. Address her in care of Mr. Sherier.

Mrs. Mary McGrath, 1204 First Avenue, West End, Birmingham, Ala., seeks information of the record of her husband, James McGrath, who enlisted in the Confederate army at Louisville, Ky., in the early part of 1863, but she does not know the company and regiment, or under whom he served. She is trying to get a pension, and will appreciate any information on this line; says her husband told her he was in the infantry supply department. She is now eighty-two years old.

Mrs. E. C. Smith, of Quitman, Tex., needs a pension, and seeks more information on the service rendered the Confederacy by her husband, Thomas Dixon Smith. She would like to hear from anyone who knew him when working on a gunboat which was being built at Montgomery, Ala., in 1863, or at the Red Mountain Iron Works near where the city of Birmingham is now. She is over ninety years of age, and if she is to have the benefit of a pension, it should come soon.

WANTED.—Copies of Dr. Wyeth's "Life of Forrest." Anyone having a copy for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN.



# Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1927.

No. 7. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

*Assistant to the Adjutant General*

GEN. W. D. MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City, Okla. .... *Chaplain General*

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GEN. A. T. GOODWYN, Elmore, Ala. .... *Army of Tennessee*  
GEN. R. A. MILLER, Abilene, Tex. .... *Trans-Mississippi*

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ARKANSAS—Little Rock. .... Gen. J. W. Hollis  
FLORIDA—Tallahassee. .... Gen. T. J. Appleyard  
GEORGIA—Atlanta. .... Gen. D. B. Freeman  
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VIRGINIA—Petersburg. .... Gen. Homer Atkinson  
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg. .... Gen. Thomas H. Dennis  
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles. .... Gen. S. S. Simmons

### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. C. I. WALKER, Charleston, S. C. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. FELIX H. ROBERTSON, Waco, Tex. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. .... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

### REUNION DATES.

The dates selected for the reunion in Little Rock in 1928 are May 8-11, and the Hotel Marion will be Headquarters Hotel.

## FROM COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

*To My Dear Comrades.*—I come with a message of love to my comrades and wishing you the blessings of life. I am pleased with the activities of our Association this year. I am getting splendid reports from my most efficient Adjutant General, Harry Rene Lee, and his estimable Assistant, Mrs. W. B. Kernan. Their reports show much activity and interest being taken by our veterans all over the country for the good of our association. I have just returned from Oklahoma, having attended the State reunion, in Oklahoma City, of the Veterans, Sons, and Daughters. I enjoyed being with Generals Sneed, Yeager, Hulén, and our Chaplain General Mathews, also our distinguished Son, Edmund R. Wiles, of Little Rock, Ark., Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V., and many other distinguished guests—in fact, all who attended were distinguished. S. A. Moodie, Vice President Southland Memorial Association, was also present from Houston. He is meeting with encouragement. It was very gratifying to notice so much honor was given to celebrating the birthday of our illustrious President Jefferson Davis, which is growing yearly.

With faith, hope, and best wishes, your Commander in Chief,  
J. C. FOSTER.

## GENERAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA., June 11, 1927.

### SPECIAL ORDERS No. 2.

Upon the recommendation of Lieut. Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, Commanding Army Tennessee Department, U. C. V., Gen. D. B. Freeman, Atlanta, Ga., is hereby appointed to command the Georgia Division until the next annual meeting of the Division, filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Gen. M. G. Murchison.

General Freeman will at once appoint a Commander of the North Georgia Brigade to fill the vacancy caused by his promotion, and all Division Commanders are hereby ordered to promulgate these facts through appropriate orders to the Brigade Commanders.

By Command of J. C. FOSTER, *General Commanding.*  
HARRY RENE LEE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## FOR INCREASED PENSIONS.

Efforts are being made in several States to secure larger pensions for their Confederate veterans and widows. Florida is now paying \$40 per month, and the late appropriation by the Arkansas legislature gives \$45 per month to veterans of that State; Tennessee pays \$25 per month, and other State allowances vary, some being as low as \$8 per month. An effort is now being made to get Mississippi's allowance increased to \$30 per month, a campaign having been put on by the former superintendent of the Confederate Home at Beauvoir, Mr. Elinathan Tartt, who is familiar with their needs, and his efforts are being backed by Mr. W. M. Lamp-ton, widely known for his philanthropy, ever the friend and helper of the veterans of the Confederacy, and especially a friend to those in the Beauvoir Home.

A letter has also been sent out by the present Superintendent of that Home, Mrs. Helen M. Tartt, in the interest of locating all Confederate veterans and widows in the State who are in need of the comforts that can be provided at the Home, and they are asked to put in their application at once. There is room for twenty-five in the up-to-date hospital at the Home, and for twenty-five more in the dormitories. Each inmate also has \$3 per month for spending money.

Doubtless many of our Confederate veterans and widows in the States so tragically affected by the great Mississippi flood have lost much, not only of their possessions, but in the losses sustained by those on whom they were dependent, and it would seem an appropriate time to become inmates of the Confederate Homes of their States, where their physical needs can be so fully supplied. And if these States can do more in the pension allowance, now is the time to do it, for there are not many more years in which we can minister to their needs. Every State should give an adequate pension.

## REUNION COMMITTEE.

Col. E. R. Wiles, of Little Rock, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V., is Chairman of the Executive Committee appointed by the governor for the U. C. V. reunion in Little Rock, 1928. Other members of this committee are: Dr. Morgan Smith, Gen. M. D. Vance, of Little Rock; Mrs. George Hughes, of Benton, and Mrs. George B. Gill, of Little Rock.

REUNION BADGES UNCALLED FOR.—Mrs. W. B. Kernan, Assistant to the Adjutant General, U. C. V., reports that a number of badges prepared for staff appointees were not called for during the reunion in Tampa, and such appointees who failed to get badges can get them now by writing to her at New Orleans, 7219 Elm Street. These badges will be beautiful souvenirs of that enjoyable occasion.

CORRECTION.—In the review of the book on "An Aide-de-Camp of Lee," by Matthew Page Andrews, in the sixth line from top of page 216, first column, the "Federal capital" should read the "Confederate capital," this error having been made in copying the article. The editor has made apology for having let it pass.

## THE GIFT SUPREME.

Gifts of the gods they looked for then,  
Pagan hosts in a world of war,  
Brave recruits in the conflict when  
Honor's badge was the battle scar;  
Bounties plenty from fortune's car  
Decked the path of their lavish dream,  
Guessed by few came the gleaming Star—  
Peace on earth was the gift supreme.

Then as now under frowning skies  
Hungry hearts on the future fed,  
Watchers waited the rainbow's rise,  
Mourners hoped to be comforted;  
Captive and king saw blessings shed  
Unto each in fair fancy's beam,  
Blind to the Star's glow overhead—  
Peace on earth was the gift supreme.

Heaven's boon is their hope to-day,  
Nations harnessed with sword and gun  
Marching forth to the bloody fray,  
Valor high in each eager son;  
Riches many, by conquest won,  
Time may bring in a golden stream,  
Cometh the Star's blest light to none?  
Peace on earth is the gift supreme!

Now as then through the teeming land  
Souls athirst for the fountain sigh,  
Hopeful still of the magic wand,  
Sure of joy in the by and by;  
Hark to the pealing melody—  
Finer than mortal's sweetest dream—  
Angel song of the Star on high:  
"Peace on earth is the gift supreme!"

—Anon.

S. C. V. DEPARTMENT.—On account of illness, Editor Price has not been able to furnish any material for the S. C. V. Department for July, but he promised to "get things lined up" for the next month.

A CORRECTION.—In referring to the writer of the interesting paper on Gen. John H. Morgan, of Alabama, in the VETERAN for June, page 212, it is stated that Mrs. S. H. Newman is "Historian of the Alabama Division, U. D. C.," which is a mistake that Mrs. Newman wishes corrected as she is Historian of the Dadeville Chapter, U. D. C.

THE MAURY PRIZE AT ANNAPOLIS.—The handsome pair of binoculars given annually by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to a student at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, in honor of Matthew Fontaine Maury, was won for 1927 by John Bartholomew Webster, of Washington, D. C., an underclass man, for excellence in physics.

ENGAGEMENTS AT WINTON, N. C.—A recent inquiry as to whether there was any fighting at Winton, N. C., during the War between the States brings the thought that there may be some survivors of those soldiers who were stationed in that section and had a part in such engagements. The Official Records refer to "Winton, N. C., Expeditions, February 18, 21, 1862, and July 25-31, 1862."



## THE CONVENTION VETERAN.

BY MISS EMMA R. M'GILL, HISTORIAN JEFFERSON DAVIS CHAPTER, U. D. C., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Feebly shuffling along, dragging a heavy cane, an old man with white-crowned head and drooping long mustache, was led by an alert, progressive little woman (a typical modern grandmother of modish short skirts and boyish cut, smooth bobbed hair) to a forward seat at the opening of the twenty-seventh annual convention of the California Division, U. D. C., on May 11, 1927. Every one there at once knew him as a veteran of the Cause, "Love for the South," for which all were present, and a wave of reverent commendation in whispers buzzed through the beautiful gold ballroom of the palatial hotel where the convention of women from the Southland was assembled.

Eagerly the old form bent forward, hand cupped to ear, trying to drink in each word that flowed so evenly and rapidly from the well-trained thoughts of the many delegates and officers who graced the large rostrum. Throughout the morning session of four long hours sat the old man at strained attention, and when the luncheon was announced, crowds of brilliant women gathered around the trembling, weary old soldier to give him welcome and reverent honor.

At the beautifully decorated table, with the service which princes of high finance daily receive, he was gently seated. When the fried chicken of his childhood days far back in his beloved Virginia was placed before him, the sparkle of his year-weary eyes would have made even the heart of Scrooge warm into the milk of human kindness. We who knew the taste of delicacies each meal felt our eyes fill with tears.

Again, in the afternoon, he sat through the proceedings with renewed and joyful interest, and when the little President of the Chapter which holds this old man's happiness in its care read her report, she spoke of the two visits paid him each month at the Home that the county in which they lived was taxed to maintain, the Home where this soldier of the gray ("from the 31st Virginia Regiment, Company A," he proudly said) must pass the remaining few years left to him, for we have no Confederate Soldiers' Home in California.

She told us that Mr. Davis, her charge, was so thrilled with the kindly reception given and so eager to remain over for the following day, when he was to receive his cross, that she had approached the hotel management to make arrangements as to room and meals for the lowly old man. "It will be the pleasure of this hotel to have your veteran as its guest. There will be no charge," replied the manager of one of the most famous hotels of which this Pacific Coast boasts so many.

And when the evening social hours arrived, this honored hotel guest, in his well-brushed, old-fashioned gray suit, wandered through the corridors and into the ballroom, where lovely women, gowned in the beautiful hues like glorious blossoms of this paradise of flowers, stood in receiving line or danced upon the polished floor of a dreamland setting. His little guardian, in her shell-pink gown of shining satin, stopped him to say that she feared he was too tired to stay up longer; that he had another day to-morrow, and it would be best for him to let a bellboy take him to his room. "B-b-u-t," the old voice faltered, "a lady said I ought to stay. I-I- ain't going to dance. I—I want to just see."

He was eighty-five, and the conscientious guardian had misgivings about her duty, but a delegate here stepped forward and begged that she would relax it enough to permit her charge to sit through the pictures of Hawaii, which were to follow. Thus one more joy of everlasting delight, and crammed full of memories of a paradise glimpsed while yet

on earth, was added to the things to be told and retold to the many eager old listeners at the Home, pathetic old characters who had no friends to take them out for even an hour's relief from the dreary monotony of their daily lives.

And when, the following afternoon, the moment came for receiving the Cross of Honor, the Confederate veteran of eighty-five, or more, stood before his audience and spoke of the days when his youth and courage went forth in defense of the ideals for which Gen. "Bob" Lee stood, the quavering tones rose high, the old cheeks flushed, and the eyes that once were keen on battle front were lighted again with fire.

Only the solemn dignity of having the Cross pinned upon his breast enabled us to persuade him that he had taxed the waning strength to the utmost—the glorification of that old countenance could never be portrayed by pen or brush of man.

God bless him! God bless the little woman who had the courage to bring this beautiful act of kindness to our convention! And may success always be with the hotel whose generosity allowed this humble old figure to be waited upon by its serving people and made comfortable!

Each of us who gave but a handclasp or a word to this comrade of our fathers and grandfathers felt that the answering smile in his faded eyes rested upon us like a benediction, something beautiful for us to have and to hold as we lovingly went forward to "carry on" high ideals of the South for him and General Bob.

## THE LITTLE FADED PACKET.

BY ANNIE P. MOSES, PAST POET LAUREATE, TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

Only just a little packet,  
Letters stained and dust besmirched,  
Found one day within an attic  
By an idle hand that searched.

Idle eyes gazed at the packet—  
Such an old forgotten thing;  
Brown and wrinkled like a parchment,  
Tied with just a bit of string.

See, they flutter! Can she read them?  
Learn who penned these pages dim?  
Ought she learn the writer's secret,  
Is it sacrilege to him?

Eighteen sixty-three! Ah surely  
She can read them, he'll not mind;  
"Dearest Mother"—then a tear blot,  
Then a message interlined.

"Mother, dear," began another,  
"Do not fret, we're bound to win"—  
"Precious Mother"—still another—  
"What a mother you have been!"

On and on the pages falling,  
Till her tender throat-cords smart,  
O, the love, the trust, the homage,  
Of that dear boy's faithful heart:

Mother first and mother always!  
But what is this official creed?  
"Madame, I regret to tell you"—  
Then for tears—*she could not read.*



## BETTER THAN RICHES.

The following letter from Admiral Semmes to his brother, Samuel M. Semmes, of Cumberland, Md., was published in the *National Intelligencer* while he was awaiting trial for his "misdeeds on the high seas."

"MOBILE, ALA., August 12, 1865.

"*My Dear Brother:* The cessation of the war leaves me at liberty to renew my correspondence with you without subjecting you to suspicion and annoyance; and I need not say to you how grateful to the yearnings of my heart is this long-suspended privilege. You have been frequently in my thoughts in our unfortunate struggle, and I have often felt much solicitude on your account, lest a part of the odium and ill will which a zealous performance of my duty has called down upon my head from a 'mad nation' should attach to you and your family. Indeed, I have no doubt but that the prejudice against me was the secret of the barbarous and malignant persecution of your son, of which I heard only a few days since from my wife's friend and relation, Mrs. Judge Spencer, of Cincinnati. I have never inquired as to your opinions and conduct during the war, being content to leave you the same liberty of choice and action that I claimed for myself. I knew that whatever you did, you would do like a man of honor, and I rested satisfied. Besides, you had been some time retired from active life by your want of health. As for myself, I have nothing to regret, save only the loss of our independence. My conscience, which is the only earthly tribunal of which a good man should be afraid, bears me witness of the uprightness of my intention in choosing my course, when, with many regrets, I severed my connection with the old government and hastened to the defense of my home and section; and now, upon reviewing the whole of my subsequent career, I can see no act with which I have to reproach myself as unbecoming a man of honor and a gentleman. I approved the secession movement of the Southern States, though I had no agency in it. I thought that the separation of these two sections of our republic, which had been engaged in a deadly mortal conflict for thirty years, would ultimately result to the great advantage of them both. The world was wide enough for them to live apart, and peace, I thought, would be the fruit of their mutual independence of each other. Although I cared very little about the institution of slavery, I thought that the subordinate position of the inferior race was its proper position. I believed that the doctrine of State Rights was the only doctrine which would save our republic from the fate of all other republics that had gone before us in the history of the world. I believed that this doctrine had been violated and that it would never be sufficiently respected by the controlling masses of the Northern section to prevent them from defacing with sacrilegious hands our national bond of Union wheresoever its letter was meant to guard the peculiar rights of the South. Believing this, there was but one course for a faithful Southern man to pursue and maintain his self-respect. I pursued that course. When the alternative was presented to me of adhering to the allegiance due to my State or to the United States, I chose the former. Having taken my side, I gave it zealous and earnest support. I spent four years in active service, and only ceased to labor for my cause when it was no longer possible. I rendered this service without ever having treated a prisoner otherwise than humanely, and, I may say, often kindly, and without ever having committed an act of war, at any time or in any manner, which was not sanctioned by the laws of war; yet my name will probably go down to posterity in the untruthful histories which will be

written by bigoted and venal historians as a sort of 'Blue-beard' or 'Captain Kidd.' But I am content, my brother. My conscience is clear, my self-respect has been preserved, and my sense of manhood remains unimpaired. I think, too, the South will be content, notwithstanding her immense losses and sacrifices. If she had yielded to the intolerant exactions of Northern selfishness and fanaticism without appealing to the arbitrament of war, she would have played a craven and unworthy part.

"It is better to lose everything than our honor and manhood. I know you will believe me, my brother, when I tell you that I should feel greatly humbled in my own opinion were I this day entitled to wear an admiral's flag in the old navy and in possession of all the means and appliances of wealth if I thought my honors and rewards had been gained by a sacrifice of creed. The preservation of my own self-respect is infinitely preferable to all such gains. I have come out of the war poor, but, God willing, I shall make a support for my family. The President treats me as an outlaw, unworthy of amnesty. I have nothing to say. If I am deemed unworthy to be a citizen, I can remain in my native land as an alien. A magnanimous people would have passed an act of general amnesty, it being absurd and ridiculous to talk about rebels and traitors in connection with such a revolution as has swept over the length and breadth of this land, in which States, and not individuals merely, were the actors. But enough of this subject. I am still in Mobile, but it is yet uncertain where I shall go, or what I shall do. If I save five or six thousand dollars out of the wreck of my affairs, it will be fully as much as I expect. I think of retiring into the country, where, upon a small farm, I can live in obscurity and peace the few years that remain to me. My children are all grown, are well educated, and will be able, if the worst comes by the worst, to take care of themselves.

"Remember me kindly to your family, my dear brother, and let me hear from you. We have become old men. We have both had our troubles, but the chain of affection which binds me to you remains unaffected by the cares of the world and is as bright now as when we slept in each others' arms.

"Your affectionate brother,

R. SEMMES."

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"TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH."

BY CORNELIUS B. HITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

It is a great pity that the president of the National Geographic Society, Mr. Gilbert Grosvenor, in his article in the February, 1927, number of that magazine, should have marred his otherwise very interesting story of Maryland's part in the "Development of Popular Government in America," by side-stepping to throw the weight of his influence in support of false alleged historical facts lying entirely outside of Maryland's activities in said "Development." This seems to show he has the real "Yankee itch" for perversion of those historical truths that do not harmonize with prejudiced opinions.

I refer, first, to the so-called "Barbara Fritchie" incident.

Allow me to say that, while this Whittier "myth" has been repeatedly exposed and exploded, there are some who strenuously and recklessly ignore the truth for reasons best known to themselves, preferring fiction, especially when in verse by a favorite poet; and Mr. Grosvenor may be one of this class.

Now, the best evidence shows Barbara Fritchie to have been an invalid and bedridden for about *twelve* years prior to September, 1862, the date of the alleged incident. It has been reliably established that she required constantly daily



one or two nurses and a nephew of hers has stated that the acts attributed to her by Whittier are simply *absurd*. These facts ought to be enough to satisfy any sane, unprejudiced person of the falseness of Whittier's poem; but there is more convincing testimony also.

Maj. Henry Kyd Douglas, an aide on Stonewall Jackson's Staff, and Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, both there with the troops, have stated *positively* that General Jackson *did not* march with his men through Frederick City, having stopped to see a friend; and, moreover, the troops *did not* march on the street where Barbara lived. These officers say, however, there may have been some waving of flags by Unionist women of Frederick; but, if so, no attention was paid to it; for the Confederate soldier was too much of a gentleman, generally, ever to lower himself to the brutal level of a Sherman (who said, "war is hell" and then proceeded to make it so), a Sheridan, a Pope, a Hunter, or a Butler, *et als*.

The Southern soldier resents the Whittier poem, especially, for its utterly false representation of General Jackson's true character. He was too true a gentleman not to be one in war as well as in peace. Because, as a patriot, he was forced to take up the sword to defend his native land did not, and could not, change his character and make him a barbarian as Whittier would have the world believe. Had Stonewall, however, seen Barbara, or any other woman in Frederick, or anywhere else, waving a flag, he would have taken off his hat to her; for his duty did not make him war on noncombatants, and especially women.

Now, in the face of all this indisputable evidence, was Mr. Grosvenor seeking truth or just letting prejudice sway his mental vision when he states: "At Frederick, one pauses to note the site of Barbara Fritchie's house. In the Francis Scott Key Hotel is a full-page newspaper story framed, which positively asserts that she did wave her flag in the face of Stonewall Jackson, and offers much evidence to support the story of her defiance of the invading army. In Andrews's 'Tercentenary History of Maryland,' Cols. Bradley T. Johnson and Kyd Douglas are both quoted to the effect that chivalrous Jackson and his staff did not ride by Barbara's house at all; but whoever is right, it still remains that Whittier's poem symbolizes the devotion of the county to the 'indissoluble Union' from the days of 1776, when the Frederick County delegation to Annapolis compelled all doubting hearts to declare immediately for independence."

Now, will Mr. Grosvenor please explain how a chivalrous Jackson could act as Whittier's poem states and still be chivalrous? Is not the poem defamatory and unworthy of a gentleman and a scholar—on the strength of the testimony adduced?

Again: How can the poem symbolize the devotion of the county to the "indissoluble Union" from 1776, "when it ought to be well known to the president of the National Geographic Society that there *never* was an 'indissoluble Union' until Abraham Lincoln and his Radicals destroyed the Constitution of 1776 established by Washington and his compeers."

It looks as if Mr. Grosvenor is not familiar with Yates's "Minutes of the Constitutional Convention," nor the ratifying convention of Massachusetts, nor that of Virginia (1788); nor with the Virginia Bill of Rights, by George Mason; nor with the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, by Thomas Jefferson; nor with Madison and Hamilton's letters in the *Federalist*; nor, perhaps, does he know that Abraham Lincoln is the only President ever rebuked by a Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court (Roger B. Taney) for violating the Federal Constitution, the rebuke being sent under the Court's

seal by a special Court messenger, and delivered in person to the President; nor that Chief Justice Jay, in the case of *Chisholm vs. State of Georgia*, declares the Constitution of the United States is a compact.

Therefore, from all of the above testimony, it is incontestably proved that Washington and his compeers *never* established an "indissoluble Union," but one under "solemn and explicit compacts, each State with all of the others."

Again: Does Mr. Grosvenor know that Lincoln began war on the South just *eight days after* taking the oath to obey the Constitution, which gave him *no* authority to coerce any State, North or South, asserting its inalienable right to secede from the Union whenever it should think proper to do so, a right New England had been claiming for more than half a century? Does he know that Lincoln sent this order *secretly* by a *special* messenger named Worden; and the order is indisputable? This being true, does it not show Lincoln had predetermined on war *before* he was sworn in? Does not this constitute *perjury*? Was this one of his great acts? And are the following more of his great and good acts?

Besides secretly, willfully, and indefensibly involving the whole country in a war that brought great destruction of human life and, consequently, sorrow and mourning to every home, also great destruction of property and an enormous public debt, he suppressed the voice of the people of Indiana in their government by clothing Gov. Oliver P. Morton with such military power that he declared: "I am the State." Vallandigham, of Ohio, was banished because he opposed the Lincoln war on the South. Then Virginia was divided arbitrarily and unconstitutionally, and a full-fledged State was erected out of a county of the territory of Utah, inhabited by a few mining prospectors and Indians, and called it the State of Nevada, doing this unconstitutional act for the purpose of securing two more senators to further his unconstitutional plans.

Was the bribery of Simon Cameron, to get the nomination in 1860, either a good or great act?

The above are a few of Lincoln's many unconstitutional acts; but they ought to be enough to stop his admirers from muddling historical waters, so to say, with their false statements. It is remarkable that these writers should ignore entirely the records left by Lincoln's most intimate friends, which show, beyond doubt, that he was utterly devoid of any good or great qualities of mind or heart. It should be remembered, too, that William H. Seward, his Secretary of State, characterized him as having "that political cunning that was genius."

Again: Mr. Grosvenor refers to Maryland's instructions to her delegates, which were later read in Congress, May 21, 1779, and which state: "We are convinced that policy and justice require that a country unsettled at the commencement of this war, claimed by the British crown, and ceded to it by the Treaty of Paris, if wrested from the common enemy by the blood and treasure of the thirteen States, should be considered as a common property, subject to be parcelled out by Congress into free, convenient, and independent governments in such manner and at such times as the wisdom of that assembly shall hereafter direct." Then, Mr. Grosvenor goes on to state as follows: "To the illustrious Marylanders, John Hanson particularly, and to Charles Carroll and Daniel Carroll belong the credit of suggesting and successfully urging the policy that has changed the whole map of the United States and the whole course of our national life." The foregoing is a large proposition. Now let us see how true the statement is as to the territory referred to.

From the above statement, it seems, Mr. Grosvenor does



not know that the Treaty of Paris, by a proviso inserted by the Vatican's influence, obliged Great Britain to enlarge the boundaries of the neighboring Province of Quebec to include all of the territory now known as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin; but, fortunately, a band of Virginians, led by the intrepid George Rogers Clarke, invaded and took possession of all of this then unknown land in the name of Virginia; and Thomas Jefferson advocated its donation to the public domain of the thirteen Colonies, not because the other twelve Colonies had spent "blood and treasure" in its acquisition, but because Virginia thought it wise to do so; and it was, also, by Mr. Jefferson's influence, and Edward Cole's, an early governor of Illinois, that the States carved out of it were free and independent.

Now, in the above criticism, there is no purpose to disparage Maryland's conspicuous part in the Revolutionary War period: for John Hanson's able support, as well as the heroic gallantry of the Maryland Line, are well known activities: but it is *new* information to be told that Charles and Daniel Carroll exerted any of the special influence "that has changed the whole map of the United States and the whole course of our national life" at a time when Roman Catholicism in the thirteen Colonies was a *negligible* quantity, even in so-called Catholic Maryland, wherein Charles Carroll, to induce non-Catholics to settle in his sparsely occupied province, *tolerated* a qualified "freedom of conscience" act of his legislature. Surely this did not change the whole map of the United States nor the whole course of the national life. This act of Charles Carroll was rather that of a practical man of business who was trying to make the most of a bad situation, surrounded as he was by a political atmosphere of free and independent colonies.

To Roger Williams, however, belongs the honor and credit of founding at Providence, R. I., the first commonwealth on the basis of pure democracy (meaning freedom of conscience in all civil and religious matters) in the Western Hemisphere of North and South America *after being driven into the wilderness by the Pilgrim Fathers*.

#### THE MILITARY GENIUS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

REVIEWED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

Among the books on American history that have recently come from the pens of Englishmen is one by Brig. Gen. Colin R. Ballard, C.B., C.M.G., on "The Military Genius of Abraham Lincoln."

In the sphere of biographical eulogium, practically no limits have been set to the praise of Lincoln; but the very title of the particular book under discussion may prove startling to extreme eulogists, since it has been generally accepted that Lincoln's military interferences were disastrous. In so far as General Ballard presents matters pertaining to the conduct of the war, there is much that is valuable; but he is singularly unconvincing when he attempts to establish his main thesis. In some cases, however, he does show that Lincoln's common sense was a guide superior to the judgment of the military and political leaders who surrounded him. On the whole, the volume offers the clearest brief expositions of the numerous military campaigns that has appeared in print. It is a remarkable bit of condensation, and the reviewer has distinctly profited by these summations and by sundry shrewd observations as to relative values that have, apparently, hitherto escaped special attention.

In treating of the sectional conflict, the author necessarily handles a two-sided question; yet when his official "list of authors consulted" is reviewed, one is surprised to find that

of the sixteen special authorities mentioned, *twelve* are taken from one side and but *one* from the other, and this lone exception covers only a small period. The remaining three are neutral or foreign, over and above historical society proceedings and "Battle and Leaders of the Civil War." This one-sidedness in the matter of references is unfortunate, for several very patent errors must certainly have been avoided had the author more generally consulted both sides. For instance, he would not have asserted that "the Confederates raised a wooden frigate, fitted her with armor plating, and christened her the Merrimac." As a matter of fact, of course, the vessel was sunk as the Merrimac and then raised and christened the Virginia; after which the usual impression is given that the Virginia retreated from the Monitor, whereas the opposite is the truth. Also, General Ballard would have avoided the implication that "Lee had difficulty in making up his mind which way duty called him." There is no evidence to warrant the belief that Lee had any hesitancy in regard to what he would do in case of Virginia's secession. He was, as Charles Francis Adams points out, too well drilled in the beliefs and traditions of his Revolutionary forbears, even though some of General Lee's biographers give the impression of hesitation at this point.

Again, had General Ballard consulted authorities, he would not have been so surprised that the Border States supported Lincoln in 1862, while pivotal Northern States voted against the Administration. As a matter of fact, the Border States were under military law and physical duress. The people had almost as little freedom of expression in opposing the party in power as any group in Italy now has in questioning the authority of Fascism. General Ballard would do well to read the sayings of the British minister in regard to this military domination together with those recorded in the diary of Count Gurowski and other foreign observers.

In the main, however, these and similar errors are not pertinent to the theme of the volume, in which the author expounds a viewpoint sensationally contrary to the opinions of other military critics. Like many who conceive an idea involving certain points that have been overlooked, instead of riding the idea, our author permits the idea to ride him, or so it would seem. In the beginning, for example, General Ballard undertakes to defend Lincoln's conduct in countermanding McClellan's plans. In doing so he brings out some thoughts which have been neglected by the historians, and no well-informed person would contend that American historians have not from time to time made serious errors, and are still making them. Nevertheless, although General Ballard gives unusual emphasis to the comparatively neglected point that McClellan did not live up to his promises of leaving a larger force in front of Washington in the Peninsular campaign, his own subsequent comment illustrates the fact that Lincoln's interference gave Lee his sole opportunity for turning either Federal flank and of converting what seemed to be the certain fall of the Confederate capital into the final repulse of the Federal host. It is impossible to conceive how the genius of Lee could have saved Richmond had McClellan received the support he expected from Washington, even though it be admitted he had forfeited an absolute claim to that support.

A new viewpoint that General Ballard brings out is the thought that had Lincoln's orders been "carried out with any thrust" by Fremont and Shields that these orders "would have led to success" in that quarter and, presumably, have obviated the alleged necessity for interfering with McClellan's plans; but there is an awful *if* when one counts out, on paper, a fighter like Stonewall Jackson! On the other hand, there is no question about it that the book does establish



certain points which bring Lincoln's military and political "strategy" into a better light than has usually been accepted, but more particularly the latter in its unavoidable associations with the former.

Here and there are some illuminating passages when, for example, General Ballard quotes Professor Paxson in regard to what is almost invariably overlooked by writers on the subject of the war—viz., "*It is reasonably clear to-day that the South would of itself have discarded slavery in another generation.*"

On the other hand, in the chapter on "Slavery," the author, in common with ninety-nine out of a hundred fellow historians, utterly fails to recognize the illimitable importance of the economic and political basis for the conflict. Nowhere does he set forth the fact, or even an intimation, that the taxation actually imposed upon the South prior to the armed conflict was vastly more injurious to the welfare of the South than the taxation merely proposed by the British Parliament on the American colonies. In discussing the cause of the conflict, the author fails to grasp the all-important fact that the controversy was fundamentally a clash between King Cotton, representing agricultural interests on the one side, and King Coal, or the manufacturing interests, on the other; and that these differences were merely sharpened by the sectional existence of slavery, the abolition of which was an incidental outcome of the physical clash.

General Ballard is one of the few writers who shows that the Emancipation Proclamation was a military rather than a humanitarian measure. He would, doubtless, be interested in comparing the emancipation proclamation issued by the British in 1775 with the one issued by the Federal government in 1863. In either case, if slavery had been of the character illustrated in other lands or in the West Indies, a fearful servile war would have resulted, especially in those localities where the negroes outnumbered the whites in the ratio of from three and five to one. The late Charles Francis Adams asserted that this possibility of servile insurrection was duly considered by those who advocated the passage of the measure, believing it would bring a rapid end to the war, for the reason that the soldiers of the Confederacy would be compelled to return home at once to protect their families.

Again, taking up the main thesis of the work of General Ballard, one finds, from the General's own presentation, that Lincoln was in error on matters of military strategy on five successive occasions—notably, the appointment of Halleck instead of Buell in the West; together with the subsequent removal of Buell from the office he held for a failure which was not Buell's fault. In the first place, Buell should have been promoted in the place of Halleck and, in the second, he should not have been demoted for failure. Again, had Lincoln been successful in interfering with Grant's movements before Vicksburg, it seems highly probable that Vicksburg would not have been captured. In fact, Grant achieved his early successes through disobedience of directions from Washington. In the matter of relieving Burnside, had Grant heeded Lincoln it seems likely that both Burnside and Grant would have been defeated. General Ballard justifies Lincoln's failure to support McClellan on the basis that McClellan did not inform the administration of his plans; and yet there is no condemnation of Grant for doing the same thing. Of a campaign in the West, Grant wrote bluntly: "I did not communicate my plans to the President, nor did I to the Secretary of War, nor General Halleck." There is severe criticism of McClellan because he was in Washington and failed to consult with the President; yet when Grant went from Petersburg to Washington he returned to Petersburg "*without*

*seeing the President*!" Again, Grant refused to heed the President in regard to Early's campaign in 1864. And yet much of the concluding chapter is, in effect, an effort to refute Henderson's statement in his Life of Jackson that "the mistakes of Lincoln and Stanton are not to be condoned by pointing to McClellan."

In view of the fact that this is another volume added to the scores of those now existing that endeavor to fasten the failure of the Peninsular campaign upon McClellan almost alone, it may be just as well to remember that McClellan is the *only* leader who gave battle to Lee and inflicted more losses than he received. The truth is, McClellan's faults are apparent to every one; they have been emphasized by every writer, while his abilities as a fighter and as a man of bulldog tenacity have usually been overlooked. Nevertheless, McClellan's failures loom up as wonderful successes by the side of the records of the men General Ballard's master strategist undertook to put in his place, each one of whom was successively and tremendously defeated by Lee or Jackson or both. It is very likely that McClellan's army of 1862 would never have been reorganized had it sustained anything like the fearful losses suffered by General Grant in 1864. One has but to compare the losses under McClellan, amounting to some 20,000 or 30,000 men in two campaigns, to the losses of General Grant of some 60,000 within a few days.

Finally, in the matter of recruiting, General Ballard gives no consideration whatever to the fact that the whole of Europe was open to the Federal call. It has been estimated—the writer doesn't know how correctly—that there were 916,000 foreign-born troops in the Federal army. A very large number of these were Teutons, which led Theodore Roosevelt to say, in Baltimore in 1912, that the German contribution decided the outcome of the war. Of course, many of these Germans had come over as early as 1848; a few served in the South, and one, Charles Ellerbrock, prepared the music for a number of the Southern war songs, printed on the back of wall paper. Vast numbers of these immigrants were coming through the Northern ports during the four years of war in that increasing tide of immigration which has been admirably described in Lothrop Stoddard's recent volume on "Re-forging America."

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APPRECIATES THE VETERAN.—Sergt. Henry M. Kibber, of the 10th Georgia Regiment, now an inmate of the Andrew Freedman Home of New York City, writes of what the VETERAN means to him. He renews subscription, and says: "There is nothing I enjoy in my isolation so much as the coming of your delightful, refreshing news from the dear Southland. I am eighty-six years old, born in Macon, Ga., and enlisted in the Confederate army among the first volunteers; was sent to the Peninsula. Our company was known as the Georgia Rangers, or Company G, of the 10th Georgia Regiment, Col. Alfred Cummings, of Augusta, Gen. Bankhead Magruder's Brigade. Our regiment fought all through the McClellan campaign—in the battles of Gaines's Mill, Seven Pines, Savage Station, Malvern Hill, and Williamsburg, driving the Yankees and routing McClellan's army. After the defeat, our regiment was ordered to reinforce Lee's army, and we fought in the battles of Cedar Mountain and Second Bull Run. I was badly wounded and taken prisoner with several members of my company at the battle of Crampton's Pass, Md., and was sent to Fort Delaware, where I remained for nine months, and was then paroled. I am now one of the very few Confederate veterans in this city, and the only one in this Home."



## A GUNNER OF PELHAM'S.

BY ARTHUR LOUIS PETICOLAS.

A boisterous crew were we as we filed in  
To the dim-lighted lecture room. There'd been  
A football game. Our varsity eleven  
Had won—the score was twenty-six to seven—  
And we were still elated. But a day  
Had passed since we had cheered the glorious fray;  
And heroes were among us, bearing scars—  
Badges of honor from gridiron wars—  
So there was some excuse, you'll grant, that we  
Were little minded to take seriously  
Dry discourse upon "Modern History."

And our professor was so *very* old,  
So mild, so gentle; though he'd sometimes scold,  
His very scolding was like balm; and we  
Scarce took the dear old Prof more seriously  
That morning, than we took all other things,  
Saving our hero-worshipped gridiron kings.

But he was old, and wise, and gentle—Ah,  
We thought as he arose, in football war  
How out of place he'd be. But, Lord! he knew us  
Better than we knew ourselves. He drew us  
Around him with a gesture, and said he:  
"Young gentlemen, 'tis very plain to me  
That in your mood of triumph you're scarce fit  
To listen to old 'Dry-as-dust,' yet sit—  
Yes, draw your chairs, sirs, close around me here—  
And with a yarn I'll match your mood. Nor fear  
'Twill be about myself; that *would* be drear.  
Nay, 'tis of Pelham, the great cannoneer.

"In mind, young gentlemen, behold a plain,  
Not yet distained with life blood of the slain;  
But covered with war's panoply; rank on rank  
The blue host marching from the river bank.  
To right, old Fredericksburg, in ruins laid,  
Of her fair streets a desolation made  
By the blue guns; to left, the gloomy hills  
That towered above the town. The broad plain fills  
With battle lines. Franklin and Sumner there  
To storm those grim and frowning heights prepare;  
Reckless the cost, though soon that plain shall bear  
Grim witness to the measure that they dare.

"A bloody measure 'twas. Those heights were crowned  
With serried guns that o'er the blue host frowned;  
Their slopes below were manned by veterans  
Who might have baffled a Napoleon's plans;  
There Lee, and Longstreet, and great Stonewall stood  
That deluge to behold of wasted blood.

"Franklin, advancing, ordered gallant Meade  
The van of battle on his left to lead.  
The blue came on, bands playing, colors flying,  
A gallant sight, that there was no denying.  
To left, beyond a tiny stream, a bank  
With brushwood crowned. Sudden, upon that flank  
The thickest blazed—John Pelham, with two guns,  
Came into action. As a reaper runs  
Through wheat, the grapeshot tore the ranks of blue;  
They wavered, reeled! The coppice blazed anew—  
Again, and yet again, in flame and thunder!

The blue gave ground, their ranks were torn asunder!  
Then four blue batt'ries into action came,  
With shot and shell, with iron jaws aflame!  
But, dauntless, gallant Pelham fought his guns,  
Intrepid, skillful, cool! The wintry sun's  
Bright rays 'mid battle smoke illumed his face,  
His blue eyes flashing, his lithe, boyish grace!  
A stripling, yet he held a host at bay,  
Two guns against four batteries that day!  
A stripling he that day shown forth the peer  
O' th' world's most daring—the great cannoneer!

"Rapid and cool, he swiftly changed his ground  
When the blue batteries his range had found—  
Again, and yet again, yet still he poured  
Destruction on them, still his cannon roared!  
One gun disabled, still he fought the other,  
Until there galloped to him, through the smother  
Of battle smoke, a courier, orders bearing  
From Stuart—*beau sabreur*, in love with daring—  
And found him 'mid the red murk, calm and cool—  
'Get back from destruction, you infernal, gallant fool,  
John Pelham!'"

The old professor ceased. And then a youth,  
Curious perhaps, sensing, perhaps, the truth—  
"You must have been there, sir, to know it all  
So well?" You might have heard a feather fall.  
The old man straightened, stood erect and tall—  
"Ay, well I know it all, and well I may,  
For I was Pelham's gunner, sir, that day!"

Vanished our dear old Prof, white-haired and wan,  
Before us stood a stark artilleryman!  
And as we filed before him we were mute,  
Dim-eyed, each hand upraised in salute  
To the Gunner of Pelham's.

## THE LONG ARM OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

In previous articles, I have tried to tell something about the infantry and cavalry arms of the Confederate soldier. This article aims to tell of the cannon used in the Confederacy, how they were obtained, and the various types. Another article will describe the breech-loading and repeating cannon used in the South, and will show that the Confederates were pioneers in the invention and use of these more modern weapons of warfare.

There is a popular, but fallacious, belief that when the Southern States seceded from the Union they took possession of all government forts, armories, and arsenals and thereby obtained large quantities of up-to-date arms and munitions. In my article on shoulder arms, I have shown how few modern guns were gotten by the South through the seizure of government arsenals and armories. It is also a fact that no batteries of field artillery were found in any of the Southern forts and arsenals. The only guns were old pieces of the period of 1812 and earlier.

The only field pieces in the South at the outbreak of the war belonged to the States or to volunteer militia companies, such as the Washington Artillery of New Orleans and the Richmond Howitzers.

And in all the South there was only one plant capable of turning out large cannon, and that was the Tredegar Iron Works at Richmond, of which more will be said later.



Of the artillery in the South at the beginning of 1861, nearly all of it was in Virginia. A report to the governor of Virginia, December 15, 1860, showed twenty-four six-pounders and six twelve-pounder howitzers in the hands of Virginia militia in addition to fifteen guns at the Virginia Military Institute, two hundred and twenty-nine in the Richmond Armory, and others elsewhere, a total of two hundred and ninety-six guns, of which seventy-seven were bronze.

In the first battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, the Confederate army used forty-seven guns, most of them old six-pounders of smooth bore. The Confederates captured twenty-eight guns in this battle, most of them rifled pieces.

The Confederates used some rifled guns at Manassas, but they were smooth bores converted by Colonel Dimmock after the Brooke system. At that time Virginia had twelve fine new Parrott rifles, which the State had purchased, but these were not in the battle of Manassas. Apparently, all the Confederate cannon used in this first great battle of the war was the property of the State of Virginia except the four guns brought from New Orleans by the Washington Artillery.

The newly organized Confederate government and the separate States set about to correct this deficiency in ordinance. The Confederate Congress appropriated \$110,000 in March, 1861, for the purchase of munitions. In May, it appropriated \$4,440,000, with the provision that out of this sum be purchased sixteen field batteries of six guns each. In August, \$3,500,000 of the public defense fund was apportioned to the Ordnance Bureau. In 1862, appropriations for this bureau exceeded \$16,000,000.

In September, 1861, General Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, reported that contracts had been let for one hundred and thirty-one three-inch rifles, eighty-one twelve-pounder, and forty twenty-four-pounder iron howitzers, and some six-pounder brass guns.

The States also acted individually. The Georgia legislature, by an act of 1861, provided a \$10,000 bonus for the first person in the State to cast a ten-inch Columbiad. In February, 1862, Georgia issued an order for the seizure of all block tin and copper stills in the State.

The scarcity of brass and bell metal for the manufacture of

arms was met by a general appeal throughout the South for household brasses—candlesticks, and irons, etc. General Beauregard issued his famous appeal for plantation and Church bells to be made into cannon, which, incidentally, proved the inspiration for several poems.

Beauregard's order is given here in full because of its historic interest:

"TO THE PLANTERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,

"JACKSON, TENN., March 8, 1862.

"More than once a people, fighting with an enemy less ruthless than yours, for imperilled rights not more dear and sacred than yours, for homes and a land not more worthy of resolute and unconquerable men than yours, and for interests of far less magnitude than you have now at stake, have not hesitated to melt and mold into cannon the precious bells surmounting their houses of God, which had called generations to prayer. The priesthood have ever sanctioned and consecrated the conversion, in the hour of their nation's need, as one holy and acceptable in the sight of God.

"We want cannon as greatly as any people who ever, as history tells you, melted their Church bells to supply them; and I, your general, intrusted with the command of the army embodied of your sons, your kinsmen, and your neighbors, do now call on you to send your plantation bells to the nearest railroad depot, subject to my order, to be melted into cannon for the defense of your plantations.

"Who will not cheerfully and promptly send me his bells under such circumstances?

"Be of good cheer; but time is precious.

"G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General Commanding.*"

The War Department issued an order saying that receipts would be given for the bells, a record of the donations kept, and the bells replaced after the war. Depots were designated for the receipt of the bells.

The response was very gratifying. Churches of all denominations gave up their bells. The Catholic bishops, when requested, gave permission for these contributions. The Churches of Huntsville, Ala., pooled their bells, which aggregated 4,259 pounds, or enough for two six-gun batteries. The congregation of the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, by unanimous vote, gave its bells and enough money to purchase the additional metal for a complete battery, to be known as the Second Baptist Battery.

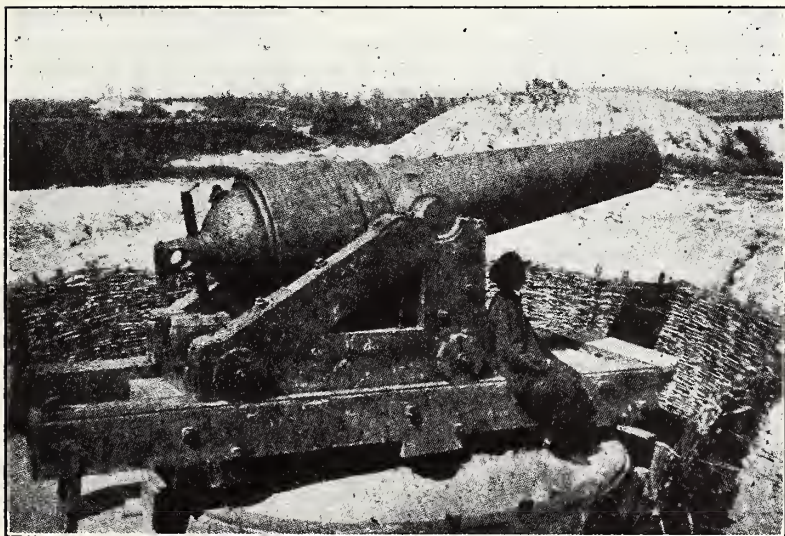
In some instances, alas, the bells thus contributed went astray. When General Butler took possession of New Orleans, he found a lot of Church bells which the Confederates had been unable to remove. These the doughty General sent to Boston, where they were sold at auction.

The cannon in general use in the Federal army and navy were as follows:

Ten-pounder Parrott, caliber 2.90 inches.  
Twenty-pounder Parrott, caliber 3.67 inches.  
Thirty-pounder Parrott, caliber 4.20 inches.  
One-hundred-pounder, caliber 6.40 inches.  
Two-hundred-pounder, caliber 8 inches.  
Three-hundred-pounder, caliber 10 inches.

General Gorgas, by an order of November 12, 1862, directed that only the following types be cast in the Confederacy:

Twelve-pounder bronze Napoleon, caliber 4.62 inches.



ONE OF THE CONFEDERATE GUNS DEFENDING RICHMOND.

To hold the Federal gunboats back from Richmond, at every point of vantage along the sinuous course of the James River a Confederate battery was placed. This illustration shows a Columbiad, with re-enforced breech, in its emplacement.

(From "Photographic History of the Civil War." Courtesy of the *Review of Reviews*.)



Ten-pounder iron Parrott, caliber 2.90 inches.

Twenty-pounder iron Parrott, caliber 3.67 inches.

Thirty-pounder iron Parrott, caliber 4.20 inches.

These ten-pounder banded Parrotts and twelve-pounder Napoleons were the most popular artillery arms of the Confederacy. The Confederates also developed a mountain rifle of bronze, caliber 2.25 inches, which was highly effective. Both armies imported foreign guns, which were not prescribed by the Ordnance Bureau and which will be described later.

In connection with these twelve-pounder Napoleons, the following is recorded in a biographical sketch of Col. R. Snowden Andrews, edited by the late Tunstall Smith, of Baltimore:

"A few days after the riot of the 19th of April, 1861, in Baltimore, Colonel Andrews went to the Pikesville Armory, near Baltimore, and examined the inspection reports and drawings of the light twelve-pounder Napoleons recently tested and inspected at Chicopee, Mass. He copied the drawings and had models made at a Baltimore foundry.

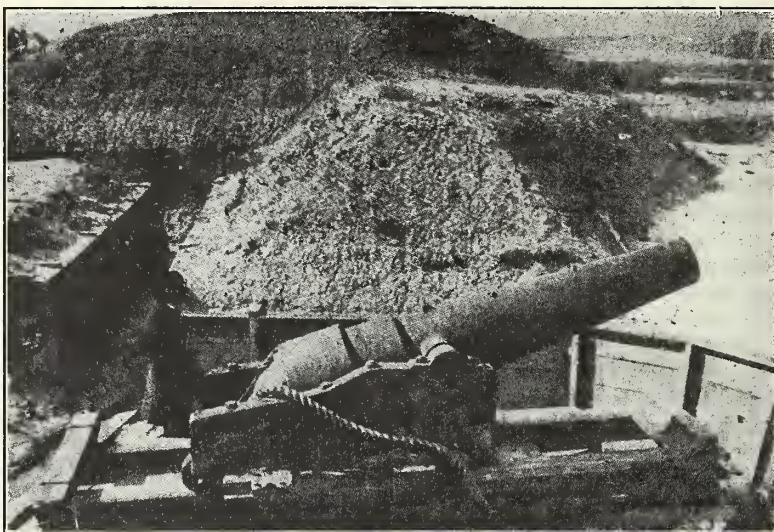
"When it became apparent to him that Maryland was to be overrun by Federal troops before the legislature could act on a secession ordinance, Colonel Andrews went to Virginia and had an interview with Governor Letcher. Letcher at once ordered Colonel Dimmock, the efficient chief of ordnance of the State, to have a battery of the guns made at Tredegar. Two of these guns were ready for the Maryland battery, which Andrews was organizing, when the Washington Artillery of New Orleans arrived in Richmond. This famous organization needed two guns to complete its armament, and Andrews generously turned the two guns over to it. The Washington Artillery used these guns at Manassas. Andrews organized and commanded the 1st Maryland Battery, and later became a colonel. He was the author of an artillery manual which was printed in Charleston and used as a textbook in the Confederacy. He was desperately wounded, but survived the war by many years."

The Pikesville Armory is now the Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home.

As has been said, the Tredegar Iron Works, of Richmond, was the only plant in the Confederacy capable of casting large cannon. Under the guiding genius of Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, the Tredegar plant became the largest cannon foundry in the South. It was at Tredegar that the plates were rolled for the Virginia (Merrimac) and other Confederate ironclads. It was there that the heavy seacoast cannon were made; it was there shells for the first torpedoes used in actual warfare were made; it was there that the Confederacy made breech-loading cannon far in advance of the times; and it was there that Commander John M. Brooke cast and tested his first seven-inch rifled gun.

General Gorgas states that from July 1, 1861, to January 1, 1865, the Richmond Arsenal issued three hundred and forty-one heavy siege guns and one thousand three hundred and ninety-six pieces of field artillery, most of which were made at the Tredegar Iron Works. The cannon made at Tredegar were stamped: "T.F. J.R.A." (Tredegar Foundry, Joseph R. Anderson) and the date of manufacture.

Second in importance only to the Tredegar plant as a cannon foundry was the establishment of Noble Brothers, at Rome, Ga. James Noble settled in Rome in 1855 and started



LOOKING OUT ON THE JAMES RIVER.

A home-made naval gun in Battery Brooke on the James River, whose deadly fire interfered with Butler's "canal." Mounted on old-style wooden carriage.

(From "Photographic History of the Civil War." By courtesy of the *Review of Reviews*.)

a foundry for making grates, mantles, and pipes. At the outbreak of the war the plant began to make cannon, pig iron being supplied from the Cedar Bluffs (Alabama) furnaces. Church bells and household brasses were also used, and the block tin and copper stills confiscated in Georgia were sent to Rome. The guns made at Rome bore the foundry mark: "Noble Bros., Rome, Ga."

The Ordnance Bureau functioned well, and in November, 1863, five thousand and ninety persons, two-thirds of them boys, women, disabled soldiers, and old men, were employed in the various plants. In the year ending September 30, 1863, six hundred and seventy-seven field pieces were issued to the troops.

In August, 1861, it is recorded that outstanding contracts included:

Tredegar Iron Works—thirty-four twelve-pounder howitzers, forty-eight three-inch rifled guns, twenty-four six-pounder iron guns.

Noble Brothers, Rome, Ga.—Six six-pounder brass guns and fifty three-inch iron rifles.

Rice & Wright, Florence, Ala.—Forty twenty-four-pounder howitzers.

J. L. Archer, Black Heath, Va.—Forty twelve-pounder howitzers and eighty three-inch rifles.

F. B. Deane, Jr., & Son, Lynchburg, Va.—Forty twelve-pounder howitzers.

Records and contemporary newspapers show other gun-making activities. General Lovell, in his New Orleans report, says: "No heavy guns were available. I arranged with Leeds & Co., and S. Wolfe & Co., of New Orleans for casting eight- and ten-inch Columbiads and ten-inch seacoast mortars. Only one eight-inch Columbiad and two ten-inch mortars were completed before the evacuation."

General Beauregard wrote to General Gorgas, March 25, 1862: "I desire to have twelve-pounder Napoleons and six-inch rifled guns cast at New Orleans by Leeds & Co., from the city Church bells."

The Phoenix Iron Works, at Gretna, opposite New Orleans, made eight-inch guns for the navy. However, the fall of New Orleans quickly put a stop to activities at that place.

The Official Records show that a Confederate gun, not



classified, captured at Chattanooga, bore the foundry mark "Leeds & Co., N. O."

At Nashville, T. M. Brennan & Co. made light iron guns. Brennan reported, October 28, 1861, that his plant, the Claiborne Machine Works, could turn out fifteen six- and twelve-pounder field pieces and three siege guns up to thirty-two pounders a week. Union reports record the capture in 1864 of two four-inch guns stamped "T. M. Brennan, Nashville, Tenn."

Colin McRae established a cannon foundry at Selma, Ala., which was taken over by the government. Commander Brooke fabricated and banded many of his guns at that plant.

The foundry of J. D. and C. N. Findlay, at Macon, Ga., was taken over by the government in 1862. Fine twelve-pounder Napoleons were turned out there. Brass field pieces were made by the Columbus (Ga.) Iron Works; Parrott guns by Street & Hungerford, Memphis, Tenn.; and iron guns by A. D. Brown, Columbus, Ga. Other gunmakers were: J. Clark, New Orleans, Ellis & Co., Nashville, and "A. B. R. & Bro." Vicksburg.

At the Augusta Arsenal, one hundred and ten twelve-pounder bronze Napoleons were made. Guns were also made at Huntsville, Ala..

According to Jennings C. Wise's work, "The Long Arm of Lee," one of the most minute and painstaking histories of a phase of the war that was ever penned, Lee's artillery at Gettysburg consisted of two hundred and forty-four guns, classified as follows: One hundred and three three-inch rifles; one hundred and seven twelve-pounder Napoleons; thirty twelve-pounder howitzers; and four six-inch Whitworth rifles.

The Gettysburg Battle Field Commission has converted that historic field into one of the most remarkable outdoor museums to be found in the world. The position occupied by each Federal and Confederate battery is marked by guns of the same type used by that unit. There are in this magnificent park two hundred and thirty-three Union guns to mark the positions of Meade's three hundred and seventy cannon, and one hundred and eighty-two Confederate guns to mark the Confederate batteries.

The Confederate guns are as follows: Sixty-eight twelve-pounder Napoleons; fifty three-inch rifles; twenty-nine ten-pounder Parrotts; eight twenty-pounder Parrotts; twenty-one twelve-pounder howitzers; two twenty-four pounder howitzers; and four Whitworths.

It will be noted that Mr. Wise makes no mention of twenty-pounder Parrotts or twenty-four pounder howitzers. The so-called Parrotts on the battle field nearly all bear the Tredegar Foundry marks. Many of the bronze pieces are stamped "Macon" (Ga.). It will be noted also that Wise lists the English Whitworth rifles as being of six-inch caliber. In various museums are Whitworth shot found on the battle field of Gettysburg, and invariably they are only about half that caliber.

Gen. D. H. Hill speaks of a six-inch Whitworth, with a range of three miles, in use in the early part of 1862.

Both North and South purchased artillery in Europe. Major Huse, of the Confederate army, went abroad in the spring of 1861. By the early part of 1863 he had purchased one hundred and twenty-nine pieces of artillery in Europe. These included:

Fifty-four six-pounder smooth bore bronze guns; eighteen smooth bore bronze howitzers; six rifled 2.10-inch Blakely guns; twelve twelve-pounder rifled steel guns; thirty-two bronze rifled Austrian guns; two bronze rifles; three Blakely rifles, eight inch.

Colonel Lamb, commandant at Fort Fisher, N. C., reported August 21, 1863:

"The Gibraltar came in this week with two of the largest cannon that I know of in the world, twenty-three tons, throwing a seven-hundred pound bolt with a forty-pound charge."

General Gorgas describes these guns as Blakelys, of 13.5 caliber. They were placed in position at Charleston and one of them cracked at the first shot. It was repaired, however, and used. These guns were built up on a wrought iron cylinder, closed at the breech with a brass screw plug thirty inches long. The cylinder was built up by three jackets, each shorter than its predecessor, and each jacket three inches thick.

The *Richmond Daily Examiner*, of October 19, 1861, says: "Two twelve-pounder Blakely steel rifled guns are at the station stamped: 'Fawcett, Preston & Co., Liverpool.'"

In the fine museum which is being built up at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis there has been preserved fine specimens of the three types of English guns used in the Confederacy. There is an eight-inch Armstrong rifle from Fort Fisher, N. C.; a Blakely rifle from Fort Fisher, and an 80-pounder Whitworth rifle from Morris Island, Charleston. The last-mentioned is marked: "Whitworth Ordnance Company, 126 patent. 1862. Manchester."

There was at Fort Fisher, according to the records, a 150-pounder rifled gun, mounted on a magnificent mahogany chassis and carriage, with elaborate brass mountings, which had been presented to President Davis by Sir William Armstrong, the British cannon manufacturer.

The official records and newspaper accounts regarding these imported guns are confusing. Apparently, the small Whitworths, of 2.75 caliber and sometimes referred to as twelve-pounders, were breech loaders. One of these was used by the Confederates in the bombardment of Fort Sumter in 1861. A similar one was captured by the Federals on Morris Island in 1864.

The Federals also used two eighty-pounder Whitworths in the siege of Charleston.

Two Blakely rifles, 4.5 caliber, and referred to as twenty-four pounders were captured at Fort Pulaski in 1862. The Blakely rifle at Fort Fisher is referred to as of 8.125 caliber, Confederate officers say the Blakely guns at Charleston were unsatisfactory.

References have been made to the Brooke, or Parrott, guns. The plan of shrinking a wrought-iron band on the breech of a cast-iron gun was tried out before the war by Colonel Parrott of the United States army. After the outbreak of the war, Commander John M. Brooke, designer of the Confederate ironclad Virginia (Merrimac), adopted a similar plan, which was of great importance to the Confederates because it enabled them to make use of the many old cast-iron Columbiads. The three-inch rifles made in the Confederacy were also on the Brooke system.

The largest guns used in the War between the States were the fifteen-inch Rodmans used on the ironclads. Similar guns were mounted at Fortress Monroe and Battery Rodgers, near Alexandria, for the defense of Washington. The Federals also made a 20-inch Rodman at Pittsburgh, which was mounted for the defense of New York, but it was never used in action.

Mrs. M. E. Grimstead, of Sherman, Tex., is ninety-two years old, but still has good eyes, "so am able to read the VETERAN and enjoy it. Am always glad to get a number, and find so many reminders of the sixties.



## LIFE AT FORT WAGNER.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

The holding of Wagner is one of the memorable incidents in warfare. Charleston's capacious harbor runs east to Sumter, then turns due south, on the west side being Morris Island, an extensive marsh with many meandering creeks. The waters of one creek ran south, with a narrow strip of sand hills between them and the ocean. Battery Gregg was at the northern extremity of these sand hills, which, constituting the beach, narrowed until, more than a mile away, it was only some thirty yards wide, then widening, it continued on some three miles to its extremity. Federal demonstrations against the city had been by way of James Island, and it was not thought that an attack would be made by Morris Island, so that approach to the city had been neglected. However, in the summer of 1862, two engineers, Capt. F. D. Lee and Langdon Cheves, had other notions, and, selecting a site about a thousand yards from Battery Gregg, where the ridge was only two hundred and fifty yards wide and the sand hills high, they created a fortification of remarkable strength.

Beginning at the ocean edge was a two-gun battery sweeping down the beach, then came the ocean face, the parapet being twenty feet above the floor level, with three heavy traverses separating the gun chambers and extending back until they connected with an interior bombproof; under each traverse being a small room for magazines and headquarters. The land face retreated at a right angle, but changed direction to command the approach, finally resting on the creek. Along the beach battery and sea face was a moat, by flood gates kept filled with water from the high tides, while the glacis gradually sloped to the front. The interior bombproof for the garrison was hardly sufficiently capacious, but, on the whole, the fort was of marvelous strength. The armament consisted of one 10-inch Columbiad and a dozen smaller guns placed to repel a land attack. It was named for Major Wagner, a member of the celebrated firm of John Frazer & Co., a man of great capacity, energy, and intelligence, who devoted himself to the defense of his native city. Whatever promised to be of use, he pressed and urged until it was accomplished. Unhappily, by the bursting of a gun which was being tested, he was mortally wounded. He was the most useful citizen of Charleston.

There were no important fortifications at the end of the island, nothing to prevent landing. On July 10, the Federals landed and, easily taking possession, rapidly advanced to within gunshot of Wagner. Simultaneously with this advance, the fleet opened on Wagner, the small garrison replying with avidity. Now the authorities acted. At once some 1,300 additional men were thrown into the fort with instructions to be prepared for a night assault. In the morning, about four o'clock, it came. The defense was incomparable. When light broke, the blue coats were seen seeking the shelter of the distant hills. Then for five days the Federals erected batteries with heavy rifled cannon and mortars about sixteen hundred yards from Wagner.

On the 18th, eleven vessels and the batteries began a bombardment, twenty shells each minute for eight hours. A night attack followed. But the advancing column had to pass along the narrow beach which the Confederate fire swept. The repulse was terrific. "Four thousand men had dashed against the fort: when reformed within the Federal lines only six hundred answered to their names."

Now began an incessant rain of shot and shell, and there were such difficulties in holding the position that evacuation was recommended, and was being favorably considered, when Captain Chichester, of the Charleston Artillery, who had

steadily remained at the guns, came to the city and remonstrated. Neither Beauregard, nor Ripley, nor, indeed, any of their staffs, had been to Wagner and seen its capacity to endure; but some of the interior batteries commanding the harbor had not been entirely completed, and Beauregard asked that Wagner should be held only three or four days longer, when they would be ready for defense. Chichester prevailed.

He was designated as Chief of Artillery, and he joyfully hastened back. Lieut. Edmund Mazick and I were, in special orders, assigned as alternate ordnance officers, and arrangements were made for holding the fort. The garrison was to be changed every third night; and provisions, water, and other supplies were to be brought every night by a steamer to Cummings Point where was Battery Gregg. There was no communication by day except by the signal stations. Sometimes the commanding officer remained longer than three days. Generally there was no engineer officer; and no other officers but of the regiments. The necessary work in repairing at night the damage done by the Federal fire was supervised by the colonels of the several regiments, except that relating to the armament.

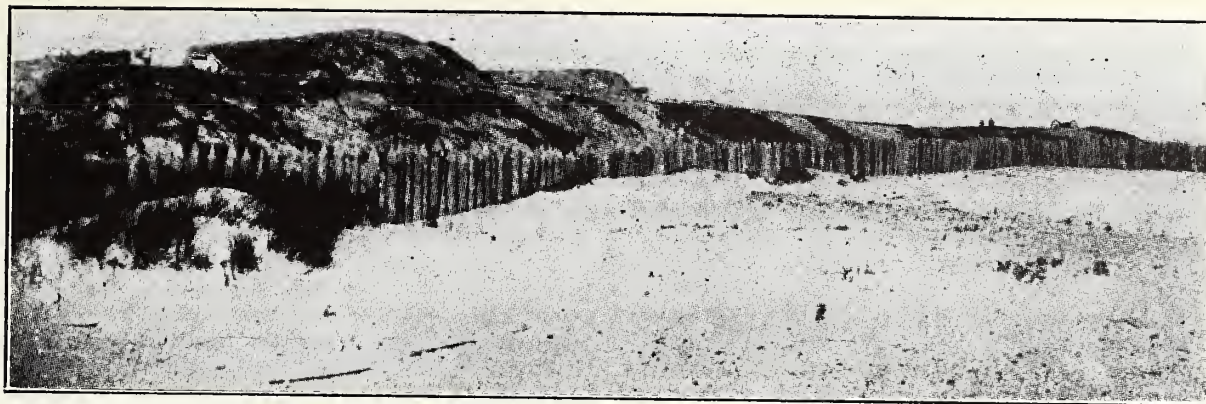
Captain Chichester had erected an aerie for himself, where he was at first much on the watch. But human endurance has its limit, and he fell ill. The ordnance officers were the only regular officers of the station, either Mazick or I being there the whole time. At night it was our work to remove the broken gun carriages and replace them, often requiring the aid of one or two hundred men to move them over the heavy traverses, while the little Coehorn mortar shells were dropping around us. In the day we managed to keep the supplies of ammunition ready and to snatch some sleep. It certainly was our lot to have the experience. Night and day, with scarcely an intermission, the shells would come, while, generally, with dawn the iron-sides and monitors would deliver terrific broadsides, seeking to prevent breakfast.

In the meantime the Federal land forces were constructing parallels and making their approach. The garrison was ever ready for what might come next. At times, after a long bombardment, it would be found that seven feet of sand had been removed from the top of the bombproof and traverses, and the whole structure would shake on the falling of a shell.

The accuracy of the Federal fire can be judged by the following circumstances: On the creek side of the land face there was an 8-inch howitzer. A shot aimed at it struck the muzzle, driving the gun back. The officer in command had it run up again. The second shot entered its bore and disabled the gun. One day I was coming along the hard beach from Cummings Point, the batteries firing at Sumter or Moultrie, a mile or more away. They altered the elevation, cut the fuze, and, when I was in line, a shell burst twenty feet from me, a fragment passing between my legs. One of the great traverses between the gun chambers on the parapet extended on to the top of the bombproof, making a covered way, say, twenty feet long, nine feet high, which was considered humanly safe. The Federals had the habit of shooting on each side of that traverse, the projectile falling so as to penetrate the adjacent bombproof. Generally, there were no engineer officers, but one day Captain Wampler, having come from the Western army, was sent over. After looking around the fort, he took a seat in this covered way and began a letter to his wife; a shell came over the parapet and, bursting at the right second, a piece cut Captain Wampler in half, and his dead body crumpled up under the table.

Their sharpshooters were skillful, and when a man exposed himself he drew a rifle fire. However, we could go them one better as to that. I had been instrumental in having our





A VIEW OF FORT WAGNER.

(From "Photographic History of the Civil War." By courtesy of the *Review of Reviews*.)

agent in England, Major Huse, obtain for us some telescopes for rifles, and he sent besides half a dozen Whitworth rifles with telescopes affixed. Two were given me. I had some sand bags removed from a wall, leaving two holes, at each of which a marksman with a Whitworth rifle stood ready to fire. A hat raised on a ramrod drew the fire of some Federal sharpshooter, who then would look to see the effect—and quick would come the Whitworth bullet. Those guns were fatal at fifteen hundred yards. Nor had our single 10-inch Columbiad been useless. Admiral Dahlgren said: "The duties of the ironclads were not performed under idle batteries; the guns of Wagner never failed to open on them. One of their cannon, a 10-inch, left deep dents in every turret that will not be easily effaced. On August 17, the ironclads were struck thirty-one times, mostly from Wagner and Gregg."

On August 2, it happened that all of our guns were out of business, and I was very anxious to get one to keep up our fire the next day. I finally got the 10-inch Columbiad in order, but it was found that the carriage would not work in and out of gear. Something had to be done. I was so eager to be in readiness to keep up that Maj. Henry Bryan, Assistant Adjutant General on Beauregard's staff, a most efficient officer then at Wagner, wrote a note to Colonel Rhett commanding Fort Sumter (which note is before me now), and I took the parts over to Sumter for the mechanics to remedy the trouble. I went on the night steamboat, at about half past eleven o'clock, getting off at Sumter. Fortunately, a gentleman who had been on duty at Sumter some months earlier, a friend of Colonel Rhett's, was also going to see him, and we went together to his quarters. On entering, there was no person present but the Colonel. When he saw us he arose and, with much agitation, threw his arms around the other gentleman's neck, exclaiming: "O, they have ruined my beautiful fort! They have ruined my beautiful fort!" He had taken such a pride in Sumter, and it had been so destroyed by the terrific bombardment that the poor Colonel was unmanned. He had me attended to and then took me back to Morris Island in his own rowboat; and in the morning our Columbiad made answer to the Federal's early fire.

A vessel had recently slipped in in whose cargo were some limes and rum. The terrific violence of this attack led General Beauregard to ask Colonel Keitt, then commanding: "Can you hold the fort another day?" The Colonel, who was a real good fellow, as well as a fine officer, replied: "If you will send over a few limes and some rum and sugar and a little water, we will hold the fort another day." That was August 3, and we held it for more than a month.

One day was very much like another, unless it was worse.

The constant shelling, the scarcity of supplies, the difficulties of the situation, the expediences resorted to, taxing ingenuity to the utmost, and the heavy night work in repairing damages, the working parties swarming everywhere to restore the parapet, the traverses, and the bombproof, where, on one occasion, seven feet of the sand covering had been displaced. All these tried the souls of men, but I have no recollection of there being a single failure in anyone to do his duty promptly, although the garrison was changed a dozen times while I was there. "Nor was the garrison inactive. For the blows received blows were given. Several monitors retired worsted and were never seen again."

Later there was no steamboat to transport the men and provisions, and that was done by small boats furnished chiefly by the navy. In the meanwhile, the Federals had been busy making their approach by parallels. By August 9, the third parallel was finished, the head being about five hundred yards from Wagner. However, halfway between was a high sand ridge, which we occupied with sharpshooters, and on the 21st the Federals, after heavy firing all day, a shot every second, at dark made an attack with the hayonets, but were repulsed. Four days later a second assault, and again the Federals were driven back; but communication with the city was now interrupted, and reinforcements and supplies could not be brought over, and an overwhelming force eventually captured the ridge. The Federals now redoubled their work constructing their parallels, while still maintaining the daily bombardment. It was at this period of repose that an interesting collateral incident occurred. On Sunday, about August 26, I was off duty and at my quarters on Sullivan's Island. Major Bryan, who was one of the most devoted and efficient officers I ever knew, and, doubtless, largely the eyes and hands of General Beauregard, came over to our headquarters with the purpose of establishing some caches farther down the island. Circumstances interfered, so, abandoning that, he suggested going to inspect the sea walls of Fort Sumter. The introduction of rifled cannon had brought new conditions. Granite masonry cannot withstand the terrific impact, and it was desirable to see the effect on the walls of Sumter. I got a boat and two men, and we went to the front of Sumter. The current being out, we drifted about two hundred yards slowly along the sea face, the projectiles passing above us. After drifting beyond the line of fire, we rowed back, and drifted down again. This we continued to repeat for more than half an hour, until the Major was content with his observations. When at length he was satisfied, I raised sail and took him to the city. Projectiles frequently passed a few feet over our heads and, striking the masonry, fragments of stone were hurled here and there.



I suppose that was the only inspection ever made in the history of warfare under similar conditions by an inspecting officer.

By day and night the Federals worked on their trenches, and as they neared Wagner, they opened a terrific fire and with powerful calcium lights blinded the defenders. At length they pushed forward their approach to the very moat of the fort, so that I could have tossed a biscuit into their trench. The crisis had come. Wagner was but an outpost. It could no longer be provisioned and supplied with water. An assault by vastly superior numbers and a hand-to-hand conflict was imminent.

With heroism and fortitude, the garrison had held the outpost until the last extremity. The interior defences had been completed, the outpost was no longer necessary. General Beauregard determined that the gallant soldiers there should not be sacrificed. On Sunday, the 6th of September, it was considered that the fort should be evacuated, preparations were made, and the evacuation was successfully carried out. It happened that in regular course, Lieutenant Mazick had relieved me a day or two before, so the evacuation was made while he was on duty. It was the fifty-eighth day of the siege. The movement was happily executed; with such quietude were the men withdrawn that the alert Federals, hardly a hundred feet away, did not realize what was passing.

The next morning they were amazed to find that Wagner, and, indeed, Battery Gregg, as well, were abandoned. And Beauregard was right. Holding Morris Island was then not necessary for the safety of Charleston. Charleston was held for eighteen months longer, until Sherman reached Columbia, when, under orders, it was evacuated, the garrison reaching Sherman's front at Fayetteville. And they fought him desperately at Bentonville.

#### ARIZONA, DIXIE'S VALENTINE.

BY LILLIAN L. CAVE, LONG BEACH, CALIF.

Southerners traveling westward on the Southern Pacific Railroad pass practically all the way over ground upon which was made Confederate history in the Far West. Mesilla, N. Mex., has the distinction of being the most western Confederate capital; Picache Pass, Ariz., saw the extreme western conflict of the war, and the Arizona-California boundary marks the limits of the Confederacy's western territory. True, the records of this campaign lack the grand sweep of battle, when great armies met as at Manassas, Chickamauga, and Antietam, but we do see a mere handful of men marching into a strange country, infested with hostile Indians and broken by rough mountains and vast deserts, yet pressing on with such sublime faith in the ultimate triumph of the outnumbered and ill-prepared Confederacy that they made this strenuous march in order to carve out a great western empire for Southern expansion. So high was the hopes of these men that some among them, notably Col. John R. Baylor, as late as 1864, begged assistance from the Richmond government in recruiting "from fifteen to twenty thousand men in New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California" to reinforce the failing Confederacy. Among the names prominent in this movement during the four years of war we find James A. Lucas, M. H. McWillie, E. Angerstein, George M. Frazier, H. C. Cook, Frank Higgins, J. A. Roberts, Major Sibley, and Col. W. H. Loring, U. S. A., Southern sympathizer, and later of Egyptian fame as Loring Pasha.

In 1861, a convention was held in Tucson which declared Arizona a part of the Confederacy and established the capital at Mesilla, now a part of New Mexico. A recent picture of the

old Mesilla courthouse, Confederate headquarters and still standing, shows a plain, flat-roofed, adobe building of the type then in vogue and still frequently seen in old landmarks through the Southwest. A military government was formed with Colonel Baylor as governor. Granville H. Oury was elected delegate to the Southern Congress in August of the same year, and took his seat January 18, 1862, only to be succeeded, March 11, by Marcus H. McWillie, who continued to represent Arizona until the close of the war. President Davis soon removed Colonel Baylor from office, having disapproved of an incident connected with his conduct of the Territory's Indian affairs, and Baylor returned to his old district in Texas, from whence he was sent to the Confederate Congress. An enabling act, making Arizona Confederate territory, was passed by the Congress, and became effective upon presidential proclamation, signed by Jefferson Davis, February 14, 1862. It is an interesting coincidence that just half a century later, the Territory was admitted to statehood and is known as the "Valentine State."

Early in 1862, a force of two or three hundred Texans, under Capt. S. Hunter, marched westward from Mesilla, with Yuma as their objective. They reached Tucson and pressed on as far as the Pima villages, where they found a government agent named White buying wheat from the Indians. The wheat was confiscated and returned to its original owners, while White was returned to the Rio Grande, together with a Captain McCleave, of the 1st California Column, who, with nine of his men, had been surprised and captured by Captain Hunter's force. Many Union sympathizers fled into Mexico upon the approach of the Confederates, but their fears were unfounded, since as honorable warfare was carried on by our troops in the West as in Virginia under General Lee himself. Captain Hunter's report to Colonel Baylor speaks of heavy storms encountered during their march and of the death of one of his men, Benjamin Mayo, at the San Simon River. He also mentions the names of a Colonel Reilly and a Captain Tevis. The Confederate flag floated farthest west, February 28, 1862, when it was raised at old Tucson (the only walled city ever built in the United States), by Captain Hunter and his troops immediately upon their arrival. An Indian attack was being expected by the residents of the town and this, together with the strong Southern sentiment rampant among them, led them to greet the little Confederate force enthusiastically. An inspiring and impressive sight the Southern flag must have been to these people so far from the homeland that was being trampled by the invader.

The civilians amidst the attentive troop,  
In reverence, watched their emblem droop,  
As if each rough-sewn seam breathed tenderly,  
And to loyal hearts, it seems to say:  
"Though my cloth may appear so still and mute,  
To each Southron true I bring salute  
From courageously battling kith and kin,  
Who struggle strong in war's mad din.  
Noble Lee stands guard on Virginia's shore,  
And Jackson marches to war once more.  
To westward, the veteran, Sterling Price,  
Maneuvers his troops with skill precise.  
Reinforced by Shelby, of Kentucky blood,  
He valiantly stems the Northern flood.  
Lift up your eyes and cast out fear,  
God reigns above and your troops stand near."  
Then the bold west wind that loves the brave,  
Catches its folds and raises them, wave on wave;  
Flaunts them, brilliant and high, on the mountainside,



As they make their claim to the country wide:  
 "From each streamlet cool to the burning sand,  
 I maintain Dixie's claim to this Far West land."  
 On San Xavier, the cross of Ryan's faith,  
 Gleams 'gainst darkneing hills like a holy wraith,  
 As if fraught with his spirit from afar,  
 It beams blessing soft on each Star and Bar.  
 The sun drops low and night comes down  
 Over Old Tucson, adobe-walled and brown;  
 Its populace, with fears all fled,  
 And lightened hearts, repair to bed.  
 The moon mounts aloft to the Milky Way  
 And views the land where peace holds sway.

May 29, 1862, Colonel Baylor was authorized to raise five battalions of Arizona troops. Records are meager, but it is supposed that that number was enlisted. At least, there were units of Arizona forces, since our Division President, Mrs. Emma Cole Robbins, in securing her father's record from the United States War Department, found that he first enlisted with Arizona troops. There was much Southern sentiment in New Mexico, Colorado, and Southern California also, but, according to Farish's "History of Arizona," there was in these States, particularly in New Mexico, a prejudice against Texas for some reason, which kept many out of the Confederate forces, as the far Western movement was being led principally by Texans, whose unswerving loyalty and devotion deserve the highest praise.

The Confederate invasion of Arizona, which seems to have begun so auspiciously, was frustrated by the California column, 1,800 strong, that marched from Yuma and prevented Captain Hunter from reaching that place, which would have put him in possession of the entire territory. Capt. William Calloway, California Column, was sent up the Gila with a strong force to rescue Captain McCleave. At the Pima village he heard of a Confederate detachment of sixteen under Lieut. Jack Swilling, a Georgian, and sent Lieutenant Barrett, with a force of twelve, to cut them off. The Unionists invaded a chaparral thicket in search of Swilling and his men, and found them, losing their leader with two of his men, while the Confederate loss was two. This was the only skirmish of the campaign and occurred at El Picacho, April 5, 1862. Captain Hunter and his little band were forced to retreat to the Rio Grande, leaving Tucson to fall into the hands of the enemy.

One of the first acts of the California Column was the arrest of Sylvester Mowrey, Southern sympathizer, who was charged with "a treasonable complicity with rebels. Mr. Mowrey resided at his mine, ninety miles from Tucson, and was imprisoned for six months at Fort Yuma, but never brought to trial, "there being no evidence," in the opinion of the court, "either oral or documentary against him." Mowrey himself declared that his arrest and incarceration were prompted by personal spite on the part of General Carleton, commander of the Union forces in Arizona. The Mowrey mine was confiscated at the time of the arrest and later returned to its owner in a worthless condition. Charles O. Brown, an Arizona pioneer, has stated that Lieut. Col. J. R. West, of the California Column, military commander of Tucson, once asked to meet him just outside the town walls. Brown feared an arrest, but went. West asked him why he did not leave Tucson with the Confederates and was told that Brown was a New Yorker and had considered he might as well remain in Arizona. West then offered him the exclusive right to sell liquor and run a gambling hall in Tucson. An agreement was finally reached by which Brown paid West five hundred dollars per month for this privilege, the only

restriction being that he should not allow an intoxicated soldier to purchase liquor.

After the war, Lieut. Jack Swilling, of Captain Hunter's little force, returned to Arizona and led the first white men into the famous Salt River Valley, where he superintended the construction of the first two canals, which are now a part of the great system under the Roosevelt Dam, most successful government irrigation project in the United States. It is this, of which a Confederate laid the foundations, which gives Maricopa, the county in which it is situated, its place as eleventh in agricultural wealth among all the counties of the United States. The name of Swilling is always gratefully remembered when our pioneers and their descendants congregate and talk over deeds of the old days.

Those wild old pioneer days are o'er,  
 The Apache rides on his raids no more,  
 And we, of the present, still marvel and gaze  
 At the reclaimed land in deep amaze.  
 While o'er fields and homes of the countryside,  
 The sun shines bright on our valley wide.  
 As we fondly salute our "Valentine State,"  
 Pray that she ever be strong and great.  
 May our thoughts stray back to that Southern pioneer,  
 On his grave drop a flower, shed a grateful tear.  
 Let us trust that on Western virtues true,  
 With their square independence and projects new,  
 The sapphire blue of the Arizona sky  
 May reflect the glory of a day gone by,  
 When Confederates marched toward the Western Sea,  
 And tempered their warfare with chivalry.  
 To the Western heart that is sturdy and bold  
 Add the softer grace of a land that is old,  
 For, "six-gun" man of the old frontier,  
 Or, lithe steel swordsman, the Cavalier,  
 Southern blood goes back to England far,  
 To the stately plumes of old Navarre,  
 And chivalry's light still may beam and glow,  
 In hearts bold and pure as the driven snow.

## FLORIDA FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY

In the State House at Tallahassee, Fla., are many prized relics of Florida's part in the War between the States, and of these are a number of Confederate flags returned by the War Department at Washington. A list of these flags shows the following:

Two battle flags of the 8th Florida Infantry.

Flag of the 2nd Florida Infantry.

Flag of the 6th Florida Infantry.

Flag of the 4th Florida Infantry.

Flag of the Apalachicola Guards.

Flag of the 5th Florida Infantry. This regiment was commanded by Col. Thompson B. Lamar, and this flag was deposited in the Adjutant General's office at Tallahassee by Hon. W. B. Lamar.

Flag of the 18th Florida Infantry, captured at the battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, by Private Daniel Woods, Company K, 1st Virginia Veteran Volunteer Cavalry, 3rd Brigade, 3rd Cavalry Division, General Custer commanding.



## JOHN BROOKE OF TAMPA.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, POET LAUREATE, U. C. V

Night—and the hull of a frigate,  
Sunk deep in the salty weed;  
Night—and the mind of a master,  
Weighing his country's need.

Long guns, and rifled guns,  
And rivetted clamps of steel;  
And the master's dream of an armored thing  
To rise from the sunken keel.

Night—and the hull of a frigate,  
Lapped by the ocean's lips;  
With the enemy sweeping the water  
In the pride of his wooden ships.

Long guns, and rifled guns,  
And rivetted clamps of steel,  
Beat in on the mind of the master,  
As the tides beat in on the keel.

And they raised the hull from the seaweed,  
And salvaged the ancient wreck;  
And the master forged her an iron coat,  
And roofed in her quarterdeck.

And he manned her ports with his rifled guns—  
Guns clean and smooth in the bore;  
And wrought her a beak like a sharpened blade,  
To stab to the enemy's core.

Long guns, and rifled guns,  
And iron coats of mail;  
And she dared the fleet in Hampton Roads  
To taste her leaden hail.

She met the enemy starboard,  
Unharmd by the fire he poured;  
And drove her beak in his wooden sides,  
With the rip of a two-edged sword.

Long guns, and rifled guns,  
And ships with flags all furled;  
John Brooke had revolutionized  
The navies of the world.

(This poem was read by the author at the reunion in Tampa, Fla., April, 1927.)

## JOHN MERCER BROOKE.

John Mercer Brooke, soldier, sailor, scientist, and inventor, was born at Tampa Bay, Fla., in 1826. He became a midshipman in the United States Navy in 1841, was graduated from Annapolis in 1847, and from 1851 to 1853 was stationed at the Naval Observatory, where he invented the deep-sea sounding lead, an achievement which brought to him the gold medal of science of the University of Berlin. Subsequently, he served with Ringgold's exploring expedition in the Pacific Ocean and engaged in marine surveys off the coast of Japan.

When war came on in 1861 John Brooke resigned his commission as lieutenant in the United States navy and was assigned to the Ordnance Department of the Confederate States. He submitted drawings to Secretary Mallory of an ironclad war vessel, with submerged ends, and had charge of devising, preparing, and testing the armor and ordnance for the famous

Virginia (Merrimac), first of the ironclad vessels of war, whose spectacular career introduced the Confederate navy to the world. Later he was promoted to commander and made Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography and continued to render important service to the close of the war. Soon after that he was appointed to a professorship in the Virginia Military Institute. He was the inventor of the Brooke gun, which was one of the most serviceable used in the Confederate navy.—*From Sketch in the Confederate Military History.*

## SEA POWER IN THE SIXTIES.

(Extracts from Memorial Day address by Josephus Daniels, at Beaufort, N. C., May 10.)

Sea power has rarely asserted its primacy in any war more effectively than in the battle of brothers in the sixties. There were not many encounters in that titanic struggle between fleets, for indeed the South had no fleet. The most spectacular sea fights were duels, the most outstanding being when the Merrimac (Virginia) and Monitor came to the death grapple in Hampton Roads. This is not to say that the battle of Mobile Bay, the long-waged combats on the Mississippi, the capture of Federal ships on the high seas by sea daring equal to Stonewall Jackson's dashing encounters on land, did not challenge the courage and initiative of the men who go down to the sea in ships, and that they did not meet in these and other encounters that challenge in a way to write new and glorious pages of naval achievement. But just as the British navy's chief objective in the World War was to bottle up the German ports and starve out the civilian population, so the time came when the Federal government perceived that the Confederacy could not be defeated unless a cordon of ships around its seaports could isolate it from all sources of supplies. It seems the very irony of fate that the largest and best ships that sealed Southern ports and won victories over Southern ships were built by the direction and during the administration of James C. Dobbin, the North Carolina Secretary of the Navy, in the administration of Franklin Pierce.

Mr. Dobbin was one of the ablest Secretaries of the Navy the country has ever had," said Admiral Dewey to me when I went to Washington in 1913. The Admiral had entered the naval service during Mr. Dobbin's incumbency. "During his administration of the Navy Department," Admiral Dewey wrote me, "we built eighteen of the finest ships of their class that there were built in the world—six frigates of the Wabash class, six sloops of the Hartford class, and six third-class sloops of the Iroquois class." It was the confidence of Farragut in the ships built by Dobbin that caused him at a critical moment to give the memorable order, "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead," an order which his subordinate in that fight, George Dewey, never forgot. It was indeed the inspiration of Commodore Dewey as he steamed into Manila Bay that May morning and won a victory which sounded the death knell of Spanish hopes.

I do not assert that the Confederate government could have prevailed. The odds in population and ships and factories and mechanical skill (and the lack of ships and mechanical skill were chief) seem far too large to have been overcome. But if the government set up in 1861 had been as strong in its sea fighting units as it was strong in numbers on the land, who may say when the struggle would have come to an end? Or, who shall confidently assert what the end would have been? Gen. Hilary A. Herbert, Confederate soldier, who was Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's cabinet, said in an address at the Naval War College in 1896:



"Had the Confederacy, instead of the United States, been able to exercise dominion over the sea; had it been able to keep open its means of communication with the countries of the Old World, to send its cotton abroad and to bring back supplies of which it stood in so much need; had it been able to blockade Portland, Boston, New York, Newport, the mouth of the Delaware, and the entrance of Chesapeake Bay; had it possessed the sea power to prevent the United States from dispatching by water into Virginia its armies and their supplies, it is not too much to say that such a reversal of conditions would have reversed the outcome of the war."

It was only when the Southern troops lacked food and guns and practically all the equipment of warfare and necessities of life that they surrendered to superior force. And it was the Federal navy that drew its lines so tightly around the South as to reduce its people to a point where want stalked in most homes, the sick were without medicine or nourishment. It was the Federal navy that made Lee's surrender inevitable even if Grant's "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer" had not made his army all powerful. Just as long as the Confederate ships could successfully run the blockade there were guns and supplies. Confederate diplomacy effected exchange of cotton, needed by England and Europe, for the war implements and supplies needed in the South. You can read the slowly retreating and suffocating of the South better by the driving of blockade runners from the sea than from the tightening of the Federal lines on land.

There is no parallel in audacity and daring afloat, except by John Paul Jones, like that of men of the Confederate navy, if that small arm of the service could be called a navy when the war began. In May, 1861, Raphael Semmes says that he "assumed command of the whole navy of the Confederate States of America—one merchant screw steamer of 500 tons burthen." However, after being fitted as a man-of-war (she had been a packet ship between New Orleans and Havana) the Sumter soon gained world-wide celebrity on the seas, and within a few months had captured scores of United States ships and sent terror to other shipping in Southern waters.

In proof that the South had not provided against the day, Raphael Semmes records that immediately upon his reporting to President Davis on February 20, 1861, "Mr. Davis explained to me his plan of sending me back to the City of Washington, and thence into Northern States, to gather together, with as much haste as possible, such persons and materials of war as might be of most pressing necessity." Semmes tells us that "so exclusively had the manufacture of all those articles been confined to the Northern States, we had not even percussion caps enough to enable us to fight a battle, or the mechanics with which to make them, although we had captured all the forts and arsenals within our limits except Fort Sumter and Fort MacRae." As further evidence of the paucity of naval equipment, Semmes was commissioned to buy two or more steamers, but though he was able to buy percussion caps and batteries of light artillery, powder, and other munitions in New York, he was unable to secure a single ship of any character. Virginia had not yet seceded. The possession of the Norfolk navy yard later did bring considerable help to the Confederacy, but that was not because it had been stocked for the purpose, for it had only the equipment needed for a yard of its class.

"The Confederacy had entered upon this conflict for independence without a navy," says Secretary Herbert; "it struggled manfully to create one. It constructed here and there good ships and fought them gallantly, but they were unequal to the forces they were to meet. The career of destruction upon which the Merrimac (Virginia) had suc-

cessfully entered at Hampton Roads was arrested by the Monitor. It was not long after this combat that the Confederates felt compelled to destroy their famous vessel to prevent its falling into the hands of the United States."

Why is it that the effective part played by the Federal navy has never been known or understood and that historians have almost lost sight of it in their account of the magnitude of the operations of the armies? One answer is the same as is true of all naval operations and all naval movements in war, as the poet has sung of those who man fighting ships:

"Their feats, their fortune, and their fame  
Are hidden from their nearest kin;  
No eager public backs or blames,  
No journal prints the yarns they spin;  
Unheard they work, unseen they win."

In the War between the States the naval operations were necessarily surrounded with the utmost secrecy. If knowledge of movements of fighting ships or ships running the blockade had reached the enemy, capture would have followed. This enforced secrecy denied knowledge of the naval feats to the people of the North and the South as it did in the World War. This is one reason why the naval achievements never receive the early appreciation of the people.

There was another reason. The men in the army reached to hundreds of thousands, they were in touch by letter with their homes, graphic stories of the battles were emblazoned in the journals that everybody read, and the very magnitude of their operations fired the imagination and evoked the enthusiasm of the people of both sections. As the darkened ship, effecting to escape the blockade patrol, put out to sea, nobody heralded its departure, no journal told of its eluding the vigilance of its pursuers, or that it was overhauled and captured. It was a service in which comparatively few men were engaged and secrecy was enjoined upon pursued and pursuer. Therefore "unseen they win" or lose. This was true alike of those who won and those who lost.

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The gallantry and audacity of the armies of Lee and Jackson are of imperishable memory. North Carolina's part in the battles of the War between the States is well known to every son of the State. No true North Carolinian but knows that the State's fighting sons were first at Bethel, farthest at Gettysburg, and last at Appomattox. Yet few Southerners recall the importance of naval warfare in the cause of the Confederacy, and few North Carolinians realize the high part played by North Carolinians in the maritime conflicts that made possible the long and courageous struggles of the inland armies. In that brilliant naval effort a patriotic son of Beaufort won renown.

"An army . . . goes on its belly," said Frederick the Great. And upon the sea arm of the blockaded Confederacy lay the duty of attempting to bring in food and supplies to keep the valiant soldiers of the South in fit condition for the unequal struggle of the War.

Blockade running furnished the pocketed South with the essential sinews of war that mushroom Southern shops and industrious women, boys, and old men at home could not produce. The coast of North Carolina is well adapted for blockade running. The double coast extending the whole length of the State with the sounds between connected with the open sea by shallow inlets presented an ideal situation to the bold and swift runners of the Federal blockade.

Federal leaders, therefore, soon saw the strategic importance of Northeastern North Carolina. That section was not only important to Confederate blockaders, but the Con-



federacy in control of it could protect the chief railroad communication between Richmond and the Southern coast over which supplies were carried to Lee's armies. The great value to the Union cause of this region led the Navy Department to send an expedition from Norfolk against Hatteras. Fort Clark, Fort Ellis, Beacon Island, and Fort Morgan fell in defeat before the Union forces in the late summer of 1861. The fall of New Bern and the control of Eastern North Carolina followed naturally after these Federal victories.

The strategic loss to the South was tremendous. Furthermore, Federal troops who occupied the territory stripped the entire region of everything that was movable and had any value. Boatloads of booty were shipped North. The whole country lay prostrate under the heel of Federal troops.—*Raleigh News and Observer*.

#### GENERAL LEE'S STRATEGY FROM THE WILDERNESS TO COLD HARBOR.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, FLORENCE, S. C.

One of the most striking changes in the character of military operations is seen in the campaign of 1864, after the battle of the Wilderness. That battle was the last of General Lee's great acts of daring. Up to and including that battle, daring was one of his most marked qualities, but from then on there are only flashes of that side of his genius. In the first place, General Grant seemed bent on attacking, kept his army concentrated, and entrenched, giving little, if any, opportunity. In the second place, the impossibility of repairing losses changed the factor of wisdom. In the third place, he now had neither Jackson nor Longstreet with him. He had begun his career with an act of great daring when, in front of Richmond, he left only 25,000 to hold off McClellan's 70,000, while he took the bulk of his army across the Chickahominy to attack McClellan's right wing. His movement to the Rapidan to confront Pope was of the same nature. Second Manassas will be forever one of the world's typical cases. So, too, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, and Salem Church equal anything in his career. His movement from Hooker's front to Gettysburg is almost the masterpiece of all, but his dispatch of Longstreet to the West and campaign of maneuvers all the autumn against Meade is almost its companion. Then we have the glorious picture of his position on the Rapidan, inviting Grant to come across and fight. But there is even yet another, which I have in my reading just had brought to my attention. After Sharpsburg, McClellan followed to Virginia and planted himself between Manassas and Warrenton, while Lee confronted him with only half his army, and kept Jackson "sixty miles away" at Manassas Gap in the Blue Ridge on McClellan's flank. Jackson was supplied from Staunton and Lee from Gordonsville, and either one was able to fall on McClellan's one line to Washington in case he attacked the other corps. Still, McClellan was equal to nearly four of either hostile force in numbers. McClellan was *removed*. Burnside, succeeding, steered for Fredericksburg, hoping to avoid Lee altogether. It is a gem among scenes of the great war. (See Prof. Henry A. White's "Life of Lee.") However, all exhibition of daring on a great scale was now to give place to the routine of frontal fighting. Except for a few marches, the rest was to be a grilling grapple.

True as all this is, there were yet some very important points to be decided along strategical lines before Grant should abandon his proposed line of taking Richmond and change to the siege of Petersburg. General Lee's strategy

had only been partially successful, and he had still a part to play. He had hoped that his attack on Grant's flank as that General tried to get through the Wilderness would be conclusive, but Hancock had fortified three lines of breastworks at the Brock and Plank road junction, so that, when Longstreet fell, and his attack lost its timeliness and vigor, that important point remained in Grant's possession.

Let us recall that Grant, after crossing the Rapidan, directed his march by way of Parker's Store to Shady Grove, and these points were *west* of the route (to the Central Railroad) by Spotsylvania. Lee knocked Grant off the Shady Grove road, but Grant still had good roads to Spotsylvania and the railroad beyond, and these could still serve his purpose. He had been going by Shady Grove to get out of the Wilderness quickly, to flank Lee and cut his communications, to secure his own by way of Gordonsville, to open the railroad to Charlottesville (where the forces of Sigel, Crook, and Averell ought soon to be), and to get over the Mattapony and the North Anna at their sources rather than have to cross them near tide water—all very important matters and objects. And now, although losing out on most of these objects, he could still round the rivers, secure the railroad to Charlottesville, and get supplies by way of Gordonsville as well. His temporary change of base for supplies from Culpeper to Fredericksburg could be reversed if he desired. When he lost the battles around Spotsylvania he lost all these things for which he had chosen his Richmond route. Lee had failed to turn him back across the Rapidan, but he had kept him entirely from the Central Railroad and the headwaters of the two rivers.

Many writers have wondered at General Lee's acumen in sending Anderson to Spotsylvania the night of the 7th, forestalling Grant; but with all the facts before us, we can understand the simplicity of Lee's reasoning. Grant had started for the Central Railroad, as shown by Hancock's long advance toward it and the route of the other corps. Grant had been deprived of the Shady Grove roads only, and still had those by way of Spotsylvania. The matter of Grant's supply routes also gave him an insight. Lee's present position cut Grant off from wagoning from Culpeper, and also from Gordonsville, the junction of the Central with the road to Washington. From Fredericksburg, however, he could get supplies to Spotsylvania. Why, then, shouldn't Grant still try to round the headwaters of the two rivers and seize the railroad and connect with Gordonsville and Charlottesville? Besides, it was time to be getting squarely between Grant and Richmond. If Grant were to move toward Fredericksburg, there would be plenty of time; but if toward Spotsylvania, very little. Therefore, at the first sign of any movement at all on Grant's part, Lee determined to move. There were signs that day—trains of wagons moving down the Rappahannock.

The desperate fighting at Spotsylvania lasted twelve days and proved that Grant could not attain his objective as to rounding of the rivers and seizing the railroad. On the 15th, Sigel was defeated by Breckinridge, and all that part of Grant's plans was broken up. He moved off *north* of the Mattapony to Bowling Green, on the railroad from Fredericksburg to Richmond.

Now, once before, when Burnside was trying the Fredericksburg route to Richmond, General Lee had thought of the best line of defense and concluded it was at an excellent point just south of the North Anna railroad crossing, near Hanover Junction. He stood at Fredericksburg instead, in accordance with the desire of the authorities at Richmond, not to yield territory when the crops had just been gathered into the



barns. It was now May and territory not so important. Besides having a natural desire to give General Grant a good place to butt his head against, it is said that he was afraid if he prevented Grant from crossing the Mattaponi that general might follow the river down and find at West Point, where the Mattaponi and the Pamunkey (North Anna) came together, transports, and the chance to change altogether his plan of campaign. After the Spotsylvania experiences, it did look as though Grant would assault anything, therefore, General Lee went directly to the North Anna crossing to receive him. And, still further, in a letter of General Lee's he says he was actuated by the fear that Sheridan, reinforced, might move from his position northeast of Richmond (where he went after his attack on Richmond), and break his (Lee's) connection with that city, unless he guarded it by holding Hanover Junction.

The tactical arrangement of his line of battle is very celebrated and often described, but it is but fair to state that he did not adopt that arrangement at first (though able at any time to do so if need be), but only after Hill allowed Grant's right wing to cross and fortify. Lee wanted to dispute Grant's crossing at the upper fords, but Hill was a little late and did not use enough force to drive the enemy back on that wing after they crossed, so Lee took up his famous position, which was so strong that Grant recoiled from it. Just as Meade had done at Mine Run, so Grant did at the North Anna—looked and departed. The center, as described in books, was on high ground at the river, and the wings reflexed and resting on secure protection. Grant could fight either wing on a narrow front, or he could attack both with a divided army. Perhaps the withdrawal at North Anna became one reason why at Cold Harbor he made his headlong rush at Lee's admirable position—he did not like to have it said that twice in succession he came forward with double his opponent's forces and then declined to fight. Grant was a fighter. To back down hurt his feelings awfully. He shut both eyes at Cold Harbor and tore in.

Here, however, we now encounter a difficult point in General Lee's strategy to explain: He moved to Cold Harbor without further disputing the crossing of the North Anna. In other words, having prevented the rounding of both the Mattaponi and the North Anna at their sources, he allowed both rivers to be crossed lower down without trying at all to prevent it. I have given the explanations I have read in the case of the Mattaponi, but as to the case of the North Anna, or Pamunkey, I can only refer the reader to the map for one part of the defense, and urge the vicinity of tide water, as in the case above, as another. From the map I should judge that General Lee could not prevent Grant's crossing the Pamunkey. In the course of some fifteen miles in air line—that is, from Hanover Junction to Hanover town—the river makes no less than twelve distinct bends, some of which are "mule foot" bends, narrow across and deep from heel to toe. With his tremendous supply of artillery, Grant could force a crossing with little trouble. Again, the map shows that transports could put a flanking force far to General Lee's rear if he should stand at the river bank. In order to guard the Chickahominy bridges, Cold Harbor was the strategic point. If General Grant did not attack there, he must move farther away from Richmond. Besides, Sheridan, who had on May 9 left Grant's army at Spotsylvania and raided toward Richmond, was still with his large cavalry force (which Grant could, by water, reinforce either from Butler's army on the James or his own on the lower Pamunkey) on Lee's flank between the Pamunkey and the Chickahominy.

And just here we must credit Grant with this piece of excellent strategy. Sheridan was supplied from either the York or the James and for retreat had clear ground as far as Fortress Monroe. While Lee was still between Hanover Junction and Totopotamoy, Sheridan attacked Lee's cavalry at Turkey Hill, near Cold Harbor, and Lee had difficulty in securing the position he wanted. Grant could hardly have expected, while he stood on May 9 at Spotsylvania and sent Sheridan on his Richmond raid, that Sheridan would remain all the rest of the month away from the army; but when, on, May 21, he left Spotsylvania, he did not, so far as I know, recall Sheridan to the north side of the Mattaponi, nor after he himself crossed to the south side and tried to cross the North Anna did he summon his cavalry to join him. He let it remain where it was safe and could do fine work on Lee's flank. Butler, the Valley armies, and now Sheridan were thorns in Lee's side undoubtedly while that king of the chess-board contended against the onslaught of his determined antagonist. Lee did not rescue the situation alone. Breckinridge defeating Sigel, and Beauregard bottling up Butler, both deserve their meed of praise, and all hail to the gallant cavalry that, undismayed by the great Stuart's death, fought under Hampton and the two Lees (W. H. F. and Fitz) in the same old way—dauntless and skillful as ever. Haw's Shop, Trevillian, Nance's Shop, Sapony Church, and Ream's Station followed quickly after Stuart's death, leaving Sheridan's Cavalry Corps a wreck; and while only one of these preceded Cold Harbor, they stand for what Stuart's old command continued to be in every encounter of that early summer. Hampton succeeded Stuart in command, and while not perhaps as enterprising as the great cavalryman, he proved himself *most admirably* adapted to the work that now, in the changed conditions of the army, became the duty of the cavalry—less riding, but steadier fighting.

The days of the buttermilk ranger were gone with Grant in front. These were the days of the "mounted infantry," and no one surpassed Hampton in that rôle. Stuart had excelled every cavalry leader that ever lived, I suppose, in the work of screening an army from the enemy's observation. That was the work that Lee set him to do ever and always, for Lee was the great rover over the terrain with his everlasting flanking movements and trips to Maryland and Pennsylvania; but now with Grant all that was a thing of the past. When Grant wanted to find out anything, he went to the spot with his whole army. No cavalry could hold him back. As for his own cavalry, he sent it off. Beginning on the 5th of May to March, by the 9th his cavalry was gone, not to return till the 2nd of June. When he moved he kept all his corps in support, and entrenched when he halted. Lee always found where he was going and got in his front—squarely in front. Stuart was killed just when the work in which he excelled had become almost obsolete. The only time when Grant tried to *screen* his own movements (I don't mean slip away in the night) was after Cold Harbor, when he used an army corps of infantry to hide his crossing the James to Petersburg. Grant's strategy consisted chiefly in giving Lee no opportunity to use his own. He seemed to say: "In this fisticuff there will be no footwork or feinting or sparring; the man who can take punishment, cover up, and bore in will win." And, as in the boxing ring, only when the opponent is too light to deal a knock-out blow can that policy succeed. In Grant's case the covering up was almost faultless. That is to say, his arrangements for supplies and for reinforcements, his marching orders, and his invariable rule of entrenching—all these were perfect. On the other hand, although he bored in with tremendous force, he did so with



deep *columus* of narrow front, and often tried to attack all along the line. In the days of canister and schrapnel from guns of large caliber that entailed certain and enormous losses.

Lee, finding no opportunity for much strategy, was not to be outgeneraled in any line. He cut his road from the Wilderness to Spotsylvania in time to use it. He seized the hills; he secured interior lines; when he moved, it was to a point on the railroad, which guided his enemy's approach to Richmond, that he had chosen for strength. Here, too, were the hills and interior lines. Cold Harbor, too, was a chosen spot presenting the same features. His entrenchments and emplacement of guns was very skillful. Knowing his opponent would attack and stop not because of strong places, he prepared to receive attack with less regard than was usual with him to the matter of his own mobility. So while we must certainly give Grant credit for spoiling Lee's chance for fancy steps, we must also extol the masterly way in which Lee met the changed conditions and covered Grant with more blood and gore than any general in America ever experienced.

And now, once more the daring spirit of the Southern leader flashed out with great brilliance, and almost with success of a wonderful kind. He dispatched a whole corps to the Valley to threaten Grant's capital, while he faced his huge opponent with only Hill, Anderson, and Beauregard. It is a beautiful instance of daring, but it brought into view a feature of campaigning of an astounding nature. Grant, with his steamers, could guard Washington while he sat down on the *south* side of the James. In shorter time than Jackson's foot cavalry marched to Pope's flank, Grant could send a corps of his army from Petersburg to Washington. That was crowding Lee beyond all reason. How could a Napoleon even have met such conditions? That feature gave Grant the victory. He would have been recalled to defend the capital had he not grasped that fact—discovered it, in fact. Being compelled to dispatch troops to protect the city from Early, he found he could take a corps from the trenches, load it on transports, and get it down the James and up the Potomac in time. Lincoln had trembled for Washington when Early's fifteen thousand were on the Monocacy more than Davis did for Richmond with Grant and one hundred and twenty thousand at Cold Harbor. For General Lee, the Valley was no longer *the Valley*—it no longer could be *his* road. But even then Lincoln continued to guard it with Sheridan's fifty thousand men. Did the reader ever stop to think what immortal glory propaganda has bestowed on Sheridan for routing Early's fifteen thousand rash soldiers with as many troops as Lee had at Chancellorsville?

General Lee blamed himself for letting Grant go unhurt from Hanover Junction, but no one seems to know by what maneuver he could have accomplished it. Beyond this possible criticism of Lee's campaign, the only other one is the disaster at the celebrated "Bloody Angle of Spotsylvania," unless it be held that Lee should have prevented reinforcements from Butler reaching Grant.

As to the Bloody Angle, we must refer to General Gordon's book for important information. He tells how General Lee, before the 12th of May, gave him three brigades and personally stationed him at the gorge of the salient on Ewell's line, with instructions how to act in case any break occurred, so that when it did occur Gordon's troops moved right in and drove Hancock entirely out, except at the toe and a little along the left side. And that Lee went right to him the morning of the break and tried to lead the attack. There was a more or less completed line of trenches also across the gorge. Writers generally speak as though the chance of break

was not anticipated, but Gordon says it was even provided for by this purposeful stationing and instructing of himself against just such an occurrence. The salient occupied ground that in the enemy's hands would have been threatening, and was, therefore, held with proper precautions in case of loss.

General Grant made great preparation for the attack, and all of the 11th the stir in his forces caused Lee to try to fathom Grant's design. Apparently he guessed wrong, and prepared for a different movement from that which Grant made. This preparation required the withdrawal of guns from some points, and the salient was one of them. Lee's foresight in placing Gordon proved sufficient to drive the enemy to the *outside* of the breastworks, but there at the toe, where the artillery could not well reach him, he clung all day, and far into the night, fighting desperately to reënter. Near morning, Lee withdrew to the trenches across the gorge, and Grant won the salient. Viewed in this light, Lee himself was at fault only in failing to penetrate Grant's design, which surprises us only because of Lee's great capacity in that line. Yet, even Lee needed information for his mind to work upon.

In conclusion, let us say that in 1864, from the first gun to the last, the soldiers of Lee were veterans of veterans, enduring all things and shooting with deadly aim. Grant's losses told the tale. Also another tale. His troops charged and charged and yet again went forward against these sharpshooters in their breastworks. There must have been some very hard fighters under their great fighting general.

Grant lost the campaign both for the railroad and for Richmond, and almost half of his army. Lee had shown an ability under new tests as great as that before exhibited. There only remained that he be tested as commander in a siege ere his crown would have the last laurel attainable by a general.

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#### THAT APPLE TREE—AND OTHER TREES.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

No, not that one at Appomattox, for I never saw it, if it was there; I was too busy at the time to pay any attention to it. My comrades and I were far in the advance under our noble commander, Gen. John B. Gordon, trying to cut a way through the enemy lines for General Lee and his ragged veterans to escape. But I have in mind another apple tree in the good old State of Virginia. It stood, and no doubt still stands, on ground made famous by two great battles fought there, the first in June, 1862, and the last in June, 1864. It witnessed the death of thousands of brave men on both sides; but I suppose it still stands there in the edge of the orchard around the old McGehee house peacefully bearing a fine crop of apples to feed the hungry, as if to rebuke silently mankind for slaughtering each other in war. From the appearance of the old residence, it was evidently built in colonial days, and the owner of the premises put out this tree and others of the orchard in which it stands many, many years before.

But why should I single out this tree when there are so many thousands of others which have been faithfully doing their duty to the human race so long? Is it because of its superior fruit? No; but for a little incident which impressed itself on my memory the day after we broke up McClellan's great Army of the Potomac in 1862. I visited this battle field of Cold Harbor just fifty-four years later to see the place when no sound of war broke upon the smiling landscape. There stood that very same old apple tree, green, fresh, and full of young apples. No doubt during all the years



of my absence it had stood silently there year after year bearing the same kind of apples. When I came to it, I felt like raising my hand and giving it a military salute, for it had not changed in the least from the time I saw it first that morning when I found my wounded comrade and old schoolmate lying under its branches.

Yes, we had a great battle there that hot June day in 1862. I sometimes think the greatest of all the battles we fought, for our men never afterwards in all the war could have broken McClellan's lines as well posted as they were on that occasion. He was a master of defensive war and an experienced engineer. He always expected to be compelled to retreat and always had such a place well fortified and an ample force of splendid artillery to sweep down the Confederates as they approached. He seemed to have more confidence in this arm of his forces than his infantry. We had the grit then to tackle anything.

We were far in the rear when General Lee opened this battle, and it raged furiously the day before we reached him and all the forenoon, and much of this took place at and near this same old house and orchard before we reached the scene of the conflict. Although we were to be on the battle line at daylight, we were many miles from it at that time, and our officers were urging us to the fullest extent of our ability; but it was noon before we arrived. All along the route we saw evidences of the fight of the previous day, and the incessant boom of artillery indicated the nature of what was in store for us. But as we marched and sweated, we joked each other, indifferent to what the future had in store.

Among my comrades was a youth older than myself who seemed to have been born for misfortune of various kinds. He was a good boy, but an evil spirit seemed to have followed him. At school, when we played ball or any other game, or if we swam in the river, he was sure to get hurt. Yet he bore it all without complaining. In this battle he was shot down late in the afternoon in front of the Hoboken Battery, near the McGehee house, and left there when we were ordered to withdraw. When night spread her dark wings over the land, he crawled toward the house and managed to reach this apple tree on the outer edge of the orchard.

I knew Sol had been left with the dead and wounded, and I was anxious to find him; so as soon as day broke I applied to our captain for permission to hunt him; and under this tree I found him lying stretched out. He seemed cheerful, but haggard from his experience of the previous day. I asked him how he was, and he replied that he felt very well considering his misfortune. He said he had always been unlucky with his left foot, and yesterday, when we waded that creek, he lost the shoe from it, and the next thing the Yankees shot a ball through it. Poor Sol was picked up soon after I left him by our litter bearers and sent to the hospital at Richmond, where he died. He took erysipelas in the wounded foot, a disease which killed many thousands of our men. He was an only son of our old neighbor, Mr. David Waters, of Bainbridge, Decatur County, Ga. He sleeps in a soldier's grave in Virginia, a State he defended with his life.

While I am writing about trees, I remember other trees that served me well on certain occasions. If they had not stood just where they did, perhaps I should have fared as badly or worse than my comrade, Sol Waters, and I would not be here to write about them now. One, I remember, a black locust, about fifteen or twenty feet high and perhaps six or eight inches in diameter. It stood in the open near a ditch, or natural depression, in a field about four hundred yards across. To the west of this field was a woodland, through which we had driven the enemy twice that day.

In this fighting I became mixed up with General Rodes's men. No one appeared to be in command then, as that splendid officer had just been killed and every body did as he pleased. When we reached the edge of the field mentioned, a part of the men followed the fleeing enemy, who took lodgment in the woods beyond. When they (the enemy) came to this gully, seeing that it afforded protection from the merciless fire of the pursuing Confederates, a large number of them fell down in it with their faces to the ground, so when we reached it, we found perhaps as many or more Yankees lying there than there were of us, for most of our comrades preferred to remain behind in the woods. These fellows in the ditch were quiescent, but the others kept up a hot fire on us out in the open. I suppose they could see the top of this little tree in spite of the smoke and supposed that many soldiers were collected about it for protection. It was a time when there was no necessity to load guns. There were plenty of them already lying in the ditch by the side of their owners, cocked and capped. As soon as we discharged one gun, we threw it away and jumped down and got another ready for business. But the fire from the woods was such that our number thinned out and we felt that our position could not be held much longer unless our comrades back of us in the woods would come to our relief. Looking to the left, I saw in the smoke the dim outlines of this little tree. Thinking it offered some protection, I darted to it, only to find two comrades already there. Standing behind them, we exchanged compliments with the enemy to the best of our ability, but I was not there long before the man next to the tree fell dead without a struggle. The man who had stood behind him stepped across his body and shot away for a few minutes, when he, too, received a wound which brought him down on the body of his companion. He rolled over and soon died in great agony. I now stood over the man lying at the root of the little tree, but during the few minutes I was there the balls struck the trunk of the tree so frequently and with so much force I decided that it somehow attracted the attention of the enemy, and as they had already killed two others, I decided it was no place for me. We were overwhelmed that day (September 19, 1864, at Winchester, Va.) by Sheridan's army, and there is no good reason why we were not all killed or captured, except that he was no great shakes as a general. We were soon compelled to abandon this place and retire to our comrades in the woods, where every man had the advantage of a big oak to protect his body to some extent until late in the day, when our supply of ammunition was exhausted and they were firing on us from three directions. We then unanimously decided that we had done enough at that particular place and withdrew.

Yes, a tree sometimes was a great thing when a fellow was in a tight place. I could tell about some other incidents that I remember when a friendly oak or pine stood near to give me and others protection.

Though I did not see an apple tree at that historic place of our final surrender, I remember distinctly a small post oak under which I slept five nights while waiting for our paroles after our formal surrender. I would have gnawed the bark off that tree if I had known it would relieve the pangs of hunger. After hostilities ceased, we had two pounds of fresh beef issued to us to live on for five days, although we were well-nigh starved.

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"Here sleeps beneath his native soil,  
Who, since his manhood's work began,  
Gave all his days of useful toil  
And, at the last, his life for man."



## THE FLYING DEVIL.

(The following is from an article appearing in the *Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette* some time ago and brings out an interesting phase of army life in the resorting to expedients to meet certain situations. In this case, while it did not prove satisfactory for the purpose intended, it proved of value later.)

The Union army once operated a ferry on New River, W. Va., where there is now a new bridge, placed during the last year. Across a deep chasm known as New River canyon, Generals Rosecrans and Cox, in the early days of the War between the States, planned and built a peculiar type of ferry, known as a "flying devil." The ferry was built by Major Crawford, an engineer of the Federal army, and was put in operation for the purpose of throwing troops across the river to intercept the army of General Floyd, whose batteries were shelling the village of Gauley Bridge.

Particulars of this unique mode of transportation are found in the "Letters and Papers of Rutherford B. Hayes," published by the Ohio Historical Society. Hayes was a major and acting judge advocate of the army, and was, at the time the ferry was built, located at Camp Ewing, near Hawk's Nest. This camp was also designated sometimes as Mountain Cove Camp. From this point Hayes sent many letters to his wife in Ohio.

To explain why this "flying devil" ferry was built at this strange place, it is necessary to state that the Union army, coming by the way of Kanawha Valley and Gauley Valley, had driven the Confederate General Wise and his forces out of the region. Wise had halted at Sewell Mountain and, together with his brother officer, General Floyd, was planning to attack the Federals. The Union army had occupied Gauley Bridge, where they had accumulated much stores and supplies and had advanced a force along the road toward Anstead. Six miles above the bridge, General Schenck established Camp Ewing, named in honor of Colonel Ewing of his staff. At this point was located the 23rd Ohio Volunteers, of which Major Hayes and William McKinley, both presidents-to-be, were members. The general headquarters were located at the Tompkins farm, three miles above Gauley Bridge.

In November, 1861, General Floyd, of the Confederate army, stationed a battery on Cotton Hill, directly across the river from Gauley, and began to shell the village. General Rosecrans, at the Tompkins farm, became frantic and so incoherent that he could not give orders. General Cox saved the garrison at the bridge from rout by hurrying through a driving rainstorm to the place and superintending the removal of the stores and telegraph station to Scrabble Creek, farther up Gauley and out of range of the shells. The shells did very little damage, and after a while the army became accustomed to the presence of the enemy on the distant hill-top. But the general staff was planning how to get them off. After a council, Major Crawford, an engineer, was appointed to construct a way to cross the river in the deep canyon. Over this bridge, or ferry, or whatever means of transportation Crawford used, was to cross a heavy force of Federal troops to march to Fayetteville and cut off the retreat of Floyd after he was attacked by General Benham, who was to march by the way of Loup Creek and the Cotton Hill road.

Major Crawford set to work to construct the ferry. His task was extremely hazardous, owing to the steep walls of the canyon, up and down which the workers were forced to climb. To assist in this, ropes were strung from the top to the bottom to be used as handholds. General Rosecrans had ordered skiffs to be brought from Cincinnati. When these arrived on wagons from the head of navigation (Camp

Piatt), they were lowered over the mountain wall to the river. Major Crawford began his experiment with the "flying devil."

The army waited patiently, while the cannons roared night and day on Cotton Hill. At Camp Ewing the soldiers fretted under the cold fall rains. Hayes wrote to his wife on October 10, 1861: "A pleasant camp. Cold, wet at times. Many rumors. On this road are many deserted homes, great old Virginia taverns wasted. The people, for the most part, are a helpless, harmless race. We are on the turnpike from Lewisburg to Kanawha. The band plays on every occasion. There is a great deal of camp fever. Out of nine hundred men and officers, two hundred and thirty-five are sick. One-half of the captains and lieutenants. We are sending out great numbers of sick from the army. Cincinnati must be full of them! We took the sick over Gauley last night."

This night movement of sick was made necessary by the enemy battery firing on the turnpike during the daytime. The old bridge having been burned by Wise, the passage of the Gauley was effected by a flatboat and cable. Hayes writes on October 9: "We are building an entrenched camp to hold the Kanawha Valley. We have lost, by death, about six; by desertion, four; by dismissal, three; and dishonorable discharge, twenty-five or thirty. About two hundred are too sick for duty, of whom one-half will never serve again."

"One of the charms of this life is the perpetual change. Yesterday I was in a most comfortable condition at Camp Lookout. Before night I was in a lonely spot at headquarters. We have rumors of the enemy across New River. False alarms of the enemy at Lookout, and the army went into battle line. Wounded left the hospital and fled. Some got well suddenly. I am practicing law on the circuit and like it."

"This is the spot for mountain scenery. Hawk's Nest and Lovers' Leap are two of the most romantic spots I have ever seen. The echoes of the bugle heighten the charm."

Hayes had very little confidence in the ferry scheme and took the young officer's privilege of criticizing his superiors. A note in his diary reads:

"Private Roache killed to-day accidentally by a pistol shot discharged by a comrade. Major Crawford is preparing to cross New River. We call it 'Crawford's Folly.' Why don't generals have sense!"

Major Crawford completed his ferry and notified the generals at headquarters that all was ready. Upon inspection, it was found to be a skiff attached to a long cable. This cable was fastened to a tree far up the stream. When the operator wished to cross the river, he cast off, bent his rudder, and the current whipped him over to the opposite bank. A trip could be made in an amazingly short time. This was the "flying devil." Rosecrans prepared for the battle. General Benham was sent down to the Huddleson farm, where he crossed the Kanawha and marched part of his forces up Loup Creek and part up the Cotton Hill road. General Cox took part in the attack up the face of the mountain.

A brisk fight took place as the Federals climbed the hill in the face of the Confederate fire. The Confederates failed to halt the advance, and, having learned of Benham's flank movement up Loup Creek, Floyd retreated toward Fayetteville, where he burned his wagons and began a long march over the rain-soaked roads toward the south.

The troops massed on the north side of New River, upon hearing the firing on Cotton Hill, prepared to cross over on the "flying devil." But they had failed to take into consideration the deadly sharpshooters of the Confederate army. Floyd had learned of the ferry and had sent his best marks-



men to the scene. When the first boatload started over, they were met by a rain of musket balls from the heavily wooded slopes. They decided then and there that the flank movement was off. "Crawford's Folly" proved to be well named. The army at Camp Ewing, and the soldiers of Generals Cook and Scammon, along the old James River road, had to be content with listening to the sounds of the retreat as Floyd fell back into Raleigh County with Benham in pursuit.

In spite of its failure at a critical time, the "Flying Devil" afterwards became very useful to the Federal army. After the Union forces had occupied the south side of the river, with camps at Fayette courthouse, and at Raleigh, the scouts, raiding parties, couriers, mail expresses continued to use it regularly.

## TEXAS BOYS IN THE WAR.

(From reminiscences by the late D. S. Combs, of Bastrop, Tex., on the part taken by the Combs and Cocreham boys in the War between the States. D. S. Combs was the first to join the army, which he did in the summer of 1861. Going to Bastrop, he joined Company D, of Terry's Texas Rangers, and the command was sent immediately to Kentucky. He tells the story in the following article.)

In the first battle of the regiment, Colonel Terry was killed. The regiment was in many battles, particularly Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro (my horse was killed under me at Murfreesboro), and Chickamauga, Tenn., and hundreds of smaller battles. Before General Banks's raid up Red River, I got my first furlough, and returned home, but, on account of the difficulty of getting back across the Mississippi River, I was assigned to Colonel Ford's Regiment at Brownsville, Tex., and was there until the close of the war. J. W. (Jack) Combs was in the Commissary Department at Port Hudson, La., when it was bombarded after the fall of Vicksburg and was severely wounded by a shell bursting near him, and when the fort was surrendered, he was paroled and went home. After he was sufficiently recovered, he was commissioned to take charge of a squad and collect and forward beef cattle to the army in Louisiana. He was in Karnes County, Tex., with a herd of beeves ready to start for the army when he was notified of General Lee's surrender, and the beeves were turned loose on their own range.

J. H. Combs joined Company E, 6th Texas Infantry, Capt. John P. White and Col. R. R. Garland commanding. We left Seguin (where the company was organized in October, 1861), and marched to Victoria, where the regiment was organized and drilled six months. In the spring of 1862, we were ordered to Little Rock, Ark., and the regiment was put in General Holmes's brigade. I was left sick at Navasota, Tex., being laid up a month with inflammatory rheumatism, when I was able to be taken home. Shortly after reaching home, I was taken with typhoid fever and was sick six or eight weeks. Before I could get transportation to Arkansas, the regiment was taken prisoner at the battle of Arkansas Post and carried North. There were quite a number who escaped after the battle and those absent on sick furlough, and these and all refugees from Texas who escaped from Arkansas Post were, in the fall of 1862, ordered to Shreveport, La., and organized into the 17th Consolidated Texas Infantry, under Col. Jim Taylor, of East Texas. Later, Gen. J. C. DePolignac was put in command of the brigade, made up of several Texas regiments and a battalion. Those from the 6th Texas Infantry were put in Company H, under Capt. J. J. McCowen or McGowen. We marched nearly all over the western part of Louisiana, camping and drilling at various places.

Our first fight was at Vidalia, opposite Natchez, on the

Mississippi River. Then we were in a gunboat fight at Harrisburg, on the Ouchita River, and fell back, crossed Red River at Alexandria, and fell back before General Banks until we met reinforcements at Mansfield. Here Gen. Dick Taylor decided to give battle. We were then in General Mouton's Division, DePolignac's Brigade, Dick Taylor's Corps. Almost at the beginning of the battle General Mouton was killed, and General DePolignac took command of the division; Col. Jim Taylor commanded the brigade. Lieutenant Colonel Nobles was killed in our first charge, as was our company commander, Lieut. Jose Garza. Our brigade was moved to the left, and, late in the afternoon, we came up in front of a new line of the enemy some three miles from where Lieutenant Colonel Nobles was killed.

I was shot down about a hundred yards from the Yankee line, and Colonel Taylor was killed a little farther on. I lay where I fell until ten or eleven o'clock next day, not able to even turn over. At that time the ambulances came along and gathered up those near me and carried us to the hospital at Mansfield, the Baptist church, all the churches and school-houses being used as hospitals.

I remained there until the third day or night, when a nurse dropped a candle in the cotton used for our beds, and the church was completely burned down. I managed to get to a private house, Mr. Joe Jackson's, and remained there six weeks, when I was taken to Mr. Ed Ragsdale's at Jacksonville, Tex. There I became worse, and three weeks later, my brother-in-law came after me and took me home, which we reached on June 25, 1864.

After I was able to ride horseback, I was detailed to help my brother Jack with gathering and forwarding beef cattle to the army in Louisiana. We were in Karnes County, with a herd of beeves ready to start to the army when we heard of General Lee's surrender and the close of the war. So we turned the cattle out and went home.

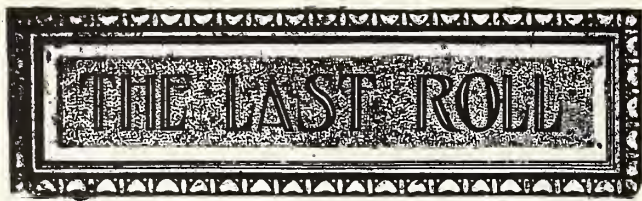
In the fall of 1861 John W. Cocreham went back to school at Bosqueville, near Waco, but shortly afterwards joined a company of State troops and went to Galveston. After six months they were mustered out, and each joined where he preferred in the regular army. John joined a company in Colonel Sweet's Regiment of Cavalry, to be with his brother (Bess) Sylvester (called Bes). The regiment was then on its way to Little Rock, Ark. John had not been in camp long before he took pneumonia and died. After this, Bess arranged to transfer to the company I had joined, and Jim Kincaid transferred to the company Bess had left, to be with some of his Kincaid relatives.

The 6th Texas Infantry was captured at the fall of Arkansas Post and taken to Camp Douglas, near Chicago. They were finally exchanged and sent South to some Atlantic port in Virginia or Carolina, and put into a brigade and division over there. At the battle of Chickamauga, Bess was killed and buried on the battle field.

J. M. Kincaid, my brother-in-law, joined Colonel Sweet's Regiment with Bess Cocreham. The regiment was organized at San Antonio and went immediately to Little Rock, Ark. Later on he was detailed to work in the Confederate harness and saddle shop, and was sent back to San Antonio, where he remained to the close of the war. He was in one battle in Arkansas.

Near the close of the war the old men in each county were organized as Home Guards, and D. R. Cocreham, my step-father, was a lieutenant in command of the company in this part of Hays County, and served until the close of the war. They were never ordered out of the county or adjoining counties.



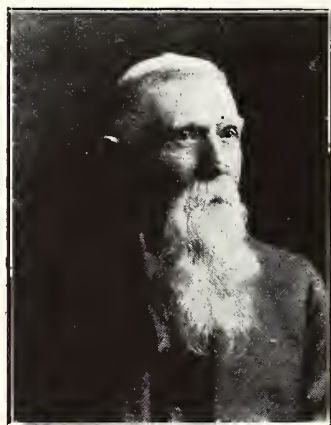


Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"They cannot wholly pass away,  
How far so'er above,  
Nor we, the lingerers, wholly stay  
Apart from those we love;  
For spirits in eternity,  
As shadows in the sun,  
Reach backward into time, as we,  
Like lifted clouds, reach on."

#### CAPT. J. N. TALIAFERRO.

On the night of March 30, 1927, Capt. J. N. Taliaferro died at his plantation home, Taliaferro Spring, near Lyerly,



CAPT. J. N. TALIAFERRO.

Chattooga County, Ga., after a short illness. He was born in Amherst County, Va., October 9, 1841, and was a student at Emory and Henry College, Va., at the opening of the War between the States. At the age of nineteen years he enlisted in Company I, 19th Virginia Infantry, with the rank of third sergeant. In April, 1862, he was elected second lieutenant, and on June 1, of the same year, was promoted to first lieutenant. Suffering from the disability of wounds received at the battle of

Seven Pines, in May, 1862, he resigned November 4, 1863. He was in the great battles of Mannassas, Culpeper Courthouse, Orange Courthouse, Brandy Station, Yorktown, Seven Pines, Richmond, and Williamsburg.

Recovering somewhat from the effects of his wounds, he joined the 2nd Virginia Cavalry, Company E, under Capt. Tome White, and took part in the battles of Beaver Dam and Fredericksburg, and minor battles about Richmond and Petersburg, and in the campaign that ended at Appomattox.

After the close of the war, he settled in Chattooga County, Ga., on the plantation where he lived until his death. For many years he had been Commander of John S. Cleghorne Camp, U. C. V. He was bred to the faith of that chivalry of the older South which has become legendary, and his life perfectly exemplified its noble principles. He was as gentle as he was brave and patriotic. He was widely known through Chattooga and neighboring counties, and loved and venerated for his high qualities by all who knew him. The funeral took place at the Lyerly Methodist Church, of which he was a communicant, with interment in the Lyerly Cemetery.

Surviving him are his wife and daughter.

#### CAPT. WILLIAM BAKER WORD.

Capt. William Baker Word was born in Limestone County, Ala., February 20, 1835, and when he was four years of age his parents removed to Monroe County, Miss., where he lived the remainder of his life. He died on Thanksgiving Day, November 25, 1926, at his home near Aberdeen.

Young Word attended the Kentucky Military Institute at Frankfort, and in March, 1861, he joined Van Dorn's Reserves, organized in Aberdeen. This company was sent to Corinth, at the outbreak of the war, where it became Company I of the 11th Mississippi Regiment. He was elected first sergeant, then second lieutenant, and later captain of the company, which he led through the battles of Northern and Eastern Virginia, from Seven Pines to Cold Harbor, which was the last battle in which he was engaged. He also took part in the battle of Gettysburg, in which he was wounded in the left side.

At Cold Harbor, on the 2nd of June, 1864, while gallantly leading his company in that bloody encounter, Captain Word fell desperately wounded in the head. He was given up as hopeless, but one of his men and a body servant worked with him faithfully for a day and night until the ambulance corps finally picked him up. He was taken to the army hospital and the bullet extracted from his skull. He was then taken to the hospital in Richmond, Va., where he lay unconscious for three weeks. His body was partly paralyzed from this wound, and during the last twenty years of his life he was confined to his chair and bed. Although infirm of body, he enjoyed great clarity of mind and memory.

Captain Word married two sisters. His first wife was Anna Maria Baker, who died in 1872. His second wife was Keturah Jane Baker, who died in 1916. Two sons and five daughters survive him.

This valiant and high-minded old soldier lived an upright and stainless life, fought bravely his country's battles, and has passed on with his comrades in arms to rest under the shade of the trees.

[His daughter, Mrs. J. L. Dishong, Arcadia, Fla.]

#### JOHN HUGH HAW.

John Hugh and George Pitman Haw, sons of John and Mary Austin Watt Haw, were born at Oak Grove, Hanover County, Va., July 29, 1838, John Hugh Haw died April 24, 1927, at Stuart Circle Hospital in Richmond, Va., just sixty-six years and a day from the time, April 23, 1861, he, with two brothers and a double first cousin, in the Hanover Grays, on the Capital Square in Richmond, tendered their services to their seceding State and were accepted and thenceforth served their country until their great Commander surrendered on April 9, 1865.

A full account of the services of the six Haw boys was given in the VETERAN for July, 1925, also the photographs and full history of them as the "Oldest Confederate Twins," which has been published repeatedly in the newspapers from Washington to Dallas, Tex.

John Haw was a member of William B. Newton Camp, U. C. V., of Ashland, Va., and of the Samuel Davies Presbyterian Church in Hanover. He was a good citizen and a good neighbor. He was never married, and spent most of his life as a farmer. Being very fond of the chase, he kept a pack of fox hounds on his very large Piping Tree Farm in King William County, Va. He is survived by two brothers, George Pitman Haw, of Hanover County, Va. and Joseph R. Haw, of Hampton, Va., and several nephews and nieces.

[J. R. Haw.]



W. M. HARDIN.

W. M. Hardin, well-known and beloved citizen of Rome, Floyd County, Ga., died at his home in that city on March 2, after a brief illness. He was born at Coosa, in Floyd County, February 23, 1845, and was one of the young soldiers of the Confederacy, serving with Iverson's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps, in 1863. By the accidental discharge of a gun when the command was stationed at Mossy Creek, near Dandridge, Tenn., he was wounded in the arm, necessitating its amputation and his retirement from active service. He was an active member and officer of the Floyd County Camp, No. 368 U. C. V., at Rome, and for many years acted as the VETERAN's representative there. He was assistant in the office of the tax collector of Floyd County for a long term of years.

Comrade Hardin was married to Miss Ann Elizabeth Billingsley, of Cherokee County, Ala., in January, 1875, and of the ten children born to them there are four sons and four daughters surviving. He was a member of the Baptist Church and always active in its service.

In its memorial resolutions, the Floyd County Camp refers to him as "the oldest member of the Camp and one of the most active in promulgating its interests. We will sadly miss him, and his vacant seat will be a continual reminder of our fast diminishing ranks and that ere long the serried hosts of Lee and Jackson will be only a memory of the grandeur and glory that was.

Funeral services were conducted at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, of which he was a member, with interment in Myrtle Hill Cemetery, attended by his comrades of the Camp.

J. A. R. CHAMBERLIN.

On January 28, 1927, after a short illness, the gentle spirit of J. A. R. Chamberlin, passed into the life eternal.

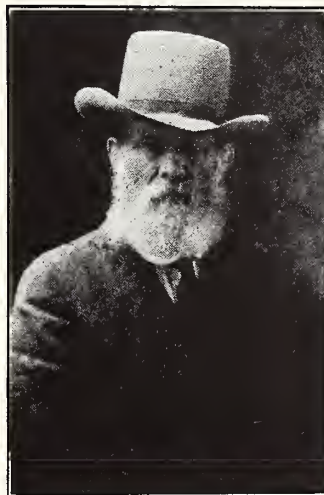
He was born at Capon Bridge, Hampshire County, Va. (now W. Va.), July 23, 1843. In 1862, at the age of eighteen years, he enlisted in the cause of the Confederacy, volunteering in Company F, 18th Virginia Cavalry, Imboden's Brigade, Lomax's Division, Stuart's Corps. He was always ready to do his part as a true soldier, enduring nearly four years of hard fighting and participating in almost all the battles in the Valley of Virginia, including the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864, and the famous Battle of Gettysburg. In the fall of 1864 he was promoted to orderly sergeant, having charge of the headquarters guard for General Lomax, and was paroled at Winchester, Va., some time in April, 1865.

Comrade Chamberlin was married to Miss Frances V. Spaid on December 23, 1868, he and his bride going to Missouri the following year, and locating in Cooper County. In March, 1878, the family removed to Lafayette County, locating on a farm northwest of Odessa, where he and his wife continued to reside until about four years ago, when age and ill health began to exact their toll. Since that time their home has been with their daughter there, Mrs. S. A. Tanner. His wife survives him, with a son and two daughters, three grandchildren; also a brother and two sisters.

He was a loyal, faithful, Christian gentleman of the Old South—tender, courtly, high minded, always charitable and obliging. His intellect was keen and bright, he was a reader and a thinker, a life-long student. In late years, when other resources were denied him, he found great pleasure in reading, always the best of literature. His beloved VETERAN held first place of all, and the cause for which he so gallantly fought in the sixties was ever to him throughout his busy life a hallowed memory.

COL. FIELDING KENLEY, U. C. V.

After an illness of several months, Col. Fielding Kenley, formerly of Kearney, Clay County, Mo., for the past five years a resident of Greeley, Colo., answered the last roll call on June 1, at the age of eighty-four years.



COL. FIELDING KENLEY.

He was born February 20, 1843, at Danville, Ky., where he lived until young manhood. He enlisted in the Confederate army, May 1, 1861, in Company A, 6th Kentucky cavalry, which later became a part of the command of Gen. John H. Morgan, and in that organization he participated in numerous hard-fought battles, including Perryville, Hoover's Gap, Murfreesboro, and Alexandria, Tenn. On July 19, 1863, he was captured at Ches-

hire, Ohio, and taken to Camp Douglas, near Chicago, where he was held for nineteen months. After his release, he went to Virginia and helped to guard the Treasury of the Confederate government.

His title as colonel came by appointment on the staff of the Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V. He was an enthusiastic attendant on the reunions. He was an active Mason (Knight Templar), a Shriner, and a member of the Odd Fellows. He was also a member of the Christian Church at Kearney, Mo.

Colonel Kenley was possessed of a most remarkable memory, and it was a great pleasure to listen to his accounts of the trials and tribulations of war times. Cheerful and patient, he met the last call with a smile of confidence. Surviving him are his wife and sister, and other relatives.

His body was taken to his old home in Missouri for interment.

LIEUT. "DICK" THOMISON.

W. P. ("Dick") Thomison died at his home, near Dayton, Tenn., after several years of declining health, with the added affliction of blindness. He was born January 8, 1844, and was one of a large family, all of whom have been very prominent in the affairs of Rhea county.

Comrade Thomison joined Capt. W. E. Colville's company, the first to be organized in Rhea County for the Confederacy. With his brother, John S. Thomison, he was later transferred to Capt. W. C. Darwin's company, the sixth to leave Rhea County, and which was known as Company C, 16th Tennessee Battalion. With the 12th Tennessee Battalion, it formed "Rucker's Legion," distinguished as opening the battle of Chickamauga.

On the loss of his superior officer, Mr. Thomison became lieutenant in Company C, and his comrades said that "Lieutenant Dick's" only command was, "I gonnies, boys, come on!"

Funeral services were held at the residence by the Rev. J. A. Whitner, of Cleveland, former pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Dayton, of which Mr. Thomison was a member.

Surviving are his wife, who was Miss Cornelia Peters, two daughters, and five sons. Three brothers and two sisters also survive him.



## DAVID C. JONES.

David C. Jones, born in Bath County, Va., in the year 1843, died at his home near Strang, Okla., March 30, 1927, aged eighty-four years. His grandfather, Henry Jones, was a Revolutionary soldier. When quite a young man, David Jones enlisted with the Confederate army, Company C, 26th Battalion, Virginia Infantry. Five of his brothers also fought for the same cause, but he was the last to answer the great roll call.

His brothers were enlisted as follows: Alexander A. Jones, Company E, 27th Virginia. This was part of Stonewall Jackson Brigade. Later records show he enlisted in Col. Edgar's Battalion. Henry C. Jones, Company E, 26th Virginia Infantry; William Jones, Company B, 16th Virginia Cavalry; John Jones, Company E, 60th Virginia Infantry; Abel (or Abraham) Jones, 16th Virginia Cavalry.

David Jones went with his family to Southwest City, Mo., in 1884, and ten years later he moved to his farm near Strang, Okla.

He was laid to rest beside his wife in the Southwest City Cemetery, funeral services being conducted in the Presbyterian Church. The many maple trees which now shade this little church were set out years ago by him and his neighbors. He enjoyed the out-of-doors, and was a big, free-hearted Southerner. His influence for good will never die. A husband and a father like this man is a heritage that does not come to all families, and the sweet memories of his life will be a balm and source of great pleasure to his children and friends throughout their lives. He is survived by two daughters and a son, also several grandchildren.

[His niece, Mrs. J. R. Douglass, Recording Secretary, Twin Peaks Chapter, California Division, U. D. C.]

## JOHN CABEEN WALLACE.

On May 27, 1927, John Cabeen Wallace, prominent citizen of Strong, Union County, Ark., answered to the last roll call. He was born in that county on April 23, 1846, and thus had passed his eighty-first milestone.

Comrade Wallace enlisted with Company G, of the 9th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, in May, 1861, the company being mobilized by his father, Capt. Robert Minor Wallace, who was promoted to major and was wounded in the charge at Shiloh in which Gen. A. S. Johnston was mortally wounded; John Wallace's brother, William J. Wallace, major of the 9th Arkansas, was killed by a shell at Resaca, Ga., on May 15, 1864.

Of over one hundred and sixty members of that noted old Company G, only two now survive—Dr. Eugene F. Rowland, of Ruston, La., and the writer of this sketch.

[George W. Terry, Sulphur, Okla.]

## BEN LEE COYLE.

Ben Lee Coyle died at his home in Huntsville, Ala., on February 26, in his eighty-second year. He was born near Meridianville, Madison County, Ala., July 1845, and spent the larger part of his life in the country as a farmer, but had made his home in Huntsville for about nine years. His wife died some years ago, but their eleven children, seven sons and four daughters, all survive him.

Comrade Coyle served as a private of the 4th Alabama Regiment of Cavalry, under General Forrest, and made a gallant soldier. He was a valued and faithful member of the Egbert J. Jones Camp, No. 357 U. C. V., of Huntsville, and also a consistent member of the First Methodist Church there. He was laid to rest in Maple Hill Cemetery, at Huntsville, with the honors paid to a brave Confederate soldier.

[A. S. Doak, Huntsville.]

## SAMUEL MALLET.

Samuel Mallet, Commander of the local Camp of Confederate veterans, died on May 7, 1927, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. J. Richard, of Lake Charles, La., after an illness of five weeks. He was eighty-three years of age and had been active and in apparently good health until a few weeks ago.

A resident of Lake Charles for thirteen years, Mr. Mallet moved to this city from Glenmora, where he resided for many years. While living in Glenmora, he was a member of the Rapides Parish police jury for a number of years, and served on the Rapides school board for eight years, during which time he was active in public activities, especially in public school work.

Comrade Mallet was born in Green County, Miss., July 8, 1844. Joining the Confederate forces when sixteen years of age, he served for four years with Troop K, 16th Mississippi Cavalry. His father, Pierre Mallet, a French soldier and member of an old French family, fought under Napoleon, and later came to this country with a brother. They landed in New Foundland, from where Pierre Mallet moved to Mississippi to make his home.

Samuel Mallet is survived by five sons and four daughters.

After brief services at the home in Lake Charles, his body was taken back to Glenmora, where services were conducted at the Amiable Baptist Church, with burial in the Glenmora Cemetery.

## JAMES A. WALDEN.

On May 6, 1927, James A. Walden passed away at the age of eighty-eight years. He was a son of James and Mary Hancock Walden, born October 15, 1838, near Fayette, Howard County, Mo., and a veteran of the Confederacy, having enlisted as a private and gained a lieutenantcy before his discharge. He was with General Price's army, and had five brothers in the Confederate army, only one of whom, C. J. Walden, survives.

After the war, James Walden returned home and engaged in farming. In 1867 he was married to Miss Mary Robertson, and five children were born to them. His wife and two children preceded him to his home beyond, and his second wife died ten years ago. A son and two daughters survive. He was a member of the Christian Church and an elder for many years.

With a small Confederate flag clasped in his hand, he was laid to rest in the beautiful country cemetery near where he had lived his entire life.

He was a faithful reader of the VETERAN.

[A daughter, Mattie Lee Gibbs.]

## THOMAS B. DIGMAN.

Thomas B. Digman was born in Barbour County, Va. (now W. Va.), July 13, 1841, and passed to his eternal reward on April 6, 1927, in his eighty-seventh year. When war came on between the States, he volunteered for the South, becoming a member of Company K, 31st Virginia Regiment, which was a part of Early's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. He served throughout the war, taking part in many engagements and was slightly wounded at Cold Harbor.

Returning home at the close of the war, he did his part in rebuilding his ruined country; for fifty years he had been very active in the ministry of the gospel of peace.

He attended the meeting of the Blue and Gray at Gettysburg in July, 1913, from which he wrote: "It is very hot here to-day, but not nearly so hot as fifty years ago." He is now resting "under the shade of the trees" on the other shore.

[S. P. Digman.]



CAPT. W. C. R. TAPSCOTT.

A gallant Confederate officer passed from earth with the death of Capt. William Cabell Reeves Tapscott, of Berryville, Va., on April 29, 1925. He was born in 1842, in the County of Buckingham, Va., the son of N. B. Tapscott, a planter of importance in that county. His early life was spent on his father's plantation, where he learned to till the soil and make it productive, and his education was acquired in the old-time schools of the neighborhood, schools which have been the framework of the learning of Virginia's greatest and best.

Young Tapscott answered to the first call to arms in defense of his State, enlisting in 1861 with the Scottsville Guards, commanded by Captain Gaunt, which subsequently became a unit of the 19th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. He took an active part in the first battle of Manassas and in subsequent military activities in the Potomac River section. Upon reorganization in 1862, he was discharged from the infantry and then raised and was made captain of Company C, 37th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. A. C. Dunn, Gen. W. E. Jones's brigade, A. N. V. In command of his company, he took part in the operations in West Virginia and was in the battle of Beverly and the action at Moorefield, where he was wounded and captured and spent the next eight months as a prisoner at Camp Chase. Upon exchange, he returned to his command and served under General Early in the operations in the Shenandoah Valley and the upper James River, taking part in the battle of Lynchburg, under General Breckinridge.

Surrendering at Appomattox Courthouse, he returned home and went manfully to work to rebuild his devastated section. He went to the Shenandoah Valley in the early eighties and located at Berryville, Clarke County, and again began farming, in which he was successful after strenuous effort. He married Mrs. Mattie Crampton, of Clarke County, and four children were born to them—three sons and a daughter—who survive him with the mother, with three children of her first marriage. His memory will be long cherished not only in his family, but by a host of friends and comrades of the days of war.

## ARKANSAS COMRADES.

The following members of Camp Ben T. Duval, No. 146 U. C. V., of Fort Smith, Ark., have died during the past year: Ed T. Smith, 1st Arkansas Cavalry.

W. J. Kerr, Company B, 4th Arkansas Infantry.

J. D. Williams, Company A, 22nd Arkansas Infantry.

There are now just five active members of the Camp left. We are keeping up our organization by meeting once a month, and we are planning to be at Little Rock at the next annual reunion. We will read the VETERAN the rest of our lives and commend it to those who come after us as a true friend and impartial history of the valor and patriotism of the Confederate soldier. These are the members now forming this Camp:

J. M. Hopkins, Company E, 2nd Mississippi Infantry; eighty-six.

J. F. Dooley, Company G, 11th Mississippi Infantry; eighty-six.

R. S. Grigsby, Company B, 1st Alabama Cavalry; eighty-four.

E. R. Johnson, Company C, 1st Arkansas Battalion of Cavalry; eighty-three.

Joe M. Scott, Company E, 6th Texas Cavalry; eighty-four.

[Joe M. Scott, Adjutant.]

MAJ. ALBERT T. MCNEAL.

Maj. Albert T. McNeal, born at Bolivar, Tenn., December 9, 1842, died in New York City on April 19.

Entering the Confederate army from the University of Mississippi in 1861, young McNeal was elected captain of Company B, 4th Tennessee Infantry, and served in all the Western battles, beginning at Shiloh, and surrendering with Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., being then major of the 4th and 5th Tennessee consolidated regiments.

After the war, Major McNeal practiced law successfully at Bolivar until 1901, when he was elected dean of the law school of the University of the South, which position he filled until 1912, retiring then on account of age. Since then his home had been with his children in California and New York. He was laid to rest in Polk Cemetery at the old home in Bolivar, with his wife and children who had preceded him in death.

## COMMANDER OF THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. C. V.

Report has come of the death of Gen. W. M. Wroten, Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V. He had been in failing health for some time. A sketch will appear later.

CORRECTION.—In the notice of the death of Oscar Davis, brother of Sam Davis, which appeared in the VETERAN for February, it was stated that he was the last survivor of the family, which was an error, as there are a brother and sister still living—Mr. Charles L. Davis, of Smyrna, Tenn., and Mrs. Media Davis Mathews, of Houston, Tex.

## FREE NEGROES AS SLAVE OWNERS.

(The following was taken from an article by G. D. Eaton, in *McNaught's Monthly*.)

As Carter Godwin Woodson points out in his "Free Negro Heads of Families in the United States in 1830," very few persons realize that not only were a large percentage of the negroes free before the Civil War (one-seventh of them in 1830), but a goodly number of these free negroes in the South owned slaves of their own. Some of them were rich and the proprietors of vast tracts of land, with from ten to two hundred slaves on each plantation.

Woodson shows one negro in Lexington, Ky., worth \$20,000 in 1830. The richest merchant in Macon, Ga., was a free negro. One Thomas Lafon, in New Orleans, had one-half million in real estate; one Cyprian Ricard, of the same State, paid \$225,000 for an estate with ninety-one slaves thereon. Marie Metoyer, of Natchitoches, had 2,000 acres and fifty slaves, and Charles Rogues, of the same place, owned forty-seven slaves. Martin Donato, of St. Landry, had 4,500 arpents of land and eighty-nine slaves and personal property worth \$46,000.

Jehu Jones was the owner of one of the best hotels in Charleston and \$40,000 in other property. Woodson reports a negro in St. Paul's Parish, also in South Carolina, as having two hundred slaves in 1857. It is reasonably safe to say that 40,000 free negroes owned nearly 100,000 slaves. Woodson shows that of 360 free negroes in Charleston, 130 of them paid taxes on 390 slaves.

Woodson relates an amusing incident of a Charleston negro who bought himself a wife and sold her at fifty dollars profit because she would not behave herself.

The VETERAN would like to hear from those who know of those free negroes and how they were able to accumulate such large properties.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*  
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. .... *First Vice President General*

MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. .... *Second Vice President General*  
186 Bethlehem Pike

MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. .... *Third Vice President General*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. .... *Recording Secretary General*

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. .... *Corresponding Secretary General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. .... *Treasurer General*  
Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. .... *Historian General*  
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. .... *Registrar General*  
5330 Pershing

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. .... *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. .... *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, *Official Editor*, Clifton Forge, Va.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* The response on the part of the Divisions to the request for aid from our organization for the flood sufferers has been gratifying. The checks have been sent through our Treasurer General to two general officers, Mrs. Higgins, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Kolman, of New Orleans, both of whom are in the flood district, and who are distributing these funds through the Red Cross. Grateful acknowledgement has been made.

Elsewhere in the *VETERAN* may be read the beautiful letter received by the Daughters of Louisiana from the daughter of Major General de Polignac expressing the sympathy of the de Polignac Chapter in France for the sufferers from the flood. She concludes with the following: "We pray God to preserve your beautiful towns and homes and make the floods subside."

\* \* \*

June 3 was a red-letter day for the Jefferson Davis Highway. In Virginia, the final stretch of the highway connecting the capital of the republic with the former capital of the Confederacy was formally opened and dedicated. Senator Swanson, of Virginia, is reported as saying that "the completed Jefferson Davis Highway will mark the completed reconciliation of the North and South."

In Louisiana, three bowlders marking the Highway were dedicated, and at Brownsville, Tex., the bowlder to Jefferson Davis to commemorate his services to the United States government and to mark the most southern point of the Highway, was dedicated with brilliant ceremony.

This marks the completion of a meritorious work which has been successfully carried forward by Miss Decca Lamar West for several years. Thanks are accorded her for the achievement of this desired object. We are also indebted to the chairman of the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky, for representing us in Savannah at the convention of the National Good Roads Association the week of June 6-10, and presenting the cause of the Highway before this large gathering of men interested in the building and upkeep of roads. A place on their program is annually given the chairman of the Jefferson Davis Highway, which is an opportunity for us to present the plans of this memorial to people from all parts of this country.

The President General was also present in Savannah to extend greetings from the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

## THE UNIVERSITY PRIZE FOR CONFEDERATE ESSAY.

All are urged to again read the report of this committee as presented the convention in Richmond last year. It may be found on pages 120 and 121 of the Minutes of the Richmond convention.

We cannot emphasize too greatly the value to our organization of this prize, which was made possible through the generosity of the Baruch family. There has been extensive publicity, and requests for information have come from all parts of the country.

If no essay of high merit shall be submitted in this competition, the prize will not be awarded for this year.

There is a great opportunity for some brilliant writer to achieve note in the field of letters and to win this valuable prize. It is worth your while to search through your neglected documents, letters, and pamphlets, and bring to light your unused copy of last year's General Minutes and turn to page 120. What to your wondering eyes will appear but the report of the Committee on University Prize Essay, giving all information which can possibly be desired in order to enter this contest.

## THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

We are essentially a historical organization. It, therefore, follows that the work being done by the Yale University Press is vitally interesting to us. This presentation of history will influence the thought of generations of Americans, therefore the call is very loud that we become actively alive to what is being done there. We cannot overestimate the value of our representative, Dr. Andrews.

The attention of the general organization should be also called to Mr. Arthur H. Brook, the representative of Yale University Press, with whom we are in pleasant communication. Mr. Brook desires correct history and insists that he will never allow historical accuracy to be sacrificed in order to produce dramatic effect in the photoplays. This inspires us with great confidence and should encourage us to concentrate upon our effort to show these historic films in our communities.

In order that we may work more intelligently and effectively in coöperation with the University Press, the President General will recommend the appointment of a committee to be authorized by the convention in Charleston, S. C., in the fall of this year, whose duty it will be to disseminate information to all Chapters as to the photoplays and other historic undertakings of Yale in which we are so vitally concerned. Give this due thought in order to be prepared to vote on the recommendation.

You have doubtless read certain reviews by Dr. Andrews which have appeared in the *VETERAN* from time to time. Concerning the one by David Knowles, the Englishman, and certain correspondence between the two, we are permitted to print the following from Mr. Knowles: "I must thank you most warmly for your courteous letter and for your kind gift of 'The Women of the South,' which I have found most interesting." He then goes on to attempt to explain his use of



the word "unintellectual" and so on. In closing, he writes: "I must not take up your valuable time longer, but permit me to say that I congratulate myself on the circumstances that have led to this correspondence, which has taught me much of Southern feeling and American courtesy."

## LINDBERGH RECEPTION.

Miss Mabel Boardman, of the National Red Cross, with headquarters in Washington, wired and phoned requesting us to be represented at the reception to be given the young American aviator in Washington City on June 11. Her invitation was accepted, and since the President General cannot conveniently leave her office at this date, Mrs. P. H. Lane, of Philadelphia, the Second Vice President General, consented to go to Washington and represent officially the organization.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Our organization has recently suffered a great loss in the death of one of our Honorary Presidents, Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, of Raymond, Miss., and Sewanee, Tenn. In the death of this distinguished woman, one whom we have delighted to honor, we recognize our loss of her living presence and influence, but we also realize that the inspiration of her life and works will ever abide with us as an incentive to things lofty and ennobling. To the Mississippi Division and to her sorrowing relatives we offer our sympathy.

RUTH LAWTON.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Alabama.*—Presided over by Mrs. T. W. Palmer, retiring State President, the thirty-first annual convention of the Alabama Division met in Tuscaloosa, May 4-6. The entire city was draped in Confederate colors, and many social features were given for individuals as well as some for the entire convention. Governor and Mrs. Bibb Graves were special guests of honor, the Governor appearing several times on the program.

All sessions were held in the First Baptist Church, except the special welcome program, which was given in the First Presbyterian Church, and over which Mrs. C. N. Maxwell, Sr., President of the Hostess Chapter, presided.

Reports of many committees were heard when the convention proper opened Wednesday morning, and the President's report, especially, was heard with much interest, for it showed that much had been accomplished during the final year of her service and was complete in every detail. She urged better organization of the Chapters and more publicity and asked that the objects of the U. D. C. be kept in mind. Mrs. Palmer reported that four new Chapters had been organized, at Carrollton, Jasper, Butler, and Sulligent, and that there are now eighty-nine Chapters, with a membership of five thousand (not including thirty Chapters of Children of the Confederacy and their membership) in the State organization. Final payment for the beautiful \$3,000 Memorial window which has been placed in the University of Alabama Library in honor of the Alabama Cadet Corps of 1865 had been made, and she suggested that a similar window be presented to Howard College in honor of those who entered the war from that institution. Mrs. Palmer closed with a beautiful tribute to our Confederate veterans, whose deeds of valor we are keeping alive for the present and for the future, for, as she said, "love makes memory eternal." She also spoke beautifully of Mrs. Ellen Peter Bryce, to whom the convention was dedicated and whose absence because of illness was deplored.

In her report on Memorial Highways, Historical Events

and Places, Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn, stressed the importance of marking and beautifying the Jefferson Davis Highway, which passes through six important cities in Alabama, and the convention agreed to do this and to place markers at a distance of ten miles apart. Each marker is to commemorate some historical event, preferably something of immediate importance to the Chapter placing the marker; also flowers and shrubs will be planted along the Highway, making it a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Dedication of a bronze tablet to the "boys of '65," and especially to those who attempted to defend the bridge, the Alabama Cadet Corps, took place Thursday afternoon and Governor Graves was the principal speaker, having been introduced by Mrs. C. N. Maxwell, Sr., master of ceremonies. Miss Emma Louise Rodes, granddaughter of Gen. R. E. Rodes, unveiled the tablet which bore the inscription: "Here the cadets of the University of Alabama engaged Federal cavalry on the night of April 4, 1865. Erected by R. E. Rodes Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, May 5, 1927."

The retiring president, Mrs. T. W. Palmer, was presented with a gold watch as a token of appreciation for her service during the last two years. Twenty prizes were awarded for various subjects and activities, and the President's prize went to Mrs. W. C. Miles, of Oneonta, for promoting interest in Confederate history, she having spoken on this subject before 130,827 school children.

Friday morning officers were elected and installed as follows: President, Mrs. R. B. Broyles, Birmingham; First Vice President, Mrs. Charles N. Maxwell, Sr., Tuscaloosa; Second Vice President, Mrs. W. G. Lewis, Eufaula; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. M. Grimsley, Fayette; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Victor Randolph, of Birmingham; Registrar Mrs. Herschel Larimore, Florence; Historian Mrs. M. E. Curtis, Camden; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. O. Sentell, Luverne; Chaplain, Mrs. J. H. Phillips, Tuscaloosa; Treasurer, Mrs. J. A. Embrey; Director of Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. C. R. Yandle.

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*Arkansas.*—At the two-day encampment of the United Spanish War Veterans in Little Rock recently, the last feature of their activities was the presentation of a large American flag to the Arkansas Confederate Home, which added much to the dignity of that beautiful lawn. The veterans are the objects of much interest to all the Confederate organizations, and everything is being done for their comfort and happiness.

Memorial Day was celebrated as usual with music and appropriate addresses. It is truly inspiring to note with what tenderness and pride the Children of the Confederacy Chapters lovingly place their flowers and flags on the graves of the dear old soldiers resting there. The Division President, Mrs. George Hughes, of Benton, called her board for the second meeting of the year in the charming little city of Clarksville on May 25. A one-day session sufficed to put the business through. Friendship and harmony prevailed, and much was accomplished. Efforts on educational lines are bearing fruit. The U. D. C. State Contest has brought forth eighty essays from the Helena high schools alone, through the Division Third Vice President, Mrs. M. P. Meyers. The very efficient Division First Vice President, Mrs. Jeanne Fox Weisman, is still holding to her hope of getting Southern history taught in the State University, and is even now interviewing the president on this subject. All this, with the placing of books and hanging of pictures in the schools, is a forceful means to the end earnestly desired.



*Colorado.*—A pageant of flags which told the history of the Confederacy and of the War between the States, election of officers, and an annual luncheon were the main features of the fifteenth convention of the Colorado Division, held in Denver May 9, 10, at the Auditorium Hotel.

Delegates from four Chapters attended, representing a registered membership of four hundred and sixty-three. Mrs. William Barber, of Pueblo, Division President, was in the chair for the business session. Mrs. Alonzo Fry, President of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, which was hostess for the convention, was toastmistress for the luncheon and opened the various meetings.

Pueblo was chosen as the place for the next convention, May, 1928, upon the invitation of Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter. A memorial meeting was held as tribute to the Confederate veterans and Chapter members who died during the year, Mrs. L. B. Copeland in charge.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. William Barber, Pueblo; First Vice President, Mrs. Alonzo Fry; Second Vice President, Mrs. John H. Campbell; Third Vice President; Mrs. F. L. Dodge; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John Traylor; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. P. Vories; Treasurer, Mrs. L. E. Kelton; Historian, Mrs. L. C. Ramsey; Registrar, Miss Ella Colburn; Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. W. W. Taylor; Parliamentarian, Mrs. F. I. Smith.

About one hundred guests attended the annual luncheon, over which Mrs. Alonzo Fry presided. She introduced the State President, the Division Honorary President, and the Chapter Presidents. The Rev. F. R. Poage made the invocation. Dr. Grant, a veteran of two wars sixty years apart, spoke on his recent visit to Birmingham. Mr. Hawkins gave an account of the career and character of Judah P. Benjamin, Senator from Louisiana and Attorney General and Secretary of State for the Confederacy. He referred to Benjamin as "the brains of the Confederacy." Mrs. Smith spoke on Southern music, telling the influence of the songs of the South on American music.

The morning session of the convention was taken up with reports of officers and committee chairmen. Mrs. F. I. Smith gave the invocation. Mrs. Don E. Lemen, of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, welcomed the visiting women, to which Mrs. W. K. Dudley, President of Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter, of Pueblo, responded.

The Presidents of the four Chapters reported on the memorial, historical, educational, benevolent, and social activities of their Chapters since the last convention.

The convention approved the action of the board in donating \$20 from the Division for Mississippi flood relief. The time for holding the State convention was definitely changed from September to May.

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*Maryland.*—The annual election of officers, Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, was held May 7.

President, Mrs. Henry J. Berkley; First Vice President, Miss Elizabeth McFenain.

The vote for the office of Second Vice President resulted in a tie between Mrs. S. Johnson Poe and Mrs. Beverly Smith. Another election for the post will be deferred until the next meeting of the Chapter. The Board of Managers will include Miss Georgia Bright, former President of the Maryland Division, Mrs. William Buchanan, ex-President of the Chapter, Mrs. Arthur W. Nachan, Miss Lilion Giffin, Mrs. S. Sidney Norrison, Mrs. S. H. Orrick.

The William A. Murray Chapter, the baby Chapter of the Division, functioned for the first time March 18, with a membership of thirty-five, in the historic setting of the old

Senate Chamber at Annapolis. George Washington here received his commission as commander in chief of the American army. Looking down upon this gathering of United Daughters of the Confederacy was a life-sized portrait of LaFayette and Washington. Mrs. Robert L. Burwell was elected President; Mrs. James H. Magruder, Historian.

The meetings of Ridgely Brown Chapter are wide in scope as to its programs. The membership is now one hundred and fifteen. Contributions have recently been made to the Maryland Room, Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., and to the fund of the Jefferson Davis Highway.

Again has the Hagerstown Chapter, the Henry Kyd Douglas, given liberally to the Mrs. Norman B. Randolph Relief Fund. At the last meeting of the Chapter, it was voted to present to the Washington County Free Library two volumes of the "Legion History," which includes facts regarding the War between the States which are considered fair to both sides. Dr. Mathew Page Andrews, Baltimore, recommends this impartial history and was connected with its compilation. Miss Anne Brien called attention of Chapter members at the request of Claude G. Bowers, author of "Jefferson and Hamilton," for old letters and diaries of Southern people containing information relative to the Reconstruction period.

The Maryland Division has established a yearly memorial of its former Vice Presidents, Miss Jane Margaret Cary. Prizes of \$25, \$15, and \$10 go to compilers of the three best essays covering the four years of the War between the States, contestants to be school children under eighteen years of age and residents of Maryland.

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*Missouri.*—The Legislative Committee, with Mrs. Dorsey Shackelford, Chairman, and Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, State President, are so delighted to announce that the Confederate Pension Bill has been signed by the governor. Missouri had a very peculiar circumstance in having a Republican House, Democratic Senate, and a Republican governor. The bill passed both the House and the Senate unanimously, and the entire Division is very grateful to our Governor, Sam A. Baker. The bill calls for ten dollars per month to each pensioner.

Many of the Chapters held appropriate exercises and programs on June 3, in commemoration of the birthday anniversary of President Jefferson Davis. The George Edward Pickett Chapter, of Kansas City, issued invitations for an annual luncheon at the Hotel Brookside.

The Jefferson Davis Chapter, of Palmyra, held its annual covered dish luncheon on June 3. This Chapter had the pleasure of a visit from the State President, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, on April 23. An afternoon reception was held in honor of Mrs. Hunt. To commemorate this visit, a handsome tree was donated by the Chapter to the State Memorial Park at Higginsville, and an added pleasure of the occasion was the presence of the Confederate veterans, M. D. Bates and H. F. Kizer. An April drive for new members of the Jefferson Davis Chapter resulted in sixteen names being proposed.

Mrs. M. C. Duggins, Chairman of Confederate Home Committee, made elaborate preparation for the annual "Home Coming" at the Confederate Home at Higginsville on June 5. Heartly response coming from all parts of the State and a great day is enjoyed.

There has been much suffering and distress in Missouri both from floods and a cyclone, and the Chapter members are putting forth every effort toward bettering the conditions in the State, as well as contributing generously to the Red Cross fund for flood sufferers in the far South.



On Monday afternoon, May 2, Mrs. A. A. Myers, Corresponding Secretary and Chairman of CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press, entertained the Sterling Price Chapter at her home. At that meeting the Chapter voted ten dollars to the flood sufferers, and more, if necessary. This Chapter sent \$75 to the Confederate Home at Christmas time, and always contributes to the Community Chest and local charities.

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*Virginia.*—Many Virginia Chapters joined in the celebration of May 13, Jamestown Day, as the birthday of the nation.

On May 28, Fredericksburg celebrated with a most interesting historical pageant and other exercises the opening of the Jefferson Davis Highway through the State. Gov. Harry Flood Byrd clipped the ribbon which formally opened the Highway. Virginia Division has placed a marker on the Virginia-District of Columbia line, which marks the eastern terminal of this great Highway.

On June 27, the Fairfax County Chapter, with appropriate exercises, unveiled a marker on the spot where young Peyton Anderson, of Rappahannock County, was wounded, he being the first man to shed his blood for the Confederacy. This happened on the morning of May 27, 1861, young Anderson having been detailed to picket the road leading from Washington to Fairfax Courthouse. The exercises in connection with the unveiling were most interesting and largely attended. Among those present were Mrs. Anderson, widow of the soldier, and many of his descendants. Mrs. A. C. Ford, Division President, represented the Virginia Division.

Owing to the greatly increased number of visitors to Lee Chapel and Mausoleum at Lexington, the Division has found it necessary to place an Assistant Custodian there for four summer months. Miss Nettie Stuart, of Lexington, has accepted this position.

Some years ago the Bernard Bee Chapter, of Texas, sent a large Texas flag to the Manassas Chapter, Virginia Division, asking that it be used each year on the battle field of First Manassas to mark the spot where General Bee fell. On May 8, his birthday, this flag waved once more over this spot.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

**MOTTO:** "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

**KEY WORD:** "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

**MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Historian General.**

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS

*U. D. C. Program for July.*

TEXAS SECEDED FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

In the Confederate Congresses, Texas was represented by the following citizens. In giving this list of names, the letter "P" following stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for first and second congresses.

Senators: William S. Oldham (1, 2); Louis T. Wigfall (1, 2).

Representatives: John Gregg (P); Thomas N. Waul (P); William B. Ochiltree (P); John H. Reagan (P); William S. Oldham (P); John Hemphill (P); Louis T. Wigfall (P); John A. Wilcox (1); Peter W. Gray (1); Caleb C. Herbert (1, 2); William B. Wright (1); M. D. Graham (1); Frank B. Sexton (1, 2), A. M. Branch (2); Simpson H. Morgan (2); John R. Baylor (2); Stephen H. Darden (2).

### PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN OF CONFEDERACY, 1927.

JULY.

Locate Pittsburg Landing. Shiloh, Corinth. Describe the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862. Special sketch of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston.

Read "A Child's Conclusion," by Sarah M. B. Piatt. Library of Southern Literature, Volume IX, 4005.

### C. OF C. CATECHISM.

1. Who designed the Stars and Bars?

Orrin Randolph Smith, whose design was submitted to a committee appointed by the Confederate Congress.

2. Has there been any dispute about the designer of the first flag?

Yes; there have been other claims presented, but these have been refuted by evidence before committees from all Confederate organizations.

3. Why was another flag adopted?

Because the "Stars and Bars" was mistaken at the battle of Manassas for the flag of the United States, and it was unsafe to use it in battle.

4. Who designed the battle flag?

General Beauregard, after the battle of Manassas, and his design was adopted by Congress as a battle flag and used throughout the war.

5. What was the battle flag?

The cross of St. Andrew on a field of red, the cross blue, on which were thirteen stars.

6. What other flag was used?

This battle flag on a large field of white was adopted by Congress as the flag of the Confederacy, but it was found that so large an expanse of white might be mistaken for a flag of truce, and Congress ordered a band of red across the white field.

7. Was this last flag ever used?

No; it was adopted just before the fall of the Confederacy, and was never used.

8. How are these flags used by the different Confederate organizations?

The Confederate Veterans have for their emblem the battle flag; the Sons of Veterans have adopted the last flag; while the Daughters of the Confederacy use the Stars and Bars, the first flag adopted by the Confederate States. The Children of the Confederacy use the white flag with the battle flag. This is known as the stainless banner.

9. When was the first shot fired in the War between the States?

At Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, on April 12, 1861.

10. Where did the last fight occur?

At Palmetto Ranch, near Brownsville, Tex., on May 12, 1865, between a Confederate force of 300 under Gen. James E. Slaughter, and a Federal force of 500 commanded by Col. T. F. Burrett.

### ATTENTION!

Many members of the U. D. C. Chapters have sent to the Historian General, for use in the proposed book of Mr. Claud G. Bowers, articles, pamphlets, etc., which are on the war itself. Please bear in mind that the period to be written on is not the war—but *Reconstruction, 1865-1876*. Much material is most interesting, much is evidently part of the cherished archives of the Chapters, but it must all be returned because it is not available. Please note the dates desired.



## THE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION FUND.

An important undertaking of the general organization was that of making up a fund to be used in the interest of true Southern history, and the following letter has been sent out by the committee appointed to make up this fund, of which Mrs. Jeanne Fox Weinmann is chairman. The letter follows:

"*Dear Madame Chairman:* At the general convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Savannah, Ga., November, 1924, a resolution was offered by our then Historian General (now our President General) to set aside the sum of \$30,000 as a Historical Foundation, the interest on same to be used in presenting Southern history in its true light to the world in any manner that may suggest itself or that may seem fitting and proper to our organization, as opportunities may arise from time to time.

"This resolution was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted—and yet after two years have elapsed we find that less than \$1,000 has been sent to the Treasurer General for this purpose. Why?

"Daughters, we must not forget that one of the greatest works of the United States is the preservation of *true* Southern history, not only its preservation, but its publication. The world must know the facts, neither colored by prejudice nor distorted by malice.

"We have given large sums for the erection of monuments to honor our Confederate heroes—which was good. We are giving large sums to endow scholarships in the name of distinguished sons of the South, to be used by Southern boys and girls—which is better; but when we broadcast the truths of Southern history, when we compel the attention of a world unknowing, unheeding, perhaps unwilling to listen, we honor the memory of every Confederate soldier who shouldered a musket and went forth to defend his home against a ruthless invader. We honor *our own, your* ancestor and mine; the great mass of soldiery around whose head plays no white light of glory, whose names stand not forth on history's page, but they were those who, in 'Simple obedience to duty as they saw it, suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all—and died.'

"Is this not our sacred duty? Should it not also be our greatest privilege and pleasure?

"At our recent convention in Richmond, it was voted upon recommendation of our President General that this matter be placed in the hands of a committee with power to act; and also that the Historical Foundation be called the Jefferson Davis Foundation to honor the President of the Confederacy, who was himself one of the world's great martyrs to the falsehoods of history written by his enemies.

"Your committee has given this subject much time and thought, as we are all anxious to push this work to completion. It has been hanging fire for two years, let us delay no longer. The raising of this \$30,000 has not as yet been placed upon a quota basis, but by making an equal apportionment among the membership according to the figures of the Registrar General, we find that seventeen cents per capita, paid for three years will complete the amount in that time.

"Surely each one of us can give seventeen cents for three years to the great cause of Southern history!

"Your committee feels that it is only necessary to ask. Which Division will be first to send its per capita for this year to the Treasurer General? We know that you will do it.

"Let us go to Charleston—historic Charleston—where the first gun was fired in the making of Confederate history—with the consciousness that we have fired our first volley in its vindication."

Jeanne Fox Wwinmann, Lucy Anderson, Jamie McKenzie, Sallie Lucas Loggins, Anne V. Mann, Committee.

## MEMORIAL DAY IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY.

Memorial Day in Richmond, Va., May 30, was featured by the unveiling of a marker to those Confederate soldiers whose remains were brought from the battle field at Drewry's Bluff and interred in beautiful Hollywood some thirty years ago. The spot has been cared for through the years, and the names were registered at Hollywood. The exercises in connection with the removal were conducted May 25, 1893, under direction of the Hollywood Junior Association, and members of the Ashby Light Horse Guards and Lee Camp, Confederate soldiers, were the pallbearers, with Rev. Moses D. Hoge and Dr. Landon R. Mason as speakers.

Preceding the exercises of the unveiling, there was a parade through the city to the cemetery. Col. John R. Saunders, Attorney General of Virginia, presided over the exercises. The marker was unveiled by two grandsons of James T. Gray, and the girls from the Junior Chapters, U. D. C., strewed the plot with rose petals. A tribute to his comrade, by William Robert Greer, a survivor of the Washington Light Infantry, Charleston, S. C., was read, and there were appropriate and beautiful musical numbers. The memorial address was delivered by Dr. Fitzgerald Flournoy, of Washington and Lee University, and J. Earl Duncan, of the American Legion, paid tribute to his comrades of the World War. Taps was sounded after the benediction by Rev. William D. Smith. Mrs. N. V. Randolph writes that the parade and exercises were more beautiful than for several years, under direction of a committee from the five Richmond Chapters, U. D. C., and the three Confederate Memorial Associations.

There are 18,000 dead buried in beautiful Hollywood Cemetery, 16,000 in Oakwood, and several hundred in the Hebrew Cemetery, all loved and cared for by the faithful women unto the third generation. The names of soldiers brought from Drewry's Bluff to Hollywood are as follows:

*In Case One.*—Capt. C. M. Fox, 44th Alabama; J. A. Ward, Company I, 3rd Georgia; D. S. Elder, Company I, 3rd Georgia; H. G. Fields, 28th Georgia; H. M. Lockland, 3rd Georgia; Silas East, Company I, 3rd Georgia; W. G. Guess, "Soldier C. S. A."; Henry Smith, Company F, 22nd Georgia; J. W. Claxton, Company I, 48th Georgia.

*Case Two.*—Capt. P. P. Biddle, 47th Alabama; W. P. Rainwater, Company E, 22nd Georgia; J. Bean, 44th Alabama; A. B. Wadkins, 48th Alabama; L. R. Sarole, "Soldier C. S. A."; L. O. Teague, Company I, 44th Alabama; B. F. Hales, Company K, 44th Alabama; B. Scott, 44th Alabama; J. M. Dooley, Company B, 44th Alabama.

*Case Three.*—A. J. Wood, Company H, 47th Virginia; S. C. Cobb, Company B, 44th Alabama; J. T. Dunklin, Company G, 44th Alabama; E. Lee, Company A, 44th Alabama; J. M. Davis, 3rd Georgia; J. C. Banks, 4th Georgia; J. P. Par, Company I, 4th Georgia; E. Callett, 22nd Georgia; W. Parrott, 3rd Georgia.

## WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

We have only four more months until the Charleston convention. Will the Presidents and Directors of the delinquent Divisions in our work of the special committee, Our Book, "Women of the South in War Times," kindly take the *very active* leadership and speak to your strong members to assist you? Get a favorable report by your Division as a whole, and, remember, all Divisions which do not meet their quotas, some other Division must pay it. Please cooperate with us in this way and do your bit for a common cause?

Sincerely, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.  
FAIRMONT, W. VA.



## DEDICATION OF FORT HUMBUG PARK.

An interesting occasion was the recent dedication of the grounds of old "Fort Humbug," near Shreveport, La., as a park. Back in 1865 this old fort had a great deal to do with halting the advance of Northern gunboats up the Red River from Alexandria. In his address as a part of the exercises of the dedication, Mayor Thomas, of Shreveport, told how the fort was built in the closing year of the War between the States, being hastily thrown up in an effort to deceive the Northern forces then operating around Alexandria as to the strength of the defenses at Shreveport. The earthen embankment and dummy wooden cannon were successful in their mission, for the Northern forces abandoned the plan to send gunboats to this place, and the fort, never officially named, came to be called "Fort Humbug," because it had "humbugged" the Northern soldiers.

These exercises were a fitting close to the Memorial Day observance, June 3, and the presentation speech by Mayor Thomas was a combined tribute to the President of the Confederacy and the soldiers who had made its history illustrious. Concluded just as dusk was falling, the scene was impressive with the lights of the city visible from the knoll topping the site of the fort, where the fortifications, with their dummy wooden cannon, had stood sixty-two years ago as a protection to the city of Shreveport.

In his address, Mayor Thomas said:

"There are two Jefferson Davises in American history. To some people, one is a conspirator, a rebel, a traitor, and the friend of Andersonville prison. He is a myth evolved from the hell smoke of cruel war, as purely an imaginary personage as Mephistopheles. The other was a statesman with clean hands and a pure heart, who served his people faithfully from budding manhood to hoary age, without thought of self, with unbending integrity, and to the best of his ability.

"He was a man of whom all his countrymen who knew him personally, without distinction of creed political, are proud he was their countryman. It is well for our sons and daughters of the Confederacy to have these annual celebrations and recount the deeds of our fathers, who sacrificed their blood in defense of principles and native land."

The exercises were presided over by Mrs. W. E. Wallace, President of the Shreveport Chapter, U. D. C., and following the speech by Mayor Thomas, he presented, on behalf of the U. D. C., Crosses of Service to two grandsons of Confederate veterans who served in the World War. One of the recipients was Ross George Woodward, grandson of W. L. Woodward, and both were present at the exercises. The other was sent to Gen. Pegram Whitworth, U. S. A., a West Point graduate, who saw service in France and received both the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre for valor on the field of action.

## MEMORIAL DAY IN WEST VIRGINIA.

The sunlight falling on the hillside made a beautiful picture as youth and age together scattered flowers and placed flags on the graves of the veterans of 1861-65, in Woodlawn Cemetery, Fairmont, W. Va., on June 3, commemorating the birthday of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Confederacy.

Albert J. Kern, one of the city's prominent attorneys, made a short address, paying tribute to the heroes of the South in a befitting manner and to the local sons and daughters who have passed beyond.

The observance was under the auspices of the Robert E.

Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of this city, Mrs. C. C. Hinkle, President, conducted the services. Mrs. James E. Smith, Historian, was in general charge of the program, which was a most impressive and fitting one. The Daughters attended in large numbers, also the Confederate veterans.

The Mary Custis Lee Chapter most graciously brought white peonies and ferns, with which they assisted in decorating each grave. The adjoining cemeteries had previously been decorated, making quite a number under this Chapter's care.

Each Daughter has made, by her devotion to this service, the words more true: "They do not die who in their deeds survive, enshrined forever in the hearts of men."

In sending this account of the memorial, Mrs. James E. Smith writes:

"This is the first time in the history of our Chapter that any attempt was made at observance of Memorial Day other than strewing flowers and to place a few flags. Our membership is so enthused, and it has met with such response from our city officials and the public in general, that I am sending this account of it for the VETERAN. Aside from this ceremony we have placed ten iron markers at graves of veterans in nearby cemeteries."

## THE LONE CONFEDERATE GRAVE

BY MRS. O. F. WILEY, HISTORIAN BOSTON CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Again the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., was given the opportunity by the MacKenzie Army and Navy Post, through the courtesy of the Adjutant, Mr. George S. Cunningham, to go to Deer Island on Memorial Day to decorate the grave of our Confederate soldier who lies buried upon this Island. Mrs. James O. Janney, President of the Cambridge Chapter, read the ritual; Mrs. R. H. Chesley, of the Cambridge Chapter, read the "Bivouac of the Dead"; Mrs. Olin F. Wiley, Historian of the Boston Chapter, placed a Confederate flag at the head of this sacred grave; and Mrs. Frederick L. Hoffman, President of the Boston Chapter, in behalf of all the United Daughters of the Confederacy, placed a wreath upon the grave, with the following remarks:

"Again we pay tribute to the memory of our heroic soldier dead. It is a tribute of honor and of love, and in behalf of the Boston Chapter, the Mother Chapter of the U. D. C. of the State of Massachusetts, I place this wreath upon the grave of our Confederate dead in loving memory and in honor of all the heroic soldiers who are buried upon this Island; for they did not die in vain."

The following is the inscription on the Deer Island grave:

"IN MEMORIAM

EDWARD J. JOHNSTON,

FIRST ASSISTANT ENGINEER U. S. NAVY,

WHO DIED WHILE A PRISONER OF

WAR IN FORT WARREN,

OCTOBER 14, 1863,

AGED 36 YEARS, 9 MONTHS."

"WHO IN THE STRENGTH OF JESUS TRUSTS  
IS MORE THAN CONQUEROR."

"AS A MEMORIAL OF THEIR REGARD AND  
RESPECT, HIS BROTHER OFFICERS OF  
THE C. S. ATLANTA AND FELLOW PRISONERS  
HAVE PLACED THIS TABLET TO MARK HIS  
LAST RESTING PLACE."

Mrs. Hoffman gave to Mr. Cunningham flowers to place upon the Memorial Mound in honor of all the soldiers buried upon Deer Island.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*  
Athens, Ga.  
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. Frank Morrison  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA.....  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## IN MEMORY OF OUR MOTHERS.

When the fiat went forth, and the call to arms resounded through the land; when the rustle of saber and gun heralded the marching of troops to battle, the women of the sixties were no less active in preparation, for soon the titanic struggle left hundreds of wounded and dying upon the fields of battle. No trained nurses, no Red Cross supplies, all unknown aids in those trying times; but no emergencies arose too difficult for the women of the South to meet. No matter what the call, a ready response was made. Emergency hospitals were soon arranged, and detachments of mothers, wives, and sisters were sent to minister to the sick and dying. Sending loved ones away with a smile, supplying all their needs—this was the work of our mothers in the Ladies' Aid Societies.

During the four long years of fratricidal strife never a murmur nor complaint, but praying, working, and encouraging, day by day, and into the long hours of the night keeping the home fires burning. Then, when guns were stacked, tents folded, and the impoverished heroes turned their faces toward the homeland, 'twas she—the mother—who cheered and nobly took up the burden of rehabilitation. Ladies' Aid Societies soon merged into Memorial Associations, when, in 1865, the call went forth, to set apart a day sacred to the memory of those who made the supreme sacrifice. To twine garlands of flowers, to erect headstones and monuments, and to gather from the fields of battle the hastily-buried dead, heap the mounds with fairest flowers, and to tell the story anew of the glory of the men who wore the gray. From 1865 to the present year, 1927, never a year has passed but this sacred trust has met the honored obligations bequeathed to succeeding generations by their sainted mothers.

This, the oldest patriotic organization of women in America, is the one and only heritage perpetuated in honor of our own mothers, and, could they speak, the message would be: "As I loved and sacrificed for the cause, carry on this beautiful tribute of love to honor the memory of the matchless heroes who gave their all save honor for a cause which they knew to be just."

As we wear annually a rose for mother, let us also wear above our hearts the beautiful emblem of the Memorial Association, which will tell to the world that the little badge of gold is but an emblem of the golden glow of love in our hearts for the precious mother who is but a hallowed memory and yet whose spirit carries on.

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

## THE LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF TAMPA

Of pleasurable and inspiring interest is the news of the formal organization of the Tampa Ladies' Memorial Association, recently announced from that splendid city. The membership comprises women loyal to every Southern tradition, who have proved their ability in leadership in the civic and social life of Tampa. Mrs. C. C. Woodward, widely known and greatly beloved, has been elected President, and her acceptance insures success in their lives of activity, which will be largely social and memorial, holding aloft the high ideals and standards of the Old South and in paying tribute with all honors to our wearers of the gray.

The second meeting was held in the lovely Woodward home, and plans are made to have the meetings at the homes of the various members, and once a year have a beautiful reception honoring all the membership. Whenever possible, the meetings will be arranged on the birthday of some notable Confederate soldier.

Mrs. Mitchell McKay presented the account of Capt. Hector Bruce's escape from Point Lookout, written in his own hand. This will be the nucleus of many invaluable documents which the Association plans to collect for their historical work.

After the program, the following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. C. C. Woodward.

First Vice President, Mrs. T. W. Ramsey.

Treasurer, Mrs. F. C. Bowyer.

Registrar, Mrs. E. C. Darlington.

Advisory Committee, Mrs. C. W. Rogers, Mrs. George L. Cook, Mrs. Earl Mullen.

Mrs. Rogers, county chairman of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association, gave an interesting report of the progress of the work in Stone Mountain. Light refreshments were served, after which the meeting adjourned until the first Friday in October, to meet at the home of Mrs. Rogers.

*Charter Members.*—Mrs. C. C. Woodward, Mrs. J. A. Weaver, Mrs. Mitchell McKay, Mrs. John W. Higgins, Mrs. W. B. Hopkins, Mrs. J. D. Clark, Mrs. S. W. Allen, Mrs. S. C. Dickson, Mrs. Paul E. Dixon, Mrs. J. P. Alsop, Mrs. W. C. Gaither, Mrs. Gower Strickland.

The Junior Memorial Association, with Miss Margaret Woodward as President, had the unusual honor of being the first organized by the President General, C. S. M. A., and is a most flourishing band of workers.



## JUNIOR MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

On Saturday morning, April 16, a group of enthusiastic Tampa girls met at the delightful suburban hotel, where Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, made her residence during her stay in Tampa, and organized the first Junior Memorial Association in Florida, and the only one which has the distinction of being organized by Mrs. Wilson, President General, and Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate General.

Mrs. Wilson, in recognition of her splendid and unselfish work to perpetuate the ideals of the South, received the title, "Our Lady," from Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Wilson made an inspiring welcome address to the young organization and told them of their work.

Mrs. Boyle took charge of the organization, and the following officers were elected: President, Margaret Woodward; Vice President, Ines Lee Bottari; Secretary, Virginia Stark; Treasurer, Mary Irene MacKay; Music Chairman, Barnelia Woodward; Publicity Chairman, Margaret Woodward; Drummer, Dorothy Hensley; Membership Chairman, Mary Frances Bottari; Captain of First Company, Mary Irene MacKay. [Reported by Margaret Woodward, *President*.]

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

The C. S. M. A. of Asheville, N. C., recently conducted memorial services in memory of the unknown dead of the War between the States, at the Newton Academy Cemetery, Mrs. Charlie M. Brown, president of the local association, having charge of the program.

A squadron of cavalry, North Carolina National Guard, led by George Bryson, escorted the veterans, who rode in cars. Greetings from local U. D. C. Chapters were followed by the address, delivered by Mrs. A. Matthews. In referring to the history of this cemetery, she mentioned that the first white child born in this part of North Carolina was buried there. Father Ryan's beautiful poem, "The Conquered Banner," was given by Capt. Jack Edwards. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. S. Hiatt, Chaplain of the Thomas D. Johnston Camp, S. C. V., followed by Taps by the National Guard.

\* \* \*

There is growing interest in Cuba in the great Confederate Memorial at Stone Mountain. President Machado and a party made a visit to that place, and he insisted on paying one hundred dollars for one of the memorial half dollars.

\* \* \*

The members of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association tender their sympathy to Mrs. Eugene Douglas, of Memphis, Tenn., First Vice President of the Memorial Association of Tennessee, on the death of her husband.

\* \* \*

It is interesting to learn that by the efforts of a little band of women at Point Clear, Ala., and vicinity, organized as the Eastern Shore Memorial Association, the burial place of Confederate soldiers who died in the hospital at this place has been inclosed and made fit for the resting place of heroes of the Confederacy and a pride to the present generation of descendants. An old Confederate cannon which did its part at Fort Morgan, in the battle of Mobile Bay, stands as a monument to these fallen heroes. Mrs. T. L. Hurlbutt writes of having obtained the names of one hundred and forty of them who came from North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama.

## MRS. THOMAS HOPE HARVEY

Glowing tribute to the life and qualities of the late Mrs. Thomas Hope Harvey, who died on May 11, was expressed in resolutions by a committee of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, of Huntington, W. Va., of which Mrs. Harvey was President. From these resolutions the following is taken:

"She awakened pure, fresh, and sinless  
For thy Holy eyes."

"Mrs Emma McCullough Harvey, born April 12, 1852, in Barboursville, Cabell County, Va., died on May 11, 1927, at her home, The Maples, Huntington, W. Va. She was the last surviving member of the family of Dr. Patrick Henry McCullough and Rachel Ward Thornburg, a distinguished pioneer family of Cabell County, of Scotch-Irish and French Huguenot descent and strong religious principles of the Wesleyan faith.

"She is survived by her husband, the venerable Thomas Hope Harvey, LL.D., former judge of the Circuit Court of Cabell County, Commander of the Second Brigade of the West Virginia Division, United Confederate Veterans, a prominent citizen and business man, a sterling Christian character, to whom she was married on April 24, 1874. There were no children.

"With rare endowment of personal charm, a keen sense of humor, and a frank naturalness it was easy for her to make friends. There is no way to estimate the joy and helpfulness brought to individuals as in the influence and enrichment of her Christian life and living. Though to the Church of her faith and choice she was loyal, yet because of her frailty and long years of physical inability she was barred from actual affiliation and active service of the Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member, and the Johnson Memorial Methodist Church with which her husband was connected, in both of which she was deeply interested and strongly loved.

"Mrs. Harvey united with the Presbyterian Church while attending Marshall Academy, at the early age of eighteen years. From that time it can truly be said of her that she adorned the doctrine of God, her Saviour, in all things without reservation of self, and in all the relationships of life, her family circle, her home life, community, and reaching out of the larger circle of devoted friends, she lent to all her happy soul that never had a minor note.

"After the close of the war, Mrs. Harvey sought outlet for her great patriotism in various Confederate organizations. She was made an honorary life member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, also a member of the National Society of Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims, an organization founded in Huntington in 1924. The cause dearest to her heart was the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, of Huntington, of which she was President from the date of the society formation in December, 1921. To this cause she laid her claim, her devoted, and undivided interest, untiring but weakened energy. So happily she was given the happiness to live to see this great work firmly established in the heart and life of her coworkers in which her faith was gratified, her prayers answered, her labors rewarded.

"Funeral services were conducted from the residence, and interment was made in the Spring Hill Cemetery, under a bower of flowers, the last testimonial of love.

"Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Huntington, W. Va., Mrs. D. D. Geiger, Mrs. Wayne P. Ferguson, Mrs. John Morris, Committee."



## FORREST'S ESCORT AT THE SURRENDER.

The following members of Lieut. Gen. N. B. Forrest's Escort Company surrendered at Citronelle, Ala., May 4, 1865, and were paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 9, 1865:

*Commissioned Officers.*—J. C. Jackson, captain; Nathan Boone, first lieutenant; Matthew Cortner, second lieutenant; George L. Cowan, second lieutenant.

*Noncommissioned Officers.*—N. L. Parks, first sergeant; W. E. Sims, second sergeant; W. A. E. Rutledge, third sergeant; C. C. McLemore, fourth sergeant; W. H. Matthews, fifth sergeant; H. J. Crenshaw, first corporal; W. T. H. Wharton, second corporal; P. C. Richardson, third corporal; R. C. Keable, fourth corporal; W. F. Watson, bugler.

*Enlisted Men.*—N. J. Anderson, R. Adair, H. L. M. Boone, J. H. Bivens, P. P. Bennett, J. W. Brundyers, W. A. Bailey, E. D. Buttes, W. F. Buchannon, J. O. Crump, T. C. Cooper, N. Alex Cortner, S. C. Carver, Joseph Cunningham, S. J. Clark, E. C. Clark, Thomas Childs, T. G. Chairs, S. W. Carmack, D. H. Call, C. A. Crenshaw, H. F. Dismukes, W. R. Dyer, H. F. Dusenberg, Philip Dodd, G. A. Duggins, I. Q. Davidson, G. W. Davidson, F. M. Dance, T. J. Eaton, John Eaton, William D. Elder, S. W. Edens, M. M. Emmons, M. A. L. Enochs, A. Forrest, J. D. Fletcher, George Foster, G. W. Felps, R. E. B. Floyd, R. C. Garnett, J. L. Garnett, G. C. Gillespie, G. W. Hooper, H. A. Holland, D. C. Jackson, J. F. Key, A. W. Key, W. S. Livingston, H. D. Lipscomb, C. T. Latimer, T. C. Little, E. E. Lynch, W. T. McGehee, T. N. McCord, R. F. McKnight, B. F. Martin, J. O. Martin, R. H. Maxwell, O. W. McKissick, A. A. McEwing, F. H. Moore, J. M. McNabb, F. C. Nolan, J. W. Newson, J. R. P. Neece, E. P. Oakley, B. C. Padgitt, B. A. Person, J. B. Pearson, A. A. Pearson, T. R. Priest, C. R. Poplin, D. G. Poland, C. H. Ruffin, Joll Reece, R. C. G. Renfro, J. K. P. Reeves, J. W. Snell, W. L. Shoffner, J. K. Stephens, G. W. Strickland, J. L. Scott, A. W. Stephenson, G. W. Stephenson, D. Schurlock, N. R. Shoffner, A. M. Spencer, Noah Scales, H. C. Snoxler, J. N. Taylor, F. Taylor, F. Thompson, W. A. Thompson, J. R. Troop, E. F. Tucker, A. L. White, T. H. Wood, M. G. Watson, William Warner, W. A. Woodard, J. H. Womack, J. H. Word, D. Ward, Finch Woodard.

The original roll is on file in the War Department, Washington D. C.

## SOUTHLAND MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Resolutions passed by the Florida legislature in commendation of the movement to establish "a great Southland institution of learning, embracing all departments of science, art, and literature, as a memorial to the Women of the Confederacy, which movement has been approved by the Veterans and Sons in convention, are encouraging in the coöperation promised, as follows:

"Resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, 1. That it is the sense of this body that the several Southern States, whose daughters performed such sacrificial service in behalf of their loved Southland, should take united action and coöperate with each other in bringing to fruition the efforts of the Southland Memorial Association to create a memorial to the women of the Confederacy that will be without a rival in all history, an honor to the entire South, and a Mecca to which our sons and daughters can come for ages.

"2. That the State of Florida, through its legislature, express its willingness to join its sister States in performing a sacred duty to the mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters of the Confederate soldiers, in leaving to their posterity evidence of the South's gratitude for the service so generously rendered in

their behalf, and invites the governors of all Southern States to severally appoint one of their sons to serve on a committee to devise ways and means of carrying these resolutions into effect, and would be glad to have them report to his Excellency, the Governor of Florida, the names of their respective appointees."

S. O. Moodie, of Houston, Tex., is Vice President of the Association, and originator of the movement to thus honor the women of the Confederacy.

## MEMORIES OF POINT LOOKOUT PRISON.

BY W. L. TIMBERLAKE, MOBILE, ALA.

This prison was located on the Chesapeake Bay at the mouth of the Potomac River. It was laid off in streets called divisions. I happened to be one of the unfortunate inmates. The prisoners were formed into companies, with a sergeant selected from our own men in command, with regular roll calls each day, from which he made his reports. I became familiar with the roll and memorized it and have never forgotten a name to this day. I submit herewith a list, the initials being omitted:

Ambrose, Abbott, Bryant, Beckett, Belcher, Brewer, Cooper, Cooper (second), Childs, Carr, Caffrey, Clifton Dorsett, Eads, Eddings, Fry, Fortson, Goodrich, Goode, Hazlewood, Humphreys, Holland, Hall, Jones, Jusen, Knight, Kenney, McClure, McWhorter, McDonald, McCormick, Mays, Madden, Medling, Norris, Preston, Pines, Parker, Pivett, Rodgers, Rodgers (second), Rucker, Ringer, Ridmond, Stone, Snipes, Suley, Tart, Tru, Taylor, Toomie (sergeant), Timberlake, Wray, Wright, Wilkins, Wheeler, Womack, Wingfield, Young.

If any of these comrades are alive and should see this, I would be glad to hear from them. I was released from this prison June 21, 1865.

OKLAHOMA STATE REUNION, U. C. V.—Report comes of an interesting meeting of the veterans of Oklahoma early in June, with Gen. J. C. Foster, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., as the guest of honor. There were about 150 veterans in attendance, with their families and friends, and they were welcomed on opening day by Gov. Henry S. Johnston. The elections resulted as follows: Commander Oklahoma Division, Gen. J. A. Yeager, Tulsa; Commander Cherokee Brigade, H. C. Gill; Commander Chickasaw Brigade, Harvey Hulien; Commander Choctaw Brigade, T. C. Humphries; Commander Creek Brigade, E. C. McDaniels; First Brigade, R. A. Sneed; Second Brigade, P. B. Hogg; Third Brigade, J. M. Kimberlin; Fourth Brigade, J. W. Harris.

SURVIVOR OF THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.—One of the last surviving members of the Stonewall Brigade is Andrew Davison Long, of Ladonia, Tex., now eighty-three years old. He was a member of Company A, 5th Virginia Regiment, of the Stonewall Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He followed Jackson through nearly all of his campaigns and was wounded severely at the battle of Spotsylvania; two of his brothers were killed in action. Comrade Long went from Staunton, Va., to Texas in 1872. It would be interesting to know how many of that famous old brigade are left.

E. Boyd Martin, 441 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md., would like to get in communication with people who desire to have family coats of arms copied in oil, on sheet 11x14 inches. Give family name and nationality of ancestors; where names have been anglicized, changed, give original name,



WANTED.—Copies of "The True Story of Andersonville Prison," by Lieutenant Page. Anyone having a copy for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN.

Mrs. Alice Goffman, Idabel, Okla., is trying to get record of her father, Benjamin Tolford DeShazo, as a Confederate soldier, but does not know what command he served with. Any information will be appreciated.

Inquiry is made for a book, or pamphlet, entitled "Sunnyland," also Hounschell's "History of the Valley." Anyone having copies for sale or knowing where they may be procured will please communicate with the VETERAN.

Anyone who can testify to the service of Joshua Louis Moore, who enlisted in the Confederate army either from Alabama or Mississippi at the age of seventeen, will confer a favor by writing to Mrs. J. L. Moore at Jonesboro, La. It is thought that he was in the cavalry; had two brothers in the army, Joe and Calvin Moore, one of whom was orderly sergeant in the 6th Mississippi; she mentions, E. M. Talbot as a comrade who could give the information needed if he is living. After the war, J. L. Moore went to Louisiana and there married.

# SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

## A MNEMONIC RHYME.

First, William the Norman,  
Then William his son;  
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,  
Then Richard and John;  
Next Henry the Third,  
Edwards, one, two, and three,  
And again after Richard  
Three Henrys we see.  
Two Edwards, Third Richard,  
If rightly I guess:  
Two Henrys, Sixth Edward,  
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.  
Then Jamie the Scotchman,  
Then Charles whom they slew,  
Yet received after Cromwell  
Another Charles too.  
Next James the Second  
Ascended the throne;  
Then good William and Mary  
Together came on.  
Till, Anne, Georges four,  
And fourth William all past,  
God sent Queen Victoria:  
May she long be the last!

—Author Unknown.

Following his request for information on the Couch family, appearing in the VETERAN for May, Mr. M. Bertrand Couch, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, S. C. V., of Chicago, Ill., Box 305, asks for information on Peter Couch, who served with Company I, 3rd Arkansas Infantry.

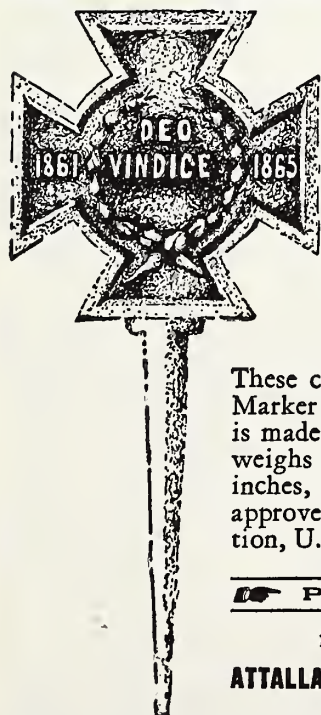
# UNCLE SAM'S BIG BUSINESS.

Nearly \$113,000,000 in salaries for approximately 65,000 employees in Washington is carried in the annual appropriation bills now being considered in Congress.

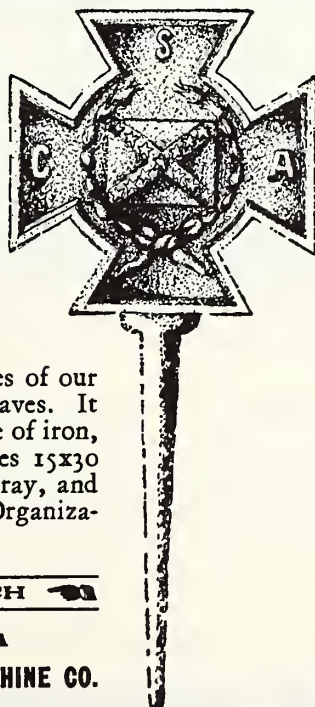
There are 47,656 under the civil service, who receive a total of \$86,698,509, and of these 3,205 are employed in the District Government, with a salary total of \$4,777,445.

At the Bureau of Engraving and Printing there are 5,151 employees, representing 22 trades, receiving a total pay roll of \$8,267,000 a year. In the Government Printing Office there are 4,100 employees, representing some 30 trades, with a yearly pay roll of \$8,250,000. In the Washington Navy Yard there are 3,112 employees, representing some 50 trades with an annual pay roll of more than \$6,000,000. Postmaster Mooney has 1,859 employees, who receive \$3,480,000 a year in salaries.

The Federal Budget, which is the basis for these appropriation bills, the passage of which is the principal duty of the present second and short session of the Sixty-Ninth Congress, calls for \$4,014,571,125. The largest single item of the expenditure—\$755,000,000, or more than twenty-three cents out of every dollar of revenue collected, is for interest on the public debt, and other such items make us pay about forty cents of every dollar on this "dead horse." Our outstanding debt on June 30, 1926, was \$19,643,183,079.69.



"Lest  
We  
Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

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Mrs. William Stilwell, of 2218 Ringo Street, Little Rock, Ark., reports having a book that she would like to return to the family of the original owner. This book, found with some belongings of her brother-in-law, J. Wesley Halliburton, is a bound volume of autographs. It was originally the property of Edward D. Chilton, of Brownsville, Tenn., and contains many names of his friends and classmates of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Class of 1860-64. The book would doubtless be appreciated by some of Comrade Chilton's descendants or to some friend connected with this class.

On the last day of school, prizes were distributed at Peter's school. When the little boy returned home, the mother was entertaining callers.

"Well Peter," said one of the callers, "did you get a prize?"

"No, but I got horrible mention," replied Peter.





## DAUGHTERS OF DIXIE

UPON the Daughters of the South devolves an obligation as sacred as high heaven--an obligation to keep ever before her children the lofty ideals or chivalry for which the South has always stood. It is she alone who must instill in them a reverence for the heroic men and for the patriotic memories of a 'storm-cradled nation.' The broadest duty to her country demands this service at her hands. As the divinely appointed guardian and teacher of the young, it is to her that the youth of the South must look for instruction."

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"It is the duty of the Daughter of the South to inculcate Southern truths at the home fireside; and to supply her with the necessary means for performing this task with thoroughness the LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE has been provided. It should appeal to her as no other work has ever done or can ever do. Why? Because it reflects the innermost soul of the South. It reveals the wealth of thought, of sentiment, and of character by which the Cavalier race has ever been distinguished. It constitutes the fullest, the strongest, and the most complete defense of our people which has ever been made at the bar of public opinion. There is no sinister sectionalism reflected, our thoughts are centered on sectionalism as it relates to home and interest and affection for one's neighbors."

LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE, within its seventeen volumes, by each of its 8,000 pages, furnishes history, traditions pressed through its Literature. It should become the treasure of each household, the beacon light for our children, and does perpetuate the contributions of the South in American letters.

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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

AUGUST, 1927

NO. 8



## HISTORIC OLD MANSION

The old Gamble Mansion at Ellenton, Fla., the last refuge of Hon. Judah P. Benjamin in making his escape from this country just after the close of the War between the States, has been handsomely restored through a special appropriation of \$10,000 by the State of Florida, and will be held as a place of historic interest in that State. The Confederate organizations of the State were instrumental in securing its restoration, and it is used for their special meetings. The old furniture is to be replaced through the efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy as fast as it can be located.



## TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
3. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.
4. Financial Prospectus.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

## BOOKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Scarcer and more scarce become the works on Confederate history written by those who had a part in making it. What is written hereafter will be by those whose viewpoint comes from reading what has been written by the participants. Much of this material is now available only through libraries in large centers, and it is important that it be accessible everywhere. Every U. D. C. Chapter should have a library for the use of members in the historical work of the organization; every school should have its library of Southern history, and every home should have its collection of these books. Delay in collecting them means a loss in every way.

From time to time the VETERAN is able to offer books that are difficult to procure now, and it is only occasionally that more than one copy can be offered. Two or more copies are available in some books of the following list, but it is well to make second and third choice in giving your order:

Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson. Nice sets, cloth. Two volumes.....	\$7 00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis. Two volumes.....	8 00
Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones.....	4 00
Lee and His Generals. By William Parker Snow. Illustrated.....	5 00
Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke. Illustrated.....	6 00
Service Afloat. By Admiral Semmes. Illustrated.....	7 00
Recollections of a Naval Life (including service with the Sumter and Alabama). By John McIntosh Kell.....	3 50
Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign. By John S. Mosby.....	4 00
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Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston. By Col. William Preston Johnston.....	5 00
Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards (very scarce).....	5 00
Four Years in the Saddle. By Col. Harry Gilmor.....	3 00
Poems of Henry Timrod. Memorial Edition.....	2 50
Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Gen. Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry). Edited by Gen. R. E. Lee, 1867.	6 00
Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.	

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New York, N. Y.

## MY GARDEN.

BY CHARLES BLEVINS DAVIS

Just enough sun,  
Just enough shade,  
To make a pattern rare  
Of light and shadow  
On the walks  
Around the garden fair.  
Marigolds,  
Zinnias too,  
Bloom in radiant mass;  
Dainty phlox  
And golden-glow,  
Blend with pampas grass.  
Sparkling fount  
'Mid rugged ferns—  
A thing of joy to see;  
Shasta daisies,  
Fragrant mint,  
A buzzing honeybee.  
Just enough sun,  
Just enough shade,  
Attractive as can be,  
To passers-by  
A beauty spot—  
But paradise to me!

Judge D. Dorward, of Gail, Tex., writes in the interest of Mrs. F. A. Howerth, now eighty-five years old and in need of a pension. Her husband, Frank A. Howerth, went into the war from Franklin County, Tex., and served in Mississippi; she does not know the command with which he served and will appreciate hearing from any comrades or friends who can give that information.

Miss Sallie W. Cocke, 547 Campbell Avenue, N. W., Roanoke, Va., would like to hear from anyone who remembers her father, Isaac Newton Cocke, who served in Lerty's Horse Artillery, Johnston's Battalion (or Lerty's Battery), probably while encamped near Dublin, Va. He was a nephew of Dr. Charles L. Cocke, founder of Hollins Institute, and possibly enlisted from that section, as he attended that co-educational school. He was slightly wounded in the leg or knee, from which he was afterwards paralyzed. His widow is in need of a pension.



# Confederate Veteran

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1927.

No. 8.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

### GENERAL OFFICERS.

GEN. J. C. FOSTER, Houston, Tex. .... *Commander in Chief*  
GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn. .... *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*  
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

*Assistant to the Adjutant General*

GEN. W. D. MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City, Okla. .... *Chaplain General*

### DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

GEN. E. D. TAYLOR, Richmond, Va. .... *Army of Northern Virginia*  
GEN. A. T. GOODWYN, Elmore, Ala. .... *Army of Tennessee*  
GEN. R. A. MILLER, Abilene, Tex. .... *Trans-Mississippi*

### DIVISION COMMANDERS.

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ARKANSAS—Little Rock. .... Gen. J. W. Hollis  
FLORIDA—Tallahassee. .... Gen. T. J. Appleyard  
GEORGIA—Atlanta. .... Gen. D. B. Freeman  
KENTUCKY—Richmond. .... Gen. N. B. Deatherage  
LOUISIANA—Coushatta. .... Gen. L. W. Stephens  
MARYLAND—Baltimore. .... Gen. H. M. Wharton  
MISSISSIPPI—Durant. .... Gen. F. A. Harrell  
MISSOURI—Kansas City. .... Gen. A. A. Pearson  
NORTH CAROLINA, Ansonville. .... Gen. W. A. Smith  
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa. .... Gen. J. A. Yeager  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Columbia. .... Gen. D. W. McLaurin  
TENNESSEE—Nashville. .... Gen. John P. Hickman  
TEXAS—Dallas. .... R. C. Cornwall  
VIRGINIA—Petersburg. .... Gen. Homer Atkinson  
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg. .... Gen. Thomas H. Dennis  
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles. .... Gen. S. S. Simmons

### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. C. I. WALKER, Charleston, S. C. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. FELIX H. ROBERTSON, Waco, Tex. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. .... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

### STATE REUNION.

The annual session of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., is to be held at Vicksburg during the fall, a most historic place for such a gathering.

## FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

To the Veterans, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederacy, and Friends: I want to mention only one thing in this issue, and that is the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. This publication is vital to our existence as an organization, and I have a suggestion to make to the present subscribers, that each of them secure two or more subscribers at the earliest opportunity. The circulation should be increased one hundred per cent in the next thirty days. I am sending my check for two new subscriptions, and we want to see in the September number a report as to the result of this request.

Let's go!

Fraternally, J. C. FOSTER, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

## STAFF APPOINTMENTS, U. C. V.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
June 23, 1927.

The following staff appointments, made by Gen. J. C. Foster, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., have been accepted.

### ADJUTANT GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Maj.-Gen. Harry Rene Lee, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Nashville, Tenn.

W. B. Kernan, Assistant to the Adjutant General, in charge of New Orleans General Headquarters, 7219 Freret Street, New Orleans, La.

Jessica Randolph Smith, Color Bearer, Washington, D. C.

### Assistant Adjutants General.

Brig. Gen. H. L. Bentley, Abilene, Tex.  
Brig. Gen. R. E. Bullington, Memphis, Tenn.  
Brig. Gen. E. S. Fagg, Cambria, Va.  
Brig. Gen. Jack Hale, Blanchard, Okla.  
Brig. Gen. Charles B. Howry, Washington, D. C.  
Brig. Gen. W. S. Jones, Houston, Tex.  
Brig. Gen. F. H. May, Birmingham, Ala.  
Brig. Gen. J. S. Millikin, Milliken, La.  
Brig. Gen. William E. Muse, Glen Rose, Tex.



# Confederate Veteran.

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 Brig. Gen. Edwin Selva, New York City, N. Y.  
 Brig. Gen. Charles M. Steadman, Greensboro, N. C.  
 Brig. Gen. Albert Thornton, Tampa, Fla.  
 Brig. Gen. T. D. Turner, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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### *Assistant Inspectors General.*

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 Col. J. M. Hartsfield, Fort Worth, Tex.  
 Col. J. F. Howell, Bristol, Va.  
 Col. Alexander McBee, Greenville, S. C.  
 Col. Thad M. Moseley, West Point, Miss.  
 Col. George W. Serrine, Greenville, S. C.

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Brig. Gen. C. A. DeSaussure, Quartermaster General, Memphis, Tenn.

### *Assistant Quartermasters General.*

Col. Henry Clay Fones, Houston, Tex.  
 Col. L. F. Harris, Houston, Tex.  
 Col. Robert A. Hemphill, Atlanta, Ga.  
 Col. H. C. Luckett, Baton Rouge, La.  
 Col. W. E. McAllister, Atlanta, Ga.  
 Col. E. Rotan, Waco, Tex.

## PAYMASTER GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. C. C. Harvey, Paymaster General, St. Louis, Mo.

### *Assistant Paymasters General.*

Col. R. M. Guinn, Houston, Tex.  
 Col. W. C. Heath, Monroe, N. C.

## CHIEF OF ARTILLERY.

Brig. Gen. Charles P. Jones, New Orleans, La.

## ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

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### *Assistant Chiefs of Ordnance.*

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 Col. C. D. Dowd, Charlotte, N. C.  
 Col. D. B. Gardner, Paducah, Tex.  
 Col. C. V. Glenn, Austin, Tex.  
 Col. W. W. Hunt, Shreveport, La.  
 Col. J. J. Pressley, Bryan, Tex.  
 Col. Cary R. Warren, Portsmouth, Va.

## COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. W. O. Hart, Commissary General, New Orleans, La.

### *Assistant Commissary Generals.*

Col. W. H. McNiel, Denton, Tex.  
 Col. Thomas Montgomery, Floydada, Tex.  
 Col. E. T. Roux, Sr., Plant City, Fla.  
 Col. L. R. A. Wallace, Ozark, Ark.

## SURGEON GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. W. R. Dancy, Surgeon General, Savannah, Ga.

### *Assistant Surgeons General.*

Col. L. H. Gardner, Shawsville, Va.  
 Col. M. W. Jewett, Ivanhoe, Va.

## JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. James T. Harrison, Judge Advocate General, Columbus, Miss.

### *Assistant Judge Advocates General.*

Col. W. M. Atkinson, Gonzales, Tex.  
 Col. Alexander Currie, Hattiesburg, Miss.

## CHAPLAIN GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. W. D. Matthews, Chaplain General, Oklahoma City, Okla.

### *Assistant Chaplains General.*

Col. W. L. Galloway, Darlington, S. C.  
 Col. S. S. Key, Dardanelle, Ark.  
 Col. T. C. Little, Fayetteville, Tenn.  
 Col. Emmett W. McCorkle, Rockbridge Baths, Va.

## DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY.

Commodore T. P. Johnson, Salisbury, N. C.

### CHIEF MUSICIAN.

Col. James E. King, Wortham, Tex.

### PERSONAL STAFF.

Brig. Gen. Felix Best, Personal Aide to the Commander in Chief, Birmingham, Ala.

Col. J. R. Mehen, Chief of Aides, Parkersburg, W. Va.

### *Aides de Camp.*

Col. S. Brown Allen, Staunton, Va.  
 Col. A. B. Foster, Houston, Tex.  
 Col. M. E. Foster, Houston, Tex.  
 Col. C. F. Harvey, Kinston, N. C.  
 Col. H. D. Lipscomb, Grapevine, Tex.  
 Col. R. C. Norfleet, Winston-Salem, N. C.  
 Col. Lon Smith, Austin, Tex.  
 Col. J. Wellington Spitler, Staunton, Va.  
 Col. A. W. Taber, Austin, Tex.  
 Col. Paschal R. Turner, San Antonio, Tex.  
 Col. N. Y. Wadsworth, Warren, Ark.  
 Col. Alfred L. Wallace, San Antonio, Tex.  
 Col. Edgar Warfield, Alexandria, Va.  
 Col. T. P. Wier, Houston, Tex.  
 Col. R. W. Wier, Houston, Tex.  
 Col. Edward C. Wilson, Electra, Va.  
 Col. Norman H. Beard, Houston, Tex.  
 Col. Chester H. Bryan, Houston, Tex.  
 Col. Joe J. Fox, Houston, Tex.  
 Col. J. A. Haral, New Orleans, La.  
 Col. Gus Hoover, Waco, Tex.  
 Col. J. W. Scott, Houston, Tex.  
 Col. George R. Tabor, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Others were appointed but have not signified their acceptance. Additional names will be published later, when heard from.

STATE REUNIONS.—A patron suggests that the VETERAN should carry the announcement of the dates of annual reunions in the State Divisions, U. C. V., and also accounts of these reunions afterwards. The VETERAN is always glad to make these announcements and will appreciate being informed several months beforehand in order to give them in good time. Reports of these reunions are also appreciated, and especially of anything out of the ordinary in their exercises and attendance.



## WHO LOVES HIS COUNTRY.

Who loves his country will not rest  
Content with vow and pledge alone,  
But flies her banner in his breast  
And counts her destiny his own—  
Not only when the bugle plays  
Stands forth to give his life for her,  
But on the field of common days  
Is strong to live his life for her,  
He is not satisfied to claim  
As heritage, her power and fame,  
But striving, gains the right to wear  
The shining honor of her name.  
—Nancy Byrd Turner.

## "THE RECORD THAT HE MADE."

It is the boast of the VETERAN that the men who made up the armies of the Confederacy have never been surpassed as soldiers in time of war nor as citizens in time of peace, and to prove it, here is a fine example.

When William J. Bohon, of Kentucky, "Billy" Bohon, as he is intimately known, retired from active business in 1926, he had made a record as a "traveling man" which is rarely attained. For sixty consecutive years he traveled the same territory, for over thirty years for the same firm, and in the same line of business. As representative for the Mendel Hat Company, of Cincinnati, his customers in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama looked forward to the regular visits of the genial salesman, who made the golden rule his example in his dealings with his fellow man. Not a customer was lost



W. J. BOHON.

through any fault of his, and he retired with the consciousness of having treated others as he would have them treat him, and his customers were a host of friends.

Just as faithful was he in the days of the sixties when he followed the fortunes of the Confederacy. As a boy of nine-

teen, he joined the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, first commanded by Gen. Humphrey Marshall, and afterwards by the famous John H. Morgan. He was captured and held a prisoner at Rock Island, Ill., from June, 1864, to March, 1865. In that prison he helped to organize the secret society known as the "7 C. K."—the "Seven Confederate Knights"—the object of which was to separate the faithful Confederates from those who might be affected by the tempting offers to take the oath. The Knights had their grips, signs, password, and badge, the latter made of bone or shell, a star with seven points, and in each point was a letter of their motto, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*;" and a shield was in the center of the star on which were emblematic letters, "C 7 K." The late Maj. B. H. Hord, of Nashville, was one of his associates in this organization.

This organization was formed into companies under officers, and at one time contemplated storming the parapets with stones and sticks, kitchen knives, etc., overpowering the guards, so as to effect an escape; but notwithstanding the great secrecy observed in selecting men to join the organization, and the purposes of the organization, the Federals were apprized of the contemplated movement, so the guards were doubled and other precautions taken.

However, exchange came at last for the weary prisoner, and young Bohon reached Richmond, Va., just thirty days before General Lee surrendered. From there he made his way back to his command and surrendered with it at Mount Sterling, Ky., about May 9, 1865.

"Billy" Bohon is a native Kentuckian, born at Monticello in Wayne County, in 1842, so he is now a young man of eighty-five. He will never be old. The spirit which carried him through those four years of war, then through the more than sixty years of earnest effort to do his part as a constructive citizen of his beloved South, will be with him always. Harrodsburg, Ky., was his home for many years, then Gadsden, Ala., since 1910 nearly to the time of his retirement. He still has to do some traveling to visit his children in different States, enjoying their companionship in the leisure which he has so truly earned, and the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. B. Johnson, in Birmingham, is "headquarters."

W. J. Bohon is one of Kentucky's oldest living Masons and has been a life member for over a quarter of a century of Falls City Lodge, F. and A. M., King Solomon Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, and De Molay Commandery, Knights Templar, all of Louisville.

May this comrade and friend be spared many more years in the love and devotion of his children and friends!

## SALT FOR THE CONFEDERACY.

That very necessary commodity to man's existence, salt, became a very scarce article during the existence of the Confederate government, and many expedients were resorted to in the effort to procure a supply. Recently, W. D. Craig, eighty-one-year-old veteran of Chesterfield County, S. C., made a visit to Myrtle Beach, on the eastern coast, and he told of having been there sixty-three years before to get salt, of which there was a dearth in Chesterfield County. While engaged in loading up the salt tubs, down at Singleton's Swash, a part of the Myrtle Beach Estates, a Union vessel sent a shell or two in their direction, and one of the large salt tubs was punctured. It is said to be still buried there in the sand.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## THE MEN WHO LIVED FOR DIXIE.

The recent death of George M. Bailey, editor of the *Houston Post*, internationally known for his ability in that field, brings to mind his incomparable tribute to Dixie and her people. Though born in the North, Mr. Bailey's life had been largely spent in this Southern country, and he had become one of us, a Dixie lover. In tribute to him, the *VETERAN* reprints his tribute to Dixie:

## "IS THERE STILL A DIXIE?"

"'Is there still a Dixie?' asks *Life*, in its Dixie Number. Yes, there still is a Dixie. A Dixie in the hearts of some of the older ones, and in that realm of the spirit fancy may summon visions of the most beautiful of scenes, the loveliest of faces, and days of cloudless blue! Dixie, the East to which those who stand on the rim of the fading day turn in devotion, while the shadows creep! Dixie, the Glory Land of the Past, the golden bourne of memory's silent rambles, the hallowed Solitude in whose cool depths the lost chords of life breathe again their music into the soul! Dixie, Love's Shadowland, peopled with the unfettered spirits of the noble and the great; redolent of memories that do not die because they cluster about things immortal; templed with the dream fabrics of a nation that drew from out God's boundless deep and, after four years of glory, turned again Home! Dixie, the Beautiful and Glorious, the sweetest chapter of History, the noblest Epic of the ages, the Light of yesteryear whose effulgence gilds the crest of Time's swift onward tide! Dixie, the stainless Mother of the Nation, the indestructible Kingdom of the Twilight—Dixie, the incomparable South of our dreams!

"Yes, there is still a Dixie, and shall be until Time shall be no more! The poets and the orators have told us in song and story, times without number, how those who died for Dixie cast glory on pages of Southern history as fadeless as the light eternal, but rarely any tribute is paid to 'the men who lived for Dixie.' The following gem from the pen of one of the sweet singers of our Southland, Mrs. Mary Hunt Affleck, does justice to 'The Men Who Lived for Dixie:'

"O, many died for Dixie,  
That time so far away,  
Baptized in blood and sorrow,  
And wearing jackets gray.  
But some have lived for Dixie  
Throughout her woe and tears,  
And laid bright deeds of glory  
On all her peaceful years.

A record fair for Dixie,  
They bore through good and ill,  
And keep it white and stainless  
Far down life's sloping hill.  
'Twas grand to die for Dixie,  
Within the battle flame,  
But brave to live and love her  
As those men have who came

Our messengers from Dixie,  
To tell of war's surcease—

The brave among the bravest  
Who rode through ways of peace!  
O, veterans of Dixie,  
We honor you to-day.  
The soldier boys of years ago,  
Our grand old men in gray!

"Southern heroes built a pyramid of history that coming ages can never demolish. Constructed of great deeds, by mighty men, it stands upon the desert of time a monument of enduring glory. In those sacred crypts our kings of valor are embalmed; and there the queen of nations, our beloved Confederacy, will slumber through the centuries.

"We washed her heart in palm wine of our tears,  
And in her empty body gently spread  
Sweet memories, the fragrant incense shed  
From myrrh and spices of her holy years."

## BARBARA FRITCHIE BOBS UP AGAIN.

In a short communication to the *Baltimore Sun*, Miss Sallie Washington Maupin, editor for the Maryland Division, U. D. C., takes up that historic myth in a humorous way, saying:

"The annual resuscitation of the Barbara Fritchie myth seems as fixed as the planets in their courses. Historical data, the dictum of savants, family refutation of the incident to the contrary all seem powerless to controvert the license of an Abolitionist poet. Truth is sometimes so slow to prevail that it may be feared, in some cases, it lies *perdu* in some maze of the fourth dimension. Apropos to the recent dedication ceremonies of the home of Whittier's heroine are these lines:

"When over the mountains riding down,  
Horse and foot into Fredericktown,  
The Rebs marched over the mountain wall  
With their usual clatter and usual gall,  
Barbara Fritchie bedridden lay,  
And knew no odds 'twixt Blue and Gray.  
Whittier says not, but he did not know  
(At least the *Century* war papers show),  
Though forty flags with their silver stars  
And forty flags with their crimson bars  
Flapped all morning and then came down,  
When the hungry rebels came to town,  
Barbara Fritchie didn't mind,  
She could not see 'em, being blind;  
And heroes in Blue and the same in Gray  
Love to tell of the awful day  
When, hearing the conquering rebel tread,  
Barbara Fritchie stayed in bed.'"

## UNTRUTHS PERPETUATED BY THE PRESS.

It is encouraging to find that patrons of the *VETERAN* are alert to call attention to historical untruths which are still being promulgated through the daily and weekly press. The use of patent insides by many country newspapers in the South, these being furnished by Northern concerns, is responsible for much of this dissemination of historical untruth, and it is well for our people to scan these columns carefully and then bring to the attention of the editors anything they know to be untrue. The recent reference to the last survivor of the Federal soldiers who captured President Davis also



carried the statement that "Davis was attired as a woman when captured." It is gratifying to say that the editors of two papers had this called to their attention. R. D. Galbraith, of Spartanburg, S. C., writes that he called on the editor in reference to this mistake, and was told that the editor did not know of this until he saw the item in his own paper, and that it would be corrected in the next issue. But editors should know what is appearing in their papers and be responsible therefor. The VETERAN had a similar response from the editor of another paper.

## MARYLAND AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

BY H. F. POWELL, BALTIMORE, MD.

The July issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is an unusually interesting and valuable one. One notes with interest the publication of the letter from Admiral Semmes to his brother in Maryland and another installment of the articles by Richard D. Steuart. One also notes with pleasure the presentation by Mr. Cornelius B. Hite of the apparently forced effort of the editor of the *National Geographic Magazine* to keep the Barbara Fritchie myth alive.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Hite is in error when he touches upon Maryland history, particularly when he states that "Charles Carroll, to induce non-Catholics to settle in his sparsely occupied province, *tolerated* a qualified 'freedom of conscience' act of his legislature. . . . This act of Charles Carroll was rather that of a practical man of business who was trying to make the most of a bad situation, surrounded as he was by a political atmosphere of free and independent colonies."

As a matter of fact, Charles Carroll was not the Proprietary of Maryland, so that at no time could it be said that Maryland was "his province;" and he was not living at the time of the "Act Concerning Religion" of 1649, to which Mr. Hite evidently refers.

As a matter of fact, Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic (who, like the Anglican, Edwin Sandys, the principal founder of Virginia, was in advance of his official Church), promoted religious toleration in Maryland for the first time in our history. *There were no proscriptions put upon men of any faith, or for any lack of faith, during the first fifteen years of the colony*, and the writer defies anyone to find any record of any persecution during the period of Lord Baltimore's control.

In 1649, however, there was an irruption into the province by Puritans from Virginia; and the splendid group of Catholics and Protestants who had united in promoting toleration and absolute freedom of conscience in Maryland were *compelled to compromise* with these intolerant newcomers. Thereupon, those who denied the divinity of Christ were subject to execution, with the confiscation of their property. Ten years later, Lord Baltimore regained control of his province and religious freedom was restored.

To Lord Baltimore and his Catholic and Protestant associates unquestionably belongs the credit of establishing the first religious toleration together with the first official separation of the Church and State. To deny this is to perpetuate one of the many errors current in much American historical writing, which gives to Roger Williams, who in Rhode Island began a large measure of religious freedom two years subsequently to the establishment of Maryland the claim to a distinction belonging to Lord Baltimore and his associates. Especially is the Rhode Island claim to full freedom invalidated when it is seen that Roger Williams's policy called for proscriptions of a racial and religious character. He did not

establish the full measure of religious freedom practiced in the Province of Maryland.

Again, it is utterly misleading to say that the Province of Maryland "*was surrounded* by a political atmosphere of free and independent colonies." Maryland was as "free and independent" as any English colony on the Atlantic seaboard. It was not "*surrounded*" by such colonies, but was *one of them*. Finally, as a minor error, it may be noted that the justly famous name of George Rogers Clark (e) is spelled without the "e."

## THE LAST TIME I SAW GENERAL LEE.

CONTRIBUTED BY ROY BIRD COOK, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

The following, presumably unpublished, little human interest story concerning a great American soldier is attributed to Brig. Gen. Birkett D. Fry, C. S. A. The author was born in Virginia, June 24, 1822, and died at Richmond, February 5, 1891. During the Mexican War he saw distinguished service in the 1st Infantry, and, according to Gen. Dabney H. Maury (*Richmond Times*, January 23, 1898), in conjunction with Lieut. Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson served as a second in a duel between a Lee of Virginia and another officer from Philadelphia. Fortunately, neither was killed. On May 24, 1864, he was appointed brigadier general from Alabama. The manuscript, cracked and yellow with age, comprises two small letter pages in fine handwriting, and was found in a book presented to Douglas R. Roller, D.D., of Charleston, W. Va., by Dr. F. T. Fry, a brother of General Fry, and is now in the possession of Roy Bird Cook. This is the story:

"On the third day of June, 1864, the Federal army, under General Grant, made an advance upon the Confederate force which, under General Lee, was covering the city of Richmond. The result was the sanguinary battle known as Second Cold Harbor, in which the Northern troops were repulsed with terrible slaughter.

"My command, consisting of ten regiments of infantry and amounting in the aggregate to about 3,000 men, formed during the action the extreme left of our line of battle. On the following day I was ordered to move toward the right; and, while riding at the head of my column along a by-road, I observed a group of officers under a spreading oak which stood near the road. Some of them I recognized as belonging to the staff of the great commander, and when nearer I saw General Lee lying on the grass with his head resting on a saddle over which a cloth had been thrown. He was evidently sleeping soundly, and lay upon his back with one arm across his breast and the other extended by his side. The attitude was exactly that shown in Valentine's statue. Turning to my staff, I remarked: 'There is General Lee asleep.'

"My men were moving at route step, and, as was usual on a march, were laughing, talking, singing, or whistling; but those at the head of the column at once passed the word back: 'Hush, boys, don't make a noise. There is Marse Robert asleep under that tree.'

"Instantly there was perfect silence, and the long line of bronzed, bearded, and battle-begrimed veterans passed quietly by, each one turning to look at the beloved commander, in whom all felt such unbounded confidence.

"During the whole war I saw no more striking manifestation of the affection felt by the Confederate soldiers for their great leader. Soon after this incident I was ordered to another part of the country and never saw him again.

"The work of our talented Virginia sculptor probably impresses me more forcibly than it does most persons from the fact that the attitude of calm repose is that in which I last saw General Lee."



## THE PEACEMAKERS OF 1864.\*

REVIEWED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

In the past few months several volumes of historical import have broken away from the perpetuation of prejudices and preconceptions, together with the emotional befuddlement that has obscured the underlying basis of sectional strife, which was founded primarily not on a "moral" cause, but on other considerations that were political, economic, social, geographical, and, even in some degree, temperamental.

Such a contribution is the happily brief, yet singularly comprehensive, volume now under discussion. Despite birth and long association with the peculiar provincialism of New England, Dr. Kirkland is sane and even liberal with that patriotically belabored group of Northern conciliators, hitherto incontinently thrown into the general category of "Copperheads." As such, they have, for two generations, been collectively scorned and spat upon as so many reincarnations of Judas Iscariot. Dr. Kirkland actually examines this historical collection of traitors who have been treated as so much garbage by writers as *apparently* calm as McMasters or by impulsive *generalists* such as the redoubtable Colonel Roosevelt.

Dr. Kirkland's analysis shows very properly that the so-called "Copperheads" may be divided into classifications: Those who were distinctly disloyal, with axes to grind; and those who were at least respectable or even patriotic; that the latter were striving to serve their country, partly because they trembled for the future of a republic preserved, as they thought, in theory, but likely to become a centralized despotism in practice. For was not the Federal Constitution and all civil procedure servilely prostrated to military domination? and, under a system of spies and agents provocateurs, was not liberty and individual rights set aside as things of no consequence? If, to-day, this seems a figment of a lively imagination, it is but necessary to read the records of the exercise of arbitrary and irresponsible power, or the private comments of European observers at Washington, who believed that the knell of representative democracy had been sounded in America as well as in Europe.

Not that Dr. Kirkland brings this out so strongly as here indicated; but at least he shows an appreciation of the purposes or the good intentions, to say nothing of the reasonable basis, for the (suppressed) actions of those who sought sectional conciliation by discussion lest, with victory revealed, liberty itself should be lost.

Dr. Kirkland has penetrated into the long-haunted ground of things patriotically taboo; and, in doing so, he shows the true historical spirit of an open-minded investigator. One is amazed and delighted at his grasp, the evidences of extensive research, and, what's better than all, the insight and discrimination of his deductions; for it is in the last-named sphere of thought that so many otherwise worthy workers lamentably fail.

Dr. Kirkland's volume shows that the field of research in matters pertaining to the War of Secession has never been satisfactorily covered. Although a hundred historians might have avoided error had Dr. Kirkland's work been before them, the failure of this brilliant new writer to discover the most significant "peace mover" of them all shows that much may yet be written. In brief, this conciliator was the only individual of exceptional civil and political prominence who openly denounced the Mussolini-like procedure of the Federal authorities, reported his opposition to President Lincoln,

and yet escaped arrest, exile, and imprisonment. He was the only man to possess the confidence of Lincoln, on the one side, and Davis and the Southerners on the other. He it was, also, who at the last was aiding Lincoln to shape his policy for the restoration of civil rights to the seceded States as against the proposed procedure of the Robespierres, Dantons, and Marats of the Radical American Left, who sought the death and confiscation of "Rebel" persons and property. This man carried the first messages between Grant and Lee, and he was the last to confer with Lincoln a few moments before the latter's assassination. Still extant is the pass prepared for this individual to go to Richmond, the last official document of the Federal President. Much more could be said, but this man, when mentioned in history at all, is mentioned incidentally, or almost by accident; and this now unknown pacificator may prove to be the figure most concerned with arranging the famous Hampton Roads Conference, of which Dr. Kirkland has given us perhaps the best and clearest account ever written.

It is generally admitted by historians that, with regard to policies and motives, the truth about the Revolutionary War is just being written. So Dr. Kirkland's volume is a revelation which must lead to the writing of the truth about the second great clash between segments of the English-speaking peoples.

Dr. Kirkland has fallen into error at times, due, no doubt, to his secondary sources; but the virtues of his work tremendously outpoint the failures, which are, in comparison, merely minor. Here is a man capable of seeking the truth hidden away under the thickest political and "patriotic" disguises.

One would fain go back over the volume and, by way of illustration, quote some of the more significant passages; but, alas! neither publisher nor author has provided an adequate index. If only the reviewers and the public would insist upon better references and cross references! Why should the larger volumes only have references by topics or subjects?

## NULLIFICATION.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

The relation of the several States to the "Union" of "The United States" has ever been a subject of interest. In 1774 the colonies began to coöperate. In 1776 the delegates, being so authorized, joined in a declaration that they would separate from the mother country, and declared each State to be free and independent. At length the mother country agreed that North Carolina, Massachusetts, etc., naming each colony, was a separate, "free, sovereign, and independent" State.

The Revolutionary War was fought under a "Congress of Delegates" until 1781, when, Maryland having agreed to a confederation proposed in 1776, the "Confederation" became effective, and Congress became a "Congress of States." That continued until 1788, when a new Constitution was adopted by eleven States, and it went into operation between these States, not over them, but "between them." North Carolina was not one of them. A President and Senators and Representatives were elected and the old confederacy gave place to the new Union. That Constitution and the laws made in pursuance of it were to be the supreme law. However, the sovereignty of each State was constantly asserted, particularly in 1798. In 1833, Calhoun held that if Congress made a law that was not in pursuance of the Constitution each State had a right to ignore that law. That was called nullification. It did not annul the Constitution, but, upholding the Constitution, a State could declare that a law outside of it

\*"The Peacemakers of 1864." By Edward Chase Kirkland. The Macmillan Company. 279 pages.



and contravening the Constitution, was a nullity. However, the better opinion seemed to be that the Supreme Court could decide on whether an act of Congress was constitutional or not; and a State had no right to annul a law of Congress. But although the Calhoun doctrine was known as "nullification," it proposed to maintain the Constitution and extended only to annulling an act of Congress. Later came a nullification of the Constitution itself.

Different from the Calhoun doctrine, there developed at the North another kind of nullification, a movement to nullify the Constitution itself. This last was based on an alleged higher law, a law higher than the Constitution. It was declared after this fashion: "There is a law of God, written on the heart, that cannot be altered or revoked. When the laws of Massachusetts or the laws of the Union conflict with the laws of God, I would keep God's law in preference, though the heavens should fall. Every bone of my body and every drop of blood in my veins swears to me that I am amenable to, and must obey, the laws of God." Such was the higher law, the individual feeling or sentiment in regard to a subject of legislation.

There is a clause of the Constitution, in section 2, article 4: "No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping unto another State, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It was said in a judicial decision in a United States Circuit Court, very many years ago, that that clause constituted a fundamental article without the adoption of which the Union could not have been formed. (Baldwin's C. C. R., page 677.) It was agreed to by all the States. That, indeed, was one of the terms on which the Union was formed. While all the States should have made provision for the observance of this duty under the Constitution, Congress, itself, at once, in 1793, passed a "Fugitive Slave Law." Fifty years later the States of Vermont and Massachusetts passed laws known as Personal Liberty Bills, forbidding their citizens under severe penalties to assist in carrying out the law of Congress and the Constitution. Pennsylvania and other Northern States followed the example, and the law of Congress practically became a dead letter. So, in 1850, as one of the Compromise measures of that year, a new law was passed by Congress, making it the duty of the Federal courts and its officers to give effect to the law. Then the doctrine of the "higher law" played its part. At Farmington, Mass., on July 4, 1854, one of the chief apostles of the higher law, in the presence of a great concourse of sympathizers, after declaring the Constitution of the United States to be "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," first, in solemn form, burned a copy of the law of Congress, then a decision of United States Judge Loring in the Federal Court, then a charge to the grand jury made by Judge Curtis in the Federal Court, and, finally, reaching the climax of his dramatic proceeding, committed to the flames the Constitution of the United States, while a tremendous shout of "amen" went up from the great assemblage in ratification of the deed (Howe's Political History of Secession, page 77.) And now every Northern State except New Jersey, Illinois and, perhaps Indiana, passed laws virtually annulling the Constitution. Such was the temper of the majesties in those States. No longer was the Constitution a sacred instrument. Certainly there were many who did not affiliate with these extremists, but the current was strong, and year by year gathered volume and violence, like the floods of the Mississippi, disdaining the barriers that wise and prudent men had erected to control them. And it is

notable that when it was convenient for their purposes, these nullifiers sometimes sought to buttress themselves by proclaiming the doctrine of State Rights, of the sovereignty of each State.

In Wisconsin they hoisted aloft the banner of the celebrated resolutions of 1798. The General Assembly of Wisconsin, in 1860, adopted the following resolutions (Howe, page 237):

"Resolved, That the government formed by the Constitution of the United States was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself; but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress.

"Resolved, That the principle and construction contended for by the party which now rules in the councils of the nation, that the general government is the exclusive judge of the extent of the powers delegated to it, stop nothing short of despotism, since the discretion of those who administer the government, and not the Constitution, would be the measure of their power; that the several States that formed that instrument being unquestionably sovereign and independent, have the right to judge of its infraction; and that a positive defiance by these sovereignties of all unauthorized acts done or attempted to be done under color of that instrument is the rightful remedy."

It will be noted that most of the last resolution is almost a verbatim copy of the Kentucky resolution of 1799, substituting for "nullification" in the Kentucky resolution, the words "a positive defiance"; and that the resolutions fully embodied Calhoun's "compact" theory.

These resolutions were signed by the governor, thus uniting the judicial, the executive, and the legislative departments of Wisconsin in favor of nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law. Here, then, we have the legislature, the governor, the Supreme Court, and the people of Wisconsin committed to nullification as rank as anything of the kind ever advocated by Calhoun or the authorities of South Carolina.

At the North the Constitution was anything else than a sacred instrument, was binding on the Northern people only when it suited their purposes and was in accord with their inclinations. This spirit of the North in matters when the subject of slavery was involved led the Cotton States to declare that their rights were in peril; and they withdrew from the Union. Thereupon the United States Congress adopted a resolution to be submitted to all the States that "Congress should have no right to abolish slavery in the States." The adoption of that would have clarified the situation. Mr. Lincoln said he had no objection to that proposed amendment, but instead of allowing the States to act on it, he started a war that he had no constitutional right to do; and acknowledged that he had exceeded his powers, to that extent, as President, nullifying the Constitution! Mr. Lincoln in his message to Congress (page 24, Volume 6, Richardson) said: "These measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon under what appeared to be a popular demand and a public necessity, trusting then, as now, that Congress would readily ratify them." Under an alleged "popular demand" he proceeded to ignore the Constitution and defeat the will of Congress. And, indeed, as to "the popular demand," Nicholay and Hay say (page 442, volume 3): "The conservative sentiment of the country protested loudly against everything but concessions. His own cabinet was divided in council. Public opinion was awry. Treason was applauded and patriotism was rebuked." Such was the alleged "popular



demand" which led Mr. Lincoln to trample on the Constitution and make war against the Southern States.

Not a constitutional lawyer, not being well read in the constitutional history of his country, at a time calling for the exercise of the highest wisdom and moderation, he proposed to settle matters by the sword rather than by peaceful measures; and so, ignoring the Constitution of the Union at the instance of the alleged "popular demand" described by his biographers, he took counsel of those who preached the higher law. Not a statesman, not a patriot, in the rôle of a common tyrant, he proposed to have his will.

While nullification of an act of Congress which is thought to be in contravention of the Constitution was one of Calhoun's ideas, nullification of the Constitution itself was a plant of Northern growth. The seeds were sown by the Northern agitators, the Constitution was proclaimed a league with hell, and it was virtually annulled by nearly every Northern State legislature! And President Lincoln was in coöperation with the nullifiers! It is well to say that the record of Senate proceedings in August, 1861, shows that the Senate did *not* pass the resolution legalizing his acts and measures as he desired.

#### THE NINTH OF JUNE, 1864.

(Address at Petersburg, Va., on the 9th day of June, 1927, by Hon. P. H. Drewy, in commemoration of the gallant defense of Petersburg on June 9, 1864.)

Memorial Day is celebrated throughout the country on May 30 in honor of the brave who died in the great conflict between the North and the South and in other wars. Petersburg, however, has adopted the 9th of June as a memorial to the Confederate soldier. This was not done in any contrary spirit, to be "different" from the remainder of the country, but with due regard to the anniversary of the most important day—to Petersburg—in all the days, of all the years. The 9th of June, 1864, was the day that Petersburg was saved by the shed blood of her own martyrs, men too old to fight and boys too young to know the meaning of battle. In honor of her own heroes who fell in battle, and through them in honor of all their brothers in arms of the Confederacy, Petersburg celebrates her Memorial Day on the 9th of June. It is a beautiful custom to set aside a day in grateful and honoring remembrance of sacrifices "even unto death" made by the soldiers of our country, testifying our love and remembrance by strewing flowers on their graves.

On many similar occasions the address made on this recurrent day has been directed to many things other than the details of the fight of the 9th of June: in most cases, the speakers have delivered treatises on the causes of secession and other kindred subjects, appropriate, of course, but not directly bearing upon the fight of the 9th of June. The soldiers of the Confederacy fought for a constitutional principle, the right of the individual States to secede from the Union. But I like to think that these "boys and old men" were not thinking of constitutional principles and abstract governmental questions or even the rights of their beloved State on that 9th of June. I like to think that they went to war because they loved their city, because their loved ones were in danger; because their homes were facing destruction. I like to think that as they stood in the shallow trenches, awaiting the attack, they looked back and saw the spires of the churches where they had knelt in humility before their God. I like to think that their thoughts reverted to the white-pillared homes in the quiet, shady streets where their loved ones waited in even greater suspense than theirs the outcome of their brave resistance. I

like to think that the older men thought of the happy days spent in those quiet homes with their families around them; and I like to think that the young boys remembered their mothers "at home," those mothers at whose knees they had only so recently lisped their baby prayers. Not for these the thoughts of statesmen declaring war to enforce their opinions on constitutional rights. These men of Petersburg were fighting for the greatest cause known to humanity—home and loved ones.

And, too, there have been addresses portraying the strategy of the War between the States, and the strategy of the siege of Petersburg, and its general results in the great conflict. But I would use the strategy of the siege as a framing of the picture of the 9th of June, and I could put in that setting the little intimate details of the people of Petersburg and how they conducted themselves on that fateful day. I would like to tell of how the citizens of Petersburg met the tide of war as it flowed up to their gates, and how they prepared for the battle, and how they fought it, and how the women and children back in town behaved themselves during the battle. Battle! It wasn't a battle, it wasn't even war as we now think of the terms; it was pure heroism. Yet, from such details when placed on canvas, necessarily in broad outlines of striking colors, we carry away in our minds a picture, not of militarism or military strategies, of warlike movements, but a mental picture of concept of heroism personified.

Petersburg, strange to say, had no foretaste of war prior to this time. It may have heard the guns of Malvern like far-off thunder, as the echoes came rolling up the Appomattox Valley; it might even have been deeply stirred by the news of Butler's approach and hastened to hide its silver; but these alarms had been signals of the times, nothing more. All its available man power had gone into the army. There were no shirkers, nor even "conscientious objectors," in Petersburg. Out of a white population of nine thousand men, women, and children, seventeen companies had been recruited—more men in Petersburg enlisted in the Confederate army than there were voters on its poll books. There were left in Petersburg, therefore, only men beyond the age of forty-five and boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. These were formed into what was called "second-class militia"—for home defense only. They were drilled in camp for two weeks and then allowed to go to their homes, but were required to drill for about two weeks more, subject to orders. This home defense comprised a force of about five hundred. They had no uniforms; they were attired in civilian garb, just as they dressed for their daily work. They had old, antiquated muskets, not rifles. Here was a gray-haired man, there a beardless boy. There were in the ranks of this so-called "second-class militia" (but never so called after the 9th of June) merchants, druggists, clerks, accountants, bankers, teachers, and schoolboys. None of them had ever had any experience in warfare. Most of them were peaceful, home-loving business men, leading inactive lives in their stores, not physically equipped for warlike activity. Probably none of them—the Home Defense—ever expected to be called upon to fire a shot. Wasn't General Lee in charge of the army, wouldn't that invincible force always be facing the enemy? How unreal seemed such a possibility as the fate of the city, yea, even the fate of the Confederacy, depending upon the resistance offered by the Reserves to an armed foe. And yet—that precise thing happened. The fate of the Confederacy hung that day in the balance while these old men and boys were fighting for home and country.

Lee and his army were protecting Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, from assault on the north. Grant,



defeated at Cold Harbor and foiled in his attack on Richmond on the north side of the James, decided to cross the river and attack from the south. He succeeded in withdrawing the major portion of his army and was on the south side of the river, while Lee thought that he was planning a further attack on Richmond. It was the first and only time, it is said, that General Lee was ever fooled by the strategy of the Northern generals. If Petersburg were captured, then Lee's lines of communication from the south would be cut and reinforcements and supplies would be prevented from coming in from that direction. This would have meant the evacuation of Richmond and the hastening of the fall of the Confederacy. Petersburg could have been easily held if it had been captured. So this day was pregnant with failure for the South, and between it and its prevention stood only a little handful of citizens of Petersburg, unused to warfare and unskilled in military tactics; men who knew not of their importance in the world at that precise moment; men who gave no thought to anything but the defense of their homes.

## ON THE LINES.

In pursuance of the plan to invest Richmond from the south, Grant ordered a reconnoitering force to attack Richmond and Petersburg and ascertain what force was in his front. The move by Butler on the north side of the Appomattox was foiled, but the movement to the east and south of Petersburg was attended with better luck. General Kautz, with a division of cavalry, worked around the south of Petersburg with the intention of intercepting any troops from the south coming to reinforce General Beauregard, who was in command of Petersburg. It was this division which made the surprising and unexpected attack on Petersburg on the 9th of June, attempting to enter the city by way of the Jerusalem Plank Road. At this point was Rives's farm, and the road here intersected a low line of breastworks on both sides of the road, extending east and west, with a battery known as No. 29 on the left of the road, and another battery, No. 30, about three hundred yards to the west on the right of the road. This point was about two miles from Petersburg. The road had been left open, but as soon as the enemy appeared it was barricaded with a wagon and some rails. This line connecting the two batteries was filled with the men of six companies, the "second-class militia" and the "Junior Reserves," and the Prince George Reserves, numbering about one hundred and twenty-five, commanded by Gen. R. E. Colston and Col. F. H. Archer. There was no artillery supporting this little force when the fight began, but soon afterwards a detachment from Sturdevant's Battery, with five or six men under a sergeant and with one piece of artillery, took possession of Battery No. 29 on the left of the road. This gun had no shells, only round shot. The enemy had four pieces of artillery and were equipped with the "sixteen-shooting rifle." As has been said, the Reserves had "venerable muskets that were not worth a tinker's imprecation at longer range than one hundred yards." The force opposing Petersburg's patriots was more than ten times as large and was comprised of cavalry and artillery. They were seasoned soldiers and must have seen the ease with which they could flank this small force in front of them, holding a line of low earthworks, with no protection from either side. But the Home Guards had no thought of retreat. In the face of almost certain death or capture, they held their place. Military strategists have expressed wonder that these untrained soldiers held firm against such odds; possibly trained soldiers would have foreseen the result and retreated. The explanation, of course, is that these men were fighting with a determination "to do or die."

When the commandant received the news by courier of the approach of the attacking force, he called out his little party and addressed them briefly, "urging them never to yield, but to stand up to the end in defense of their homes and firesides." Then he disposed them behind the low line of breastworks and calmly awaited the attack. They occupied an isolated position, with no prospective assistance for several miles on either side of them. They had not long to wait, for soon they saw in the woods across the field in front of them the sun glinting on the rifles of their opponents. What were the thoughts of the defenders crouching there in their shallow trenches, tightly grasping their old muskets? Was the banker thinking of the money he might never handle again; the merchant of his store, the key to which he had placed in his pocket as he locked the door and hastened to the front; the teacher of the boys whom he would never again scold for paying more attention to the sunlight in the trees outside the schoolroom than they were to the conjugation of Latin verbs; were the boys with the joyousness of youth welcoming the opportunity to get out of school? No, the commandant says: "With a due sense of the gravity of the situation, they took their positions in the trenches with the firm and steady tread of men who understood their duty and determined to perform it to the utmost." Never was a more splendid tribute paid by a commander to his men than Major Archer gave his gray-bearded men and earnest boys there in front of greater odds than men usually confront. Let us leave this little company of heroes, some too old to be able to retreat and others too young to know how, awaiting the attack of nine regiments of infantry and cavalry and four pieces of artillery in the sunlit field of Rives's farm, while we go back for a while to Petersburg, the beloved city, and see conditions there.

## IN THE CITY.

The city had awakened that June morning as usual and gone about its affairs. It was a languorous summer day, and the summer haze softened the outlines of the houses and filtered through the trees in fantastic shadows on the dusty streets. Breakfast was over and the business men had opened up their stores; the children had gone to school; and the housewives were about their daily household tasks. Some of the women had gone to the hospitals, which they had established on Bollingbrook Street and Poplar Lawn. The women of Petersburg had raised the money and rented a house on Bollingbrook Street where they received wounded soldiers needing attention. The ladies carried delicacies from their homes, and there they picked lint for bandages and sewed and knitted in the intervals of ministering to the sick. Here, on this beautiful June day, in this old house were gathered the sweet-voiced, gentle women caring for the wounded Confederate soldiers. Suddenly there was borne on the wind the loud clanging of a bell. There was a pause in the pleasant gossip. "What's that, a fire?" Other bells were ringing all over town. "That's the signal that the Yankees are coming," said one excitedly. It was true, the Yankees were at the gates; but little did these women realize the ten months of privation and suffering and sorrow and distress that would be their lot before another pleasant day in June came again to them.

The merchants were not very busy, for trade was mainly confined to the soldiers, who were the only ones with money to spend, and not much of that. There were little gatherings of men past the age of military service at some popular meeting place, such as the grocery store or the druggist's. The talk was mainly of the threatened approach of the enemy. The more serious were careful in expressing their views. One talkative fellow said, "O no, they will never get to Petersburg."



Marse Robert will have them on the run back to Washington in less than a week," and wanted to bet on it. Hardly had he finished speaking when the bells began to ring. Rushing out of the store, they saw excited passers-by telling each other that "20,000 Yankees" were coming into the town. Where was "the army?" In front of Richmond, miles away, and nobody between Petersburg and the enemy but Major Archer and his handful of men. "Every man is needed," yelled one man as he ran up the street. The banker left his counting house, the druggist dropped his pestle, the merchants closed their stores, teachers dismissed their pupils and, taking up their muskets, hurried out past old Blandford Cemetery, to which some would soon return forever, out the Jerusalem Plank Road to rejoin the Home Guards and repel the invader.

Petersburg's representative in the legislature was sitting in his office calmly and peacefully reading the newspaper when the alarm was sounded. Dropping his paper on the floor, he left for the lines and reported to the first officer he met, who suggested that he get a musket. The ordnance officer gave him a choice of three old flint-locks, in which the percussion hammer and tube had been substituted for the flint and powder pan. None of the three would shoot, but he finally found a gun in the tent of one of the soldiers who had gone to town "on leave" that morning and had not returned. He never came back to his official duties, for he was captured and the legislature had adjourned *sine die* never to reconvene, long before he was released.

Three members of the city council had just left a meeting of that body when they met a messenger bringing the news, and they hastened out to the front. One of them was so deaf that he didn't hear the order to retreat during the battle, and continued to *advance*, and fired the last gun after he had been shot down.

One merchant, being told that he was "needed to help defend the city," stepped back into the store to tell his venerable employee where he was going and what he wanted done in the event he was killed. "Tell some one else," said the old man, "I'll be there as soon as you are."

The wounded in the hospitals, those that were able to move, undertook to march out, and even the prisoners in the jail begged to be allowed to take part in the defense of the city whose laws they had violated. Their request was granted, and "the patients and the penitents," as they were called, took up the line of march to the front.

Even the boys, with the recklessness and curiosity that is a part of the small boy's make-up, "went out to fight," and two of them, at least, and possibly more, got into the trenches and were under fire. Fortunately, a kind Providence looked after "the little fools," as one old man called them.

#### THE BATTLE.

In the meantime the fight had begun. The Yankee general, thinking that the force in front of him could be easily ridden down by his cavalry, ordered a charge. On they came across the field and up the Plank Road in a long line, in a cloud of dust, with their horses at a gallop and swords drawn. A cavalry charge is a pretty sight, but that little band of heroes was not impressed with the beauty of it nor any fear of it. Waiting until the enemy was almost upon them, they delivered a volley that checked them and sent those not killed back faster than they had come. General Kautz took his time in making preparations for the next attack. This was most fortunate for the besieged, for they knew from the beginning that all they could do was to hold out until reinforcements came. They were ready to make the sacrifice. Now the full force of the enemy is upon them—the enemy riding around the

flanks, which were unprotected, and attacking from front and rear. Their single gun is captured, but not until its handlers are shot down. The trench and battle field are filled with the dead and wounded. Of the little force not half remain, the remainder are killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. They retire slowly across that part of Walnut Hill now including Sycamore Street extended. Their work is done. They had fought a good fight. For more than two hours these gray-haired old men and boys had held at bay ten times their number of the finest troops in Grant's army. They had saved Petersburg. Historians may vaunt the claims of the brave Spartans who stood at Thermopylæ; they may praise the stand of the Old Guard at Waterloo, but no historian will ever find in all the world's history a more fitting theme than the heroic stand of Archer and his militia at Petersburg on the 9th of June, 1864.

Back in the town, while the fight was progressing on the lines, all was excitement. The bells were still tolling, and to their harsh sounds were added the sullen roar of the cannon and the sharp rattle of the musketry. Everybody was in the streets. What was happening out there to the south? The men were still moving toward the lines, some of them tottering with age. A little band of boys almost too delicate to hold a gun passed a group of women trying to smile through their tears, and one of the boys said: "Do not weep, ladies; do not fear; we will fight for you as long as we have a cartridge left."

A boy's school was in session on Sycamore Street above Fillmore. The teacher was summoned to the door to receive the message to send two of his little pupils home, as their father had been killed in the battle. Another messenger, and another little boy was sent to a weeping mother. The school had to be dismissed, for none knew what tidings would next be brought. The boys came trooping out just in time to hear the rumbling of gun carriages down the street. It was Graham's Battery, the Petersburg Artillery, coming at a gallop, and following them Dearing's cavalry. The women and children were so excited that they got in the way, and the gallant Graham was so irritated when he came near to running over one of his own lady friends, who took her time in crossing Bollingbrook Street, that he cried out: "Damn the women! Run over them if they don't get out of the way." But these brave soldiers, driving their guns up Sycamore Street, with the sidewalks thronged with women and children, fought all the better for the smiles shining through tears that these women gave them. One of the sweetest memories of my childhood is remembering the story told me by my gray-haired mother of how she and her schoolgirl friends stood on the porch of the Southern Female College and waved their handkerchiefs to the gallant soldiers of Graham as they galloped their guns up Sycamore Street to the heights to repel the invaders. Even yet a thrill comes over me when I think of these young schoolgirls so brave that they felt no fear, but put their trust in the soldiers of Lee, who had never failed them; so tender that they waved their girlish greetings and perhaps cheered the soldier boys fighting for them with kisses thrown from soft finger tips. I close my eyes, and I can hear the galloping of the horses and the rumbling of the cannon over the street and the cheers of Graham's men as they returned their courtesies. It took the world to whip such people as these when even the schoolgirls smiled and cheered in the face of danger.

The Federal forces were coming into the city with instructions to destroy the town. They had reached Lieutenant Run on the New Road, within one hundred yards of the city limits, when Graham's Battery unlimbered at the head of Sycamore Street. He posted two guns at Cameron's and the other two just south of the reservoir. The women and children had



followed the guns and were standing just back of the guns on Reservoir Hill when a shell fell near them and scattered them, and the Confederate artillerymen had to drive them out of harm's way. Does history record such an unexampled disregard of danger? This defense halted the enemy, and when Dearing's Cavalry charged, they broke and fled. He drove them back down the New Road until they had retreated in disorder, leaving one of their guns in the hands of the Confederates. The fight was over. But the stubborn, heroic defense of Archer's old men and boys saved the day, for Petersburg would have been in the hands of the enemy before Lee could have sent reinforcements across the Appomattox but for their courageous resistance. We can but speculate on what would have been the result if Petersburg had fallen. Some military strategists contend that the war would have ended nearly a year sooner. Petersburg might have been spared a siege which is without parallel in the annals of warfare, with the consequent loss of life and suffering, but "God moves in a mysterious way," and he gave Archer and his militia the strength and heroic courage that resulted in the prolongation of the war.

Petersburg was invested, and the women of Petersburg opened more hospitals and went hungry that the soldiers might be fed. When the war was over, they gathered up tenderly the remains of those Confederate soldiers who gave up their lives in their defense and buried them here on this beautiful hillside, where they await the reveille of the resurrection. Thirty thousand heroes here are sleeping in this hallowed ground. This place is hallowed, not only because it contains the dust of heroes, but because it has been watered with good women's tears. For sixty years, on this recurring day in June, they come here and bring their flowers to show the devotion and gratitude in their hearts to their defenders who died for them.

The flowers will wither and fade, their sweet perfume will pass away on the vagrant wind above these graves, but the heroism of Petersburg's defenders will remain forever in sweeter memory to this old city than the perfume of any flower. And this beautiful hillside will ever be cherished and tended in the years to come in tender and loving memory of the devotion of the women of Petersburg, which rises like holy incense from this hallowed spot.

## DEVOTION OF SOUTHERN WOMEN TO THE CONFEDERACY.

BY ROBERT W. SANDERS, D.D., GREENVILLE, S. C.

It is well, and simply just, that one should pause and consider how much our great country owes to her noble, patriotic, and loyal women. To them and their devotion was largely due the success of the Revolution of 1776. Nor were the noble women of the South less devoted to the cause of the Confederacy than were their ancestors to the contention for American independence. Let me state, out of personal experience and observation, a few facts of evidential similarity to that which could be furnished by any Confederate soldier of the sixties.

The women of the South deserve endless praise and gratitude for their faithfulness at the very beginning, during, and throughout the War between the States. And to-day they are rendering most praiseworthy service in vindicating and permanently recording the truth as it relates to the dire conflict of 1861-65. All honor to them for their unsullied patriotism and love of true history!

Just now and here, however, I beg to offer for the columns of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN some scraps of my own recollections of persons and things as connected with the war, and more particularly the devotion of Southern women to the Confederacy and to Southern rights.

Being only thirteen years old when the war began, I did not volunteer until 1864. But during the days of my soldiering, as well as those preceding that time, I felt wide-awake to the Southern cause and closely watched passing events. And I was deeply impressed by the spirit of our good women as it related to the well-being and comfort and aid of the Confederate soldiers. As soon as the war cloud arose, the women of South Carolina (and of the entire South) went to work in every possible and commendable way to assist in the pending struggle. Their sympathy, love and prayers for the Confederate soldier were everywhere manifest. In my own community (Barnwell District, S. C.), as soon as the trouble began my mother, sisters, and the women all around began to procure the materials to make up underwear, knit socks, weave cloth for garments, all to be furnished free to the young men entering the service. Day and night industrious hands were busy doing every possible turn to "help the brave boys." The cotton card, the spinning wheel, the old-time Southern loom, the reel, and the knitting needle were all constantly active and subservient to the needs of our soldiers.

During all the period of the war, the hospitals were thronged by our women, extending relief, aid, and comfort to the sick and wounded. Everywhere along the railways, as our "boys" were being transported from place to place, our women gathered together and served, all free, such good things to eat as their willing hands could prepare. The boys were cheered by every deed and word of kindness possible. They were inspired to courage and the endurance of hardship and suffering by waving hands and handkerchiefs, and by such appeals as "On to victory!" "Never be shot in the back!" and the like. Stopping places, known as "The Wayside Homes," were established and maintained by our women in numerous cities and towns as resting stations for the weary, wounded, and sick soldiers, forced temporarily from the trenches and the battle line.

Everywhere and on every possible occasion, the unfaltering, undaunted, patriotic daughters of the Southland were weeping with those who wept and rejoicing with those who rejoiced.

After my going into the army in the summer of 1864—not quite seventeen years of age—it was my great pleasure to receive gentle greetings and kind deeds at the hands of the mothers and sisters of the "boys at the front." On our long, hard march from Charleston, S. C., up the coast and through North Carolina, finally to Greensboro, and on our way home after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, the sympathy and help of our women were all the time in evidence.

Near the battle field of Bentonville, N. C. (Johnston's last hard field conflict with Sherman), a brother of mine lay wounded, dependent, and helpless till late in June, 1865. He was kindly fed and assisted there by the generous, sympathetic women (and some men) of that vicinity until able to travel.

When I and another brother were "on sick list" at Company Shops (now Burlington), N. C., we were hungry and without rations. I went to more than one cottage home asking for something to eat. At last I came to a plain home, where the landlady was out in the front yard. I inquired whether she could furnish a hungry soldier with anything. She said she could supply a little plain food, and she at once did so, saying: "I never refuse a hungry soldier, but always divide rations



so long as I have anything." She then remarked: "I always feed the hungry soldier who comes along and asks for food. I have been censured for giving something to eat to some of the hungry prisoners as they were passing. But I cannot deny food to a hungry soldier, even in blue uniform."

I thanked her and told her that I felt she was doing right to feed even her enemies.

On my march of three hundred and fifty miles to reach home after leaving Greensboro, I had to depend on charity along the way, as did others.

One day I halted at a plain home where some good women had gathered, apparently for an old-time quilting. A dear old lady in the company, seeing how thin and war-worn I was, said to me: "Stay here with me a while. I want to take care of you for your mother." I thanked her cordially, and then said: "I am now pressing for home that I may again see my mother."

We never asked for lodging or shelter on our return home. Excepting one or two nights for three months, we slept under the open sky, having no tents, and part of the time no blankets or overcoats; and some were finally barefooted. One rainy, chilly evening, on the march homeward, my oldest brother and I stopped at a home by the roadside and inquired of the lady who greeted us whether or not we might be allowed to sleep on the piazza and thus keep out of the rain for the night. She replied: "O no! A Confederate soldier cannot sleep on the floor of my piazza. You must sleep in the best room and bed in my house." I insisted that we could not accept her generous offer, that we were too ragged and dirty to get into a nice bed. She pressed her hospitality, however, until we did at last agree to sleep on her clean feather bed! We resumed our toilsome journey very early next morning, and I have often wondered if she did not have to regret her kindness to us. That night and one other spent in a freight box car on the Northeastern Railway were the only two on which we had a shelter after the evacuation of Charleston, February 17, 1865.

There were other and many instances of the devotion of our Southern women that came my way in those dark years of 1861-65. Many other old Confederates could tell similar stories.

Nor did our matchless women cease their loyalty and patriotism with the closing of hostilities. They worked as nobly as did Wade Hampton and his allies to redeem South Carolina—"The Prostrate State"—and other sections, from Radical Carpetbag rule, following the end of our troubles on the fields of battle to the good, true, brave women of the South we have looked, by no means in vain for support, help, vindication, comfort, and a sympathetic justification of the South's cause and course in the War between the States. We old vets ask only for simple truth and justice—no more. And for the same we look with pride and confidence to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, on whom we lean as trustfully and complacently as we and our fathers and brothers looked to their devoted mothers of the South while the clash of arms was on in the now long ago.

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Only a private! to march and to fight,  
Suffer and starve and be strong;  
With knowledge enough to know that the right  
Of justice and truth, and freedom and right,  
In the end must crush out the wrong.

— F. W. D.

### THE INFLUENCE OF SOUTHERN THOUGHT.

[Address delivered by Harry Howard, on Memorial Day, 1926, at the Confederate Monument in Union Cemetery, Kansas City, Mo.]

In a conversation with a friend recently, he told me that his father, a Confederate veteran, always attended Confederate reunions and memorial exercises; and that they were among the greatest interests of his rather extensive life, which closed only a few short years ago. I think the interest of this Confederate soldier was expressive of the thoughts and emotions of the great body of men and women who had a part in the Confederacy or who were under the influence of those who contributed to its cause. And well may it have cast so great a spell over those whom it touched; well may it have been the outstanding influence in their lives and recollections; for the times of the Confederacy were stirring and impressive times. It completely engaged the affections of all of its people. It encompassed the thought and action of both old and young—the old in counsel, the young in war. It was the flower and fruit of the studious thought and great learning of the elder statesmen of the South. Its powers and activities were well within the range of their views of political government and of the rights of their sovereign States. It was the result of the reasoned opinion of a proud, high-mettled, enterprising, clear-thinking, dignified, and moral leadership of the purest type of the Anglo-Norman race, whose spirit was quickened by the influences of the New World. Its younger membership largely gave it physical force and fought its defensive war. Its older leadership long has passed. But its thinning lines of younger soldiers reach down to the present day; and, on this day, though now grown old and feeble, they are gathered in little groups at the graves and in memory of their comrades who have gone before. They were young in the days of the Confederacy, and the Confederacy drew upon the strength of their youth. It aroused their natural and proper spirit of patriotism; it went to the defense of their homes; it led them forth to its chivalrous war, in which all of the affections of their hearts and all of the faculties of their minds were completely engrossed. Its impressions upon them were deep; its coloring indelible; its influence lasting.

Is there wonder, then, that those with whom its influence has lingered should meet as on this and other memorial occasions? Is it not fitting and logical that they should thus celebrate its existence; and as we observe this Memorial Day, may we not briefly review the men and the thought out of which the Confederacy came?

The conception of political freedom from the government of Great Britain, the development of the American Union, and the establishment of the Southern Confederacy, all were largely the acts of Southern men, all flowed mainly from the same trend of mind, all were parts of the same flowing stream of thought and enterprise.

It was Jefferson, a Southern man, a Virginian, schooled in the thought and responsive to the feelings of the Southern people, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, the adoption of which plunged the American Colonies into their seven years of war for independence. As that war was successful, no opprobrium rests upon its participants; and the document penned by Jefferson has shed luster on his name until all men not too deep in prejudice honor him for this act. And this document, though daring in its challenge to Great Britain, though clear and bold in its pronouncements of the rights of men, was yet tempered by an understanding of the cautious dispositions of people. While it declared that all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with



the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, it also said: "Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they have been accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurptions, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under an absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security."

This happy blending of energetic thought and of prudence was the mainspring of the movement for independence. This inspired its every earnest leader; this sustained its every weary soldier; and those leaders yielded their armies and those soldiers fought the war throughout under the command of the Virginia planter, Washington, while business interests in other parts, taking counsel of their immediate profits, denounced the movement for independence and aligned themselves with the Tories.

When this war was over and its issues were determined in favor of the Colonies, when their independence became an acknowledged fact by the nations of the world, there followed apprehensive years over the fate of the States. There quickly came the realization that their loose Confederacy with its Continental Congress was not so constituted as successfully to cope with their varied and multiplying problems. But Southern thought was active. It quickly understood the weaknesses, and it seized upon the awkward arrangements of the Articles of Confederation and converted them into reasons for a new arrangement for the general government of the States. The leader and inspirer of this great movement was James Madison, another Southerner, another Virginian, schooled in the principles of government and of law as no other statesman, it may be, has ever been. He it was who more clearly saw the need of new forms for the general government; he it was whose assiduous efforts, more than the efforts of any others, brought the Constitutional Convention of 1787 into being. He was the mentor of that convention, and the Constitution of the United States which emerged therefrom more completely bore the stamp of his beliefs than of all of the other delegates of that renowned convention. It is significant again of this current of thought and influence that Washington, the commander of the victorious armies, was chosen President of that great body of men. But the act of the convention in reporting the Constitution to the various States did not establish the government of the United States. There came the difficult political fight for its adoption. The influence of this great current of thought, under the leadership of Madison, in great measure secured its ratification; and he, with Hamilton and Jay, of New York, wrote the greatest papers, now collected in the *Federalist*, in explanation of the new instrument that have ever been written on the subject of political government. While the two groups of admirers of Madison and Hamilton have long wrangled over which of the men contributed the more forceful and the greater number of the *Federalist* papers, yet it was Madison who dealt more with the instrument submitted to the States for adoption while the contributions of Hamilton dealt mainly with the conditions of the Articles of Confederation. When this Constitution became the fundamental law of the relations among the various States, it was the Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, whose influence gave it its great amendments, known as the Bill of Rights.

Nor was this all, nor even half, the story: During the in-

terpretive period of the Constitution to the time of the Confederacy, the general government was almost altogether under the control of this Southern thought. Of the fifteen Presidents preceding the War between the States, twelve of them were either from the South or were elected to the presidency by the Southern vote; and their terms extended over sixty of the seventy-two years of the period. Of the thirty-six justices of the Supreme Court, twenty-two were from Southern States, and only fourteen from other States; and the combined years of service of the justices from the South exceeded the combined years of service of the others by one hundred and seven years. Of the thirty-six justices, thirty were appointed by the twelve Presidents of the Southern trend of thought. Since the appointment of the justices of the Supreme Court have been political, it is but natural that the great majority of these thirty appointees would have been found to hold to the political views of the Presidents who appointed them; and, by their very nature and political associations, would have been inclined to give the Constitution that force and effect consistent with their political alignment. This same influence alike dominated the Senate and the House of Representatives, and the legislation of the Congress and the discussions of political and constitutional questions of their illustrious members well reflected the Southern influence.

While all of the branches of the general government were so controlled, all of the contiguous territory which now makes up all of the States of the Union, except the thirteen original colonies, was acquired. The Louisiana Purchase territory from the Mississippi to the crest of the Rocky Mountains, acquired when Jefferson was President; Florida when Monroe was President; Texas and the southwestern territory when Polk was President; the Gadsden Purchase when Pierce was President; the Oregon territory, through the claims based on the Lewis and Clark expedition, during the presidency of Jefferson; so that the territorial United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Dominion of Canada to the Republic of Mexico, stands as a great monument to this Southern thought, enterprise, and vision.

All of the wars which were fought were waged under this same leadership—the war against the piratical Barbary States, which gained the freedom of the Mediterranean Sea for American commerce and ended the long tribute paid to their rulers, during the presidency of Jefferson; the War of 1812, which raised the United States to the dignity of a strong nation in the estimation of European governments, during the presidency of Madison; the Mexican War, which determined the southern boundaries and made secure the broad domain to the Pacific Ocean, during the presidency of Polk.

Two schools of political and constitutional thought, two contending forces, each of which attempted to trim the sails of the general government into its own ports in those *ante-bellum* days—the nationalistic school and the champions of the local right—carried their controversies throughout the period. But those of the Southern mold of thought brought the government to a fixed Southern anchorage on many constitutional questions, which, it may now be hoped, are unalterably written into the law of the land, among them, that the government of the United States is a government of delegated and limited powers and duties; that all of its powers are expressed in the Constitution or are such as are conveniently necessary to effect its expressed powers; that unlike the governments of the States, whose constitutions are limitations upon their powers, the Federal Constitution is the creator of the Federal government; that all power not given to it by that instrument resides in the various States or in the people of the various States; that the treaty-making power, though



embracing all of such power that resided in the States, extends only to matters of proper negotiation with other governments; that it does not permit the surrender of any element of sovereignty of the United States nor of any State; that the treaty-making power, being granted in general language to the President and Senate, is subordinate to the specific grants of power to other branches of the general government; that the ownership and control of property within the various States cannot be infringed upon by the general government; and that the general government may exercise no general police powers over persons and property within the States. These are among the great contributions of Southern thought to the interpretation of the Constitution. The school of nationalists, obsessed with the glamour of power and glory in the national government, would have centralized all power in the central government which the most liberal interpretation of the Constitution would have permitted and would have reduced the sovereign States to mere administrative departments of the general government. A scientific medical examination of the extreme leaders of this nationalistic school of thought, in the light of modern knowledge, would doubtless have shown them all to have been afflicted with *grandiose insanity*. The doctrine of nullification, largely the accepted view before the war, and the subject of resolution, in real or fancied grievance, by every section of the country, with its companion doctrine of secession, was settled adversely to the views of the time, not by argument, not according to principles of fundamental law and of political government, not by opinions of courts of undoubted jurisdiction, but by the sword of the War between the States.

These were among the great influences of the people of the South upon the constitutional Union of the States. From them there largely came its independence from the mother country; from them there came its great increase and achievement; from them there came its character; and as they were its greatest patrons, from them there came its most steadfast support throughout the years which determined its purpose and scope.

Though the Southern people through all of those years were loyal to the Union, though their leaders deprecated the thought of its dissolution, though they unstintingly gave of their treasure and blood in its defense, and were gladdened by its growth and progress, yet their strongest allegiance was to the principles of law upon which they conceived it to be founded, and they believed it but presented the forms through which those principles should govern their conduct with other States of the Union and with other nations. When the leadership of the thought of the North, with which they could always compose and conciliate their divergent views, seemed to them to yield to religious zeal, to the mania of reform, to the poison of slander and crimination; when the bitter political campaigns of 1856 and 1860 impressed them with the thought that their peculiar conditions of civilization would arbitrarily be altered from without and their powers of government would be wielded from abroad, in contempt of their natural right of self-government and offensive to their spirit of independence, they withdrew from the Union and established the Southern Confederacy, which well expressed the principles and forms of government to which they had theretofore brought the government from which they withdrew.

It was not the mere political defeat in the election of 1860 which caused them to withdraw; their mettle had been tried in previous defeats and they had gracefully yielded; it was not the issue of slavery over which they fought; they desired that the slaves might be free and long had given anxious

thought to how their freedom might be best achieved. The withdrawal from the Union and the consequent war were more the results of the mischief-making and disorganizing zealot and propagandist and their reaction upon the spirits of both the Northern and the Southern people. The issue of slavery was a potent weapon in the hands of the propagandists who allowed no respect for the law and for the settled distributions of power to temper their sense of the proper course of national conduct. Intense, zealous, eloquent, unscrupulous, and bold, they practiced upon the high-spirited natures of the people of both the North and the South and led them, against their former dispositions of friendliness and forbearance into disunion and the most heartrending war of the New World. Those of the persuasion of Garrison, who denounced the Constitution as a compact with hell, must need offend all lovers of law and order; those exercised over the writings of Mrs. Stowe were far more distressed over her imaginary Liza, crossing the ice of the Ohio, than they were ever concerned for Washington in crossing the Delaware. Had a few been shot at the outset of their careers, there would have been no war in the sixties. And, as the war progressed, did not Sherman's march to the sea, laying waste a path forty miles in width in cruel disregard of the rules of civilized warfare—and when the war was over, did not the carpetbag governments of the South justify the apprehensiveness of the Southern people toward this leadership which gained ascendancy in the North?

It has often been urged that if the Confederacy had succeeded in the war, there would have been further withdrawals; that sectionalism, strife, and war after war would have followed among the various States. Such is idle speculation. It is contrary to the experiences and dispositions of the English stock of people. The colonists had never been at war with one another. The component parts of the British Empire had never made war upon one another, except by kingly contrivance or religious intolerance, from the bondage of both of which the English race had emerged. Prior to the time of William the Conqueror, the seven Saxon kingdoms had gradually come together and were finally united under Harold. When the blood of the Welch flowed in the veins of an English king, they ceased their warfare, and England and Wales united in government. When a Scottish king ascended the British throne, there began the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. All English-settled colonies of the last century have dwelt in peace with the mother country. All English-settled America, except for the times of the Confederacy, have constantly drawn together in more friendly association. The disposition has been to coöperate, to unite; and in view of these racial experiences and dispositions, there would, doubtless, have been a renewal among the States of friendliness and close association, a rearrangement of their general government, yet in which no section would have ever feared an encroachment of centralized power.

And was there no justification at all in the Southern action? Was it altogether wrong? Two great English-speaking nations are in the field of progressive self-government—the United States and the British Empire. Since the times of the War between the States the bond of national government in the United States has been continually strengthened by amendment of its fundamental law, by judicial interpretation, by acquiescence of the States and of the people in its exercise of doubtful power. The national bond of the British Empire has been continually loosened at the behest of the strong, aggressive, self-reliant spirit of the British people, until all of its far-flung colonies now stand as fully self-governing commonwealths. Into the arrangement has lately come Ireland,



and the movement is on in Scotland. With loyalty to the home government from every part, the British government is in such plight that its rashest nationalistic thought would not now dare to recall a single local power from its weakest element nor to impose a single arbitrary law against its conscience. The government of the United States is now so centralized that nothing but a court opinion may be interposed in the way of its power; and from every State, from every political party, from every political forum, a cry is heard against the encroachments of national power. Nor can their divergence in the courses of these two great nations be the result of remoteness from the seat of central power; for California and Missouri are more distant than Scotland and Ireland; and Alaska and the Philippines are farther removed than South Africa and Australia.

But what of the Confederacy now? As the years have softened the rancor of its opponents which attended its existence and struggle, it has grown upon the friendly affections of all considerate and thoughtful people. In commemoration of its existence and of the civilization out of which it came, there is one of the largest organizations of women in the world—the United Daughters of the Confederacy—which exists wherever Southern women and their kin have gone. There are Confederate monuments in almost every graveyard where Confederate veterans lie sleeping. On the face of Stone Mountain in Georgia there is being sculptured the greatest memorial, barring the great pyramids of Egypt, that the world has ever known; and, to this enterprise, the government of the United States and the people from every part have made large contributions. The military campaigns of its soldiers are studied in all the great military schools of the world. The political principles which it embraced may be correct in law, and fit in application, in view of the spirit of the Declaration of Independence that “prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they have been accustomed.” May we peacefully return at least, to a substantial part of those principles, while the hands of the North and the South are clasped in mutual respect and love and in mutual aid in each other’s problems.

## WITH THE SIXTEENTH GEORGIA CAVALRY.

BY G. L. CARSON, COMMERCE, GA.

During the month of May, 1862, A. A. Hunt got permission from the War Department of the Confederate States of America to organize a regiment of cavalry to act independently, or as partisan rangers. To an invitation given to join him in this project six companies responded—Company A, Captain Jones; B, Captain Lewis; C, Captain Waters; D, Captain Camp; E, Captain Marier; F, Captain Sims; Company E, which was from Jackson County, and to which I belonged, soon recruited until it became so full that Company G, Captain Whitehead, was organized, and soon afterwards Company H, Captain Ray, was also the product of Company E. The original six companies rendezvoused at Big Shanty, Ga., or Camp McDonald, eight miles from Marietta, about the 25th of May, and perfected an organization, electing A. A. Hunt colonel, F. M. Nix lieutenant colonel, Samuel J. Winn major, and E. Y. Clark adjutant.

We remained in camp above Marietta until about the 25th of June, when arrangements were made to form a brigade, consisting of the 2nd and 9th Kentucky Cavalry, commanded

by Col. Basil W. Duke and R. M. Gano, the 16th Georgia Battalion, and a company of Texas Rangers, the brigade to be commanded and led by the brave and chivalrous John H. Morgan. These commands went into camp at Knoxville, Tenn., the last days of June.

On the 4th of July the buglers sounded, “Saddle Up,” and we began our march toward the “old Kentucky shore.” On the evening of the third day we halted and fed our horses on the banks of the Cumberland River preparatory for an all-night march across the mountains to Tompkinsville, Ky., where a regiment of Federal cavalry, commanded by Colonel Jordan, was encamped. Daybreak the next morning found us nearly fifty miles from where we were at sunset the evening before. We captured the Federal pickets and advanced on the enemy so rapidly that they hardly had time to mount and form in line of battle before we attacked them in front and on both flanks. They withstood our fire but a short time until they broke and fled in great disorder. It was in this charge that our brave and intrepid Colonel Hunt, while leading his men, received a mortal wound, from which he died in a short time. But the casualties were not all on our side. Colonel Jordan, of the Federals, was wounded in the head. Though perhaps the youngest boy in the regiment, being just past sixteen, I had the pleasure and honor of making the Federal colonel a prisoner of war.

From the 7th of July until the 23rd we were inside the Federal lines and in our saddles almost continually, day and night, raiding through seventeen counties. We captured and killed over seven thousand Yankees and destroyed more than a million dollars worth of United States property. We burned a number of railroad bridges, preparing the way for the advance of Generals Bragg and Kirby Smith into the Blue Grass region.

A few incidents of this famous raid will be of interest. The Federals had made their escape from Tompkinsville, stampeded to Glassgow, and the forces that were stationed there fell back on Lebanon, leaving a large amount of government stores in our possession, all of which, after supplying our needs, we destroyed. We then pushed on to Lebanon, the next place on our route held by the enemy, where a force of two thousand men was encamped. We failed to surprise them, as was our custom. A spy had reported our approach, and a detachment of the enemy met us about a mile from town at a bridge that was housed and covered in. A section of the floor had been removed, and as our advance guards, accompanied by General Morgan, entered the bridge, they were fired on and a bullet passed through Morgan’s hat, a pretty close call for him. We hastily repaired the bridge, advanced, and soon encountered their pickets, with which we kept up a lively skirmish until about midnight, when Morgan demanded an unconditional surrender at once or take the consequences. The town bell was at once tolled as a token of surrender. The whole force was surrendered and paroled except a squad of cavalry that stampeded and made their escape before we could disarm and take charge of them. We then marched to McVile, where we spent an awful night. Every citizen had deserted the village, armed themselves, and bushwhacked us all night. Next day, which was Sunday, we reached Harrodsburg in the evening, then on to Lawrenceburg Sunday night, from which place the enemy had fled, taking the precaution to sink the ferry boats, so we had to swim the river. We reached Versailles at midnight, and the next day we made Georgetown and rested a whole day, the only rest we had while on the raid. That day General Morgan disguised himself as a citizen, went into Lexington, where a force of ten thousand Yankees was stationed, and spent a day and night



with his wife and little daughter, who were living at Lexington at that time.

We next advanced on Cynthianna, routed and captured General Metcalf with his entire force, including a fine battery of artillery, drawn by the finest horses I ever saw. At this place we met with the most stubborn resistance by the enemy. After being driven from behind their breastworks and stone fences, they occupied the brick buildings in the town and fought us from the windows. We found as many as ten dead Yankees lying at one window, all shot through the head. At this place we captured over one hundred barrels of government brandy, the most of which we poured out in the streets. We spent the next night at Paris, and the next day Morgan set a trap to catch two regiments of Yankees. Midway, at that time, was the terminus of a railroad. Morgan had his operator to wire General Ward at Lexington to send him two regiments to Midway by ten o'clock, to aid in capturing General Morgan, who was raiding that vicinity, and he had the message signed "Woolford, commanding Federal cavalry." The ruse was only partially successful. In a short while General Ward had two regiments aboard two trains and speeding on toward Midway. By making a rapid march, we arrived at Midway half an hour before the trains were due. "Lightning Joe" Ellsworth, Morgan's operator, having gone in advance, took charge of the office. He succeeded in keeping the Federals in the dark. Morgan had his force deployed so as to easily capture the whole force had his project proved successful. He sent a squad of men back up the road to obstruct the track to the rear of the trains. In a very short time we heard the trains coming at full speed. Every man was on the alert and eager for the fray; our hair almost stood up on our heads; all of a sudden the trains came to a halt, reversed their engines, and started back faster, if possible, than they had come. Alas, the bird had flown. Our scheme had been discovered. A runner had met the trains, flagged them down, and saved the whole force from falling into our hands. We then hastened on to Richmond, Crab Orchard, and then to Somerset, which about wound up our raid.

Before starting on the raid, General Morgan had secured the services of an expert telegraph operator, a Canadian by the name of Joe Ellsworth, who carried a set of instruments with him so that he could tap the wire at any point and intercept the messages of the enemy, which he did in many instances to our advantage and the discomfiture of our foes, keeping Morgan posted on all their movements and the enemy thrown off his track completely. On reaching Somerset, Ellsworth succeeded in getting possession of the telegraph office with a set of new instruments that had just been brought from London, Ky., and set up by the local operator, a man by the name of Ellis, who jumped out of the window and fled on Morgan's approach. Ellsworth had scarcely got possession of the office when he received the following dispatch: "Keep a sharp lookout for Morgan. He left Crab Orchard today." We had a good night's rest and next morning General Morgan dictated the following famous telegram:

"SOMERSET, KY., July 22, 1862.

"George D. Prentice, Editor of Louisville Journal: I've passed through seventeen counties, captured 7,000 prisoners, and destroyed \$1,000,000 worth of United States property." [At this point the Louisville operator asked: "What do you mean?" He replied: "You will know directly when you see how this dispatch is signed." The message concluded.] "All well in Dixie.

JOHN H. MORGAN."

Ellsworth asked him if he would take another message, and he said, "Yes go ahead," and Morgan dictated the following:

"SOMERSET, KY., July 22, 1862.

"Gen. Jerry T. Boyle, Commanding, Louisville: Good morning, Jerry. This telegraph is a great institution. You should destroy it, as it keeps us well posted. My friend Ellsworth has copies of all your messages since July 9 on file. Good-by. Off for Dixie.

JOHN H. MORGAN."

During the subsequent years of the war the 16th Georgia participated in many raids, skirmishes, and hard-fought battles, including the battle of Knoxville, Limestone, Blue Springs, Rogersville, Morristown, Blountville, Bristol, and a number of engagements in the Valley of Virginia, in all of which battles the battalion suffered heavy loss in killed and wounded, contributing its full share of noble Southern blood. The 16th was detached from Morgan at the time of his raid north of the Ohio River, when he was captured, but was with him at Greeneville, where he was betrayed into the hands of the enemy by a Tennessee woman and brutally murdered by an infuriated foe. It was a sad commentary on that part of the Union army that so chivalrous a cavalier, with such a brave, magnanimous heart, should meet with such a tragic death and such horrible treatment after death.

With kindest greetings to each member of the old 16th whose eyes may chance to fall on this imperfect sketch, which is written entirely from memory, I know your charity will pardon all mistakes that have been made.

#### JOHN YATES BEALL: AN APPRECIATION.

NOTES ALSO ON THE WILKES BOOTH-BEALL TRADITION

BY VIRGINIA LUCAS, CHARLES TOWN, W. VA.

I chance to have a more perfect understanding, I flatter myself, of the life and death of John Yates Beall, Confederate hero and martyr to the exigencies of war, than any other living person. Perhaps not, but if a tender and constant memory and the gratitude owed one of my father's closest and most lamented friends does not suffice for a sympathetic understanding, what could?

In the following loosely put together comments, I omit the details of this heroic and poetic career, as these have been published in an earlier number of the VETERAN, to which reference will be made in due time.

John Yates Beall and Daniel Bedinger Lucas were born in the same year, on adjoining farms in the county of Jefferson, beauty spot of the famed Virginia Valley. Family and personal intimacy drew them together, until in the fatal year, 1865, John Beall, in prison and on trial for his life, wrote a letter which for pathos and calmness in the face of danger has hardly been excelled. It was directed to "Mr. D. B. Lucas, 173 Main Street, Richmond, Va.," dated January 22, 1865:

FORT LAFAYETTE, N. Y.

"Dear Dan: I have taken up board and lodging in this famous establishment. I was captured in December last and spent Christmas in the Metropolitan Headquarters Police Station. I am now being tried for irregular warfare by a Military Commission, a species of court. . . . You know that I am not a 'guerrilla' or 'spy.' I desire you to get the necessary evidence that I am in the Confederate service regularly and forward it to me at once.

"I saw that Steadman had been killed in Kentucky. Alas, how they fall!

"Please let my family know, if possible, of my whereabouts. Where is my Georgia friend? Have you heard anything of her since I left? May God bless her! I should like so much



to hear from her, from home, Will, and yourself. Be so kind, therefore, as to attend at once to this business for me. Remember me to any and all of my friends that you may see.

"Send me some postage stamps for my correspondence.

"Hoping soon to hear from you, I remain, your friend,  
J. Y. BEALL, C. S. N."

"If Mr. Lucas is not in Richmond, will Mr. Hunter attend to this at once?"

This letter, along with the rest of his correspondence, was never mailed, but was retained to be used in his trial by the commanding officer, Gen. John A. Dix. However, Mr. Lucas, having heard of the arrest in Canada of J. Y. Beall—a false report—had already run the blockade, taking with him papers to prove Captain Beall's regular employment by the Confederate government. It turned out to have been Bennett C. Burley, who, instead of Beall, had been captured in Canada and turned over to the United States authorities. So that when the press rung a little later with the capture of Beall and the young man, Kennedy, who afterwards turned State's evidence, Mr. Lucas, already in Toronto, wrote asking General Dix to allow him to come on to New York with the Confederate papers to be used as evidence and to act as counsel for his friend. No reply was vouchsafed. Credentials were sent, however, from other quarters, but were unavailing; and the Hon. James Brady was allowed to represent Beall, a Northern man, but liberal withal, and at a time when to sympathize with the enemy was dangerous indeed.

The date of Mr. Lucas's departure from the Confederacy was January 5, 1865. John Yates Beall was captured on the 16th of December, 1864, and executed February 24, 1865, a summary rendition of justice, had it been even a semblance of the same. . . . But throughout the South this, worse than the Major Andre fiasco, was considered murder, without benefit of clergy. . . . And I have been told that upon the stone at the head of John Yates Beall's grave was written, at first: "Murdered by Abraham Lincoln." No such inscription is there now. The simple marble reads:

"Died in the service and defense of his country."

And if I may be allowed a personal reference here, may I say that as long as I can remember the custom has been observed of placing from Rion Hall, the home of Daniel Bedinger Lucas, a beautiful *magnolia macrophylla* blossom on the grave of our Jefferson County hero, one of the most picturesque and admirable figures in the annals of the war.

But this year of 1927, so fatal to our great and beloved Southland, is an exception, the magnolia will not bloom.

In the VETERAN for July, 1899, a long and interesting account of the life and death of John Yates Beall appeared from the pen of Rev. J. H. McNeilly which does full justice to the subject; however, no new material was furnished, for all that has been written of Beall is comprised in a memoir prepared and published by Daniel B. Lucas in Canada (Montreal, 1865) and a sketch (practically the same) in the University of Virginia Memorial Volume, 1865, also by Mr. Lucas. The Canadian publication was anonymous. Criticism of General Dix and the conduct of Beall's trial might well have been considered, in that unhappy time, to be highly treasonable. However, the authorship was apparent from internal evidence, and there was no effort to conceal Mr. Lucas's interest in and partisan friendship for the so-called Confederate spy. This book, out of print and not to be found in any antique mart, contained:

Life, by D. B. L.

Trial (Official Account, Special Orders No. 14, U. S. Army Report, January 17, 1865, N. Y. Pp. 91-216).

Correspondence, 217-223.

Diary, His Account of the Lake Erie Raid, pp. 224-297.

There is also in my possession a manuscript volume, "John Yates Beall: In Memoriam." This was copied by Mr. Bennett Young for Virginia Frazer Boyle, and may have been put in print, though I have not seen it. Prepared by Judge Albert Ritchie, of Baltimore, it contains the following memorandum:

1. *Item.*—Acting Master John Yates Beall, C. S. N., was captured at Niagara City, the State of New York, on the 16th day of December, 1864. He was tried by Military Commission at Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor, upon two charges:

Charge first: Violation of the laws of war.

Charge second: Acting as a spy.

On the 8th day of February, 1865, he was found guilty by Commission on each charge and sentenced to be hanged.

The proceedings of the Commission were approved by Maj. Gen. John A. Dix, commanding the Department of the East, and on Tuesday, the 14th day of February, he ordered that the sentence be carried into execution the following Saturday, the 18th of February, on Governor's Island.

On Friday, the 17th day of February, it was ordered by Maj. Gen. Dix that the execution of the sentence be suspended because of an informality in the record, and that the Commission reconvene. On Monday, the 20th of February, the Commission met and received the record. And on Tuesday, the 21st of February, ordered by Maj. Gen. Dix that the sentence be carried into effect the following Friday, the 24th day of February, 1865.

This order was executed on the day named, at twenty minutes past one o'clock, P.M.

2. *Item.*—Biographical Notes of J. Y. B. (Taken from a letter written to James A. L. McClure by Daniel B. Lucas. Dated, Hamilton, C. W., February 23, 1865.)

\*3. Copy of warrant granted to Acting Master J. Y. B. (Taken from Record of his trial). Exhibit E.

\*4. Copy of letter from J. Y. B. to James A. L. McClure. (Dated Fort Lafayette, February 14, 1865.)

\*5. Copy of letter from J. Y. B. to his brother William. (Same date.)

This letter ends as follows: "My hands are clean of blood, unless it be spent in conflict, and not a cent enriches my pocket. Should you be spared through this strife, stay with mother and be a comfort to her old age. Endure the hardships of the campaign as a man. In my trunk and box you can get plenty of clothes. Give my love to mother, the girls too. May God bless you all, now and evermore, is my prayer and wish for you.—*John Yates Beall.*"

It was his parting embrace.

\*6. *Item.*—Letter from J. Y. B. to Col. J. Thompson, Confederate Commissioner, dated Fort Columbus, February 21, 1865.

\*7. *Item.*—Letter from J. Y. B. to Colonel Ould, Commissioner Exchange, Richmond, Va.

8. Copy of will of J. Y. B. This was revoked, and Mr. Daniel B. Lucas named as executor, instead of Richard Arnold, in a later will, which was sent by General Dix to Mr. Lucas.

9. Copy of memoranda and list of names to whom his likeness was to be sent.

"Messrs McClure and Ritchie, Baltimore.

"*Dear Friends:* I make a few memoranda for you.



"*My Likeness.* Mrs. Sullivan has promised me to have five lockets, or something similar, for my sisters and betrothed, containing my likeness and hair. Give my likeness only to my friends. Destroy negative.

"*My Body.* Please bury neatly and plainly near here. Not to go to Virginia, at least, till after this war. It matters little where our bodies rest.

"*My Letters.* Preserve and give them to my family at your convenience.

"*My Debts and Expenses.* Pay them and call on Mr. D. B. Lucas to remunerate you. Assure anyone who has trusted me that I have not betrayed them.

"I again desire to thank Mr. Brady and you and all who have interested themselves in my behalf. Write a full account of everything you told me you all had done in my behalf and give it (and some newspapers) to mother."

To receive his picture were: Messrs Lucas and Lee, Hamilton, C. W.; Messrs McDonald, Thompson, Hyams, and Arnold, Toronto; Bennett G. Burley; Messrs Charles Aglionby, Francis Yates, Lynch, William B. Smith (Jefferson County Va.), General Pryor, Page; Mr. Allison, Fort Lafayette; Seven to my family; Mrs. Sullivan, 168 West Thirty-Fourth Street, N. Y., five pictures for lockets, etc., Joseph S. Smedley, Leamington, England.

10. *Item.*—Copy of a letter to Mrs. Janet Y. Beall from Albert Ritchie, dated Baltimore, Md., March 1, 1865. This letter of fifty pages is quoted, but not in its entirety, in the memoir.

11. *Item.*—Copy of a letter to Mrs. Janet Y. Beall from Rev. S. H. Weston, D.D., dated New York, 30 Lighthouse Street, March 3, 1865.

Says this latter gentleman: "Your son was humble and teachable as a child, and exhibited a most beautiful spirit from the beginning to the end. . . . He assured me he was in charity with all and freely forgave all, as he hoped to be forgiven."

This is more than I, an impartial observer, can say even to this day. . . . I can never forgive mankind the ingratitude which makes them seem hardly worthy of being saved.

Remains at least one personal letter from John Yates Beall to my father during their college days, and several photographs. The Bealls were intimate friends of our family, and I knew several of them personally—Mrs. Richard Henderson (Betty), Mrs. David Henderson (Annie), Miss Mary Beall, and Mr. William Beall. Janet and J. Y. B. Henderson frequently visited Rion Hall. With this prelude I start my quotation from the memoir:

"The Valley of Virginia, before its invasion by a Federal army, was one of the most beautiful regions on the continent, or, perhaps, in the world. . . . For magnificence of scenery, fertility of soil, wealth, cultivation and refinement of its inhabitants, no rural district of the United States excelled it. Harper's Ferry stood in relation to the Valley as the Pass of Morgarten to Switzerland, or Thermopylae to Greece, it was the door or gate, while Jefferson was the threshold through and over which an entrance was effected from the east.

"It was in the heart of this beautiful country that John Yates Beall was born on the first day of January, 1835. Walnut Grove, the farm of his father, George Beall, large in extent, fruitful in soil, and most highly improved by cultivation, took the premium at one of the State fairs of Virginia as the 'model farm' in her limits. This was not surprising, looking at the character of George Beall and the natural advantages of his farm. Few men excelled him in energy, industry, and systematic attention to business. He was the son of Hezekiah Beall, and either his father or grandfather is

set down by Kercheval in his 'History of the Valley of Virginia' as one of the earliest settlers. The family is (believed to be) the same as that of Georgetown, District of Columbia, after one of whom that town was named.

"Upon the father's side, John Yates Beall was in some way related to the McGruders, which is the English, or American, corruption of McGregor, the patronymic of the celebrated Rob Roy. Jean McGregor, the granddaughter of Rob Roy, married one Alexander McGregor, doubtless a kinsman, who, upon her death early in this century, removed to America, and from whom are descended the McGruders of Maryland and Virginia.

"But if upon the father's side John Y. Beall had in his veins the blood of the McGregors, upon his mother's he was descended in the direct line from 'Belted Will,' whose

"'Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,  
Hung in a broad and studded belt,'

that is, Sir William Howard, the hero of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.'

"John Yates, descended from the Rev. Francis Yates and Mary Orfuer, great-great-great-granddaughter of the above-mentioned knight, was the grandfather of John Yates Beall. Adopted by his uncle, Charles Yates, he came to America at the age of thirteen. John Yates was a man of strongly marked character, and left his impress on the community in which he resided."

His interest to us is that his grandson resembled him, as we shall see:

"He had a strong, clearly cut English face, which in early life must have been very handsome. The tightly compressed lips indicated great firmness, while the expression of the eye gave earnest of the benignity and moral purity which were leading traits in his character. John Beall's face strongly resembled his grandfather's; at the same time there was not wanting to his features something of the peculiar intelligence energy, and shrewdness of his father, George Beall. There was always, however, in his face a slight shade of sadness; of late years, since the war, this expression had deepened until it became more palpable, more fixed and habitual. This he himself explains in a letter published on a succeeding page of this volume, in which he says with feeling: 'I am old, prematurely old. Exposure, hardship, suffering, the drain of an unhealed wound, anxiety, hope deferred, have done the work of time on the body; they have not quenched my spirit, nor impaired the tenacity of my will.'

"This was said in November, 1862. Two years of further and greater trial, hardship, imprisonment, indignity, and the approach face to face of death never availed to quench his spirit nor impair the tenacity of his will even to the last.

"Up to the time of the breaking out of the war between the sections of the United States, there had been nothing remarkable in the career of young Beall, who was then twenty-six years of age. He had finished his education at the University of Virginia, where he remained three years, commencing with the session of 1852-53; his collegiate course was distinguished by nothing except a quiet, studious attention to all its duties. The author of the memoir was for a considerable portion of this period his roommate, and during the whole of it his 'most intimate friend.'

"He was entirely unambitious of college distinctions, as he was equally indifferent to fame, when he came to play his part in the wide theater of life. The modesty and reserve of his character combined to render the circle of his acquaintance at college very limited. With professors he had no intercourse out of the lecture rooms, where he enjoyed that consideration



and respect to which a studious, retiring gentleman was entitled, and which at this institution he ever commanded. Within the narrow circle of his intimate friends he was much beloved and recognized as a character as generous and fearless as he was modest, reticent, and retiring.

"During the last session at the university he took the classes of junior law and political economy. In both of these he was profoundly interested, and was persuaded by his friends to take such distinctions upon one or both as the college course allows; these were the only diplomas he ever received or stood for."

Thus are the college days of John Yates Beall accounted for. I interpolate here another reference to his grandfather to cover part of his precollege years. Quoting again from the memoir:

"George Beall belonged to the Virginia school of politics, the State-Rights-Democratic party; John Yates, on the other hand, retained all his English conservatism, and was a warm adherent of the Federal, or Whig, Party. . . . To the end of his life, John Yates was an Englishman in spirit; he never was denationalized upon the one hand, nor naturalized upon the other. It was not strange, therefore, that at an advanced age, his end, as it were, in hailing distance, he should desire to return to the 'old country' to die. He did so, and took with him a fair-haired, blue-eyed grandson and namesake of fifteen or sixteen years, John Yates Beall."

(After nursing his grandfather through his last illness, John Y. Beall returned to the States; he always kept up with his English cousins across the water.)

"Having finished his collegiate career in June, 1855, John Beall returned to his father's house in Jefferson. He had chosen law as a profession; never obtained license to practice. . . . It was about the 15th of August, 1855, that, in company with his oldest sister, he started for Dubuque, Iowa; his oldest brother was engaged in business there. They had got no further than New York when a dispatch overtook them; they returned only in time to see their father die. At the death of her husband, the family of Mrs. Beall consisted of herself and seven children—four daughters and three sons—all appealing to John for protection and guardianship. The plan of his life was changed; he took charge of his father's farm as agent of and manager for the executrix, his mother. He united himself to the Episcopal Church in Charles Town, the county seat of Jefferson, . . . represented the parish afterwards as a lay delegate to the diocesan convention held at Charlottesville, Va."

At the time of the John Brown raid, when Virginia was organizing her young men for self-defense, a company was formed in Jefferson called the Botts Grays. This John Y. Beall joined, and with this company he became a member of the famed Stonewall Brigade at the beginning of the war. On furlough, he was later engaged with Turner Ashby's cavalry at Harper's Ferry. There he was wounded, a ball penetrating his lung. . . . It is not necessary to further follow his soldier career, nor the daring and astonishing things which he did, or attempted. I have only given extracts to show how familiarly he was known to my father, and how unlikely it would be that a serious, orderly, and high-principled young man, such as all accounts show Beall to have been, that such an one would have been the intimate and boon companion of that dissipated, handsome, and, perhaps to some extent, charming young Marylander, John Wilkes Booth. And *the evidence is all the other way.*

Not an allusion in all his correspondence, nor in his diary, nor in his prison experience to the name of Booth; not to the

perhaps one or two real and the thousand fictitious conspiracies, the rumor of which terrorized the North of that day and have furnished, like many another hoax, food for the historically curious of later generations, always credulous of the evil and incapable of perceiving the really beautiful and heroic in all generations.

## GREAT MAN OF LOUISIANA.

DUNCAN FARRAR KENNER, BORN FEBRUARY 11, 1813, DIED JULY 3, 1887.

Duncan F. Kenner, born in New Orleans, was the youngest son of William and Mary Minor Kenner. His father was one of the Legislative Council of New Orleans, appointed by the President of the United States after the Louisiana Purchase from the French. His mother was the daughter of Maj. Stephen Minor, who held the office of Commandant of Natchez, Miss., during the Spanish domination.

Duncan F. Kenner was educated in the United States, but, after completing his course at college, went to Europe, where he spent some time in travel and study. He spoke French fluently and at all times read a great deal.

Upon his return to Louisiana, he settled in Ascension Parish, upon the Ashland plantation, which he at first owned in connection with his brother, George, but the latter soon withdrew, and Mr. Kenner devoted himself with indefatigable energy to the development and improvement of Ashland, adding to its territory by buying adjoining plantations until it became one of the largest estates in Louisiana. On the 1st of June, 1839, he married Miss Nanine Bringier, whose father, Mr. Douradou Bringier, was largely interested in sugar planting.

Before the War between the States, Mr. Kenner served for some time in the State Legislature and the State Senate, representing the Parish of Ascension from 1836, almost without intermission, until 1869. He was also a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1844.

Being an ardent advocate for State Rights and for the principle that the people should have a voice in their own government, he warmly espoused the Confederate cause and from the first gave his whole service.

He was a member of the Provisional Congress held at Montgomery, Ala., and afterwards of the Confederate Congress at Richmond, and served as such during the whole war, becoming chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives. While in Richmond, he kept house with his friend, Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, then Secretary of War. Mr. Kenner was also a warm friend of President Davis.

Early in the winter of 1865, he was sent by the Confederate government on a diplomatic mission to the European powers, with power to dismiss and appoint envoys and ministers. He was given full liberty to treat with the powers as he thought best in order to obtain the recognition of the Southern Confederacy and to obtain advances necessary to carry on hostilities, on which advances the large amount of cotton held by the Confederate government was to be pledged to repay. He was also empowered to promise the abolition of slavery, for which he was at that time much in favor.

In order to reach England, he sailed on a steamer from the port of New York, passing through the Federal lines in Virginia and traveling by rail to New York City, where he stopped at the New York Hotel, then kept by Mr. Cranston, a warm Southern sympathizer and a personal friend of his.



The journey was full of péril, but though he wore no disguise, he was not recognized and made his way safely to England. However, though he was untiring in his efforts, he had not succeeded in accomplishing his purpose when the fall of the Confederacy put an end to the negotiations. An interesting account of this trip is to be found in "The Confederate Diplomats," by John Bigelow, Minister to France, 1864-67, page 136, in which he says:

"As soon as Kenner arrived in London, he sought an interview with Palmerston, to whom he unfolded his mission. Palmerston said the proposition could not be entertained without the concurrence of the Emperor of France. 'With the Emperor's concurrence, would you give us recognition?' said Kenner. 'That,' replied Palmerston, 'would be a subject for consideration when the case presents itself and may depend on circumstances which cannot be foreseen.' Kenner went to Paris and had an interview with the Emperor, who told him he would do whatever England was willing to do in the premises and would do nothing without her.

"Kenner then returned to Palmerston to report the Emperor's answer. During his absence the news of Sherman's successful march through the South had reached London, and Palmerston's answer to him was: 'It is too late.'"

After the close of the war, Mr. Kenner returned to New Orleans and subsequently to his plantation, where he endeavored, with great success, to avail himself of the improvements in machinery and advanced methods of cultivation. He was one of the first planters to introduce and use a portable railroad for the transportation of sugar cane. He was the first president of the Sugar Planters' Association of Louisiana, organized in 1877, and remained in office as long as he lived. He was also connected with the State Levee Board, which did valuable work for the State in rebuilding and strengthening the levees on the banks of the Mississippi River.

In 1882, he was a member of the Tariff Commission. He was also a member of the Senate and became a candidate for the United States Senate, but being opposed to the Louisiana State Lottery, he was not elected.

He was president of the Louisiana Jockey Club, having been much interested in racing before the war and having then a fine racing stable at Ashland. Indeed, there were few enterprises connected with the good of the State in which he did not take part, and he continued to lead a useful and valuable life up to the day of his death, July 3, 1887.

#### BEHIND THE HERO.

EDITORIAL IN NEWS AND OBSERVER, RALEIGH, N. C.

One of the unsung heroes of the Lindbergh flight is hailed by the *New York Times* in a news story that credits him—James H. Kimball, first assistant meteorologist of the United States Weather Bureau—with the hope that "the Spirit of St. Louis will alight on the shoulder of a member of Congress and whisper in his ear" the desire of the Weather Bureau to establish a regular weather service over the North Atlantic that will prove as beneficial to navigation by ship as it has to the conquest of the air.

Behind every man who stands in the forefront of public acclaim there are others, sometimes hosts of others, who silently, in due course, without reward or hope of reward, have made the feat possible. This is not to take any credit away from any unsung heroes who, by chance, may be getting a little acclaim. But it is worth while going back nearly a hundred years to another young man—like Lindbergh, just twenty-five years old—who had a great thought and a great

faith. The young man was Matthew Fontaine Maury. While part of his accomplishment was prevented by the intervention of war, his achievement was sufficiently great and the benefits of it sufficiently lasting to entitle him to a permanent niche in history.

In a particularly revealing address on Maury delivered at the unveiling of a tablet to his memory in Goshen Pass, Va., in 1923, Dr. C. Alphonso Smith outlined the contribution which Maury's thought and his faith gave to the science of navigation. Said he:

"The great thought on which Maury was to build came to him at the age of twenty-five. It was in the year 1831. This thought was that the sea, if investigated, would be found to have its laws as constant, as uniform, as invariable as those of the land. Nature to Maury was one and indivisible. She was as sovereign over the three-fourths which was the liquid element as over that great one-fourth which was solid. The waves, the winds, the storms, the currents, the depths, and the temperatures of the sea were believed by Maury to constitute a system, a complex of cause and effect, constant in its regularity, perfect in its orderliness, and so mathematically interrelated that the mind of man could by patient investigation understand its phenomena and even forecast its processes. It was more than a theory with Maury. It was a faith, the kind of antecedent faith that had led Columbus, Galileo, Harvey, and Newton to their respective goals."

The process by which Maury charted the seas by recorded diaries of temperatures, air pressures, depths, winds, and current is history. Of its effects, Dr. Smith said:

"The effect on navigation was immediate and dramatic. As it was on the Falmouth, sailing from New York to Rio de Janeiro, that Maury had first thought about uniform winds and currents, he determined to make the first test of his charts on this route. The voyage was cut in half. In 1848, gold was discovered in California, and our great clipper ships began to race with their freights from New York around Cape Horn to San Francisco. The average voyage was one hundred and eighty-three days; it was reduced at once by Maury to one hundred and thirty-five days. One American clipper, the *Flying Cloud*, keeping close to Maury's sea lanes, accomplished the trip in eighty-nine days, making three hundred and seventy-four miles in one day. No Atlantic steamer of the time had made such a day's run. So favoring were the winds along Maury's routes that many an American clipper covered the sixteen thousand miles from New York to San Francisco without having to reef her topsails more than twice. Gold was discovered a little later in Australia, and the average trip from England to the Australian mines was reduced from one hundred and twenty-four days to ninety-seven days. The annual saving to the United States alone on freight to and from South America, China, and the East Indies was estimated at five million dollars. Maury found that zigzag routes had been followed from time immemorial on the trip from New York to Cape Horn, and that the Atlantic was crossed nearly three times needlessly on each voyage. Sailors had heard of terrible currents if they sailed straight, currents which Maury found to be mythical, but the fear of which had lengthened the voyage and multiplied the disasters of ships for over two hundred years. It is easy to estimate the saving of time and money that Maury effected; it is impossible to estimate the number of shipwrecks avoided."

In 1858, Maury wrote in one of his "Sailing Directions to Accompany the Wind Current Charts":

"As much as we have accomplished at sea, more yet can be accomplished through the magnetic telegraph on land. With a properly devised system of meteorological observa-



tions to be made at certain stations wherever the telegraph spreads its meshes, and to be reported daily by telegrams to a properly organized office, the shipping in the harbors of our seaport towns, the husbandman in the field, and the traveler on the road may all be warned of every extensive storm that visits our shores and while yet it is a great way off."

When Maury wrote these lines, the stage was being set for a disruption that would delay most ventures of peace and result in an even tardy recognition of his own achievement. After the war in which Maury gave his services to the Confederacy, he accepted a call to the chair of physics of the Virginia Military Institute. That chair became the platform of a continued effort to promote his chosen task of interpreting nature in terms of helping mankind, and only death, resulting from efforts that overtaxed his strength, cut short the propagation of the new movement.

And so, while Lindbergh scanned the weather reports and dreamed of a certain passage through the air to Paris, the dreams of another young man, nearly a hundred years ago, was making it possible for him to choose between flying in as much safety as nature will permit and flying in the face of certain failure. That young man was Matthew Fontaine Maury.

*Over land and sea his spirit broods in abiding benediction.*

## HOT DAYS IN JULY, 1864.

BY POSEY HAMILTON, PLEASANT HILL, ALA.

What I remember of occurrences on the 3rd to 5th of July, 1864, will be told in the following. I was a soldier boy then, a member of the 10th Confederate Cavalry, under Joe Wheeler. We were on the north side of the Chattahoochee River in North Georgia, and our regiment was moving from place to place seemingly without anything special in view. We had come to a halt in a road by the side of an old field which had grown up in young pines, and all at once a load of canister came crashing through those pines right into our mounted cavalry. It was a complete surprise to our command and caused some disorder and confusion. Gen. John H. Kelley, our division commander, was near by and soon restored order. He sat on his horse right in front of our company while the Yankee cannon was pouring shot and shell into our regiment at a fearful rate, and General Wheeler rode up and spoke to General Kelley as though nothing unusual was going on. Wheeler was perfectly cool and showed no excitement whatever, yet both were liable to be killed at any minute. I had seen him in some dangerous places, but never saw him show the least excitement at any time. According to my way of thinking, the world never produced a braver man nor a better cavalry commander.

After the few words between the two generals, both turned back and rode away very slowly, and in a few minutes General Wheeler had ten pieces of artillery playing on those Yankees, the shells passing right over our command; and that drew the enemy's fire from us. It was a real artillery duel for perhaps a half hour, and then our regiment was dismounted and moved about two hundred yards into large timber, and we were directed to lie down for protection. Then it was those Yankee cannon were turned on us with canister and grape, shot and shell, and we were subjected to the most awful and dangerous cannonading that soldiers ever witnessed. It looked as though the last one of us would be killed, and yet we could not fire a gun, because we could not see a Yankee. We could have stood it better to be shooting at them also, but there were no small arms used. While we were lying there helpless through not being able to see the

enemy, a piece of shell hit the gun of Ruff Roberts and broke the barrel from the stock, also tearing a hole in his hat while on his head; but he was not hurt. That was the only time that I ever saw old Ruff excited. The shot that gave him such close call took away a part of his gun, and we never saw it again. The enemy's fire, so destructive and dangerous to our men, was also cutting down bushes and small growth. A solid shot cut off a limb from an oak tree, four inches in diameter, which came near falling on some of our men.

All of this took place on July 3, 1864. The 4th was very quiet, except for the capture of some fifty prisoners. On the 5th, General Wheeler's command fought the enemy's infantry in large force. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had crossed over the river with our infantry and left General Wheeler on the north side to hold the enemy in check until the wagon trains and everything else was safe on the south side of the Chattahoochee River. To an ordinary mind, it would seem that General Wheeler could not get out with his command while being so hard pressed by a large infantry force in front and the river in his rear, yet his command crossed over in good order on a pontoon bridge on foot, our horses having been sent ahead.

That pontoon bridge was the first that I had ever seen, and as there may be some people who don't know how they are made, it might be well to describe the thing. First, a large rope was stretched across the river and fastened to a tree on each side; then a number of small boats were placed side by side in the water and made fast to the big rope; then planks were laid across those boats, and other planks laid across the first planks, and the pontoon was ready for use.

After fighting desperately, we were ordered across, eight men abreast, and so close in rank that as fast as the man in front moved his foot, the next behind was ready for his place. That bridge was loaded to its full capacity. It looked as though one more man on it would sink it. The boats underneath us were dipping water. The whole thing, men and bridge was in motion, so the men had to be careful to stay on their feet. But it answered a good purpose.

While we were crossing, General Wheeler was still on the north side with about fifty men, charging desperately, which gave us time to cross over, and then he and his squad of men cut loose the rope and let the bridge swing with them on board to the other side. It took good generalship to cross our command over in front of a large army, but General Wheeler was equal to the task.

## DEATH DID NOT DIVIDE THEM.

The little dog which followed Sergt. Michael Tierney through the World War has followed him in death.

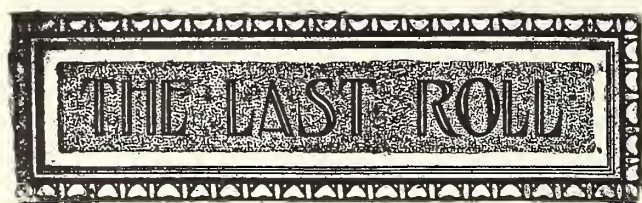
Tierney was with the first American troops to reach France and was among the first to see actual fighting. He found the pup mourning over the body of a British Tommy in a shell hole.

Through the battles of Champagne-Marne, the Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel and Argonne, the dog followed the sergeant. When the war was over, gas had weakened the soldier's lungs, and he was taken to Fort Sheridan, Ill., to recuperate. The dog went with him.

A few days ago Tierney realized he was to die. "When I go," he told his wife, "I want the pup to go with me. He's old now, he'd die anyway without me, and I can't bear to leave him."

The wish was complied with, and now they roam the Happy Hunting Grounds together.—*National Tribune*!





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"When the dim lights are burning  
For the soul,  
And from the veteran's vision  
The shadows roll,  
He sees the cross he followed  
All those years  
And smiles—lay over him the flag—  
The Flag of Tears."

#### COMMANDER OF THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. C. V.

(From a memorial tribute by Mrs. Eva McDaniel to the late Gen. W. M. Wroten, Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., whose death occurred on June 17, the following is taken:)

In the passing of Gen. W. M. Wroten, the Confederate veterans have lost a staunch friend and comrade, and the Mississippi Division, United Confederate Veterans, a beloved Commander, while the community in which he lived mourns the passing of an honored and useful citizen, both as physician and friend.

As a youth of fifteen years, W. M. Wroten volunteered in the service of his country, joining Stockdale's Cavalry, with which command he fought valiantly for home and country and the principles of right and justice. After the close of the terrible conflict, he returned to his native Mississippi and prepared to do his part in building up his beloved South, so ruthlessly laid waste by war, and he was ever active in all movements toward the betterment of his community, State, or section. Loyal to the cause for which he had fought, he was always interested in the welfare of his comrades in their declining years. He organized the veterans of Mississippi, and was serving as Commander of the Mississippi Division U. C. V., with rank of Brigadier General, at the time of his death. To his influence largely was due State appropriations for the benefit of Confederate veterans.

General Wroten was a member of the Methodist Church, and in its affairs took an active part, being a steward of his home Church at Magnolia, Miss.

#### W. J. THOMAS.

William John Thomas died at his home at South Charleston, W. Va., on June 27, aged eighty-two years. He was a pioneer of the Kanawha and Coal River Valleys; he was born on Coal River, April 14, 1845.

Young Thomas served actively during the War between the States as a private in Hale's (afterwards Jackson's) Battery, Virginia Light Artillery, and was captured by Federal troops in 1864. He was in the engagements at Drag Mountain, New Market, Gettysburg, the Shenandoah Valley, and in other large battles, and was with General McCausland at the capture of Chambersburg.

In June, 1875, Comrade Thomas was married to Miss Mary Rebecca Hamilton and is survived by three sons and a daughter. He was an elder in the First Presbyterian Church of South Charleston.

#### COL. HENRY S. FARLEY.

Col. Henry Saxon Farley, of Laurens, S. C., died on June 3, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. W. Pickells, at Flushing, N. Y. He was in his eighty-eighth year.

A graduate of West Point Military Academy, Colonel Farley received his commission of second lieutenant in the United States army, but resigned at the outbreak of the War between the States and entered the service of the Confederacy. He was immediately assigned by President Jefferson Davis to Fort Sumter, at Charleston, S. C., where he was an instructor in artillery. He later served with Generals Lee and Beauregard, and participated in the drilling of Confederate recruits at Mobile and New Orleans, where he was a member of the staff of General Stuart. At the close of the war he ranked as major. He then taught in several military schools, including Mount Pleasant Academy, N. Y., and toured the United States on the lecture platform.

During the later years of his life he engaged in mining at Albuquerque, N. Mex. He went to Flushing, N. Y., about five years ago, and that place continued to be his home.

Henry S. Farley was the son of William Farley, of an old Virginia family, and his mother was Miss Phæbe Downs, daughter of an old South Carolina family. He received his early military education at the Citadel, Charleston, S. C., and then proceeded to West Point. He was a typical soldier in figure and bearing, and portrayed the characteristics of a Southern gentleman of the old school.

He was survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Hamilton, of Virginia, and a daughter, also a brother.

#### JUDGE J. M. DOCKERY.

Judge James Marion Dockery, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of New Madrid County, Mo., passed away at his home near Conran, June 6, after some years of declining health. He was eighty-seven years of age.

James Dockery was born February 29, 1840, in Maury County, Tenn., near Columbia, and lived there until the outbreak of the War between the States, when he enlisted in the Maury Light Artillery, C. S. A. He was made a prisoner when his company surrendered at Fort Donelson, and was held at Chicago for seven months and then exchanged. He was at the siege of Port Hudson, and surrendered when wounded. After recovering from his wounds, he was released on parole. Upon exchange, he reentered the service and was on detached service with the ordnance department at Mobile, Ala., until evacuation. At the close of the war he returned at his home near Columbia. In 1869, he moved to New Madrid County, Mo., where his occupation had been farming. He had twice served as associate judge of the county court. In 1869 he became a Mason, joining the Lodge at Santa Fe, Tenn. Upon his removal to Missouri, his membership was changed to Point Pleasant Lodge, now located at Conran, and he had served the lodge as Worshipful Master several terms. He was a member of the Christian Church.

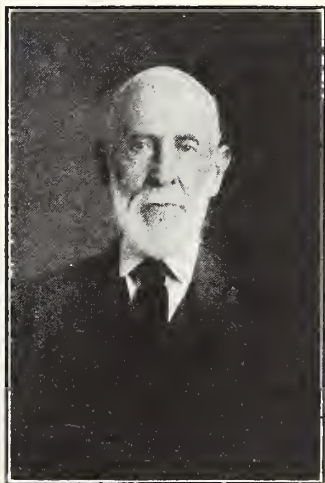
Comrade Dockery was married three times, and to these unions were born six sons and two daughters.

After funeral services at the residence, his mortal remains were laid to rest, with full Masonic honors, in the New Hope Cemetery near Marston, Mo.



## CYRUS S. CREIGH.

This aged, loyal, and much-beloved Confederate veteran, born in the town of Lewisburg, Va., on May 12, 1836, died at the home of his niece by marriage, Mrs. John N. Opie, in Baltimore, Md., on February 13, 1927, aged ninety years. He was laid to rest in beautiful Thomrose Cemetery, at Staunton, Va. In that town he had married Miss Margaret Tate, of Augusta County, many years before.



CYRUS S. CREIGH

Early in the outbreak of the war of the sixties, Mr. Creigh volunteered for the defense of Virginia and the South, enlisting in the Greenbrier Cavalry, which became a noted unit of the 14th Regiment, Virginia Volunteers, Jenkins's Brigade, later commanded by Gen. John McCausland. Serving in the 14th Regiment and for awhile in another branch of the service, Mr. Creigh gave four years of his early manhood to his duties as a soldier, and after the surrender at Appomattox, in April, 1865, he returned to his home with an untarnished record of faithful service, his comrades all agreeing that with fidelity, courage, and devotion he had played well his part in the unequal struggle to the end.

Mr. Creigh was the eldest of the large family of David S. Creigh, a prominent and honored citizen of Greenbrier, and Emily Arbuckle, his wife. All were born under the shadow of the "Old Stone" Presbyterian Church at Lewisburg, brought up in its faith, and taught to accept its creed as the best interpretation of God's will as revealed in the Holy Scriptures. Coming to the years of maturity after careful home and religious training under propitious circumstances and the conditions, Cyrus Creigh was ready and eager to assume the now extraordinary duties and responsibilities of the citizen or the soldier and to discharge them in the fear of God and with intelligence and courage to the credit of himself and the satisfaction of his people. As soldier and citizen, Christian and Mason, man and gentleman, his conduct was ever in keeping with the principles he professed. His life was exemplary, clean, and consistent, challenged criticism, and excited the admiration of all. His sincerity and cordiality, amiability and gentleness won for him and held fast the love and affection of his kin and a host of admiring friends, who rejoice that he was spared to reach his fourscore and ten years always in the enjoyment of good health and was active and vigorous in body and mind to the last.

## ROBERT J. DUNNAM.

Robert J. Dunnam, who died recently at Camden, Ala., was born in Monroe County, Ala., November 22, 1837. He was married to Miss Frances Rebecca Ridgeway, in December, 1865, and seven children were born to them, three only surviving.

On September 20, 1861, young Dunnam enlisted in the Confederate army, under the lamented Capt. Josiah Robins, 3rd Alabama Cavalry, Hagan's Brigade. His first battle

was Shiloh, and he then participated in all of the battles of the Tennessee campaign, and several engagements in Kentucky, South and North Carolina. He was a good soldier; was never wounded or captured. He had courage and the fortitude to suffer many hardships without complaint. Patience and endurance characterized his life. In his death a good man has passed away whose memory will live with time. Those who knew him best, loved him most. His was a kindly nature. He was considerate and just in his dealings and possessed those qualities of mind and heart that stamped him a true man in every sense that the word implies.

## ALBERT O. ALLEN, SR.

On Easter Sunday, Albert O. Allen, senior editor of the *Record*, of New Madrid, Mo., passed into rest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. D. Reilly, Jr., at Omaha, Nebr. He was born December 12, 1841, on a farm near Fredericktown, Mo., a son of N. B. and Sarah Bolinger Allen. As a boy of sixteen, he went to New Madrid and served as assistant in the office of the circuit clerk of New Madrid County. When the war came on two years later, he enlisted for service in the Confederate army, joining the 1st Missouri Infantry, and served throughout the war.

Returning to New Madrid in 1866, he established the *Record*, which he owned to his death, and which he had conducted so successfully. He was one of the leading citizens of that community, and was honored by many responsible appointments. At the age of twenty-three, he was elected to the State legislature, which was the beginning of his political career; he was the first school commissioner to serve in New Madrid County, and later received the appointment of U. S. Swamp Land Commissioner under President Cleveland; for twenty-six years he served in public office at Jefferson City, for four years being State auditor. In 1905 he returned to New Madrid and took active charge of his newspaper, which he edited until two years ago, when failing health caused his retirement. He was taken ill while with his daughter in Omaha, and was preparing to return to New Madrid, which he always called his home, when death intervened.

Comrade Allen was married in 1881 to Miss Laura Watson, and to them were born four children, a son and three daughters, who survive him. His body was brought back to New Madrid and there interred in Evergreen Cemetery by the side of the beloved wife, with Masonic ceremonies. He was a member of the Knights Templar at Jefferson City.

## CAPT. JOHN A. LEECH.

A great loss was sustained by the David O. Dodd Camp, No. 325 U. C. V., of Benton, Ark., in the death of Commander John A. Leech, on May 10, 1926, at his home near Benton. He is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter. He had reached the age of eighty-three years.

Comrade Leech served with Company B, 1st Arkansas Infantry, his first engagement being at Shiloh, where thirty-six members of his company were killed or wounded. He was in all of the battles of the Army of Tennessee, and was honorably paroled at the surrender of Joe Johnston's army in May, 1865. He was a faithful soldier of the Confederacy, beloved by his comrades, and ever interested in the Confederate organization. He was the last survivor of his company, so far as known, there having been one hundred and fifty of them from first to last.

A Christian gentleman, a loyal and useful citizen, he has entered upon the reward of the faithful.

[D. M. Cloud, Adjutant.]



REV. J. H. WHITE.

At the Beauvoir Confederate Home, on May 30, 1927, the spirit of our friend and comrade, Rev. J. H. White returned to its Maker. He had been ill for many months, and bore his sufferings with the same patience and courage which had sustained him as a soldier of the Confederacy. His devoted companion of more than fifty years survived him but a short while, dying on June 15.

Comrade White was born September 12, 1845, the son of a physician who settled on a farm in Octibbeha County, Miss., and there reared a large family. When war came on in 1861, young White joined Company E, of the 11th Mississippi Regiment, and his entire service as a soldier was rendered in Virginia under that great soldier and Christian gentleman, Gen. Robert E. Lee. He was captured at the enemy's breastworks at Gettysburg on the 3rd of July, 1863, and was kept prisoner at Fort Delaware till the close of the war.

After his release from prison, he returned home and entered the ministry of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He served a Church near Byhalia, Miss., in the eighties, my home town, when we worked shoulder to shoulder in driving out the saloons. Later, Brother White entered the missionary field in the West, serving in Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Texas, and he did some active work in Oregon. After this work of long duration in the West, he returned to Louisville, in Winston County, Miss., and he and his wife lived there for some years among friends, and about a year ago entered the Beauvoir Confederate Home. It was while living at Louisville that they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. A daughter survives them.

[Marcus D. Herring, Beauvoir, Miss.]

GEORGE W. MILLER.

Reading the article in the VETERAN for November, 1926, on "A Cavalry Company of Volunteers," by T. M. Mosely, of West Point, Miss., moves me to write concerning one of those brave and true volunteers, having been called as his pastor to attend his funeral rites, conducted by brethren of the local Masonic fraternity, of which he had long been an honored member. He died in the triumph of the Christian's faith.

George W. Miller was born in Jackson County, Ala., August 31, 1846, his father moving to LaFayette County, Miss., in 1848. Young Miller served in the Confederate army during the last two years of the war as a member of Company K, 8th Mississippi Regiment, under Colonel Duff, McCullough's Brigade, his command being consolidated with the 6th Mississippi just before the surrender and retaining that name. He was surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865, under Colonel Brown.

George Miller was married to Miss Victoria Hawkins in 1865; she died in 1882, and his second wife was Miss M. E. Burton. He took his family to the Indian Territory, Cherokee Nation, in 1892, where his wife died in 1898. The last several years of his life were spent at Indianola, Okla., where his death occurred on October 28, 1926, survived by a son and two daughters. He was a member of the Jeff Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Indianola.

[Rev. E. H. Wininger, Canadian, Okla.]

GEORGIA COMRADES.

The following Confederate veterans in Cobb County, Ga., have died since July 1, 1926:

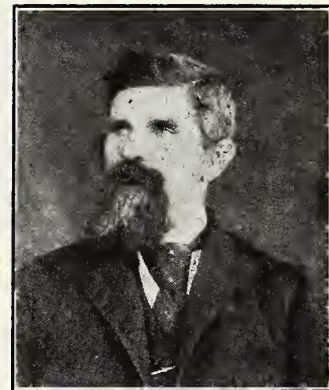
J. H. Goodwyn, Company A, 1st Georgia Regiment; Joseph Eaton, Company I, 7th Georgia; W. M. Davis, Com-

pany A, 7th Georgia; T. J. Helton, Company A, 18th Georgia. J. A. Garrison, Company E, 27th Georgia Battalion Infantry; [J. G. Morris, Commander Camp No. 763, U. C. V. R. deT. Lawrence, Adjutant.]

A. C. LOYD.

A. C. Loyd, who departed this life on January 12, 1927, at his home near Bridgeport, Ala., was born in Granville County, N. C., on November 18, 1836, and had thus passed his ninetyeth year.

When he was only eight years old his parents went to Middle Tennessee to establish a new home, so he knew the hardships of pioneer life. At the age of seventeen he went to Atlanta, Ga., to assist his uncle, Capt. James Loyd, in Washington Hall Hotel, and he remained in Georgia until the opening of the War between the States. He at once enlisted in the Confederate army, his company being known as the West Point Guards. It was ordered to Augusta, Ga., and immediately mustered into service, being then known as Company D, 4th Georgia Infantry. The company was sent at once to



A. C. LOYD.

Virginia, and helped to guard Hampton Roads. Much of the time was spent in drilling, standing guard, etc., but they witnessed the exciting battles between the Virginia (Merri-mac) and the Cumberland, Congress, and Monitor.

Ordered to Richmond, they took part in the battle of Seven Pines and the seven days fighting around Richmond. A. C. Loyd was present at Chancellorsville, and heard the fatal shots that wounded the immortal Jackson. He was captured at Gettysburg and sent to Fort Delaware, and three months later he was transferred with other Georgia troops to Point Lookout, Md.

When the war was over, having nothing left save honor, health, and unbounded energy, he at once went back to the plow in Bedford County, Tenn. In 1867 he was married to Miss Tennie Johnson, of Bridgeport, Ala., and to this happy union twelve children were born, eight of whom are living, with the faithful wife and mother.

Industry, honesty, cheerfulness, and a desire to help others were his chief characteristics. He had been a member of the Church of Christ for about fifty-eight years, and rejoiced in the service of his Master. No movement was ever advocated in his community for its upbuilding that did not receive his hearty support. The warmth of his smile, the sunshine of his love, the tenderness of his caress, the wisdom of his counsel, the ready wit of his conversation, are sadly missed by his loved ones. The memory of his useful, beautiful life, so full of love, sympathy, and smiles, is a legacy for his children, his forty-two grandchildren, and fifteen great-grandchildren more precious than rubies. He gave a home to his orphan grandchildren, and many other unfortunate ones found a refuge beneath his roof.

After the funeral services, his body, in the casket of Confederate gray, was laid to rest in Rocky Spring Cemetery, with full Masonic honors.



## OKLAHOMA COMRADES.

The following members of Cherokee Camp, No. 1550 U. C. V., of Bartlesville, Okla., have died this year:

John Barton Cole, born October 27, 1840, died March 26, 1927. He enlisted in August, 1863, in Jerry South's Company, of Hawkins's Regiment, was in the battles of Jacksontown, Cumberland Gap, Gladesville, W. Va., and others. He was captured in Kentucky and confined in Camp Wildcat; was paroled April 10, 1865.

Capt. Edward Norris Requa, born June 18, 1838, died April 24, 1927. In 1861 he enlisted in a company in Nevada, Mo., and was elected captain at the age of twenty-three. His company was placed in Colonel Hunter's Regiment, Raines's Brigade, Price's army. He took part in the battles of Wilson's Creek, Dry Wood, Lexington, Lone Jack, and others. On Price's last raid in Missouri, he was captured at Springfield and held prisoner there till the close of the war.

Dr. Columbus Fair Walker, born December 19, 1844, died April 26, 1927. He joined the Confederate army on July 22, 1862, Company B, 1st North Carolina Battalion, Wharton's Brigade, and served in Virginia under Lee, in the commands of Ramseur and Early; surrendered at Kingston, Ga., May 16, 1865.

Lem A. Bivin, born October 16, 1840, died May 23, 1927. He enlisted in Missouri State Militia, June, 1861, in Capt. Francis Cockrell's Company, Bainbridge's Regiment, Price's Army. After the battle of Shiloh, they were sworn into the regular Confederate service. He was in the battles of Springfield and Lexington, Mo., Pea Ridge, Ark., Shiloh, Tenn., and Grand Gulf, Miss. He was captured at Grand Gulf and confined twenty-two months in Camp Morton, Ind.

[C. H. Gill, Commander.]

## CAPT. R. D. GEORGE.

Capt. R. D. George, Sr., passed away on June 6, at the family home at Bloomington Grove, Tex., after a long illness following a serious injury from a fall in April, 1926.

Robert Dewilda George was the son of Joseph and Nancy George, natives of North Carolina and Georgia, respectively, and pioneer settlers of Wilcox County, Ala. Robert George was born in Camden, Ala., November 21, 1841, and was the last survivor of the family of nine children. He gave up his school work and the study of law to enlist in the Confederate army, serving under Captain Steedman, whose company of infantry left Wilcox County for points in Florida, going immediately into active service. Young George was wounded once, and was captured and kept in prison for six months. While at home on a brief furlough, he was married, on March 1, 1864, to Miss Elizabeth David McMillan, then went back to the army and served to the close, being discharged as a captain at Greensboro, N. C.

Returning to Alabama, he made his home at Camden until in December, 1891, just after Christmas dinner in the old home, the family left for Blooming Grove, Tex. Nine children were born to this union, five daughters and four sons, all surviving him, with twenty-four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Captain George was a man who loved books, the best literature, and used his pen a great deal in writing political articles and essays. He also loved the invigorating association with the open-air with his dog, gun, and reel. He was a deacon in the Baptist Church at Blooming Grove, the active pallbearers being chosen principally from his grandsons. He will be remembered as a man of sterling character and one of the leading citizens wherever he made his home.

## JOHN M. NEELY.

John M. Neely died at the home of his son, Charles Neely, at Cedar Bluff, Ala., on October 30, 1926, and his body was interred in the Cedar Bluff Cemetery. He was born May 24, 1844, at Larkinsville, Ala., and on June 9, 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate army at Fort Payne, Ala. Joining, first, the cavalry, he served with Company B, of the 3rd Confederate Regiment, under Col. W. M. Estes, and in March 1863, he was transferred to White's Battery, of Robinson's Battalion of Artillery, with which he served to the end, being paroled May 1, 1865, at Augusta, Ga. He participated in the battles of Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Knoxville, Kennesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, Atlanta, also Aiken, Columbia, and Camden, in South Carolina.

His father, Rev. James A. Neely, was holding the pastorate of the Center Methodist Church at Cedar Bluff in 1860-61, and during that time John Neely worked in the office of the *National Democrat*, edited by John J. Pratt, inventor of the "Pterotype," later known as the Remington and Hammond typewriters.

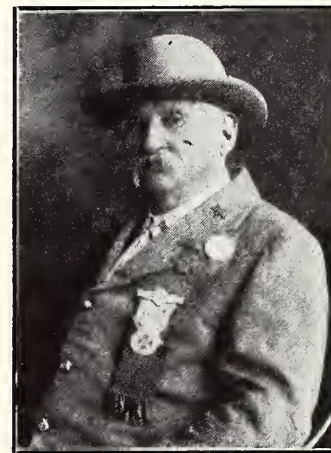
"John Neely," as fond friends knew him, was a Christian gentleman and the highest type of citizen. He served his day well and leaves an exemplary record to his memory.

He is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter.

## WILLIAM S. GRADY.

William S. Grady, affectionately known to friends as "Major Grady," died at his home in Greenville, S. C., on April 19, after a long illness. He was born at Dahlonga, Ga., the son of John W. Grady, a prominent merchant of Greenville, and was a first cousin to the late Henry W. Grady, the famous journalist and orator of Atlanta, Ga.

As a boy in his teens, William Grady ran away from home to enlist in the cause of the Confederacy, and he became a member of the fourth class of 1865 of the South Carolina military schools, which was made up of cadets from all over the State. He was assigned to Company A of



MAJ. W. S. GRADY.

the Arsenal Battalion at Columbia in December, 1864, or January, 1865, of which Capt. J. P. Thomas was commander. This battalion left Columbia in February, 1865, on the approach of Sherman's army, going through the eastern part of the State and into North Carolina, returning to Spartanburg, then to Greenville, S. C., where it camped until May 1, 1865, when it went to Newberry and was disbanded by order of Governor Magrath on May 9, 1865.

Throughout his life, Comrade Grady was devoted to the cause for which he had fought and was ever actively interested in his comrades of those days of war. He was on the staff of Gen. W. H. Cely, commanding a brigade of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., and held the rank of major.

Major Grady was married to Miss Elizabeth Earle, daughter of Dr. William Earle, and he is survived by two sons and two daughters, also by one sister. He was a member of the Baptist Church.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*  
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. .... *First Vice President General*  
MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. .... *Second Vice President General*  
186 Bethlehem Pike  
MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. .... *Third Vice President General*  
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5330 Pershing  
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MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. .... *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* As was stated in my letter in the last issue, the National Red Cross were most courteous in extending an invitation to our organization to be represented at the reception to the young aviator, Lindbergh. It being impossible for the President General to leave her office at that time, Mrs. P. H. Lane, Second Vice President General, kindly agreed to represent us. Mrs. Lane writes of the courtesies extended her as the representative of our organization by Miss Boardman, of the Red Cross. She was one of eight women representing organizations—the Colonial Dames, Daughters of American Revolution, United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Federation of Women's Clubs, War Mothers, and the Daughters of 1812. She states that they were always placed in excellent positions in order to see and to hear. At the Washington Monument exercises, when President Coolidge conferred the Distinguished Flying Cross on Colonel Lindbergh, they were immediately in front of the speakers, and there were about 250,000 people surrounding them.

In the evening they had tickets to the Minnesota dinner and reception at the Willard, and later to the Auditorium, where the National Press Association gave a reception and entertainment in Colonel Lindbergh's honor.

On Sunday morning they went to the Cathedral for services, and in the afternoon to the Arlington Cemetery, where Colonel Lindbergh placed a wreath on the tomb of the unknown soldier.

Mrs. Lane writes that it was wonderful to have this opportunity of being a part of such a celebration in honor of this modest, clean, and wholesome boy, standing there among the greatest of our land, taking the honors of a nation with such dignity and simplicity.

It is gratifying to us to have this attention shown a representative of our organization, and we are grateful to our Vice President General for so ably representing us.

## NEW CHAPTERS CHARTERED, 1927.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Bashinsky, reports the organization of the following Chapters:

Choctaw Ruffin Dragoons, Butler, Ala., No. 1921; Esin Petris Caldwell, Kissimmee, Fla., No. 1922; Mary Custis Lee, Ulen Rose, Tex., No. 1923; Col. John A. Fite, Sarasota, Fla., No. 1924; Harrellsville Heroes, Harrellsville, N. C., No. 1925; Newmansville, Alachua, Fla., No. 1926; Peter Turney, Winchester, Tenn., No. 1927; Clifton, Newport, Tenn., No. 1928; Elizabeth Musgrove, Jasper, Ala., No. 1929; Gen. Bob Hatton, Watertown, Tenn., No. 1930; Plant City, Plant City, Fla., No. 1931; Richmond Junior, Richmond, Va., No. 1923;

Louisa McDonald, Blackstock, S. C., No. 1933; Thomas Moore Woods, Sulligent, Ala., No. 1934; Cambridge, Cambridge, Mass., No. 1935; Wilson T. Wakefield, League City, Tex., No. 1936; Pleasant Green Moore, Granite Falls, N. C., No. 1938; Sumter, Sumter, S. C., No. 1939.

## TRANSPORTATION.

Mrs. Walter T. Allen, of Richmond, Va., Chairman of Transportation, has served us most ably for several years past in this position. She has succeeded this year in getting very satisfactory rates. She writes that she may feel a little discouraged with the time limit in the East, but she is much gratified with the improvement in the Western territory, especially California and Washington. She has succeeded in getting rates on the one and one-half fare basis. Certificates can be secured by Division Presidents or Transportation Committee from the General Transportation Committee. See page 113 of the Richmond Minutes. The third recommendation of Mrs. Allen's report reads as follows: "Division Presidents and Division Transportation Committees will in the future write to the General Chairman of Transportation not later than November 1, naming the number of certificates desired by the Division, as it is impossible for the General Chairman to estimate on the Division delegates, which necessitates a back call, incurring the expense of postage and time."

In Washington and California tickets may be bought between November 3-9, and will be good for thirty days.

In the East tickets will be on sale November 10-16, the final limit being November 25, 1927.

This information is given through the VETERAN for the convenience of the Divisions, and it is hoped that they will bear it in mind.

The rate of the Francis Marion Hotel, which will be the Headquarters of the convention, have been published, and copies of these have been sent to each Division President.

Equally as good rates are given by the Fort Sumter Hotel, which is most suitable in every way, and which is about eleven blocks down King Street from the Francis Marion Hotel.

The Villa Margherita, on the Battery, a favorite tourist resort, will also be open.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Again we are called upon to mourn the passing of an Honorary President of the U. D. C., Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams, of North Carolina.

Surrounded by her family and beloved friends, she peacefully entered into the other life.



The love she felt for this organization, in which she has so conspicuously and ably figured for many years, was evinced even at the last. Mentally strong and alert, she was engaged within a few weeks of her death in writing friends concerning the welfare of the U. D. C.

Her strong mentality, her great courage, and her loyalty will make her truly lamented, and her memory will be cherished by those associated with her in this work.

RUTH LAWTON.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

"A land without ruins is a land without memories;  
A land without memories is a land without history."

*Alabama.*—On her coat-of-arms blazes the ancient legend, "Here we rest," but the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Alabama will never rest until every spot where hallowed memories cling has been marked in some appropriate way.

The Robert E. Rodes Chapter, of Tuscaloosa, through the untiring work of its most efficient and beloved President, Mrs. Charles N. Maxwell, Sr., unveiled during the State convention there in May a beautiful memorial tablet of bronze on the bridge over the Black Warrior River, with this inscription: "Here the cadets of the University of Alabama engaged the Federal cavalry on the night of April 4, 1865. Erected by Robert E. Rodes Chapter, U. D. C., May, 1927."

The valor of those young cadets was in vain. The Federals entered the city, going to the university, where all buildings except the roundhouse were destroyed by fire. The university had been graduating young officers and sending them on to the Confederate front. This was an incentive to the Federals to burn the university.

This tablet was dedicated by the State's chief executive, Gov. Bibb Graves, and unveiled by Miss Emmie Louise Rodes, granddaughter of the Gen. Robert E. Rodes, for whom the local Chapter is named.

Montgomery, proud of having been the home of a Hilliard and a Yancy, Sophie Bibb Chapter placed with appropriate exercises a bronze tablet to mark the pew of Mr. William L. Yancy in the First Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member and elder. The other tablet was placed at the beautiful home erected by Henry W. Hilliard, at the head of Washington Street.

Mrs. R. B. Broyles, State President, U. D. C., installed the officers of Sophie Bibb Chapter for the ensuing year. At this time gold coins were bestowed upon two veterans, Messrs. Young and Yelnuton.

\* \* \*

*California.*—Under the splendid leadership of Mrs. Rudolph Frederick Blankenburg, President, California Division held one of the most delightful and interesting conventions in San Francisco, at which the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. R. F. Blankenburg; First Vice President, Mrs. B. B. McCall; Second Vice President, Mrs. W. B. Pressley; Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. H. Allison; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Maynie Bond Smith; Treasurer, Miss Katheryn Burkett; Historian, Mrs. F. B. Harrington; Registrar, Mrs. C. F. Scattergood; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. B. A. Davis; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. J. R. Kemp; Director of Children, Mrs. J. W. Wilhoit; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Gray Carroll Stribling.

Mrs. Spencer Rowan Thorpe, of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, was given the high honor of being unanimously elected Honorary State President of the California Division.

Robert E. Lee Chapter was also given the State prize for having bestowed the greatest number of Crosses of Service, while, Mrs. M. C. Thomas, of that Chapter, was awarded the medal for the best essay read at the convention.

Robert Bruce Summerfield, Jr., President of the Flora Tieman Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, and his sister, little Betsy Landcraft Summerfield, entertained Camp No. 770 U. C. V. at their home in Los Angeles, May 1. Thirteen veterans, together with Sons, Daughters, and Children of the Confederacy, totaling forty-five guests, enjoyed a demonstration of genuine old Virginia hospitality in the Summerfield home. A delicious luncheon, a pleasant social program, and a business session, at which the Camp received the report of Commander Simmons on the Tampa Convention, were features of the meeting.

A tribute of good wishes, in verse, was presented to the young host commemorating this, the first, occasion when the Camp has been received officially by the third generation, or Children of the Confederacy. This was written by Dr. A. J. Stalnaker, a distinguished veteran from the young host's ancestral State, West Virginia.

Camp No. 770 U. C. V. is the oldest Confederate organization on the Pacific Coast, and still "going strong."

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*Illinois.*—Illinois Division again observed Memorial Day in its own beautiful and impressive manner at Oakwood Cemetery, Chicago, on May 30. The Confederate monument there, perhaps one of the handsomest in the country, was decorated by the Daughters with red and white roses and calla lilies, nestling in festoons of gray Southern moss; while the Children of the Confederacy banked their flowers at the base, and Camp No. 8 U. C. V., and the Hyde Park and the Woodlawn Posts of the American Legion each placed large wreaths on the monument in reverent homage to the six thousand brave souls who dared and suffered all things in the dark days of 1861-65, for their ideals of right and justice.

Every Daughter of the Confederacy can but thrill with pride at the sight of this magnificent shaft, its base bearing bronze tablets six feet tall on which are engraved the names, State, company, and regiment of six thousand Confederate soldiers, rising in the center of its own mound and guarded by cannon and stacked cannon balls. The green lawn, the beautiful shrubs, the very atmosphere of the spot, leads the mind from ghastly thoughts of prison and of agony to heroism of the truest sort, endurance, fortitude, faith, loyalty, sacrifice, pride; love of country and of right dominating over physical ills and hope of private gain.

This year the Daughters were assisted on the program not only by Camp No. 8 U. C. V., but by Camp Robert E. Lee, Sons of Confederate Veterans; an impressive military service was rendered by the Hyde Park Post, American Legion, and the full vested choir of the Holy Cross Episcopal Church again lent a touch of religious solemnity to the scene, leading in song and giving several appropriate solos. A vast group of Chicago people, friends and strangers, always attend the ceremonial at Oakwood Cemetery, and thus Southern principle and Southern ideals are impressed upon the Northern mind.

Following closely upon Memorial Day came the birthday of Jefferson Davis, when Chicago Chapter entertained the Division, the Veterans, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. Mrs. A. O. Simpson again opened her home for this occasion, and in her cordial hospitality lived up to the traditions of the Old South. A delightful program of music and readings was rendered, while tributes to Jefferson Davis and his states-



manship were given by Col. John A. Lee, Commander of the Central Division, S. C. V.; by Judge Chamblin, Commander of Camp Robert E. Lee, S. C. V.; and by Mr. D. J. Carter, Adjutant of Camp Robert E. Lee, whose wife is now serving Illinois Division faithfully as its honored President.

Truly "love makes memory eternal," and the Daughters are ever proud to render homage to the memory of those brave men

"Whom power could not corrupt,  
Whom death could not terrify,  
Whom defeat could not dishonor."

\* \* \*

*Florida.*—Florida Division is holding, for the first time in its history, district meetings; the first held was at Marianna with the William Henry Milton Chapter, as hostess to the First Brigade District. Mrs. D. A. McKinnon, Vice President of the Brigade, ably presided over the interesting program. On May 10, the Second Brigade District held a meeting in Gainesville, with the two Chapters there as hostesses, the Kirby Smith and J. J. Finley Chapters, Mrs. H. H. McCreary and Mrs. W. E. Stokes, Presidents, respectively. Mrs. Stokes was called away by illness in her family, and the Vice President, Mrs. A. P. Spencer, ably directed the Chapter's affairs. Mrs. S. B. Phifer, Second Vice President, presided over this district meeting. The President of Florida Division, Mrs. Franklin L. Ezell, was present at both gatherings and gave addresses. Several new Chapters have been organized during the year, and an increased membership is reported in all Chapters. The Children of the Confederacy have also enrolled new members.

Historical articles have from time to time appeared in the pages of the Florida papers. Just prior to the birthday of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Division sent out by Associated Press of Florida to more than thirty daily papers a notice containing an extract from the splendid address by Bishop Galloway on Jefferson Davis, which appeared in all the daily papers. The Florida Division maintains a page in the *Times-Union* every first Sunday in the month; this paper is published in Jacksonville and has the largest circulation of any paper in the State.

At the recent legislature, pensions for the Confederate soldiers were increased to \$50 per month. All bills presented to the legislature of 1927, April and May, in the interest of Confederate and U. D. C. affairs were passed, and all of these bills carried appropriations.

A significant fact on Memorial Day, April 26, was that the Florida legislature assembled under two flags. All day from the cupola of the Capitol, the \$300 silk Confederate flag, won by the Sons of Florida at the Tampa reunion, floated in the air; while the Confederate soldier was eulogized by the legislators at a special hour of the morning session.

\* \* \*

*Louisiana.*—Unveiling of markers on the Jefferson Davis Highway and the decoration of tombs of Confederate dead featured the observance of Jefferson Davis's birthday, Confederate Memorial Day, in New Orleans.

Twenty-five members of New Orleans Chapter assembled at the East Pearl River bridge, where they were met by a delegation of Mississippi Daughters, and markers on both sides of the bridge were unveiled, Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, President of New Orleans Chapter, acting for the local Chapter. Speakers included Carl Marshall, representing Governor Murphree, of Mississippi, Mrs. B. S. Chinn, of Laurel, President of the Mississippi Division, and Mrs. Feeney Rice, Highway Director of Louisiana Division.

The delegation returned in time to dedicate a similar marker at Canal and Broad streets, New Orleans, on the same day. This marker was presented to the city by Mrs. Ritayik and accepted by Commissioner Hall, acting for Mayor O'Keefe.

Shipment of two thousand garments to the victims of the flood through the Red Cross was reported by Miss Lise Allain, flood relief chairman, at a meeting of New Orleans Chapter No. 72, at Memorial Hall, on June 6.

Ruston Chapter observed Memorial Day by decorating the graves of Confederate soldiers and of those of its members who had passed on and by a most appropriate and beautiful memorial service held at the cemetery pavilion immediately afterwards, at which one Cross of Honor was presented. Other Chapters in the State paid similar tribute to the occasion.

\* \* \*

*Maryland.*—A meeting to commemorate the one hundred and nineteenth birthday of President Jefferson Davis was held at the Hotel Belvedere by Baltimore Chapter No. 8, on June 3, Mrs. Henry J. Berkeley, President, presiding.

An address was delivered by Mr. William L. Marbury, followed by a beautiful musical program of Southern songs. The Division President, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, gave a brief talk, and Mrs. J. W. Westcott, First Vice President, a brief synopsis of work of the Jefferson Davis Highway, followed by Mrs. F. P. Canby, former President of the Maryland Division, on the Reconstruction period.

Miss Elizabeth West, Recorder, presented a Military Cross of Service to Mrs. Eugene Cordell in honor of her son, Littleton Tazewell Cordell, killed in France, and Crosses of Honor for her husband's and father's records, C. S. A. Crosses of Honor were also presented to John Earl McQuade (World War Cross), John W. Hayden, Mrs. B. E. Reynolds.

Memorial services for Confederate soldiers and sailors were conducted on June 6 at Loudoun Park Cemetery, Baltimore, under the auspices of the Maryland Division. Hymns were chanted by the full vested choir of Mount Calvary Church, with organ accompaniment. Rev. Page Dame, rector of Memorial Episcopal Church, and Rev. Dr. Wyatt Brown, rector of St. Michael and All Angels, made addresses.

Mrs. Paul Iglehart, President, entertained at a delightful luncheon members of the Executive Board, Presidents of Chapters, and Chairmen of Committees, followed by an open meeting discussion of Division activities.

The Henry Kyd Douglass Chapter, Hagerstown, together with a detachment from Company B, Henry Kyd Douglas Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Memorial Association, formed for the purpose of decorating Confederate graves, held memorial services June 6. Mr. F. Brooke Whiting gave a stirring address, and a musical program included the singing of "America the Beautiful" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," by a male quartet group. After the benediction a volley was fired by Company B and taps was sounded by the bugler.

Mrs. Lee O. Cohill, of Clear Spring, was elected President of Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter at its annual meeting, June 4. Mrs. J. McLaughlin, retiring President, was presented with a Cross of Service for her son, J. B. McLaughlin, who served as a captain in the World War.

\* \* \*

*Missouri.*—The George Edward Pickett Chapter, of Kansas City, gave an annual luncheon at the Hotel Brookside on June 3, commemorating the birthday anniversary of Jefferson Davis. Mrs. J. B. Robinson, retiring President, was toastmistress. An interesting program of songs and readings was enjoyed. Mrs. A. Ross Hill gave a most interesting address on "Jefferson Davis," recalling that her grandparents,



the late Mr. and Mrs. T. M. James, were friends of President and Mrs. Davis and had exchanged visits upon several occasions. Mrs. Hugh Miller, Past President of the Kansas City Chapter, responded to a toast in her usual happy style. Gen. A. A. Pearson, State Commander, U. C. V., gave an account of the Tampa reunion. The new officers of the Chapter were introduced. Mrs. H. F. Anderson is the Chapter President. Other honor guests were the following State officers: Mrs. J. Roy Smith, State Historian; Mrs. H. B. Wright, Treasurer; Mrs. Allen L. Porter, CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press.

On Sunday, June 5, was held the annual meeting at the Confederate Home near Higginsville. The program was under the supervision and direction of Mrs. M. C. Duggins, General Chairman, Men and Women of the Sixties Committee. At eleven o'clock A.M. the Memorial Service was held at the cemetery, the march being led by the drum corps. A picnic luncheon was served at noon, and the afternoon session was held on the lawn of the Home under the large trees. This was the fourth time Mrs. Duggins has presided at the annual *Home Coming*. A splendid band from a neighboring town furnished inspiring music, which added much to the occasion. Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, State President, offered greetings and presented these State officers: Mrs. W. C. Hughes, Mrs. J. Leroy Smith, Mrs. H. B. Wright, and Mrs. Allen L. Porter. The musical numbers were very fine. The Hon. Ralph F. Lozier, of Carrollton, gave a splendid tribute to Jefferson Davis and the men who wore the gray. A local committee in charge of arrangements ably assisted on this occasion.

On Monday, June 20, the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Kansas City, held the last meeting of the season at the hospitable home of Mrs. Vernon C. Gardner. After luncheon was served, a business meeting and election of officers was held. Mrs. Arthur M. Allen was elected President.

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*Ohio.*—The Daughters of the Ohio Division had to perform a double duty of love this year, when, on May 29 and June 4, they paid a tribute of respect to the many Confederate soldiers buried at Camp Chase, Columbus, and Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, with appropriate memorial services.

It does one's heart good to see the lovely tributes of flowers, palms, and Southern moss sent to the Columbus Chapter from loving friends in the Southern States. Every one of the 2,860 graves at Camp Chase has a flag and a floral decoration, if only a bit of gray moss, just to keep green the graves of "our dead." The monument was beautifully decorated with wreaths and flags.

On Sunday, May 29, a memorial service was held on Johnson's Island to honor the two hundred and seven officers of the Confederate army buried there. A Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy is under process of organizing and will soon be chartered. This little band of enthusiastic women arranged a program, and it was carried out most satisfactorily. About two hundred were present, including the Sandusky high school band, a troop of the Boy Scouts, who decorated the graves with flags and flowers; a number of the G. A. R. veterans from the Soldiers' Home at Sandusky, and a large number of Daughters and their friends. Chaplain McClean, of the Soldiers' Home, a Spanish War Veteran and also a World War Veteran, was the speaker of this occasion. The Division President, Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, took this occasion to thank every one who had made it possible to have this memorial service. A very handsome wreath of bay leaves and flowers was sent from the soldiers at the Home in San-

dusky, and on one of the ribbons was this inscription: "From the Boys in Blue to the Boys in Gray." The Daughters also sent a lovely wreath, which was placed at the foot of the monument.

The Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, of Cleveland, gave as its offering twenty-four Scotch pines, three-year-old transplants, which had been planted earlier in the spring, to decorate the cemetery entrance. It is the intention of the Johnson Island Chapter to plant shrubs and hardy perennials every year, and make this one-time deserted spot "a beautiful garden of sleep."

After a firing squad of the old soldiers in blue had performed their military duty and taps had been sounded, we wended our way to the landing and were soon on our way over the bay to Sandusky, with our hearts full of thanks that we could honor our boys in gray who have suffered all and given all for a cause so dear to their hearts.

Recently the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter gave a birthday party in honor of their oldest member, Mrs. Melissa Riley, who was ninety years old on that day. At one o'clock the guests assembled in the dining room for lunch. The beautiful silver and some of the china was the same used by Mrs. Riley as a bride. Mrs. Riley was bright and animated and seemed to enjoy having her friends and receiving the cut flowers and potted plants which they brought her. Mrs. Riley's lovely home is furnished throughout with the mahogany furniture used by the family "before the war," some pieces having been in the family for several generations.

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*West Virginia.*—The sunlight falling on the hillside where Woodlawn Cemetery, at Fairmont, is located, made a beautiful picture as youth and age, represented by Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., and Mary Custis Lee Chapter, C. of C., and the few remaining veterans, commemorated the birthday of Jefferson Davis by scattering flowers and placing flags on the graves of the veterans of 1861-65.

Mrs. James E. Smith, the Chapter Historian, was in charge of the beautiful and impressive program, and Mrs. C. C. Hinkle, the Chapter President, conducted the services. Albert J. Kern, one of the city's prominent attorneys, made a short and beautiful address, paying tribute to the South and to the local Sons and Daughters who have passed beyond.

Memorial Day, June 3, was observed by William Stanley Haymond Chapter, of Fairmont, at the home of the President, decorated for the occasion. An impressive memorial service was held, conducted by the Chapter Chaplain, Mrs. C. O. Henry. A splendid feature was the reading of a paper on the life of Jefferson Davis by Mrs. Clarence Cook. Judge Haymond, for whom the Chapter is named, gave an entertaining talk, and another interesting speaker was Mr. A. M. King, an honored veteran.

A feature of special interest was the reading of the prize essay of Miss Eugene Troyer, Fairmont high school senior, who was awarded the sum of \$5 by the William Stanley Haymond Chapter for having written the best essay on the subject, "The South in American History Prior to 1850."

McNeill Chapter, of Keyser, was entertained on the evening of June 6 by two of the members, Mrs. William H. Barger and Miss Maria Vass Frye, at the home of Mrs. Barger, with a real "old fashioned party." The Confederate colors were used throughout in the decorations and refreshments. A varied program was carried out. The members more than enjoyed the evening and feel that it is a splendid way to get them all together and promote interest in the Chapter.



*Virginia.*—Richmond Chapter this year welcomes into the ranks of the Daughters of Confederacy a new Chapter, Richmond Junior. This child, which comes in with full consent and parental blessing, starts with a nucleus of seventeen members of the valued Grandchildren's Chapter, No. 1, Auxiliary to Richmond Chapter, now "grown old" in its service.

The Grandchildren's Chapter was organized April 12, 1912, under the direction of Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Mrs. Samuel W. Williams, and Mrs. John G. Corley, and its first President was Miss Marian Spicer. The motto of the Chapter was: "Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother." Both Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Corley "now rest from their labors," and it remains for Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. B. A. Blenner, who has faithfully served the Chapter as director, to steer the new craft into safe waters. The activities of the Chapter embraced nearly every feature of Confederate work, being particularly active in relief, history, and education, yet at all times ready to serve Richmond Chapter.

Although the Chapter has been in existence only a few months, it is very active, and on May 13 the members gave a large card party in the William Byrd Hotel, from which quite a substantial sum was realized. The Grandchildren's Chapter will reorganize on May 16, and quite an active and successful year is before them.

Mayo Memorial Home was ablaze with the Stars and Bars on the afternoon of April 29, when Richmond Chapter tendered its President, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, a reception in honor of her seventy-ninth birthday. The officers of the Chapter received with Mrs. Randolph, and many called during the afternoon to bring greetings and felicitations. The event of the afternoon was the cutting of the huge birthday cake with its seventy-nine candles. The Cross of Service was presented Brig. Gen. William Wilson Sale, U. S. A.

Friday, June 3, was observed by Manassas Chapter, as Confederate Memorial Day, with exercises under the auspices of the Confederate Memorial Association, assisted by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. After the formal opening with the ritual of the U. D. C., twelve medals and prizes were bestowed, as follows:

† *Southern Cross of Honor.*—Miss Katherine E. Bridewell, daughter of James E. Bridewell, C. S. A.; Dr. Walter A. Newman, son of Dr. George S. Newman, C. S. A.; Mrs. Anna M. Taylor, widow of Thomas Owen Taylor, C. S. A.; J. Lovell Willcoxon, grandson of Thomas W. Marders, C. S. A.

*Cross of Service Bestowed on World War Veterans Who Are Lineal Descendants of Confederate Soldiers:* Capt. Nathaniel McGregor Ewell, Color Sergt. Francis Norvell Larkin, Gordon L. Brown, and Eugene Davis.

Prizes for historical papers were awarded to Miss Irene Rexroad, of Manassas high school, and Miss Ruth Boteler, of Bennett school. A gold medal was also presented Rev. Westwood Hutchison, Commander of Ewell Camp, C. V., and a silver medal to Mrs. Westwood Hutchison, President of the Memorial Association. Features of the presentation were the speech of Camp Adjutant R. A. Rust and the pinning of the medal on the Camp Commander by little Mildred Suzanne Ryland, his granddaughter. The medal of Captain Ewell was pinned on by his little daughter, Louise Camper Ewell, and Rev. A. S. Gibson presented the Memorial Association medal to Mrs. Hutchison.

The chief event of the day was the address of Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., pastor of Brantly Baptist Church, of Baltimore. Following the exercises at the high school, the meeting was adjourned to the Confederate cemetery, where the graves of Confederate soldiers were strewn with flowers, and taps was sounded.

## FRIENDSHIP'S TIES.

BY G. M. TRIPLETT.

TO THE ROBERT E. LEE CHAPTER, U. D. C., OF DENVER, COLO., AND THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Dear friends, adown life's rapid stream,  
We glide as in a troubled dream;  
Now, dark the scenes which we pass through,  
Then, bright and beautiful to view.  
As on some days the clouds the sun  
Obscure and slow the hours run;  
On other days, in splendor bright,  
He cheers us with his gladsome light;  
As you, with friendly word and smile  
These fleeting, happy hours beguile.  
And when, at last, we have to part,  
There is a sadness fills the heart;  
A feeling that when next we meet  
Some loving friend we may not greet.  
But in each heart hope reigns supreme,  
And paints for all this blissful dream—  
We feel that in a brighter sphere  
We'll meet again our lov'd ones dear;  
And there, from care and sorrow free,  
Will love through all eternity.

This poem was written by Mr. G. M. Triplett, a Confederate veteran, of Denver, Colo. Mr. Triplett served all through the War between the States, enlisting May, 1861, and serving until the end, June, 1865. He joined Company A, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, under Col. J. P. McGoodwin, Princeton, Ky. He was captured in a raid near Hopkinsville, Ky., escaped, and returned to Missouri, then joined Price at Springfield.

## MARKING THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY.

Interesting ceremonies attended the dedication of markers placed where the Jefferson Davis Highway crosses the Mississippi-Louisiana line at the East Pearl River bridge, New Orleans. The dedication followed the opening address, which was made by Senator Carl Marshall, of Bay St. Louis, who paid tribute to the great Southern leader and the principles which were the animating spirit of the sixties. A large number of interested Southerners had gathered on the bridge for the occasion, and after the address witnessed the unveiling of the markers. That on the Louisiana side was first dedicated, and similar services were given for the Mississippi marker. These boulders marking that historic highway are handsome pieces of granite from Stone Mountain, each bearing a bronze plate with the name of State and highway.

Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Mississippi, State Director of the East and West Road of the Jefferson Davis Highway, presided as master of ceremonies, and in her presentation of the boulder for Mississippi, she said:

"This work of the U. D. C. is in no way designed to commemorate the fierce conflict between sovereign States comprising this great republic, but it was intended for the sole purpose of doing honor to the memory of that great American, Mississippi's most illustrious citizen, Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Southern Confederacy. Though Mr. Davis was born a Southerner, he was a national figure. This highway is not a neighborhood road, nor is it a section road; it is a national road."



## HOTEL INFORMATION.

NATIONAL CONVENTION, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, CHARLESTON, S. C., NOVEMBER 14-17.

*National Headquarters*—Francis Marion Hotel.

Sessions will be held on the twelfth floor.

The Francis Marion is Charleston's newest and finest hotel, opened in the spring of 1924, having 300 rooms, all with private bath, either tub or shower, and many combination baths, rooms single and *en suite*. For delegates to this convention, the following rates are given:

Rooms, single, with private bath, \$3.50 to \$5 per day.

Rooms with twin beds and private bath, \$6 to \$10 per day.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

**MOTTO:** "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

**KEY WORD:** "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

**MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.**

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS

*U. D. C. Program for August.*

VIRGINIA SECEDED APRIL 17, 1861.

In the Confederate Congresses, Virginia was represented by the following citizens. In giving this list of names, the letter "P" following stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for first and second congresses.

*Senators.*—Robert M. T. Hunter (1, 2); William B. Preston (1); Allen T. Caperton (1, 2).

*Representatives.*—John W. Brockenbrough (P); W. R. Staples (P, 1, 2); Robert M. T. Hunter (P); William C. Rives (P, 2); James A. Seddon (P); William B. Preston (P); W. H. MacFarland (P); Charles W. Russell (P, 1, 2); Robert Johnson (P, 1, 2); Robert E. Scott (P); Walter Preston (P, 1); Thomas S. Bocock (P, 1, 2); James M. Mason (P); Roger A. Pryor (P, 1); Alex R. Boteler (P, 1); John Tyler (P); John R. Chamblis (1); James Lyons (1); John Goode, Jr. (1, 2); Daniel C. DeJarnette (1, 2); William Smith (1); Albert G. Jenkins (1); James P. Holcombe (1); John B. Baldwin (1, 2); Charles F. Collier (1); Samuel A. Miller (1, 2); David Funston (1, 2); M. R. H. Garnett (1); Robert L. Montague (2); Robert L. Whitfield (2); Thomas S. Gohson (2); Fayette McMullen (2); Frederick W. M. Holliday (2); William C. Wickham (2).

### C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST.

Locate New Orleans. Describe capture of the city May 1, 1862. Tell something of the efforts of the Confederates to construct ironclads.

Read "Left Behind," by Howard Weedon. Library of Southern Literature, Volume XIII, 5726.

### C. OF C. CATECHISM.

Where and when was the first shot fired in the War between the States?

At Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., April 12, 1861.

Where did the last fight occur?

At Palmetto Ranch, near Brownsville, Tex., May 13, 1865, between a Confederate force of three hundred, under Gen.

James E. Slaughter, and a Federal force of five hundred, commanded by Col. T. F. Burnett.

Who was commander in chief of the Confederate forces?

Gen. Robert E. Lee, best beloved and honored of all generals.

Where was the first battle fought?

At Manassas, Va., July 21, 1861, and it was a great victory for the Confederate army.

Which are generally conceded to be the three most noted battles of the War between the States?

Shiloh, Gettysburg, and Chickamauga.

What is considered by historians as the decisive battle of the war?

Gettysburg.

Why?

Because it was conclusive evidence to an unbiased mind that the Federal supplies and forces greatly outnumbered and outweighed the Confederate forces.

How many were enrolled in the Federal or Northern army?

Two million, seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand three hundred and four (2,778,304).

What number were enrolled in the Confederate army?

Six hundred thousand (600,000).

How many more men were in the Northern army?

More than three times as many as the South had in the field.

How many years did the war last?

Four years, and there is no record, in all the world's history of an army that endured more privations with greater fortitude or fought more bravely than the soldiers of the Confederacy.

### EDUCATIONAL PHOTOFILMS.

As the representative of Southern organizations in consultation with the Yale University Press on the production of their historical photofilms, it is gratifying to hear favorable reports about the showing of the fifteen pictures already finished.

Florida has had a number of showings, in one case, at least, of all the completed films. Mrs. Franklin L. Ezell, in her address before the Executive Board of the Florida Division, made the following recommendation: "Use your influence to arouse interest in the showing of the educational and historical pictures known as the Chronicles of America Photoplays, organized and owned by the Yale University Press Film Service, in other words, the Extension Division of the Yale University; your President urges you to write to Mr. J. Irving Greene, Director of Distribution, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y."

More recently, Mrs. G. W. Mack, of Gonzales, Tex., wrote the Director of the Film Service that the door receipts in the showing of "Dixie" alone amounted to \$125; so herein lies a great source of potential profit to be had for swelling Chapter funds as well as in supplying instruction and entertainment for the community. The *Gonzales Enquirer* made an extended and highly complimentary report on the film, the music, and the local features under the double title:

"WAR-TIME FEATURE AT CRYSTAL DELIGHTS

LARGE AUDIENCE

SPECIAL HOME TALENT PROGRAM CONTRIBUTES MUCH SUCCESS TO AFFAIR."

U. D. C. Chapters can profitably do likewise all over the South, so that the total revenue from this one form of entertainment may well run into thousands of dollars.

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*  
Athens, Ga.  
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. Frank Morrison  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA.....  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, Editor, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## INTERESTS OF THE C. S. M. A.

My Dear Coworkers: Our hearts, with those of the whole people of our country, have gone out in deepest sympathy to the sufferers from the flood-devastated regions of Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana in their danger and distress. Helpless to do aught but stand and pray, daily has the burden of their desolation and misery under the awful conditions in many places been a source of deepest anxiety and concern. That the scene of desolation and its attendant dangers may soon pass is our daily petition. Many of our C. S. M. A. have been in the flooded district, but we have happily heard of no other than the great financial losses and discomforts attendant upon the situation. Truly, sorrow and misfortune make the whole world akin, and the cordial, ready response of assistance from every point of the compass has been too great for mere words to express in appreciation.

The many friends of our beloved Recording Secretary General, Miss Daisy Hodgson, will be rejoiced to know that at her home in New Orleans she escaped all the terrors of the flood, and was, as she ever is, in the foremost ranks of the busy workers, lending aid wherever need was found.

### THE 1928 REUNION.

That Little Rock has set the date for the 1928 reunion for May 8-11 will be of pleasurable interest to all, and while the time seems far off, still there is wisdom in preparation, and you are urged to begin your plans at the first meeting in the fall.

Little Rock has wisely chosen as General Chairman of the Reunion Committee Col. E. R. Wiles, whose large experience in the affairs of the S. C. V. eminently fits him for leadership in carrying out the big plans which the occasion demands of high ideals of the chivalry of the Old South. Approachable and dependable, every phase of the great gathering will be taken care of.

### A MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION IN LITTLE ROCK.

A Memorial Association is being formed in Little Rock, with the Second Vice President General, Miss Sue H. Walker, and Mrs. Garside Welch, of Fayetteville, also our Treasurer General, Mrs. J. T. Hight, who will assist as official hostess to the C. S. M. A. convention, and plans to include the assistance of the local U. D. C., D. A. R., and Daughters of 1812. The fame of the hospitality of Little Rock is widely known and appreciated, and already big plans are made for an outstanding reunion and convention.

## ILLNESS IN THE OFFICIAL FAMILY.

The many friends of our Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, will regret to learn of her serious illness the past month and will rejoice at her improved condition, with the hope and prayer for her speedy restoration to health. No one woman in the South is more beloved and more honored than she, and her temporary absence from the ranks of active Southern women is already felt and regretted, for no woman has given so loyally and generously of time, labor, or means to the collection and preservation of the true history and ante-bellum traditions of our Southland than she.

Mrs. C. B. Bryan, our loved and honored First Vice President General, has been among the absentees at all the gatherings during the past season on account of illness, and her recovery is eagerly anticipated, not only by the C. S. M. A., but by every patriotic organization, where she is ever an outstanding and loyal member. She is loved and honored not only for her own true worth and charm, but doubly honored as the daughter of the South's indomitable hero of the Southern navy, Admiral Raphael Semmes.

Mrs. Earnest Walworth, of Memphis, Chairman of the Gold Bar of Honor for Southern Mothers, is another of our official family among those missed on account of illness. Typically Southern, with all the devotion and ardor for the cause so dear to our hearts, she is a type all too few at the present day. We hope that ere long she will be among her friends again, the same inspiring, energetic spirit as of yore.

With every good wish for a restful summer,

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Memorial Day, June 3, was observed in Manassas, Va., under the auspices of the Confederate Memorial Association, assisted by Manassas Chapter, U. D. C. The address was delivered by Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., Chaplain General, U. C. V., Baltimore, Md. An event of much interest was the presentation of a gold star medal to Rev. Westwood Hutchison, Commander of Ewell Camp, C. V., his little granddaughter, Mildred Suzanne Ryland, pinning on the medal.

Mrs. Westwood Hutchison, President of the Confederate Memorial Association, was also presented with a silver Memorial Association medal. After the close of the program, rendered at the high school, the meeting was adjourned to the



Confederate Cemetery, where the flag-marked graves were strewn with flowers, wreaths placed on the Confederate monument, and taps sounded by a bugler of Swovely School.

## MEMORIAL DAY AT POINT LOOKOUT, MD.

BY MARY LOUISE JOHNSON, FREDERICK, MD., PAST STATE HISTORIAN, MARYLAND DIVISION, U. D. C.

To a native son or daughter, St. Mary's County, Md., is rich with visions of those hardy pioneers who braved the ocean and unknown dangers of a new world, those pilgrims of the ark and the dove who came to plant the cross and the colony of Lord Baltimore, in 1634, on the shores of the Chesapeake. Other memories there are of other heroes, those of the South, who spent weeks and months, perhaps years, in the old Federal prison of Point Lookout during the War between the States. The monument first placed to mark the prison site and the spot where so many died, was found to be badly disintegrating because of the swamp land upon which the prison had been located and was replaced some years ago when the Federal government had the bodies of many of those who suffered and died here removed to a higher spot near by and a dignified, suitable monument erected, which bears the names of the many hundreds who here made the supreme sacrifice. The grounds are guarded by stately evergreens, while the soft winds from the Chesapeake and the Potomac intermingle in a soothing requiem for those who sleep.

It was my pleasure to visit this place on May 30, 1927. Three of the four in our party had loved ones who suffered here, and we filled our arms with fragrant white honeysuckle and roses red to place upon this isolated altar.

When we reached the spot, reverently we paused. A little group of schoolboys and girls, under the leadership of their splendid teacher, Scotland School No. 1, St. Mary's County, was conducting as impressive a service as it has been my lot to witness. I wish I might bring vividly to your mind's eye the picture of this stately shaft, encompassed beyond its well-kept grounds by dense woods of gum trees and long-needed pines, redolent with laurel blossoms and honeysuckle, and this little band, so far away from all pomp and splendor, singing,

"My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing."

with perhaps a brilliant "cardinal" for bugler and myriads of songbirds for accompanists. With trained precision they stood and in unison repeated Sir Walter Scott's inspiring words:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said:  
This is my own, my native land?"

In military order, these children advanced and planted the Stars and Stripes at the base of the monument, and their little bunches of flowers formed a wreath in loving memory of those who sleep there. The young soldiers then "lined up" and stood at "attention" and repeated the oath of allegiance to the flag, which they left to guard this sacred, peaceful spot.

So unostentatious, yet withal so reverent, was this little ceremony that I fancied there might be some one far away with a loved one lying here who might be glad to know of this loving service.

## CHAPMAN MAUPIN.

Chapman Maupin, born in April, 1846, in Richmond, Va., Christian, soldier, scholar, whose harmoniously blended character exemplified the qualities that make for the glory of God and the advancement and uplift of those with whom he came in contact.

The following incident illustrates the "gentleman unafraid." Going over war maps in a tent of Gen. Edward Johnson, with other members of the staff on duty just prior to the battle of Mine Run, some untoward outside happening so disconcerted the General that, with unbridled passion, he gave expression to unseemly utterance. Mr. Maupin, amid a petrified silence, sprang erect and said: "General, I protest your right to use such language." His commanding officer's eyes flashed upon the young second lieutenant. There was an ominous silence. He then drew himself up, and said: "My lad, you are in the right. I apologize."

The accompanying sketch contains a brief but complete account of Lieutenant Maupin's career as a soldier, prepared by his own hand:

"I went to Manassas, July 21, 1861, but not having a piece of red flannel on my arm, was not allowed to enter the battle next day and was sent home as under age. The following year, early in July, I entered the Rockbridge Artillery, Stonewall Brigade, as a reënlisted volunteer. I was in the battle of Cedar Mountain all four days, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry, and Antietam. At my father's request, I was ordered home by Captain Poague, but reënlisted the following summer (1863), immediately after the battle of Gettysburg, in the 9th Virginia Cavalry, Westmoreland troops. On September 24, following, I was made a second lieutenant of the First Engineer troops, Stonewall Division, and was soon after assigned to staff duty with General Edward Johnson, acting as aide-de-camp at the battle of Mine Run. Upon reorganization of the 1st Regiment of Engineer Troops, I joined with it at Richmond and served till the end of the war, mostly at Petersburg, where I constructed a line on the Jerusalem Plank Road. I became adjutant of the regiment. In action at High Bridge, my horse was shot under me and another on the field at Appomattox when about to charge Sheridan's cavalry. Before the charge was made, we were notified of the flag of truce. I returned home in my nineteenth year, honorably discharged from the Confederate States army, April 10, 1865 at Appomattox Courthouse, Va."

[Sally Washington Maupin, Fourth Vice President, Maryland Division, U. D. C.]

## POEMS.

(To Joyce Kilmer.)

A poem is a thing to me  
As living as a leafy tree.

It stands through centuries of time  
With oaken roots of faultless rhyme,

And, like the snow-clad evergreen,  
Its verdant soul is ever seen.

A poem is effective still  
As any tree-clad, distant hill.

God gave us trees that we might see  
His way of making poetry—

He planned that both should always be  
A beauteous thing for man to see.

—Charles Blevins Davis.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## ACTIVITIES OF THE S. C. V.

### MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD LITIGATION ENDED.

By decree in the circuit court of Arlington County, Va., July 1, 1927, the litigation over the constitutionality of a statute of Virginia involving the control of the organization of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park was ended by consent of all the litigants. The suit had gone by appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and a technical point involving the form of a decree in the State court had sent it back to the trial court; and from the trial court it had started back to the Supreme Court.

In 1921, the Confederate organization incorporated under what is known as the nonstock laws of Virginia, for the chief purposes of buying the lands where were fought the battles of Manassas, often known as Bull Run, and operating thereon an educational and charitable work, for which the charter clearly provides. The charter provides that there shall be no commercial profit to anyone, and throws around the board of trust most ample protection. In the interest of efficiency, as those who effected the organization believe, the charter provides for a board of directors or trustees and empowers it to control the property under the supervision of the finance board and the Corporation Commission of Virginia, and as a means to that end to exercise the corporate vote. Strict requirements for membership on this board are provided. Then the charter provides that the needed lands shall be acquired by money to be obtained by gifts from those in sympathy with its work, and that those who donate such money shall become, by reason of the gifts, respectively, honorary members. Then the charter clearly provides that the use to which the land shall be put shall be educational and charitable; and that the organization may serve as trustee for the perpetual care of monuments that either the Blue or the Gray may desire and be permitted to build upon those fields; with the clear further provision that the whole shall preëminently stand as a Confederate symbol. The charter thus proposes the corner stone of a great educational, historical, and charitable organization, to be maintained by absolute rights, just as to any college, in the interest of broader Americanism through a fuller and more truthful story of the South's contribution to government and history. This great project, much more than the Gettysburg of the South, is by the charter placed in the hands of Sons of Confederate Veterans, the general organiza-

tion of which is its great patron and sponsor, in coöperation with the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the United Confederate Veterans.

Feeling that the charter, as granted through the Corporation Commission in the light of the law as it then existed, is as much an object of their trust as is the money contributed, the board of directors brought suit to have the law held unconstitutional and ineffective. After two years of litigation, the suit has been withdrawn and abandoned, leaving the organization as it existed in full control. The directors of the park invite coöperation and continued support and good will of all.

### COMMANDER LOWRY APPOINTS STAFF OFFICERS.

Commander Sumter L. Lowry announces the appointment of the following members of his official staff:

Inspector in Chief, John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.; Judge Advocate in Chief, Robert M. Beattie, Memphis, Tenn.; Quartermaster in Chief, W. D. Jackson, Little Rock, Ark.; Commissary in Chief, Y. R. Beasley, Tampa, Fla.; Surgeon in Chief, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing (elected), Washington, D. C.; Chaplain in Chief, Rt. Rev. John Durham Wing, Winter Park, Fla.

Appointment of additional members of Commander Lowry's staff will be made at a later date.

### OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

The convention of the Oklahoma Division, S. C. V., was held in Oklahoma City, June 10, 1927.

L. A. Morton, Division Commander, of Duncan, Okla., presided, and John H. Robertson, Oklahoma City, Acting Division Adjutant.

Department Commander, Edmond R. Wiles, of Little Rock, Ark., was present and delivered a very instructive and interesting address, which was greatly appreciated.

Officers for the ensuing term were elected as follows:

Division Commander, E. Riddle, Oklahoma City; Lieutenant Commander, A. G. Eakins, Shawnee; Adjutant, A. C. Farley, Oklahoma City; Quartermaster, Joe H. Ford, Wagoner; Judge Advocate, W. S. Livingston, Seminole; Inspector, R. C. Young, Duncan; Commissary, Fred Luginbyhl, Chicka-



sha; Historian, L. A. Morton, Duncan; Surgeon, Dr. M. M. Turlington, Seminole; Color Sergeant, Count Dunaway, Shawnee; Chaplain, Rev. S. B. Boothe, Oklahoma City.

The Division Commander, was authorized to appoint five Brigade Commanders.

## COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN.

On History, Dr. George R. Tabor, Oklahoma City; on Legislation, Gomer Smith, Oklahoma City; on Resolutions, Count Dunaway, Shawnee; on Memorial, Maj. B. J. Marshall, Oklahoma City.

## A MOLDER OF MEN.

BY ANNIE P. MOSES.

Long shadow fingers reached across the campus  
And waved a welcome to the homesick son;  
But there beyond the portals of the college  
He knew was Lee, whom mightier were none.

How could he face the hero of the battle,  
Whose eyes would still be misty with the sight  
Of dying men; and pain. Brave Lee, whose edict  
Meant life or death, Lee, greater than the fight.

The mighty Lee astride the noble Traveller,  
Who led the ranks of gray through days hard fought,  
A picture painted on all hearts forever,  
Lee, greater than the victory he had sought.

The noble Lee who, when the dark days deepened,  
To save his comrades' lives had called retreat,  
Bade God-speed to the ragged, foot-sore remnant,  
Gave them his blessing—Lee, greater than defeat!

And, rising from the ashes of the conflict,  
Had patiently begun to shape the stone  
To build a bulwark for his own loved Southland,  
A wall of cultured manhood for its own.

With quaking heart the boy sought out the master,  
Felt the warm pressure of that guiding hand;  
Gone was his awe, for sure none could fear him,  
This gentle, quiet hero of the land.

Ah, great it is to lead a mighty army,  
But greater still to show our sons the way;  
Partners with God in building mighty manhood  
Lee, Molder of Men, his name shall live for aye.

Several years ago, at one of the anniversary meetings, in honor of Robert E. Lee, the speaker of the evening was Thomas Nelson Page, who told of how, as a boy, a student just entering Washington and Lee University, he felt such awe, such fear to stand before this wonderful man. Then, when he did stand before him, and Lee extended his hand in greeting with such overwhelming friendliness, the awe left him and he never felt it again. Of course, the admiration grew from that time into almost idolatry. So out of this I have tried to make a poem, a living, moving, and glowing one of his wonderful work as an instructor, educator, leader in peace as in war, greater in defeat than as conqueror on any battle field. His record as a soldier has been taken care of by loved ones, great admirers all over the world—England, France, Germany, even; but his life as a molder of men has, to my mind, been in a way overlooked.

## A FAREWELL.

BY W. J. COURTNEY, LONG BEACH, CALIF.

I have been living out here in Long Beach, a city of about one hundred and fifty thousand population, on the extreme western border of Southern California, for about ten years. I was born in Liberty, Clay County, Mo., in 1843, and am now eighty-four years of age, up and a-going, well and hearty; but I realize that I am old and will soon pass away.

I was a bit of a lad when the War between the States broke out, but I soon enlisted in the Confederate service, in Gen. Sterling Price's army, Shelby's Brigade, Shanks's Regiment, Company B, and served until the close of the war, surrendering at Shreveport, La., in June, 1865.

I am writing this communication to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN because it may be the last opportunity that I shall ever have to express my love and admiration to the few remaining gallant and brave soldiers who wore the Confederate gray and fought during that bloody war. I wish also to be remembered by all the people of the South. I am proud of you and love you with all my heart.

I hardly know yet whether I have ever been fully reconstructed or not. I do not believe I have, when I come to think of how hard we tried to keep out of war with the North, to be let alone and to attend to our own affairs; but it was forced upon us. We had to defend our homes, our property, our rights, and the women and children of the South. The Yankee armies, with their millions of blue coats, overran the South, killed, burned, and destroyed everything of value they could find. We had to fight, and I have no apologies to make. I believed we were right in what we did, and I would do the same thing again under the same circumstances. The Confederate soldier is as loyal to this nation as any Northern soldier. That has been proved by the late wars. We worked and made our own living, and we never drew a cent of pension from the government either. A great wrong was done the South during Reconstruction days, and she feels it yet.

For seven years after the war, before I was allowed to cast a vote for anything, although I was qualified by age and citizenship, the registrar held that I was disloyal, and I was denied the right in all those many years just because I was a Confederate soldier.

I am just about all in. I figured when I came out to California that I would have enough money left to put me over and give me a decent burying, but in this delightful climate, with so much sunshine, fruits, and flowers, I believe I am going to live too long, and that my money will run out. That distresses me greatly, yet we are told that the ravens fed Elijah, and that gives me hope, which means prayer that I will be taken care of by some good angel.

God will bless the Confederate veteran and the dear people of the Southland. Peacefully, quietly, passing away, remember me as your comrade and true friend.

325 West Third Street, Long Beach, Calif.

"Neath starry daisies in the grassy pall,  
With which impartial nature covers all,  
'Dust to dust'—but deeds heroic as theirs  
Mount to the zenith of crystal fame  
Skying their native land;  
Mount and shine there, effulgent stars,  
To point the path of glory to the sky."



*THE MEN WHO FOLLOWED LEE.*

BY C. W. HUDSON, BRUINGTON, VA.

From the cotton and the corn fields,  
 From the mountains to the sea,  
 At the battle cry of freedom,  
 Came the men who followed Lee.

How they starved and fought and suffered,  
 In their effort to be free,  
 Many a bloody field bears witness  
 To the men who followed Lee.

Well they bore the Flag of Glory  
 Through defeat and victory;  
 And their children tell the story  
 Of the men who followed Lee.

But now taps is gently sounding,  
 And soon asleep will be  
 All the heroes of the Southland—  
 The brave men who followed Lee.

But they'll waken in the morning,  
 At the Angel's Reveille,  
 And stand with him in glory—  
 All the men who followed Lee.

*WITH RODES IN BATTLE.*

BY DR. J. S. DOWNS, CORPORAL COMPANY F, 45TH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT, DANIEL'S BRIGADE, RODES'S DIVISION.

In the March number of the *VETERAN* was an article by Capt. P. J. White, of Richmond, Va., wherein he expressed profound regret that Gen. Robert E. Rodes, of Virginia, has not been given a place among the illustrious dead on what is destined to be the world's greatest memorial, Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Ga.

I was with General Rodes in the memorable battle of Seven Pines, in June of 1862. Daniel's Brigade was east and south, near Janes River; about dark, we received orders to go to Richmond. We marched all night, arriving at Seven Pines about noon. In the charge in the morning, our army was repulsed. We were placed in line to fill up a gap, with the 14th Virginia Regiment on our left. General Jackson got around McClellan's flank, and we charged and drove the Federals back.

I was with Rodes in the Valley of Virginia, under Stonewall Jackson, in the spring of 1863. Jackson drove three armies across the river and joined Lee at Chancellorsville, with General Rodes in the flank of Hooker's great army. General Rodes made the attack and drove the enemy until nine o'clock that night, when Jackson halted Rodes's men and ordered A. P. Hill to the front, and thus relieved Rodes. It was in this battle that, through a mistake, the bullets of the Confederates were turned upon their own troops and Stonewall Jackson was wounded.

I was with Rodes at Fredericksburg; went with him to Gettysburg; was wounded the evening of the 3rd day of July, 1863, just as the long, hard-fought battle was over. I was with him at the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor. We went with General Early; drove Hunter back through the Valley campaign in 1864.

General Rodes was not only a brave and fearless soldier, he was more. Like the great commander, Robert E. Lee, when we were in the enemy's land, he would allow no pilfering, no

mistreatment of women and children; his men never broke ranks until a guard was placed at every house that could be seen from the camp. He was loved not only by his own men, but by all who knew him.

I heartily agree with Capt. White that no man in the Confederacy is more deserving of the great honor of having his name and features carved upon this great memorial mountain than Gen. Robert E. Rodes.

*"THE WORLD'S WINGS."*

(From a review by Mrs. Mary C. Chesley, of Col. W. Jefferson Davis's book, "The World's Wings.")

Civilization owes its progress to the intelligent thinkers who have been able to look forward in their dreaming and then to help make those dreams come true. What human being has not at some period of his existence longed to fly through the air! And it was a patriotic American who first made his dream of flying come true.

It is another American, Col. Jefferson Davis, and one of our own Southerners, who has recently given us a masterly accomplishment in a book that every American should read.

He was liaison officer of the Air Service; he was intimately associated with the American Air Forces; he has been the War Department Legal Adviser in Europe, and represented the United States officially at the Prague International Aviation Congress, 1922, which considered the legal aspects of international air laws. Therefore, he is eminently fitted to handle the subject of aviation and to sound the note of warning to awaken America to what other nations are doing "in the air."

Colonel Davis is a Virginian by birth, a Californian by adoption, and a relative of our own beloved Jefferson Davis. As a Southerner and American, we are proud to claim him, and to recommend "The World's Wings" to all patriotic citizens. The first American ace, Douglas Campbell, was a Californian. The foremost American ace, Capt. Eddie Rickenbacher, is also a Californian. It has remained for a Southerner, now living in California, to present for the first time a national air program for this country, and it is done with such masterly handling, directness of appeal, and with such broad vision that it should receive consideration.

"The World's Wings" is a most comprehensive and patriotic presentation of the effectiveness and usefulness of the airplane, which is so essential to our national defense. "The World's Wings" will interest and entertain you! It will grip and hold you! It will make you think!

ANOTHER SURVIVOR OF THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.—Dr. T. C. Sexton, of Fremont, Nebr., responds to the inquiry in the *VETERAN* for July for any survivors of the old Stonewall Brigade, saying: "I was a member of Company D, 4th Virginia Infantry, and followed Jackson up to the battle of Chancellorsville, May, 1863, where I was wounded and incapacitated for further field service. My company was organized at Marion, Va. I came to Nebraska in 1868; am now in my eighty-fourth year, and the last surviving member of the company, so far as known."

FIGHTING ABOUT WINTON, N. C.—Who knows of any engagements about Winton, N. C., or Poltecas Creek, during the War between the States? Any information on that line will be appreciated.



**NORTH CAROLINA WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.** Stories of the heroism and self-sacrifice of women of the Old North State. Verses by literary women of the sixties in North Carolina. Rolls of Honor, North Carolina mothers of many sons. Early Memorial Societies, First Flags, etc.

Written and Published by MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, Fayetteville, N. C.

Price, \$1.50, postpaid

The Alabama State Department of Archives and History, Montgomery, Ala., requests that anyone having muster rolls, rosters, flags, or other records of Alabama soldiers will send them in to that department, which does the research work for proof of service for the Alabama Pension Commission and needs all such rosters and rolls that are now in private hands for this purpose.

Mrs. John W. Scott, 321 West Hickory Street, Denton, Tex., is anxious to secure the Confederate record of her grandfather, Flavius Josephus Penn, of Gibson County, Tenn., who is thought to have served under a Captain Gay. He went to Texas after the war and married Miss Jennie Turner, also a Tennessean, and who was a niece of the Harper brothers who served with the 12th Consolidated Tennessee Infantry. Josephus Penn was a son of Abraham Clark Penn, and his connections all lived in and around Gibson County, Tenn.

Mrs. J. H. Kimbrough, Lowndesboro, Ala., would like to hear from any comrade or relative of her father, Capt. Robert Powell Bledsoe, who volunteered at Pleasant Hill or Independence, Mo., and was with Maj. A. G. Anderson, Brig. Gen. F. M. Cockrell's Missouri Brigade.

Dacis B. Cecil, of Everton, Ark., wishes to get in communication with some one who knew George W. Ashby, who went from Lincoln County, Tenn., to Arkansas. His widow wishes to make application for a pension and needs information on his service as a Confederate soldier.

Davis Biggs, of Jefferson, Tex., asks for information on the service of A. D. Hendrix, who enlisted at Florence, Ala., in August, 1864, in Company F, 4th Alabama Cavalry; was captured at Huntsville, Ala., in December of that year, and confined at Camp Chase, Ohio, until June 13, 1865, when he was released. Anyone who remembers him will please write to Comrade Biggs.

Miss C. Louise Banton, 27 The Prado, Atlanta, Ga., wishes to learn at what military school in Virginia her father, William H. Banton, and his brother Richard were educated; this was some four years previous to the War between the States. William H. Banton was elected 2nd lieutenant of the 4th Virginia Heavy Artillery in August, 1861. His grandparents were from Buckingham, Va. After the war he married and became a successful business man in Philadelphia.

Two young Irishmen in a Canadian regiment were going into the trenches for the first time, and their captain promised them five shillings each for every German they killed.

Pat lay down to rest, while Mick performed the duty of watching. Pat had not lain long when he was awakened by Mick shouting:

"They're comin'! They're comin'!"

"Who's comin'?" asks Pat.

"The Germans," replies Mick.

"How many are there?"

"About fifty thousand."

"Begorra," shouts Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"—*Canadian American*.

An old negro went to the office of the Commissioner of Registration in a Missouri town and applied for registration papers.

"What is your name?" asked the official.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Well, George, are you the man who cut down the cherry tree?"

"No, sah; I ain't de man. I ain't done no work for nigh onto a year."—*Watertown Standard*.

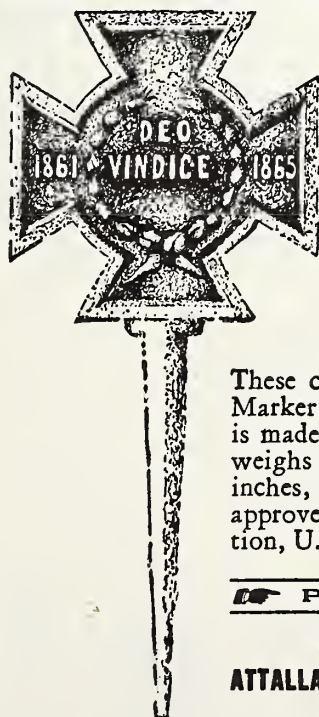
As a ship was entering the harbor of Athens a well-dressed young woman passenger approached the captain and, pointing to the distant hills, inquired:

"What is that white on the hills, captain?"

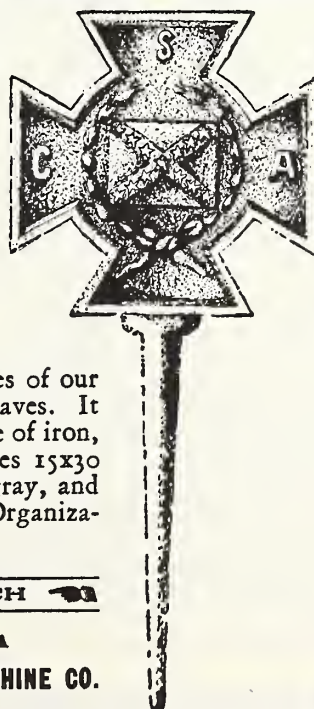
"That is snow, madam," replied the captain.

"Well," remarked the woman, "I thought so myself, but a gentleman just told me it was Greece."—*Chicago Herald*.

WANTED.—Copies of Dr. Wyeth's "Life of Forrest." Anyone having a copy for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN.



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Forget"



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# Building Up the Veteran

---

Faith in the Southern people—their interest in Confederate history—was the corner stone of the VETERAN'S foundation, and that faith has been nobly sustained through its thirty-five years of existence by the coöperation and interest of its patrons.

Many good friends have passed on—and others are passing—and there is need to fill these gaps with new friends. A suggestion is made in this number of the VETERAN by the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans whereby these new friends may be secured. He asks that each old subscriber send two or more new subscriptions during the next thirty days and thus help to build up the working strength of the publication—and Commander Foster starts the good work by sending an order for two new friends at once.

To show its appreciation of those who will coöperate in this, the VETERAN offers

## A BOOK FREE!

To every patron who sends two new subscriptions during the month of August, a copy of "The Early Life and Letters of Stonewall Jackson" will be sent as premium. This book gives intimate knowledge of the great "Stonewall" which cannot be gotten elsewhere, and it will be a valuable addition to any library. Only a small stock available, and orders will be filled as received.

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The Confederate Veteran

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1927

NO. 9



THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA



## TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
  2. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
  3. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.
  4. Financial Prospectus.
- All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.  
Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

## BOOKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Scarcer and more scarce become the works on Confederate history written by those who had a part in making it. What is written hereafter will be by those whose viewpoint comes from reading what has been written by the participants. Much of this material is now available only through libraries in large centers, and it is important that it be accessible everywhere. Every U. D. C. Chapter should have a library for the use of members in the historical work of the organization; every school should have its library of Southern history, and every home should have its collection of these books. Delay in collecting them means a loss in every way.

From time to time the VETERAN is able to offer books that are difficult to procure now, and it is only occasionally that more than one copy can be offered. Two or more copies are available in some books of the following list, but it is well to make second and third choice in giving your order:

- Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson. Nice sets, cloth. Two volumes.....\$7 00
- Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis. Two volumes..... 8 00
- Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones..... 4 00
- Lee and His Generals. By William Parker Snow. Illustrated..... 5 00
- Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke. Illustrated..... 6 00
- Service Afloat. By Admiral Semmes. Illustrated..... 7 00
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- Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston. By Col. William Preston Johnston..... 5 00
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- Four Years in the Saddle. By Col. Harry Gilmor..... 3 00
- Poems of Henry Timrod. Memorial Edition..... 2 50
- Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Gen. Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry). Edited by Gen. R. E. Lee, 1867. 6 00
- Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

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If thou the truth wouldst teach;  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Another's soul wouldst reach;  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

—Horatius Bonar.

The Annual Roll Call of the American Red Cross Association to enroll members for 1928 will be held as usual from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving, November 11 to 24.

Anyone who knew my husband, James Samuel Bartee, who served in Company E, Gillespie's Battalion, Texas Infantry, please write me. He enlisted at Huntsville, Tex. Have been trying to locate a witness that I may secure a much-needed pension. Mrs. E. B. Bartee, Seymour, Tex.

The widow of John W. Bundy, who was a member of Terry's Texas Rangers, enlisting at the age of sixteen at Hillsboro, Hill County, Tex., needs proof of his service in order to secure a pension, and she will appreciate hearing from any friends or comrades who can give any information of his war record. Address Mrs. M. C. Bundy, Cabot, Ark., Route No. 2.

Mrs. Nettie Wright Sory, of Isola, Miss., is trying to get a pension, but needs information on her husband's service as a Confederate soldier. Benjamin Davenport Sory enlisted at Pontotoc, Miss., in 1863 or 1864, and served under a Captain Mays, but she does not know the company or regiment. Any response may be addressed to H. Lee Herring, at Ruleville, Miss., who is trying to help her.



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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER 1927.

No. 9.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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GEN. FELIX H. ROBERTSON, Waco, Tex. . . . . *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. . . . . *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## THE EIGHTIETH MILESTONE.

"Poor is the country that has no heroes, but beggared is that country which, having them, forgets," was the message sent out to his people by Commander in Chief Foster on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, July 24, 1927.

## FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

*Comrades:* Owing to the warm weather, I have had to decline invitations to some of the State reunions and other Confederate gatherings, but I expect to attend those meetings in the fall. In the meantime, I will ask the Commander of each State to write to his Brigadier Generals, urging them to reorganize their inactive Camps so that they can have as large representation as possible in the annual gatherings.

Some helpful information can be gotten by writing to Gen. J. A. Yeager, State Commander of Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., Tulsa, Okla., who has worked out a wonderful plan for reorganizing inactive Camps and has put his State at the top for the number of delegates.

With love and best wishes to each of you, my dear comrades.

J. C. FOSTER, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

## STATE REUNIONS, U. C. V.

The following State Divisions, United Confederate Veterans, will hold their annual reunions in the fall of 1927:

Alabama Division, Huntsville, October 12-14.  
Arkansas Division, Little Rock, October 11-12.  
Mississippi Division, Vicksburg, October 12-14.  
Tennessee Division, Franklin, October 13-14.  
Texas Division, San Angelo, October 6-7.

The people of Vicksburg, Miss., are preparing a fine entertainment for the veterans of the State when they meet there in annual reunion, October 12-14. The statue of Jefferson Davis, provided for by legislative enactment, will be unveiled on the morning of October 13.

Maj. Gen. Thomas P. Lamkin, commanding the Alabama Division, U. C. V., heartily indorses the suggestion of Commander in Chief Foster for the upbuilding of the VETERAN and with his own renewal to 1919 sends the names of three new subscribers. He writes that good attendance is expected for the annual meeting at Huntsville, October 12-14, and that the presence of Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, commanding the Army of Tennessee Department, and Adjutant in Chief, Harry Rene Lee, will be helpful in building up the State organization.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## MORE HISTORICAL "BUNK."

Several of the leading newspapers of the country have been carrying in their Sunday editions articles by their special writers founded on the tales of an old negro who claims to have been the camp servant and "real friend" of Gen. R. E. Lee. The ridiculousness of the claim to have been a "real friend" of General Lee is only equalled by the absurdity of the stories told by the old negro. If General Lee ever made a confidant of anyone with whom he was associated it is not known, and much less would he have revealed himself to a negro servant.

This old negro, William Mack Lee, has attended many reunions of the United Confederate Veterans and is always well treated, but he is sailing under false colors in claiming any association whatever with General Lee as camp servant or otherwise. There is no mention of his name in any of General Lee's letters, though some other negro servants are referred to, and if he had had the close association which he claims, his name would doubtless have appeared in some of General Lee's letters to his family. He has evidently read the life of the great general and talked about him until he has convinced himself of an association which never existed. He is not the first who has profited by claims too absurd to be given credence. Of similar type was the claim of one James Jones, a servant to President Davis, to have been intrusted with the safe-keeping of the Great Seal of the Confederacy, and whose story of having hidden it so securely that it could never be found until he revealed the secret of its hiding place is still believed by some people, who will not accept the fact that the handsome Great Seal, of solid silver, is now reposing in the Solid South Room in the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., and who believe that the old negro did hide it and died without revealing its hiding place.

But back to William Mack Lee and his ridiculous claims. Passing over many historical inaccuracies, which reputable newspapers should be ashamed to perpetrate upon a credulous public, one incident of the many absurdities set forth will be sufficient to brand the story as made up "from the whole cloth." In telling of being with General Lee at Gettysburg, this old negro says:

"Then we got into Pennsylvania, away up North, and Marse Robert gives orders everything is to be paid for. No levying on citizens, no burnin', no mistreatment. And he meant it, yes, sir, he did. Never treated a Yankee the way old Sherman did our folks. We was polite to them and paid for what we took. And it wasn't long till we got word the Yankees was closin' about us from the east. That was what Marse Robert wanted, though we ran into them sooner than he expected. Marse Stuart was off raidin' their lines somewhere, and we didn't know there was so many ahead. Just ran plumb into them right in Gettysburg, and Jubal Early drove them out. My, there was some pow'ful fightin' there, a regular rain of Minie balls."

The article goes on:

"The larger events at Gettysburg are well known. After an early success the Confederates met stiffer resistance that gradually became a wall. And the engagement gave rise to the controversy now almost three-quarters of a century old whether Lee could have won had Longstreet attacked at

8 o'clock in the morning instead of 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Here took place the famous charge of Pickett's Brigade and the stemming of the Confederate tide. But the critical events paled before one of a more personal kind that befell William when grapeshot laid him low with wounds in the head and back.

"I felt like somebody had throwed hot tallow all over me," he said, 'and I fell at Marse Robert's feet, cryin': "Help me, Marse Robert, help me." But he laughed right smart and said, "William, I can't; the Lord will have to do that."

"Then I told him, "Well, Marse Robert, I wouldn't laugh if you was shot," and he sobered down, answerin', "No, William, you wouldn't. And I didn't laugh because you was shot, but at the way you hollered." He said he never heard a ducky make such a fuss. Guess I did, too, and you can still see the scar on my head."

"There was the scar, right where William pointed."

Of course, the famous sword incident had to be brought out, with embellishments, and he gives it an original setting in the following:

"The famous surrender at Appomattox has been described many times in many ways. Such copious descriptions have surrounded the event with no little doubt. Every house in the neighborhood has been declared the site where Grant met Lee. Another version holds that they came together under an apple tree. William states the facts in still another way from the usual accounts.

"Could I ever forget that day?" he asked, and answered himself, 'No, sir, I couldn't. First, I tidied up Marse Robert's uniform, wiped his boots and glasses till they shone, and buckled on his sword. Then with his staff around him, about twenty-five officers, he rode into Appomattox. I came on behind and we seed Grant comin', maybe a hundred men with him. They met near the courthouse, when Marse Robert got down from Traveller, lookin' tall and straight, and Grant got off his hoss, too. He was a stocky, frownin' man, with a brown beard and kinder rough lookin'. But he came toward Marse Robert and they shook hands, and he said: "Lee, come into this loghouse."

"They went into the courthouse, built of cyprus logs, and I saw Marse Robert draw his sword kind of slow, click his heels together, and hand it to Grant across his left arm. But Grant shook his head, positive like, and Marse Robert put it back. There was tears in their eyes, both of them.

"I couldn't bear no more. I went down the road a little way and waited, cryin' to myself. Yes, sir, I surely did, and I didn't want nobody to see me. They would think I was a fool ducky. But by and by Marse Robert rode along, sittin' straight and quiet, his officers around him, and the whole army come troopin' behind. They cheered his name and cried and wanted to carry him thei'selves. Yes, sir, I never seed so many men cry as on that day. Marse Robert sort of hurried on, he didn't like no expressions that way, but they kept comin' behind him, and some of them wept real hard, like a woman, 'deed they did, his soldiers, that had been fightin' for him four years.'"

And so the tale continues, a grain of truth appearing now and then to justify it. With most people getting their information from newspapers, what wonder that the history they learn is "bunk." The press of the country should be censored if we are to get at the truth. Why should they not be accurate even though their material is written hurriedly? When we get to the point where newspaper offerings are worthy of acceptance as the truth, then indeed will they have a place of solid worth. Till then, take their historic offerings *cum grano salis*.



## HONOR WHERE HONOR IS DUE.

BY DR. LYON G. TYLER, HOLDCROFT, VA.

In Miss Rutherford's calendar of "What the South May Claim," published in the April VETERAN, it is stated that "the South, through James K. Polk, added Texas and the Pacific Slope to the United States." This is doing justice to the South, but injustice to a Southern man who died in the service of the Confederacy, John Tyler, of Virginia. As ought to be well known, the annexation of Texas was the leading measure of his administration (1841-45), consummated by the joint resolutions passed on March 1, 1845, two days before Tyler's term expired. These resolutions provided that Texas might be admitted as a State of the American Union whenever a convention should frame a constitution suitable for the purpose. This proposition being accepted by the Texas Republic left nothing to the Polk administration but the execution of a lot of forms. The real work of the annexation of the territory was already done by John Tyler.

A letter from him, which I add to this communication, sets out the matter very strongly:

"To Gen. Thomas J. Green.

"SHERWOOD FOREST, February 28, 1856.

"Dear General: I take occasion to thank you for your kind reference to me in your remarks at the Richmond dinner. It would be indeed strange if my enemies could deprive me of the credit of having annexed Texas to the Union. I presented the question; urged it first in the form of a treaty to the Senate, met the rejection of the treaty by a prompt and immediate appeal to the House of Representatives, fought the battle before the people, and conquered its two formidable adversaries (Clay and Van Buren), with their trained bands, and two days before my term expired, adopted and enforced the alternate resolutions under which Texas took her place amid the fraternity of States. My successor did nothing but confirm what I had done.

"Nor is that all. Texas drew after it California; and I may well claim that, in regard to the whole subject, Mr. Polk was my *administrator de bonis non*. True, I would not have negotiated a treaty of peace without settling the slave question in that treaty, the omission to do which was a great blunder; of this I will talk to you when I see you.

"Accept the assurances of my constant esteem.

JOHN TYLER."



WHERE GENERAL RAMSEUR DIED.

On the famous Shenandoah Valley Pike, between Strasburg and Middletown, Va., is the old estate of Belle Grove, which is the heart of the battle field of Cedar Creek, and in the old mansion General Sheridan made his headquarters during the Valley campaign. It was here that Gen. Stephen Dodson Ramsuer was taken after his mortal wounding in the battle of Cedar Creek, and where he died shortly afterwards. This old mansion was built in 1787 by Maj. Isaac Hite, who was aide de camp to General Washington in the Revolutionary War; his father was a pioneer in the Valley. Major Hite's first wife was Nellie Conway Madison, sister to President Madison, and it was at "Belle Grove" that Madison took refuge when the British captured Washington during the War of 1812.

## GOOD FRIENDS AND TRUE.

Though the suggestion made by Commander in Chief Foster in the August VETERAN has not resulted in doubling the VETERAN's circulation, the response has been encouraging in the interest manifested by old friends in the success of the publication. Some good friends not able to secure any new orders have sent advance subscription for themselves. One of these, R. M. Clayton, of Atlanta, says he is eighty-two years old and "will take a chance on four more years." So he renews to 1931. Good for him! Another comrade, T. B. Hogg, in renewing for several years, writes: "I have been reading the VETERAN for more than thirty years and am still getting lots of pleasure out of it." And this is the sentiment generally; yet there are many still who do not realize the pleasure and benefit they could get through having the VETERAN regularly. Commander J. A. Yeager, of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., refers to an article in the August number "worth more than the yearly subscription," and he plans to make a stronger effort in that Division to build up the circulation. Commander Goodwyn, of the Alabama Division, responds with three new orders and his own renewal in advance. George H. Hubbard, of Kirbyville, Tex., "calls the Commander's bluff" and goes him one better by sending three new orders.

And so the good work is taken up by friends here and there, and though the result is not yet what is needed, it will be continued and the VETERAN'S continuance assured. A little work by every good friend means a good deal to the VETERAN. Send for sample copies and give them out to those who ought to be interested in Southern history. The young people especially should be aroused.

## A VERMONT'S SECESSION.

The removal from the United States of Dr. William T. Kudlich, of Hoboken, N. J., widely-known president of St. Mary's Hospital of that city, because of his deep-rooted conviction that the United States was wrong in the policy of prohibition, had its prototype at Bellows Falls, Vt., during the civil war.

In 1861 one of the leading and wealthy citizens of the town, Eleazer Allbee, who had enjoyed much influence in town and county affairs and was a member of the constitutional conventions of 1822 and 1836 and the State legislatures of 1822 and 1823, sold all his property in Bellows Falls and other towns and removed to Canada, where he died three years later. This removal was occasioned by his conviction that the United States was committing a great sin in the prosecution of the civil war. He never again stepped on United States soil.

Previous to his death he wrote the following inscription to be placed upon the stone at the head of his grave as a permanent declaration of his sentiments. It stands in the cemetery of Stanstead, Province of Quebec:

"ELEAZER ALLBEE

WAS BORN IN

ROCKINGHAM, VT.,

JUNE 19, 1785.

DIED IN STANSTEAD, C. E.,

AUGUST 28, 1864.

"He went into voluntary banishment from his Beloved Native Country during the reign of terror in the Third Year of the Misrule of Abraham the First."—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*.



*THE SPIRIT OF THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.*

BY T. D. TINSLEY, MACON, GA.

During the War between the States, I was a member of Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, C. S. A., and participated in the battle of Missionary Ridge, poetically called "The Battle above the Clouds." Walker's Division was on the right of our line, and not only held the enemy in check, but drove them back after each charge. In the afternoon of the day, hearing cheering from the center, I remarked to Captain Fair of our company that we were giving them "Hail Columbia." He said in reply: "No, I do not think so. I do not like the cheering. It is 'hip! hip!' while our boys always yell." He was right. The center of our line broke. In a short while thereafter couriers from the center and left were galloping along the entire line with orders to move. After the center broke, it was followed by the left of our line. Hardee's Corps, to which Walker's Division was attached, came last.

In those days the distinction between commissioned officers and enlisted men was not so marked as at present, and I messed with Lieut. Charles du Bignon, a brother of Hon. Fleming du Bignon. Lieutenant du Bignon had a body servant, an old man named Abram. He had charge of du Bignon's valise as well as mine. On the retreat, finding a mule hitched to a sapling, all saddled and no claimant near, he appropriated him and affixed our belongings to the pommel of the saddle. Negro like, especially an old one, he could not resist the temptation of picking up from around the discarded camp any old piece of junk, such as a broken skillet, a cracked pot, and other cooking utensils.

Bragg's army was to retreat as far as Dalton, Ga., there to go into winter quarters. In crossing the river (the Chattooga, I think), old Abram concluded he would water his mule, but in some way missed the fording, and his mule plunged into the water over his head. He was so weighted down with rubbish and other articles that he quietly sank to the bottom, and it was good-by to our satchels as well as the mule. On reaching Dalton we saw nothing of the old man, and I remarked to Du Bignon that I was sure old Abram had deserted to the Yankees; but he thought not. The next day old Abram came up grinning, and said: "Young Marster, I sure aimed to fotch you a fine mule to ride on, but he was drowned and so was the bags. But here's your nigger all right."

After remaining in camp at Dalton awhile, I was furloughed and went to Savannah, where my uncle, William S. Rockwell, was in command of the barracks. I was here discharged and at once reappointed to my office in the Treasury Department at Milledgeville, and it is needless to say that I gladly went back to my old job.

During the session of the legislature there were weekly dances, and the young ladies of Milledgeville who had friends in the country near by were accustomed to invite them to come in to the dance and spend what remained of the night at their homes.

I boarded with Mr. Martin Edwards, and his daughter Annie invited Miss Sue Woodall, who lived in Jones County, near Haddock Station, to come in to the dance. She was a buxom, rosy-cheeked lass, and she asked me if I was going to the dance that night. I replied that I had no change of clothing whatever and nothing suitable to wear. She at once said: "I have seven yards of as pretty woven jeans as you ever saw. I carded every ounce of the wool myself, dyed the wool, and wove the cloth smoothly on our loom, and I will gladly give it to you if you will accept it." Of course, I thanked her gratefully, and she said she would bring it in the next time we had a dance. Then she asked me: "How is it that you have no clothes except those you have on?" I said: "My valise with

all my clothes in it was lost after the battle of Missionary Ridge." She looked at me with a frown on her forehead, curled her lips, and said: "Were you in that run?" I said: "We called it a retreat." She got up, put her arms akimbo and said: "Well, I call it a run, and I want to say just here and now, no man who ran from Missionary Ridge can wear Sue Woodall's jeans." She was right; I never did.

A number of years after, perhaps twenty-five, a middle-aged, comely woman called at my office and asked if I did not want to buy some fly brushes made of peacock feathers. They were very beautifully made, and I purchased two of them. Thinking I might care to order two more for my friend, I asked her name and where she lived. She replied: "Sue Woodall, from Jones County." It was my lady of the jeans. I said: "Don't you remember offering to give me seven yards of jeans when I was a young man and lived in Milledgeville?" She looked at me, and then said: "Why, yes, I do." "Well," I said, why didn't you bring it in on your next visit to Milledgeville." She threw back her head, laughed heartily, and said: "I did not think then you were fitten to wear 'em."

*PRESIDENT CALIFORNIA DIVISION, U. D. C.*

MRS. K. C. BLANKENBURG, OF SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Mrs. Kathryn Carter Blankenburg, now serving her second year as President of the California Division, U. D. C., was born in Texas, but resides in California. She is the daughter of Francis Watkins Carter, who was born in the old Carter home at Franklin, Tenn., a noted place in connection with the battle there. He and two brothers served in the 20th Tennessee Regiment. Her mother was a daughter of Maj. Thomas Francis Lockett, who served in Missouri under Sterling Price until sent to Texas to start a factory to make blankets, etc., for Confederate soldiers. With such a background, it is not surprising that Mrs. Blankenburg has devoted much of her time for many years to U. D. C. work. She made a new record for her State in historical work last year, and her efforts are now directed to building up the Children's Chapters. Her great interest is in working for true Southern history.



## REUNION OF NORTH CAROLINA CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The late reunion of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., held at Raleigh, August 2-4, was notable especially for the large attendance of veterans and for the entertainment provided by the hospitable citizens. Some five hundred of the three thousand veterans of the State now left were registered, the remnant of that glorious contribution of 125,000 made by North Carolina to the Confederate army. Among them was Maj. Charles M. Stedman, of the 44th North Carolina, now the only Confederate veteran in the United States congress. The general feeling was that this reunion was the best ever held. It seemed that nothing that could be done for the pleasure and comfort of the veteran guests had been left undone.

The veterans were quartered in the State College building, and the sessions were held in Pullen Hall, a part of the college. Receptions and luncheons and auto rides made up a round of entertainment which kept "the boys" on the go, but they were equal to all demands. The music and the pretty girls were inspiring at all times.

Gen. W. A. Smith, Commander of the Division, presided over the sessions, and he was reelected for another term. Other officers of the Division reelected at this meeting were: Gen. A. H. Boyden, Commander First Brigade; Gen. P. G. Alston, Commander Second Brigade; Gen. G. H. Hall, Commander Third Brigade. The Commander of the Fourth Brigade, J. W. Goodwin, having resigned, Col. J. M. Edwards was elected to that command, while General Goodwin was made Commander Emeritus.

The invitation of Tarboro for the reunion in 1928 was accepted. Its historic interest won the veterans. Tarboro was the home of Henry L. Wyatt, first to fall in Confederate ranks, Col. William Dorsey Pender, one of the State's immortals, and Col. S. S. Nash, now one of the highest ranking officers among the survivors of the Confederacy.

The opening entertainment of the reunion was the reception on Tuesday afternoon, given at The House of the Oak, the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Andrews, honoring the maker of the Stars and Bars, Orren Randolph Smith, and his daughter, Miss Jessica Randolph Smith.

On Wednesday afternoon, a reception was given at Wakestone, the home of Hon. Josephus Daniels, in honor of the Division Commander and staff, and the Division Matron of Honor, Mrs. Henry A. London, of Pittsboro.

The reception at the Governor's Mansion on Thursday afternoon honored General Smith and staff, and a feature of this reception was the presentation of the portrait of Maj. Orren Randolph Smith to the State as the designer of the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy.

The historical pageant, "Women of North Carolina in the Confederacy," was given on Wednesday evening under the direction of Mrs. John Huske Anderson, State Historian, U. D. C., assisted by the Johnston Pettigrew Chapter. The scenes in this pageant were taken from Mrs. Anderson's book and were accompanied by the music of old Southern airs, the presentation being most pleasing in every way. Much credit is due to Mrs. Anderson for her fine work in gathering up much of the unpublished history of the State during the time of war, and which she has put in book form. In this pageant she had the part of Narrator, and interpreted the scenes for the audience.

The Sponsors' Ball followed the pageant, the grand march being led by Gen. A. W. Smith, with Mrs. A. W. McLean, wife of the governor.

## ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF BENTONVILLE.

An outstanding event in North Carolina will be the dedication of the memorial marker on the battle field of Bentonville, which is to be the beginning of a larger project with the U. D. C. at this historic place. Mrs. John H. Anderson writes that the marker is to be placed at the spot where General Johnston threw his forces across the road to intercept Sherman's forces.

The following invitation is cordially extended:

"The North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, requests the honor of your presence at the unveiling and dedication of the bowlder marking the battle field of Bentonville, where North Carolina's Junior Reserves, on March 19, 20, 21, 1865, played a conspicuous part in withstanding Sherman's army. On Thursday, September 15, 1927, at eleven thirty in the morning near Bentonville, Johnston County, N. C.

MRS. WALTER P. WOODARD,

*President North Carolina Division, U. D. C., Wilson, N. C.*

MRS. JOHN K. ANDERSON,

*Chairman Battleground Committee, Fayetteville, N. C."*

Mrs. Anderson would like to hear from any soldier who was in the battle at Bentonville and recalls the woman who fought there with her husband in an Alabama regiment; she performed a heroic act in rescuing the body of her husband after he was killed and took it to the rear. This incident is told in a letter written by the father of Governor McLean, of North Carolina, the day after the battle.

## THE LAST TIME I SAW GENERAL LEE.

BY CHANNING M. SMITH, WARRENTON, VA.

Soon after the sad closing scenes of Appomattox, which ended forever the hope which we old soldiers had of a Southern Confederacy, Colonel Mosby called for volunteers to go into Richmond and, if possible, get some information as to what to do with his command. At that time, he had not heard of General Johnston's surrender to Sherman, nor of the capture of President Davis. Flanking the enemy's pickets, five of us entered the city the next night, and, putting up my horse at a livery stable, I went to the home of my uncle, General Chilton, who, at one time, was General Lee's Adjutant General, thinking that he might possibly give me some information upon the subject. The door at which I knocked was opened by Uncle Robert's oldest daughter, Laura. The family were all sitting in the dark, the gas works having been destroyed, when some one knocked at the door, and it proved to be General Lee. A candle was lighted. O what a change in his appearance! The last time I had seen him he was in the full glory of his splendid manhood, and now pale and wan with the sorrow of blighted hopes. I could not help, nor was I ashamed of, the tears which filled my eyes.

I told him that Colonel Mosby was anxious to know what to do and would be glad to receive any advice from him. His reply was this: "Give my regards to Colonel Mosby, and tell him that I am under parole, and cannot, for that reason, give him any advice." This shows, too, his high sense of honor. Through all his life, honor, to him, had been an everyday virtue. "But, General," I said, "What must I do?" His reply was: "Channing, go home, all you boys who fought with me, and help to build up the shattered fortunes of our dear old State." I never saw him again, but "no calumny can ever darken his fame, for history has lighted his name and image with her everlasting lamp."



## "BARBARA FRIETCHIE" REVISED.

When over the mountains, riding down  
Horse and foot into Frederick Town,

The "rebs" marched over the mountain wall,  
With their usual clatter and their usual gall,

Barbara Fritchie bedridden lay,  
And knew no odds 'twixt—Blue and Gray.

Whittier says not, but he did not know  
(At least the *Century* war papers show),

Though forty flags with their silver stars  
And forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped all morning, and then came down,  
When the hungry rebels came to town—

Barbara Fritchie didn't mind,  
She couldn't see 'em—being blind.

When up the street came the gray-clad boys,  
She probably muttered: "O drat their noise!"

And to Stonewall Jackson, riding ahead,  
Never a syllable Barbara said,

She didn't lean out of her window sill,  
To shake the flag with a royal will;

No! Barbara Fritchie, so they say,  
Stayed in bed that autumn day.

The "shade of sadness" and "blush of shame,"  
Which the poet alludes to never came.

Therefore, the salty but well-meant tear  
Will please cease falling on Stonewall's bier—

'Tis twenty-odd years since the fight was o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

And the heroes in blue and the same in gray  
Love to tell of the awful day—

When hearing the conquering rebel tread,  
Barbara Fritchie stayed in bed.

And valorous generals love to walk  
Through the well-paid pages of gory talk.

Blood-red ink and steel pen  
In the *Century* meet and fight again.

Flag of Freedom and Union wave,  
O'er the land of the true but inky brave.

—Puck.

In sending the above poem complete, a friend of the VETERAN also sends a contribution clipped from the *Baltimore Sun* of July 14, which takes a whack at the people of Fredericktown, who are commercializing a poetic libel. This correspondent says:

"There are some who would cheerfully condone the

Fritchie hoax, which certain citizens of Frederick are handing out to a confiding public as history. This (advertising) deception is excused on the ground that, after all, it is harmless; that people like to be humbugged, and what would we do without myths.

"Unfortunately, there are some features of this particular myth that are overlooked, because, perhaps, the leniently disposed do not recall the nature of its reflections and the circumstances under which the myth appeared. Every war induces bitter misrepresentations which may be labeled under the head of propaganda. In this the Whittier poem excels.

"The writer, who is of Northern ancestry, recalls that in his boyhood he lived in a relative's house in Philadelphia, the attic of which was covered with propaganda from *Harper's Weekly*. I recall that one of the illustrations represented the Southern soldiers scalping the Federal dead and wounded after the first battle of Bull Run.

"Yet no army in all history passed into hostile territory with such high regard for the rights of noncombatants as did Lee's army on its two Northern campaigns; but in Whittier's poem (in which even the name of the alleged heroine is wrongly spelled), Stonewall Jackson, upon the very sight of the Stars and Stripes, becomes infuriated and orders a rifle volley fired into Barbara's house that "shivered the window, pane and sash," while tearing "the banner with seam and gash." Thereupon Dame Barbara (who was partly blind and had been bedridden for ten or twelve years) lightly leaped to the window and "snatched the silken scarf" as it fell from its broken staff! At this spirited rebuke, a "shade of sadness" and a "blush of shame" suffused the countenance of the errant "rebel"; the poet records that "the nobler nature" within him "stirred to life"; hence, he refrained from shooting at the "old gray head!"

"Was there ever so much bunk set forth in a poem that is even now in thousands of schools seriously recited as historical? No wonder that a very large number of Frederick people tell me they themselves feel the "blush of shame" when they see their fellow citizens commercializing a hoax somewhat in keeping with the exhibition of the rival skulls of John the Baptist!

Charles W. Super writes from Athens, Ohio: "I am greatly surprised and somewhat amused to come across the name of any man in this year of our Lord 1927, who takes for granted the historic truth of the Barbara Fritchie incident. I supposed that it had been completely 'squelched' more than half a century ago. From 1872 to 1875 I was associated with a woman in Cincinnati who was born in Frederick about 1830 and had lived in that city most of her life. She told me that she not only never heard of the incident during her residence there, but that she never came across anybody who knew it. If Barbara Fritchie was, as is claimed, a German, she did not spell her name as it is spelled in the poem. To make her a German, however, adds a little to the verisimilitude of the incident, as the Germans both here and in their native land were conspicuously opposed to slavery. I never heard or saw mention of the source of Whittier's poem, but suppose he got the idea where spiders get the materials for their webs and poets generally get their materials. In the picturesque if not elegant language of Josh Billings: 'It is better not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so.' Poetry is not written to tell the truth, but to move or to please the reader. The truth of this can be proved by thousands of instances. For one instance, when I was a schoolboy, almost every reader contained the 'Burial of Sir John Moore.' It is



now known that the poem was not written until almost ten years after the incidents it claims to narrate, and it is altogether fictitious. Two other much-read poems of my early days were Byron's account of the battle of Waterloo and his Prisoner of Chillon. Both are far from the truth. To call rebels traitors is both untrue and unreasonable. Rebellion is neither a sin nor a crime unless it is made so by statute. That Jefferson Davis was not a traitor was ably demonstrated by Dr. Bledsoe in his well-known volume. The book has since been reprinted under another title, which seems to me to have been a mistake."

## VIRGINIA DURING THE PERIOD OF SECESSION.

BY EVA E. BELL, STATE HISTORIAN, VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

As Virginia had borne a conspicuous part in the foundation of the Union, so when civil dissension arose and her integrity was threatened, she was foremost in mediation. She put forth every effort to avert war. Before the dark storm cloud which had been so long hovering burst in fury upon the land, she exerted all her great power and all of her persuasive influence to avert the dire calamity, to preserve the public peace, and to restore to the contending sections the spirit of fraternal concord and harmony. She even sent commissioners to some of her more impatient sisters of the South to advise a course of moderation.

Virginia had been ardently attached to the constitutional union of 1789 because it was, in great part, the creation of her own and because she regarded the safety of the Union as the safety of the State, but she had consistently maintained the doctrine of State Rights, of which her Jefferson, Madison, and Mason were the great expounders.

Between two embittered legions, between two angry and hostile portions of the Union, Virginia steps in to mend the discord.

On January 19, 1861, her General Assembly in extra session passed the *unanimous* resolution inviting "all such States of the Union as are willing to unite with Virginia in an earnest effort to adjust the present unhappy controversies" to appoint commissioners "to meet on the fourth day of February, next, in the city of Washington."

Twenty-one States responded. She began to look around for cool-headed, conservative men of ability to represent her. She sent as her delegates ex-President John Tyler, William C. Rives, John W. Brockenbrough, George W. Summers, and James A. Seddon.

John Tyler was chosen president of this conference, which became known as the Peace Congress. On assuming the chair, Mr. Tyler made a forceful, patriotic address in behalf of the Union, peace, and harmony.

The Virginia delegation urged the Crittendon resolutions as a basis of adjustment; they were rejected. Then an article of seven sections was directed to be submitted to Congress; it failed to secure Congressional recommendation, and thus the peace conference, inaugurated by Virginia, passed into history as a failure, and the Virginia delegates went sadly home.

On the 13th of February, 1861, the members of the Virginia convention (elected in pursuance of the act of the General Assembly passed on January 14 of that year) assembled at the Capitol in Richmond and organized by electing John Janney as president and John L. Eubank secretary. This was an eminently conservative body of men, animated by high and patriotic principles. It embraced men of lofty character, profound learning, and large experience in public affairs. The reputation of some of them as orators extended the limits of the Union.

On February 16, a committee of twenty-one was appointed

to whom all resolutions touching Federal relations were referred.

On February 18, commissioners from three of the seceded States appeared before this convention to invite the co-operation of Virginia. They were Hon. Fulton Anderson, Mississippi; Hon. Henry L. Benning, Georgia; Hon. John S. Preston, South Carolina. Mr. Anderson, of Mississippi, in his exordium said: "We recognize Virginia as leader in the struggle for independence, foremost not only in vindication of our own rights, but in defense of the endangered liberties of her sister colonies, and by the eloquence of her orators and statesmen and by the courage of her people arousing the whole American people in resistance to British aggression. And when the common cause had been crowned with victory under her great warrior and statesman, we recognize her also as the leader in that great work by which the colonies were united under a written Constitution which has been the source of unexampled progress in all that constitutes the greatness and happiness of a nation. Nor do we forget that progress has been due in a preëminent degree to the magnificent generosity of Virginia in donating as a free gift to her country that vast territory northwest of the Ohio River which her arms alone had conquered and which now constitutes the seat of empire and, alas! the seat of power which now erects its haughty crest in defiance and hostility and threatens the honor and prosperity of this great State."

After reviewing events which had taken place in Mississippi since the election of Mr. Lincoln upon a platform of irreconcilable conflict between the two sections of the Union, Mr. Anderson said: "In conclusion, gentlemen, let me renew to you the invitation of my State, Mississippi, and people to invite and coöperate with your Southern sisters. Come and be received as an elder brother whose council shall guide our actions and whose leadership we will willingly follow. Come and give the aid of your advice in council and your arms in battle, and be assured when you do come, the signal of your movements will send a thrill of joy vibrating through every Southern heart from the Rio Grande to the Atlantic."

Mr. Benning, of Georgia, on the same day made a strong argumentative address in which he explained to the convention the reasons which had induced Georgia to take the important step of secession. He then laid before them facts and considerations in favor of the acceptance by Virginia of the invitation to join Georgia and the other seceded States in favoring the Confederacy.

Mr. Preston, from South Carolina, made an address of surpassing power and eloquence. He called attention to the fact that in the treaty of peace with Great Britain that government acknowledged the States severally and by name as sovereign and independent, and that the whole spirit and genius of the Constitution of 1789 recognized the sovereignty of the States. In conclusion, Mr. Preston said: "Sirs, wherever Virginia has a son beyond her borders, his voice is known because he speaks the ancient tongue of his mother. Mr. President, I am one of the humblest of these sons; I have promised my adopted brethren they will hear the stately tramp of a mighty host of men and they will see floating above that host a banner whose whole history is a blaze of glory and not one blot of shame, and coming from that host they will hear one voice only, the echo of the voice which thundered into the hearts of your godlike sons, 'Give me liberty or give me death,' and on that banner will be the unsullied name *Virginia*. The world knows her history and knows no history above it. And, knowing it, none dare doubt where Virginia will be found when her offspring, *divine liberty and justice*, calls her to the conflict."



Notwithstanding the fervid eloquence and matchless oratory of Mr. Preston, and the coercive addresses which had gone before, the convention remained firm and unmovable.

At that time, according to Mr. John Goode (a member), the House stood one-fourth for immediate secession, one-fourth for the Union unconditionally, and one-half for making still further efforts to effect pacification and avoid dissension. Reports and various substitutes made by the committee and proposed by individual members were ably and earnestly discussed for several weeks.

After Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address, March 4, 1861, excitement at Richmond was greatly intensified, the galleries of the convention hall were packed long before the time of meeting.

A committee of three members—William B. Preston, Alexander H. Stuart, and George W. Randolph—were sent to Washington to request Mr. Lincoln to communicate to them his intended policy toward the seceding States. He replied: "Not having as yet seen occasion to change, it is now my purpose to pursue the course marked out in the inaugural address."

When the committee returned to Richmond and reported the result, the committee went into secret session to consider it. While they were deliberating, Mr. Lincoln, on April 5, issued his famous proclamation calling forth the militia of the several States to aggregate 75,000, for the purpose of coercing the seceding States. Virginia's quota was two thousand three hundred and forty men. In response, Governor Letcher, that noble old Roman who had labored most energetically and patriotically to stay the rising tide of dissension, promptly replied that he would furnish no troops for any such purpose, and added: "You, sir, have chosen to inaugurate civil war."

The proclamation destroyed all hope of a peaceful settlement; it determined the action of the convention. They realized the Union had already been dissolved by the withdrawal of the seven seceding States, and the proclamation of President Lincoln had reduced Virginia to a most distressing alternative. She must fight on one side or the other.

On April 16, William Preston submitted an ordinance prepared by Charles R. Schlater, of Lynchburg, "an ordinance to repeal the ratification of the Constitution of the United States by the State of Virginia, to resume all rights and powers granted by the said Constitution."

After an earnest and solemn debate during which strong men were seen to weep bitter tears, the convention, on April 17, adopted by a vote of eighty-eight to fifty-five the ordinance by Mr. Preston.

The ordinance was submitted to the people, and on the fourth Thursday in May was ratified by a large majority. The vote stood 125,950 for and 20,373 against it.

During the interval between the adoption of the ordinance of secession by the convention (April 17, 1861) and its ratification by the people (fourth Thursday in May, 1861), it became necessary to appoint a commander in chief of the military forces of Virginia. Governor Letcher appointed Robert E. Lee, with the rank of major general, and the appointment was unanimously confirmed and made known to him on April 23, 1861.

General Lee entered the House of Delegates leaning upon the arm of Marmaduke Johnson. He had been immediately preceded by Alexander H. Stephens, Governor Letcher, and the members of his advisory council—Judge John J. Allen, President of Court of Appeals, Col. Francis H. Smith, Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, and Commodore Matthew F. Maury, of world-wide renown.

When General Lee entered the hall, every member of the

convention rose to his feet. When he reached the center of the main aisle, he stood while he listened to the eloquent welcome of the president of the convention, John Janney. Among other things Mr. Janney said: "When the necessity became apparent of having a leader for our forces, all hearts and eyes, with an instinct which is a surer guide than reason, turned to the old county of Westmoreland. We knew how prolific she had been in other days of heroes and statesmen. We knew she had given birth to the Father of His Country, to Richard Henry Lee, to Monroe, and, last but not least, to your own gallant father; and we knew well by your deeds that her productive power was not yet exhausted. We watched with the most profound and intense interest the triumphal march of the army led by General Scott, to which you were attached, from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico. We know of the unfading luster that was shed upon the American armies by that campaign, and we know also, what your modesty has disclaimed, that no small share of the glory of those achievements was due to your valor and military genius.

"Sir, we have by this unanimous vote expressed our convictions that you are at this time among the living citizens of Virginia, 'first in war.' We pray to God most fervently that you may conduct the operations committed to your charge, that it will soon be said of you that you are the 'first in peace'; and when that time comes you will have earned the still prouder distinction of being 'first in the hearts of your countrymen.' When the Father of His Country made his last will and testament he gave his swords to his favorite nephews, with the injunction that they should never be drawn from their scabbards except in self-defense, or in defense of the rights and principles of their country, and that if drawn for the latter purpose, they should fall with them in their hands rather than relinquish them. Yesterday your mother Virginia placed her sword in your hand upon the implied condition that in all things you will keep it to the letter and spirit, that you will draw it only in defense, and that you will fall with it in your hand rather than that the object for which it is placed there should fail."

Upon conclusion of Mr. Janney's address, General Lee, with evident emotion, replied:

"*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:* Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which I must say I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality; I would have much preferred had the choice fallen upon an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

How sublime in its unaffected simplicity and modesty! A noble soul dedicating himself to his State.

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FOR VIRGINIA.—Does it not seem a travesty to link the names of Washington and Jefferson with that of Lincoln as proposed for carving on a mountain side in North Dakota? No one can doubt that Washington and Jefferson, if in the flesh when Lincoln called for 75,000 men to invade the South, would have done exactly as R. E. Lee did, offered all they possessed to repel the invasion of their State.—*R. deT. Lawrence, Marietta, Ga.*

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"No trumpet's note need harshly blare,  
No drum funereal roll—  
No trailing sables drape the bier  
That frees a dauntless soul."



## THE FATHER OF WOODROW WILSON.

BY DR. CHARLES R. HYDE, IN CHATTANOOGA NEWS.

"My best training came from my father," said Woodrow Wilson, "the epic figure of his era," as Josepeus Daniels calls him. So the life of the Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Wilson assumes a very vital aspect.

This statement by Woodrow Wilson is a clear refutation of the oft-repeated declaration that ministers' sons amount to nothing, but are indeed a liability to society.

Ministers' sons have held their own in the race of life, despite this popular misstatement. This belief may be traced back 1,100 years before Christ to the tragic history of the sons of two eminent ministers of the olden day, Eli and Samuel.

"Eli's sons made themselves vile, and their father restrained them not." Samuel's sons were born grafters and a stench in the nostrils of the people. Both fathers were apparently so engrossed with the public welfare that they did not look after their own sons.

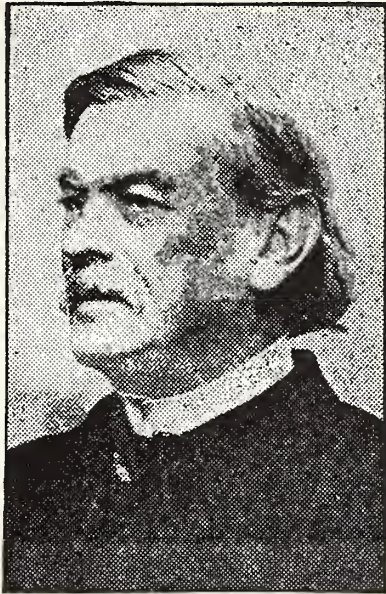
Leaving out other lines of endeavor—business, art, poetry, literature, science, invention, medicine, law—in which ministers' sons have measured up to others far beyond their proportion in numbers, I take public life alone. One in nine of the Presidents of the United States have been sons of ministers. One in four of the "first ladies of the land" were ministers' daughters.

In this illustrious galaxy appear, among others, John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence; Henry Clay, Grover Cleveland, Levi P. Morton, Chester A. Arthur, Charles Evans Hughes, Woodrow Wilson, the son of the subject of this sketch; James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and George Bancroft. Numerous United States senators and judges of the United States Supreme and all inferior courts could be named.

Dr. Joseph R. Wilson was born at Steubenville, Ohio, February 28, 1822, the seventh son of his parents, James Wilson and Anne Adams, both of Ulster, in Ireland. He was Presbyterian to the bone on both sides of the house. He and all of his brothers were brought up to the printer's trade, in which he became very proficient.

But Joseph R. was the scholar of the family. His bent was for the higher education, and he graduated with honors from the best schools of the day. He finished at Princeton Theological Seminary. He was ordained by the Presbytery of Ohio to the Presbyterian ministry in 1849.

Two weeks before that time he was married to Janet (Jessie) Woodrow, on June 7, 1849. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, Dr. Thomas Woodrow, who was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Chillicothe, Ohio.



DR. JOSEPH R. WILSON

This splendid likeness of President Wilson's father was photographed about 1885, and shows a marked resemblance to the distinguished son.

Dr. Wilson became a professor in Jefferson College, then taught for four years in Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia. In 1855 he became pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Staunton, Va., where his distinguished son was born in the manse, December 28, 1856.

In the spring of 1858, Dr. Wilson was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Augusta, Ga. Here he remained twelve years, covering the stormy period of the War between the States.

In 1861, Dr. Wilson invited to his Church the representatives of the Southern Presbyteries, who were to form ("if the way be clear") the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church. Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer was chosen Moderator of that meeting and Dr. James H. Thornwell chairman of the committee to give to the world reasons for the separate organization.

Dr. Wilson thus describes the report of that committee many years afterwards:

"The thrill of that hour is upon me now. The house was thronged—galleries and floor. The meager person of the intellectual athlete, Dr. James H. Thornwell, occupied a small space in front of the pulpit and so near as to gain from the framework a partial support; for even now he felt the approach of fatal disease.

"Every eye was upon him and every sound was hushed as by a spell, while for forty historic minutes this Calvin of the modern Church poured out a stream of elevated utterance as he of Geneva never surpassed, his arguments being as unanswerable as they were logically compact."

Dr. Wilson went in 1870 to teach in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C. The method of education pursued by Dr. and Mrs. Wilson in the case of Woodrow Wilson was rather peculiar. The boy did not know his letters until he was nine years of age. But before that time he was perfectly familiar with the English classics, prose and poetry, read aloud, and discussed in the family circle. His father walked and talked with the boy about literature, and taught him accuracy of expression. The use of the best word was insisted upon, and Dr. Wilson taught his son that "you do not know a subject until you can put it into the fewest and most expressive words."

In 1874, Dr. Wilson accepted the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Wilmington, N. C., where he remained eleven years. Leaving Davidson College after a year's study, Woodrow Wilson spent a year in intimate association with father and mother at Wilmington. Woodrow Wilson went to Princeton in 1875, and not until the closing years of Dr. Wilson's life was he again closely associated with his father.

But the work was done, and the mind of Woodrow Wilson was stamped for life with the impress of his father, who was teacher, theologian, preacher, and also the father of Woodrow Wilson's style. For clarity and incisiveness that style has never been surpassed in our public life.

In 1885 Dr. Joseph R. Wilson went to teach in the Theological Department of the Southwestern Presbyterian University at Clarksville, Tenn. There he served until 1893, when he was retired at seventy-one years of age.

But he was still the chief executive officer of the General Assembly, being "stated clerk and treasurer" until 1898, when he resigned, being in his seventy-seventh year. He had served the Assembly continuously since 1861, as "permanent clerk" and "stated clerk and treasurer."

In 1879 Dr. Wilson was elected Moderator of the General Assembly, which met in Louisville, Ky. This is the highest honor within the gift of the Church, and usually only men of distinguished achievement are chosen for the place.



For some fifteen years I knew Dr. Wilson. I was associated with him in the Presbytery of Nashville, in the General Assembly, and in Richmond, Va., after he had retired from active service. He was always companionable and of a sunny and optimistic disposition.

Dr. Wilson was tall and of massive frame, and in later years was rather inclined to weight. He was erect and of easy carriage, even after he was seventy-seven years of age.

His eyes were the most wonderful I have ever seen; keen and penetrating as Mussolini's, but kindlier and gentler, and with an engaging twinkle that was reminiscent of his Ulster father.

Dr. Wilson was a maker and a lover of home. His wife died in 1888, when he was theological professor at Clarksville, Tenn. For many years he was a lonely man.

Before going to live with his son, Woodrow, at Princeton, he spent some winters in Richmond, Va., where my wife and little boys and I knew him well. He was often a welcome guest in our home and always cheerful and entertaining. He loved to sit by the fireside and talk and listen. He was fond of children and loved to watch the lady of the house at her needlework. Once she was sewing the lace on a handkerchief about six inches square. Dr. Wilson picked it up, laughed heartily, and said: "Who but a woman would ever think of calling that thing a handkerchief?"

Dr. Wilson never tired of talking of his son, Woodrow, whom he expected to occupy the most exalted place in the nation. It was his joy to spend his last few years in that home at Princeton, from which he was finally carried to his long sleep.

It is exactly characteristic of Dr. Wilson, though some other "parson" may have said it too, when one of his country members near Wilmington said to him: "Parson, how is it that your horse is so sleek and fat and you are so skinny?" "That's easy," said Dr. Wilson, "I feed my horse and my congregation feeds me." Dr. Wilson's humor was spontaneous and perennial and even colored the solemnest discussions.

In the General Assembly at Dallas, Tex., May, 1895, a discussion was in progress on the subject of closer relations with other Presbyterian bodies. Dr. Wilson was then seventy-three years of age.

At his request I was sitting near him on the platform, to tell him what was going on, for his hearing was not keen. A cross-eyed man was passionately speaking on the subject.

Dr. Wilson leaned over to me and whispered so that the Moderator, Dr. C. R. Hemphill, could also hear: "Hyde, I think that man ought to get his eyes on closer relations before he says much more on that subject." The dignity of the court was almost upset.

Dr. Wilson whispered more than once: "Hyde, what are they talking about? Why will they conduct a whispering gallery?"

In 1905 I was on my way to Little Rock, Ark., to take charge of the Second Presbyterian Church. Woodrow Wilson, then the President of Princeton University, was on the train. He was faultlessly dressed and very dignified.

Knowing him from his pictures and having known his father so well, I introduced myself to him. He was friendly and cordial. When I told him where I was going, he was at once alert and interested and told me that his sister's husband, the Rev. Ross Kennedy, had been the first pastor of the Church to which I was going.

Then I told Woodrow Wilson a true story of his father, for I was part of the scene. He showed himself entirely human and laughed heartily, for the story was new to him.

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Nashville an old medical

doctor was obsessed with the notion that young preachers should not use tobacco. He brought up his usual resolution that no young man should be admitted to ordination who used tobacco. This resolution was new to Dr. Wilson, but not to the rest of us.

Dr. Wilson's indignation burned against the old physician, and he scorched him with a blistering speech. His dark-brown eyes flashed fire, and he wanted to know where such a person came from. Dr. Wilson used tobacco and thought the habit entirely consistent with ministerial dignity and virtue. The old physician quailed before the hot shot.

When Dr. Wilson paused, a young preacher who did not use tobacco hopped up and moved that a committee be appointed to inquire into the character of any preacher who did not use tobacco.

This created great merriment, in which Dr. Wilson heartily joined, and the incident closed. Woodrow Wilson visualized his father in the scene and laughed like a boy.

The father of Woodrow Wilson expected him to be President. His early training lent itself to this end. Dr. Wilson taught his son mental discipline, ability to study and think, attention to detail (of which the elder Wilson was past master), large capacity for careful and accurate expression, and submission to conscience.

The father clearly saw the rugged road before "the scholar in politics," but he believed in Woodrow's star.

True, John Quincy Adams was a scholar, but he was a kind of inheritor of the presidency.

James A. Garfield was decidedly scholarly, but he leaned upon his soldier's record and that of a great representative in congress.

Theodore Roosevelt was a scholar, but he was also a Rough Rider and the governor of New York.

Woodrow Wilson was preëminently "the scholar in politics," and despite the "taint," he made the grade and carried the highest ideals of scholarship into the presidency.

Joseph R. Wilson was guided by it, and Woodrow Wilson would not violate it. That a public official could be led by his conscience was utterly incomprehensible to the average politician.

Urged in a cabinet meeting to lay down his work and engage in a recreation which he loved, he said: "My boss forbids me to do it." "Your boss?" "Yes, my conscience will not allow me to seek recreation when necessary work calls." So the father is projected through the son.

If Woodrow Wilson made a true diagnosis of his own case, then the world will owe a debt of gratitude for generations to come to Dr. Joseph Ruggles Wilson and Janet Woodrow Wilson, his wife, the father and mother of the twenty-eighth President of the United States.

#### THE WORLD'S LONGEST BRIDGE.

Across the waters of Lake Pontchartrain and following the shore to the gates of New Orleans they are fast bringing to completion the longest concrete highway bridge in the world. The structure has two bascule draws and is fourteen and five-tenths miles in length. For the first time in over two centuries the city will be given an outlet to the north and east for vehicular traffic, and motor tourists to Gulf ports or anywhere along the Old Spanish Trail can enjoy practically an unbroken stretch between Jacksonville and San Diego. In addition to the New Orleans-Pontchartrain bridge, some \$62,000,000 is now being spent to give the Southern tourist the same type of highways that have contributed so much to the growth of motor touring in the North.—*Contributed.*



## FIRST IN THE ART OF WAR.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

Despite their limited facilities for making munitions and arms and the fact that the South was not a manufacturing country, the military genius of the Confederates was manifested in many ways, particularly in the invention, development, and use of breech-loading and repeating cannon and machine guns.

Of the breech-loading cannon used in the Confederacy, probably the best known were the Whitworth and Armstrong guns imported from England. The Whitworth, by the way, was the first breech-loading cannon used in the War between the States. Just before the attack on Sumter, in 1861, C. K. Prioleau sent a small caliber Whitworth breech-loading cannon to Charleston as a present. J. M. Eason cast four hundred hardened bolts in time for the bombardment.

While many English Whitworth, Blakely, and Armstrong cannon were imported by the Confederates, probably only those of small caliber were breechloaders. However, in the VETERAN for October, 1926, I find the statement that Battery D, 10th North Carolina Artillery, was equipped with 20-pounder breechloaders in the winter of 1864-65. Five of these were Whitworths and one an Armstrong.

Gen E. P. Alexander, one of the South's brilliant artillery experts, also mentions the importation from England of a Clay three-inch breech-loading gun, "an improvement on the Armstrong."

Many breech-loading cannon were made and tried out in the South. One of these in common use was the Hughes gun. D. W. Hughes, an inventive genius and a native of Missouri, went to Memphis at the outbreak of the war and invented his breech-loading gun, throwing an inch-and-a-half ball three miles. The principle of his invention was a breech block with a broken screw, a device which has yet to be improved upon. The Confederate government granted Hughes a patent February 18, 1863, and it is said that Hughes made fifty of these guns. They were of brass, about four and a half feet long, and fired by primer as an ordinary cannon.

Hughes died in 1912 and is buried at his old home, Vandalia, Mo.

The records show that Capt. J. L. Terrell's Mississippi Battery had two Hughes guns in 1863.

Confederate and Union records of the war contain many references to other breech-loading cannon of Southern origin.

The *Galveston News* of June 20, 1861, says: "A. Richards, an ingenious mechanic, has invented a breech-loading cannon easily managed. The foundry at Hampstead has cast an iron six-pounder for the Confederate troops."

Gen. John R. Baylor invented a breech-loading cannon pulled by one horse. It fired a can of canister and was made at Cushman's Foundry, Houston, for the "Ladies' Rangers." This cannon was one of those taken across the Rio Grande in 1865 by General Marmaduke's men.

Dr. W. B. Lindsay, of New Orleans, also invented a breech-loading cannon firing thirty shots a minute, according to newspaper accounts of May, 1861.

Major Weiler, of the Federal army, reports that at the fall of Macon he found buried in the smallpox burial grounds and exhumed four "Travis guns," brass two-pounders and breechloaders.

The *Richmond Examiner* of June 7, 1861, has this interesting note: "Messrs Leeds, in Delord Street, Norfolk, have just finished a Saunders gun, a brass breechloader with hexagonal bore. It is of small caliber, highly finished, and cast on the Dahlgren plan, very thick everywhere."

Other notes in the *Richmond Examiner* referring to breech-loading cannon follow:

June 24, 1861: "Wright & Rice, iron and brass founders, of Florence, Ala., have invented a breech-loading cannon that can be fired ten times a minute."

February 20, 1862: "We have seen a model of a breech-loading cannon invented by W. Dillard. It is not adapted to light artillery, being too delicate for rough driving."

September 19, 1861: "A new breech-loading cannon invented by Mr. Nichols, superintendent of the G. H. and H. Railroad, was tried out to-day. It is of wrought iron, four feet long, and one and a quarter inch bore, rifled. It is self-priming and takes a pound ball like a Minie ball and three ounces of powder. Extreme range at fifteen degrees was three to four miles."

M. H. Beazley, wrote February 5, 1862: "We propose to take the Fanny Morgan, for which we will provide a one-pounder rifle invented by Mr. Nichols of this city, and endeavor to draw out the launches of the Santee. With an improved ball to try out the gun, we will fire on the Santee at three-mile range."

General Magruder reported June 24, 1863: "There are no long-range guns available for these boats except the Nichols guns."

And on August 9, 1863, Maj. Leon Smith, Confederate navy, reported: "I found the Nichols gun totally unfit for service and turned it in."

The Advisory Council of Virginia was informed, in April, 1861, that the breech-loading cannon invented by Gen. John B. Floyd was "superior to the Armstrong gun," but there is no record of one being made.

The first machine gun used in warfare was taken into action by the Confederates at the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862. This gun was the invention of Capt. R. S. Williams, of Covington, Ky., and was made at the Tredegar Iron Works, Richmond, the first year of the war.

The Williams gun is described as a steel, breech-loading, rifled gun, with a barrel four feet long and two-inch bore, shooting a one-pound ball. At the breech was a huge cylinder, revolved by a crank, while a sliding hammer struck a percussion cap for each discharge.

The first of these Williams guns was tried out at Seven Pines by the inventor and went into battle with Pickett's Brigade. The results were so satisfactory that the government had six more guns made, which were issued to Williams later, Capt. J. J. Schoolfield's Battery, attached to Giltner's Kentucky Brigade.

Another interesting feature about the Williams gun was that it had an air-cooled barrel.

In the battle of Raytown, Ky., the battery is said to have done effective work.

In the *Richmond Daily Examiner* are these notes:

May 20, 1862: "The Williams mounted breech-loading rifle, which it is claimed will throw twenty balls a minute a distance of fifteen hundred yards, will be tried out at a target this afternoon on the river above the Tredegar Iron Works."

May 27, 1862: "General Floyd attended a trial to-day of the Williams mounted rifle, firing eighteen to twenty ball shots a minute, and mounted on a carriage lighter than a mountain howitzer. It shot accurately one thousand yards."

One of the Williams guns of Schoolfield's Battery was captured by a daring Federal scout in Tennessee. He crept into the camp of the battery and carried away one of the guns while the men slept. This gun was sent to Frankfort Arsenal as a curiosity.

General Pope, the Federal commander in the West, reported



March 1, 1862, the capture of two small caliber, breech-loading cannon, "beautifully rifled and handsomely mounted on four wheels drawn by two horses each. They have an ingenious repeating apparatus at the breech."

These may or may not have been Williams guns, but it is a fact that many of the guns were made and used successfully. General Chalmers, of Forrest's Cavalry, reported, October 13, 1863, that he had five Williams guns. Two others were captured by the Union troops at Jackson, Miss., in 1863, and there are many references to others in use.

But the Federals were not far behind the Confederates in trying out a machine gun, for the records show that North Carolina troops captured two "revolving cannon with hoppers into which bullets were poured" at the battle of Gaines's Mill, in June, 1862. General Trimble, of the Confederate army, says his men were exposed to the fire of these guns for two hours.

Later in 1862, Dr. Richard J. Gatling, of North Carolina, made his first revolving gun in Indianapolis. It fired two hundred shots a minute. Army officers saw them tried and rejected them, but thirteen were made and two sent to Washington and eleven to Baltimore. General Butler bought the Baltimore guns for \$1,000 each and used them in his campaign against Richmond in 1864.

The Federals also brought out what was known as the Billingham and Requa gun, which was composed of twenty-five rifle barrels arranged in a horizontal plane and held in position on a light carriage. They were served by three men and fired seven volleys a minute, with a range of about fifteen hundred yards.

The 3rd Rhode Island Artillery, Battery C, had two of these guns in 1864. The 39th Illinois Volunteers also used them.

Other machine guns were invented and used in the South. Maj. Austin Leyden invented a revolving cannon similar to the Gatling gun.

The *Richmond Examiner* of March 25, 1862, thus describes the "Lynch gun": "The merits of the new cannon for grape shot invented by Mr. Lynch were tested Tuesday at the Falls Plantation. At one-fourth of a mile it literally covered with grape shot a space of one hundred and thirty-six feet. Its caliber is half that of a six-pounder and it is calculated that this gun will fill the place and effectively do the work of four six-pounders."

And in the *Examiner* of March 28: "Colonel Dimock witnessed another trial of the Lynch gun. Forty-eight canister shot were fired and forty-five struck the target."

This note in the *Examiner* of August 16, 1861, is worthy of attention: "Mr. T. F. Christian, of Salem, N. C., has invented a gun that throws one hundred and forty-four balls at a fire, one thousand and eight per minute. It is a terrible weapon, but so simple that a ten-year-old boy can work it. It is exhibited at Raleigh."

The interesting part about this note is that North Carolina had several "volley guns," as they are called in the records, but their identity is uncertain. One of these "volley guns" was captured by the Federals at Fort Fisher, but this, apparently, was an imported one, because Gen. R. C. Gatlin wired to General Whiting at Wilmington, April 19, 1864: "Do not allow the volley gun brought out by the Edith to be used before you receive the instructions for using it." The Edith was a noted blockade runner. The gun is described as "No. 4, Eighty-Five Volley Gun." This gun, or a similar one, was exhibited at the Charleston Exposition of 1902.

In the winter of 1863-64, the legislature of South Carolina presented a "revolving cannon" to Wade Hampton's cavalry,

but the records do not describe it with sufficient accuracy to identify it.

In the same category with repeating cannon belongs the double-barreled cannon of Athens, Ga., which is still preserved and which is believed to be the only one in the world.

In the days of the Revolutionary War, chain shot was frequently used on warships. Two balls, connected by a chain, were fired from a cannon. In their flight the balls spread the length of the chain and did considerable damage to masts and spars, or any mass of human beings in their path.

Dr. John Gilleland, a dentist of Jackson County, Ga., conceived the idea of firing chain shot from a double-barreled cannon. The gun was cast the first year of the war at the Athens Foundry and Machinery Works. It is about four feet long and three-inch bore. There are three touchholes, one for firing each barrel separately, and one in the middle for firing both barrels. When tested it was not a success. The impossibility of discharging both barrels simultaneously made the missiles erratic and uncertain. However, the gun was used in opposing Sherman's march, but ordinary shot and shell were fired from it. Fortunately, the gun was saved and stands in the public park at Athens.

It is a fact not generally known that Gen. Robert E. Lee was the first to suggest and use railway artillery, which was used so extensively and effectively in the World War. Writing to General Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, in June, 1862, General Lee said:

"Is there a possibility of constructing an iron-plated battery, mounting a heavy gun, the whole covered with iron, to move along the York River Railroad? Please see what can be done. See the Navy Department officers. If a proper one can be got up at once, it will be of immense advantage to us."

He wrote a similar note to the Navy Department. Writing to Secretary Mallory, June 21, 1862, he said: "I have been informed by Colonel Gorgas that the railroad battery will be ready for service to-morrow."

The battery was designed by Commander John M. Brooke, who designed the Confederate ironclad ram Virginia (Merrimac), and who banded the Confederate rifle guns. The battery mounted a thirty-two pounder on a strong wooden car, protected by an iron-plated shield, with portholes for the gun. Confederate and Union officers in their official reports comment on the effectiveness of this first railroad battery.

It is also a matter of record that Capt. Beverly Kennon, Confederate States Navy, invented the first disappearing gun.

The Confederate War Department, by official order, prescribed that the names of Confederate heroes should be engraved on captured cannon.

The *Mobile Advertiser* of March 3, 1863, says that at the grand review of the Confederate army at Mobile, four cannon captured from the Federals at Murfreesboro were presented to the city by General Withers on behalf of the Alabamians and Tennesseans who captured them. Each cannon was inscribed with the names of the Alabamians who fell in the battle.

General Bragg instructed General Maney to have the names of four of his bravest Tennessee soldiers, killed in the battle of Perryville, inscribed on guns captured in that fight. General Maney replied that he and other Tennesseans appreciated the honor, but that the 41st Georgia Regiment also took part in the capture of the guns, and suggested that Georgians be included in the list of names thus honored. He mentioned especially the name of Col. Charles McDaniel, of the 41st Georgia.

It was a common practice in the War between the States to have nicknames for cannon. The Federals had the "Swamp



Angel," with which they bombarded the city of Charleston. The Confederates had "Whistling Dick," with which they took pot shots at the Union boats off Vicksburg. Then there was "Old Sacramento." This was a cannon captured from the Mexicans, by Missouri troops at the battle of Sacramento. It was presented to the State of Missouri. When the war started in 1861, it was taken possession of by Bledsoe's Battery. This cannon had a lot of silver in its composition which gave it a peculiar ring when it was fired. It is said the bark of "Old Sacramento" could be distinguished among those of a hundred other guns. Early in the war, however, "Old Sacramento" began to show signs of wear, and it was sent to Memphis to be melted down.

At Island No. 10 the Confederates had two guns which they named the Lady Davis and Lady Polk. And in the naval records of the war recently published by the government there is an interesting note. It is an order of Commodore Davis, of the Union fleet, directing that a vessel be sent to Island No. 10 to procure fragments of the Lady Polk and Lady Davis, to be delivered to Sister Angela, of the Order of the Holy Cross, to be cast in statues for the hospital.

## KELLY'S DEFENSE OF GORDON.

BY T. D. TINSLEY, MACON, GA.

When Sherman's army marched through Georgia and was nearing Milledgeville, Governor Brown, our war governor, fearing they would open wide the gates of the State Penitentiary and let the convicts loose upon the good people of Milledgeville, made a virtue of necessity and offered every convict a pardon upon the condition that he would take up arms in defense of our State. As I remember, they numbered some three hundred and fifty men, and these, with the companies of cadets formerly in the military school at Marietta, but brought to Milledgeville some months before this time, were formed into a battalion of six companies and placed under the direct command of Major Capers, the commandant of the cadets. Gen. Henry C. Wayne was at that time Adjutant General of the State and took general charge of the troops, moving them by train to Gordon, where they were encamped.

At the time I had been discharged from the Confederate army and was then a clerk in the Treasury Department. I was thrown almost daily in contact with the Adjutant General and, before leaving, he asked me to serve as aid on his staff.

On reaching Gordon in the afternoon, General Wayne made his headquarters at the Old Solomon Hotel. The morning following our arrival, while General Wayne, Major Capers, and I were sitting on the porch of the tavern, a man on horseback dashed up. From the pommel of his saddle on one side was swinging his Winchester, while on the other was a pair of crutches. He had but one leg, having left the other on a battle field in Virginia. Giving his name as Kelly, he offered his services as a vidette. General Wayne thanked him very courteously and accepted his services. Kelly saluted again, touched his mare with his spur and, bending in his saddle, galloped rapidly off in the direction of Griswoldville.

About noon of the same day he returned and reported the enemy leaving Griswoldville, headed for Milledgeville via Gordon. He left a second time, and soon thereafter General Wayne requested me to notify the conductor we were to leave for Oconee Station as soon as his engineer could get up steam, also to instruct Major Capers to form his battalion at once and have them board the train.

This was done, and when the conductor was ready to move his train, General Wayne remarked to me: "Well,

Adjutant, we had as well get aboard also. Let's take the rear coach." He had hardly taken his seat when Kelly galloped up to report the Yankee army in sight, buz, seeing the battalion embarked, said: "General, what does this mean?" Don't we make a stand?" General Wayne, from his window, said: "No, Mr. Kelly, it would be ridiculous to attempt to check Sherman's army of one hundred thousand or more men with a force of seven hundred. We go to Oconee, where I may make a stand at the long bridge which spans the Oconee." Then it was that Mr. Kelly turned loose his wrath, cursing General Wayne for a white-livered cur with not a drop of red blood in his veins. His vocabulary of profanity was equaled only by his reckless bravery. Finally he said: "Well, you damned band of tuck-tails, if you have no manhood left in you, I will defend the women and children of Gordon."

He unlimbered his old Winchester, rose in his stirrups and began firing at Sherman's army, then plainly in sight. I was on the rear platform as the train moved slowly out, and we left him still holding the fort, "all alone in his glory."

I have read an account of this incident, entitled "Kelly's Defense of Gordon," wherein it was stated a Mr. John Bragg was with Kelly at the time and backed him up. Perhaps he joined him after our train left, for no man was with him up to our leaving; his cursing and fighting was done single-handed.

Some thirty years after the close of the war, I was at my desk when a thin, bronze-faced man, with iron-gray hair, entered. He was on crutches. His face was familiar, and when, on asking his name, he replied, "Kelly, from Wilkinson," I knew this must be my Gordon hero.

"Did you not live in Wilkinson County during the war?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember when Sherman's army came through Gordon and you fired on them from your saddle seat?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember cursing General Wayne for a cowardly white-livered cur, with no red blood in his veins, for not making a stand to defend the women and children of the village?"

"I do not remember all I said, but I remember calling him a cowardly tuck-tail dog for running away. I thought so then and I think so yet!"

Sixty-two years after the incident narrated above, I was privileged to read an excellent poem written by Col. Victor Davidson, of Irwinton, entitled "Kelly's Defense of Gordon," describing the same event I had witnessed and agreeing with me as I remember it with a single exception, that he divided the honors with a Mr. John Bragg.

I referred to this article in my statement above. As I said then, I did not see any one there but Mr. Kelly, so I wrote Colonel Davidson, and from his courteous reply I learned that Kelly was still living a few miles from Gordon. I was delighted to learn that he had not yet crossed the river, and as I was extremely anxious to learn the sequel of the event, as to how he made his escape, I asked for an interview, and this is what he told me:

"I learned of the approach of Sherman's army on its way to Milledgeville the day before General Wayne and his battalion reached Gordon, and concluded that day I would ride toward Griswoldville and see what was going on. On the way I met a negro girl, who was crying and told me that two Yankee soldiers were at Dr. Tom Gibson's house and were threatening Mrs. Gibson, and she feared harm, as Dr. Gibson was away.

"Just then John Bragg rode up, and I told him what the



girl had said and asked him to go with me to Gibson's house, as I thought Mrs. Gibson needed help. He said he would go part of the way, but did not want to get in any trouble. When we came in sight of the Gibson house, he left me, and I saw no more of him. He was not with me when I tendered my services to General Wayne or when Sherman's army reached Gordon.

"I rode up to the front of the house, where I found two cavalry horses hitched, and on the grass near them the sabers and accouterments of the two soldiers who were in the house. Hearing my approach, one of the soldiers came to the front door and on seeing me called to his companion inside, who joined him, and they ran to where their horses were tied. Being mounted, I beat them to it; then they opened fire on me with their side arms. I did not want to ride away, feeling sure they would return to the house, so I used my gun also. One of the men fell and the other one took to his heels.

"I dismounted and found the wounded man badly hurt, so I had a negro man on Dr. Gibson's place get one of the wagons in the lot, to which we hitched the two cavalry horses, put the wounded man in it, and drove to Gordon, where I thought he could have medical attention. On making further examination, we found him dangerously wounded, so I had him moved into a room in the tavern and placed comfortably in bed. However, he died soon thereafter.

"The following afternoon General Wayne and his battalion reached Gordon and the next morning I tendered my services as a vidette. When his troops left by train and I had emptied my carbine, a detachment of cavalry dashed up and captured me before I could get away. I was thrown in an army wagon, my crutches taken from me, and the wagon driven along with Sherman's army.

"When the army halted for the night, some sort of a drum-head court-martial was held and I was notified that I was found guilty of murder. A regimental band was brought out and marched around me many times playing the dead march, and I was told I was to be shot next morning at sunrise.

"Hearing in some way of my capture, General Sherman had me brought to his headquarters to learn what I knew of the topography of the country, what food for man and beast could be obtained on the route to Savannah, etc. At the close of the interview, General Sherman asked me if I knew I was to be shot the next morning, having been found guilty of murder. I answered I had been told so, but that I had acted in self-defense and the act was not murder. I said: 'General, anyway a man can die but once.' He looked at me keenly for several minutes, and then said to the guard: 'See that the sentence of the court-martial be carried out.' But he smiled quizzically as he said it, and somehow it heartened me a little.

"I was not shot the next morning, nor the morning thereafter, though the dead march was played for my benefit twice again, so I felt sure that the court-martial and the sentence was a farce. Anyway, I was sick of this dead march business; it got on my nerves, so that night I slipped out from the back of the wagon and crawled in the swamp and remained there two days. I then improvised a crutch and made my way back to my father's farm near Gordon, reaching there six days after my capture."

After giving me this account of his escape, Mr. Kelly stated he was eighty-three years old, that he had enlisted in Company B, Ramah Volunteers, and later transferred to the 14th Georgia Regiment, of which A. V. Brumley was colonel.

He lost his leg at Jericho Ford, Va., May 23, 1864, and was then assigned to duty with Belle Boyd, noted female Confederate spy. Of the ninety-nine men who enlisted at Gordon, July 9, 1861, he is the only one now living.

#### THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

An interesting story is told in connection with this old picture of General Beauregard, sent to the *VETERAN* some



GEN. P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

time ago by Lon A. Smith, of Austin, Tex., who was then Commander of the S. C. V. of that State. With it came an article by A. S. Colson, of Hamilton, Tex., who told of having found the picture in possession of an ex-Federal soldier there, who had "captured" it from the body of a Confederate soldier, killed at the battle of New Hope Church, Ga., in 1864. This Federal soldier, Amos Chambers by name, had served with Company A, of the 3rd Iowa Cavalry, and he had been postmaster at Hamil-

ton under the Harrison administration. A letter from Rev. J. R. Granton, of Mineral Springs, Ark., sent with the article, refers to "the picture of General Beauregard that my brother, J. J. Granton, had in his pocket when he was killed at New Hope the evening Hood fought there. . . . It was made at Charleston, S. C., directly after the fall of Fort Sumter. My brother belonged to the 1st Arkansas Regiment, while I belonged to the 28th Mississippi, and we were on the way to New Hope, but didn't get there until the battle was over. The next morning, when we went to bury the dead, I found my brother. . . . His pockets were turned out, and his pocketbook and the picture which he carried with his Confederate bills, was gone."

Comrade Colson served with the 25th Virginia Cavalry, W. E. Jones's Brigade, Lomax's Division, J. E. B. Stuart's Corps, and surrendered with Companies B, E, G, and I, all of Lee County, Va., at Cumberland Gap, on April 25, 1865. He was born in Lee County seven miles east of Cumberland Gap, and lived there until 1884, when he went to Texas. He writes of a unique incident in connection with Hunter's raid in the vicinity of Lexington, Va., during which he burned Governor Letcher's home and the Virginia Military Institute. He says: "Hunter's soldiers, while in Lexington, came upon Stonewall Jackson's grave, over which a Confederate flag was floating. They tore the flag into strips and cut the flagstaff into small bits, which they distributed among themselves as souvenirs. As there was not sufficient for all to carry away a bit, some of the Yankee soldiers took dirt from Jackson's grave and placed it in their purses. Many of these soldiers who were captured by Stuart's Cavalry had the dirt in their purses."

Men die, but principles can know no death—  
No last extinguishment of mortal breath.  
We fought for what our fathers held in trust;  
It did not fall forever in the dust.

—James Ryder Randall.



## JOHN YATES BEALL: AN APPRECIATION.

BY VIRGINIA LUCAS, CHARLES TOWN, W. VA.

(Continued from August number)

Taking up the mooted question of a hypothetical friendship, or acquaintance, between John Yates Beall and John Wilkes Booth, which furnished the motive for Booth's assassination of Lincoln, I have a series of letters to my father, the late Judge Daniel Bedinger Lucas, bearing on the subject. To publish them would I think throw some light on the evanescent and chimerical character of this tradition. The gist of the whole matter seems to be that the story above suggested is based upon hearsay evidence, and negatived by several people who were personally informed as to the life and death of J. Y. Beall, hero and martyr to the Southern cause.

Mr. Frederick J. Shepard, writing from Buffalo, N. Y., January 16, 1905, says to my father:

"Dear Sir: I have collected considerable material for an account of the Johnson Island conspiracy, to be published in the *Buffalo Historical Society*. I have visited the Island, communicated with two gentlemen who were confined thereon (one was Maj. Robert Stiles), and have talked with the officer who arrested Cole," etc.

He considers Cole to have been a "romancer," and credits him with originating the Booth-Beall story, at least, he says: "I suspect it was Cole who invented the Booth story, for I vaguely remember something like it in a yarn full of lies which Cole fed to a man named Burr, who printed it in the *Philadelphia Press* of January 29, 1882. In that story, Jacob Thompson was represented as having visited the Michigan in petticoats."

Mr. Shepard's essay on Johnson Island was printed in part by *Abbott's Magazine of History* and later by the *Buffalo Historical Society*, 1905.

He also states that there is (or was) an auctioneer in Philadelphia named Stanislaus Henkle, who professed to have documentary proof that "Booth killed Lincoln because he thought Lincoln had deceived him in regard to saving Beall, who was his (Booth's) friend." "I do not take any stock in the story," continues Mr. Shepard: "but you might know whether there was any ground whatever for the yarn."

So much for our historian from Buffalo. Then, my friend, Mr. Isaac Markens, of Newark, N. J., on January 24, 1903, wrote Hon. Robert Barton, of Winchester, who promptly mailed the letter to my father, thus opening a correspondence between Mr. Markens and Judge Lucas which lasted for some time. This inquiry runs as follows:

"Col. Robert Barton.

"Dear Sir: Judge Welford, of Richmond, refers me to you for . . . all possible facts as to birthplace, ancestry, and career of John Y. Beall, who was executed in February, 1865, as a spy. . . . Information to be used in a newspaper article. I desire an estimate of Beall, his characteristics, occupation prior to the war, education, when and where he joined the army, etc. . . . Was there any friendship or acquaintance between him and John Wilkes Booth, as some writers assert? I have never been able to verify the story." Mr. Markens acquired a copy from my father of the "Memoir" of Beall, and is still interested in the study of his career.

The next query was from a Southern lady, of whom Col. Bennett H. Young wrote as follows:

"LOUISVILLE, KY., October 2, 1906.

"To Hon. D. B. Lucas, Charles Town, W. Va.

"Dear Sir: You know more about John Yates Beall than any other living man. I have a friend in Memphis, Tenn., Mrs.

Virginia Frazer Boyle, who is anxious to get some data. She is one of the most charming writers of the South. . . . Hoping you will help my friend, and with assurance of my regard, I am

"Yours truly,

BENNETT H. YOUNG."

Judge Ritchie's memorial and the Canadian memoir were sent to this lady, and I have her delightful letter, from which I may quote a few lines:

"MEMPHIS, TENN., June 30, 1906.

"My Dear Judge Lucas: I have learned from several of my friends that you have written a memorial of your classmate, Capt. J. Y. Beall, which will probably throw much light upon a subject in which I am interested. . . . In treating of prison life and the great Northwestern Conspiracy, the opportunity offers to clear the memory of Beall and soften the position of Wilkes Booth. I have the data of Capt. C. M. Cole, under whose direction Captain Beall acted. Suffice it to say, my mother was summoned twice to Buffalo to testify in his behalf. . . . I am anxious to get your book. I have waded through a hundred books, but the trouble is, the matter I most desire was dismissed with a line. May I ask you also if Booth was a classmate at the university with you and Beall? If not, when did the friendship between the two begin? Is there any positive data going to show that President Lincoln had promised Booth leniency for Beall, and that it was tampered with by Thad Stevens or Seward? Thanking you in advance, and offering the apology of one eager to set her own people aright in the light of history, I am with great respect, sincerely yours,

V. F. BOYLE."

(Where, indeed, did this friendship begin, or was there any such friendship?)

Continuing our Booth-Beall credentials, I have a clipping from the *Philadelphia Times*, May 8, 1899 (anon.), discrediting the "fiction" traced to a Dr. George Anderson Foote, late physician of Warrenton, N. C., and surgeon in the Confederate States navy, imprisoned at Fort Columbus, N. Y. His son printed his recital in the *Wake Forest Student*. Of this Dr. Foote, Judge Ritchie, father of the present distinguished Governor of Maryland, writes my father:

"BALTIMORE, MD., May 9, 1899.

"To D. B. Lucas.

"My Dear Judge: The inclosed is from the *Sun*. I have seen this Booth business referred to two or three times before. Is there anything in it? The *Sun* asked me about it. I never heard of Booth's intimacy with John, nor do I remember John's speaking of him.

"Who is Dr. Foote? If he had an adjoining cell, I knew nothing of it, nor did John speak of it. There are at least two conspicuous errors in his alleged statement.

"Please tell me Annie's married name and her address, and who are still left at the old Beall home?

"Very truly yours,

ALBERT RITCHIE."

Judge Ritchie, it will be remembered, was with John Yates Beall to the last, at Fort Lafayette, and, with Mr. James McClure, received his dying statement, will, etc.

Miss Louisa Manly, author of *Southern Literature* and other textbooks, writes for Miss V. E. Lewis, of Florida, "who wants all the information I have, and also to know where she could obtain more, re Capt. J. Y. Beall's life by Judge Daniel B. Lucas, of Charleston, S. C. (sic).

From a diary kept by Susan Bradford, who became Mrs.



Nicholas Ware Eppes, I take a few notes. This has just been published, as "Through Some Eventful Years." On June 3, 1863 (should be 1862?) the young diarist says; "Dr. English came to-day and with him Capt. J. Y. B., the soldier he had written about. Captain Beall is young and very good looking. He has the front room upstairs, where he can be cool, and we have our orders to make no noise. Father dressed his wound and left him to sleep awhile." Later (August 20, 1863): "Captain Beall has improved amazingly. He can now speak in a natural voice, and is allowed to converse if he feels like it. At first his voice was so weak and it hurt him to speak, so he made signs for his wants." Good Dr. Bradford nursed him, and they declared a winter in Florida might make him "as sound as ever." This he had, through the kindness of General and Mrs. Williams; and not only did he recover, but he met there the young Miss Martha O'Bryan, who became his fiancée. To her he wrote faithfully throughout the succeeding years, and died blessing her name and bequeathing to her—as to his mother and sisters—a locket with his likeness and a lock of his hair. I have often wondered that none of his Southern friends wrote any record of Beall, his charming personality, and heroic career. The reason so little was written here, is given in a letter of I. C. Haas, Tacoma Park, D. C., November 21, 1905, in which he says:

"Judge D. B. Lucas.

"Dear Sir: Through a kindness of Senator John W. Daniel, I have had published in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, a sketch of John Y. Beall. Senator Daniel's preface to this article is a deserved tribute to the immortal hero.

"I have written under the name of I. H. Crawford, my middle name, for the reason that *the surviving relatives of Captain Beall protested against the revival of John's execution*," etc.

A very singularly reserved and high-minded clan, they were sensitive. And I esteem myself fortunate to have received a personal letter about John Yates Beall from Mrs. Betty Henderson (his sister). She denied the existence of friendship or close acquaintance between Booth and Beall, and she surely should have known.

To return to Mrs. Eppes and her delightful book, I am aware that she relates the Booth story and believes it to be true. I must, however, assume that she depends on the merest hearsay, for she gives no authority, and we have contradiction from people who knew.

In *The Civil Engineer*, April 9, 1892, is found the following screed concerning Booth's Cruise and the trials of Surratts *et al.*

"The writer (Gath, George Alfred Townshend) published the first developments concerning the 'Plot,' and his letters, descriptive of Mr. Lincoln's funeral and the various arrests of the suspected parties were put in a pamphlet, and while the subordinate conspirators were being tried this pamphlet was ordered read by the court-martial. A few years afterwards the writer of this paper made numerous visits to the region, southeast of Washington, where the plot was devised, and he finally unravelled and published in the *Century Magazine* certain facts (*re* Booth's flight into Virginia). . . . Less than a month before Mr. Lincoln was murdered, I spent an entire afternoon with John Wilkes Booth and am, therefore, describing no haphazard person when I couple his personality with his crime.

"Born three miles north of Belair, Md., Booth attended schools in the vicinity of Baltimore, . . . was surrounded from childhood by actors all ambitious for fame and display, . . . and he came upon the scene under the influence of his brother-

in-law, in Philadelphia, a manager. . . . When John Brown suddenly staged his irruption into Virginia, Booth, who had a passion for pugilism and athletics, joined the real military and went to Charles Town and there remained until Brown and his companions were hanged."

The initiated will know how much importance to attach to this; to him I have always attributed this sensational theory. But Gath was expert in a style of reportorial writing that has fortunately passed away and that they used his pamphlet in the court-martial of the Surratts is but another example of the type of evidence admitted in those notorious trials.

I have other letters. One from Mr. J. W. Allison, of Texas, who knew the Bealls and remembered the events of 1865; one from Mr. Henry Bedinger Baylor, of Atlanta, who "tried to trace the Booth connection, as a pet theory of his own."

I will quote Captain Grabill, editor of the *Shenandoah Herald*, Woodstock, Va., who says:

"For some time I have intended writing a history of a plot, an oath-bound conspiracy, to escape from Johnson's Island, which I believe was the indirect cause of Mr. Lincoln's assassination. . . . I read an article which said that Senator Hale, Washington McLean, and Wilkes Booth had visited Mr. Lincoln and had secured his promise to pardon John Y. B., and that Seward afterwards interfered and that the promise on that account was broken. I wrote to J. R. McLean for information upon the subject. He replied that it was true his father tried to save Beall, that he had visited Mr. Lincoln, but he did not know who was with him. . . . If it is true that you have information confirming this story, I would be more than pleased to know of the fact. . . .

"Very truly yours,

J. R. GRABILL."

(Formerly Captain Company E, Col. E. V. White's Cavalry Battalion.)

Also, the Rev. J. H. McNeilly, of Nashville, says, in his letter of inquiry to my father, that Booth was engaged to the daughter of a Republican Senator (Hale), through whose influence the promise was extorted from President Lincoln to grant Beall's pardon.

There is an absolute unanimity in these letters in ascribing to Judge Lucas certainty of knowledge and in themselves offering not one grain of accurate affirmative information on the subject of this controversy. It is all in the air. Smoke! the baseless fabric of a vision; and to all inquiries my father had this only to say . . . which he writes to Dr. McNeilly, and in quoting which, I conclude, voicing it as the opinion of one who "knew John Yates Beall better than any other man."

"Rev. J. H. McNeilly, Nashville, Tenn.

"My Dear Sir: In reply to yours of the 25th inst., I would say that your sketch of Capt. J. Y. B. had already been sent me and read with interest, I think. In reply to your questions:

"1. The whole story about John Wilkes Booth and his connection with Beall is a fabrication without a particle of truth. By permission of Judge Albert Ritchie, of Baltimore, I sent you a copy of my letter to him on the same subject.

"2. In regard to Major Cole, he was released after the surrender, and visited Captain Beall's family and myself in the autumn of 1865. He, in conversing on the subject, said my account of the matter in the memoir was substantially correct.

"Please give my regards to Miss O'Bryan.

"Very truly yours,

DANIEL B. LUCAS."

Rion Hall, September 28, 1899.



Truth is stranger than fiction; and that dwellers in the picturesque and remote Valley of the Shenandoah should have taken part in such singular adventures as with the Raven and the Swan, on the Chesapeake or the Island Queen, or Philo Parsons, on the Lakes, seems almost as strange to me as that Byrd, of Winchester, should be the world wonder of aviation, that John Brooke should have started submarine warfare, or Matthew Fontaine Maury cabled and charted the wide and trackless deep. . . . To say nothing of "Crazy" Rumsey, who, upon the placid Potomac, at the tiny village of Shepherdstown, launched the first actual steamboat of the world.

### THE ASSAULT ON KENESAW MOUNTAIN.

BY C. C. HULET, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

Standing on a hill a few miles north of Rocky Face Ridge, in North Georgia, a group of Confederate officers were viewing through field glasses the long lines of blue-clad soldiers rapidly approaching on every road from the north.

It was May 7, 1864, and Sherman's army had opened the campaign which resulted in the fall of Atlanta, that opened the way for his spectacular march through Georgia to the sea and sent Hood on his wild-goose chase into Tennessee to defeat and disaster. It was a beautiful May day; the sun shone brightly, gilding the hilltops and flashing from the polished bayonets of the marching troops.

"That is Schofield there on the Cleerland road, and Thomas is advancing from Tunnel Hill. Way over there to the west you can now catch a glimpse of the glitter of McPherson's bayonets, as his troops pass over the hill. There must be about one hundred thousand men altogether," remarked an officer, who seemed to be well informed as to the position and numbers of the Federals.

Scattering volleys of musketry and a few cannon shots, as the Union skirmishers came in contact with the Confederate outposts, announced the beginning of a conflict which raged for more than one hundred days throughout the hills and valleys of North Georgia, and in which thousands of brave men gave their lives for a cause they believed to be right.

Behind the impregnable barrier of Rocky Face Mountain, at Dalton, lay the gray veterans of Joe Johnston's army, 45,000 strong, confident of their ability to repel their opponents if they should attack them in their chosen position.

Sherman, finding Snake Creek Gap undefended, marched his army through it to attack Resaca, but Johnston, quick to detect the movement, threw his troops into the strong works before him, and held the position there until he found Sherman threatening his rear in the direction of Adairsville.

Thereafter, these two giants in war strategy opposed each other with the ability and skill of masters of the science of war.

Sherman, seeking a weak place in the lines of his adversary, and Johnston, ever alert to foil his efforts, compelled him to resort to flanking tactics or to attack fortified lines at great disadvantage, and usually with heavy casualties.

Sherman, bearing to the right to flank the strong position of Altoona, found Johnston entrenched at New Hope Church and Dallas barring his way.

There now ensued a series of fierce and bloody combats, attacks and counterattacks, skirmishing that often reached almost the dignity of a battle, the aggregate losses of both armies in killed and wounded in these affairs running into thousands. But in all these operations, Johnston was ever found ready for his foe in strong positions, well fortified.

By successive movements to the left, Sherman reached the railroad at Big Shanty early in June, the heights of Kenesaw

frowning grim and forbidding before him, an impassable barrier that for three weeks barred farther progress. The whole mountain was a vast fortress. Miles of entrenchments, with abatis and entanglements, artillery posted to rake all practicable approaches with shell and canister; the whole defended by as brave men as were ever mustered in any army.

There was incessant fighting as the Federal lines were drawn closer about the mountain, and on the 20th of June, the opposing forces were in such close proximity that there was scant room for the skirmishers to operate between the lines, and they could be relieved only after dark on many parts of the line.

Up to this time Sherman's policy had been to avoid assaulting entrenchments, preferring to flank his opponent out of strong positions, which his superiority of numbers enabled him to do. He now determined to try to break through, and ordered an assault on a part of the line where, if successful, it would produce the greatest results. The time fixed for the assault was 9 A.M., June 27. The troops selected for the assault were massed close up inside the Federal works about half an hour before the signal for the charge was given.

The ground between the lines was covered with undergrowth and with scattering forest trees. It descended about half way, then went up to the Confederate works, which were slightly higher than the Union works. The lines were less than musket range apart.

There was little firing by the sharpshooters, but now and then a bullet whizzed over the troops who were lying down awaiting the signal to charge. The sun shone bright and hot. The men were silent, the strained look on their faces showing the extreme tension they were under. On the signal, they sprang to their feet and went over the works in a mass, down the incline and up the slope to the abatis in front of the enemy's works, facing a veritable tornado of shot, shell, canister, and rifle balls. Here they stopped; they could go no farther. The abatis was an obstruction they could neither get through or climb over.

The only thing they could do was to lie down and try to dig themselves in, or fall back, which they declined to do. As they lay down, the underbrush and abatis hid them, and the configuration of the ground afforded a slight protection, and, although they had suffered frightful losses, they hung on and with bayonet, tin cup, and half canteen raised a slight barrier between themselves and the deadly fire of the Confederates, who, from elaborate entrenchments, continued to sweep their position with deadly missiles.

In the meantime, the dry leaves and debris on the ground between the lines caught fire from the shells and was burning fiercely, menacing the Federal wounded, who were lying helpless on the ground, exposed to the flames. Then occurred one of the most gallant acts that ever smoothed the grim visage of bloody war.

Col. William H. Martin, of the 3rd Arkansas Regiment, ordered his men to cease firing, and, with a handkerchief tied to a ramrod, stepped upon the works and called to the Union troops: "Yanks, come and take care of your wounded. We'll not shoot." As the Union troops rushed into the burning woods to the rescue, the Confederates came out of their works to assist, and the spectacle was seen of Union and Confederate who, a few moments before, were eagerly seeking to destroy each other, fraternizing and with equal zeal carrying the Union wounded out of danger. When all the wounded were rescued, Colonel Martin ordered his men back into their works and notified the Yanks, "We are going to shoot now," giving them time to get under cover, when the firing was resumed. For a week the fighting continued; but no more assaults were ordered.



The battle of the 27th had demonstrated that the works around Kenesaw were impregnable when defended by an adequate force.

The Union losses were very heavy, with nothing gained to compensate for it. The Confederates lost comparatively few, being almost completely concealed behind their works, which were capped with a head log, under which they thrust their guns when firing. They appeared to have double ranks of men in their trenches, the rear rank loading for the front rank to fire. The guns could be seen as they were passed from rear to front, and the fire that came from that head log was terrific. Only for the abatis that in a measure hid them, and the slight depression in the ground that partially shielded them was it possible that any of the Federals escaped alive.

Governor Brown, in his admirable article on the battle, published in the *Atlanta Constitution* of June 27, 1927, says: "The assault failed because the attacking columns were too small in numbers, considering the character of the troops they knew they were to encounter."

In my opinion, no force, however numerous, could have broken Johnston's lines at the places assailed—with Johnston's army defending. The greater the number of assailants, the greater would have been the slaughter.

Sherman now resumed flanking tactics, and Johnston, finding his communications and the Chattahoochee bridge in danger, fell back to the river, taking a strong position which his opponent declined to attack. Kenesaw, abandoned by the brave troops who had so long and gallantly defended it, fell into the hands of the Union forces which had so valiantly, though vainly, assaulted it.

Its forests blasted by the sirocco of war; its slopes scarred by the entrenchments of the contending armies, it remains forever a fitting monument to the valor of the American soldier. The "Blue and the Gray" who shed their blood in its shadow, and on its slopes, gave the world an exhibition of valor and devotion to the principles they were contending for never excelled in the annals of war.

Sixty-two summers and winters have passed. The animosities and bitterness engendered by that great struggle are forgotten. The great majority of the men who composed the armies of William T. Sherman and of Joseph E. Johnston have passed to the "eternal camping ground." Of the few that still remain, a number met together on the anniversary of the great battle of June 27, 1864, for the purpose of welcoming the Commissioners appointed by Congress to make a survey and report on the feasibility of making Kenesaw Mountain a National Park, dedicated to the men of both armies who fought there.

#### WHEN COLUMBIA WAS BURNED.

[Some statements by Federal officers as compiled by John S. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., from the Official Records.]

General Sherman said: "I was the first to cross the pontoons and rode into the city. The day was clear, but a perfect tempest of wind was raging. Gen. Wade Hampton, in anticipation of our capture of Columbia, ordered that all cotton should be moved into the streets and fired to prevent our making use of it. Bales were piled everywhere, the rope and bagging cut, and tufts of cotton were blown about by the wind, lodged in trees, and against houses, so as to resemble a snow storm. Before one single public building had been fired by order, the smoldering fires kindled by Hampton's orders were rekindled by the wind and communicated to the buildings around. About dark they began to spread and got beyond the control of the brigade on duty within the city.

The whole of Wood's Division was brought in, but it was found impossible to check the flames until nearly daylight, when they were gotten under control. I was up nearly all night and saw the soldiers laboring to save houses and protect families thus suddenly deprived of shelter, and even of bedding and wearing apparel. I disclaim on the part of my army any agency in this fire, but, on the contrary, claim that we saved what of Columbia remains unconsumed. Our officers and men worked well to extinguish the flames, but others, including officers who had long been imprisoned there, rescued by us, may have assisted in spreading the fire and may have indulged in unconcealed joy to see the ruin of the capital of South Carolina."

Gen. O. M. Poe said: "The greater part of the city was burned during the night. Many reasons are given for this flagrant violation of General Sherman's orders, but as far as I could judge, it was principally due to the fact that the citizens gave liquor to the troops until they were completely drunk and beyond the control of their officers. The burning cotton, fired by retreating rebels, and the presence of large numbers of escaped prisoners, excited the intoxicated soldiers to the first acts of violence, after which they could not be restrained. I don't know that I am called upon to give an opinion respecting the matter, but I volunteer the above. One thing is certain; the burning houses, lighting up the faces of shrieking women, terrified children, and frantic, raving, drunken men formed a scene which no man of the slightest sensibility wants to witness a second time."

General Howard said: "As we entered the city, the negroes and many white people greeted the general with loud cheers. In the main street was a large quantity of cotton partially consumed by fire, we remarking that the loose cotton was blown about in every direction. Guards were established and seemed to be attending to their duty very faithfully, and a few men under the influence of liquor had been placed under guard. I have been particular in narrating these preliminaries, because there followed one of the most terrific scenes that I have ever witnessed, and we are charged by the rebels with its inception. It was barely dark before a fire broke out in the vicinity of Main Street and spread rapidly. Strenuous efforts were made to arrest the flames, but some escaped prisoners, army followers, and drunken soldiers ran through house after house, and were doubtless guilty of all manner of villanies, and it is these men, I presume, that started new fires in other parts of the city. Old men, women, and children, were herded together in the streets and in a great many instances were protected by our soldiers from the insults and roughness of the careless. I believe the rebels who scattered the cotton over the city and set fire to it are responsible for the entire calamity."

General Logan said: "The scenes in Columbia that night were terrible. Some fiend first applied the torch, and the wild flames leaped from house to house and street to street until the lower and business part of the city were wrapped in flames. Frightened citizens rushed in every direction, and the reeling incendiaries dashed, torch in hand, in all directions."

Gen. C. N. Woods said: "During the evening a fire broke out in the western portion of the city, which, owing to the high wind, rapidly spread. At the same time the town was fired in several different places by the villains that had that day been improperly freed from the town prison."

Gen. W. B. Woods said: "On entering the city I found it in flames. I am satisfied by statements made to me by respectable citizens of the town that the fire was first set by the negro inhabitants."

(Continued on page 358)



## UNUSUAL EXPERIENCES AS SOLDIER AND PRISONER.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

It was the third and last day of the second battle of Manassas. Pope's effort had been to crush Jackson's left, turn it, and drive him off the field. Having signally failed twice, Porter's fresh corps was now brought up and that afternoon made the most determined onslaught of the battle. Indeed, Porter did then as heavy, hard, steady fighting as ever was done at any time by any Federal force.

Our brigade was on the extreme left of Jackson's line, and that day was in reserve. In our immediate front and extending to the left was an old field, then came the forest, thick woods, where half a mile distant the battle was raging. Porter resolutely pressed back the weak Confederate line; every foot was contested, but back it came, until at length the enemy's bullets began to fall thick and fast where we were. Our men lay down, each intent on what was going on at the front and awaiting with impatience the order to move in. The tide of battle kept rolling back toward us. Apparently our men would soon be driven out of the woods into the open. Were that to happen, the chances were that the Federals would succeed, our position would be lost. The contemplation of that probability gave me great pain. After that long and terrific struggle—three days—with such loss of life, such suffering, and at last to be driven off! My heart was in my boots. Just then some men in single file came up from the narrow valley, or ravine, in our rear and passed our left, kept on across the field, and still they came—fifty—a hundred—and there was the battle flag! Longstreet was up! Good heavens! what a revulsion! The ecstasy of that moment cannot be described. The exaltation was supreme.

Quietly Longstreet's men took position at the edge of the forest, and soon the order came for us to go in. With what alacrity it was obeyed! Onward, into the forest, through it to the open field beyond. The woods were cleared. There we halted, and then our whole line was withdrawn. We fell back to the railroad cut, and again we waited orders. Finally the forward movement was renewed. On emerging into the open field, our brigade, with other troops, made a wheel to the left, enveloped, and captured a dozen or more pieces of artillery. We were now in another piece of woodland that jutted out into the open field. Twice we moved forward only to be driven back. The third time we reached the edge of the wood, and for a moment halted. Several heavy bodies of Federal troops were in the field, on our right, in front, and to our left. Quickly the determination was reached where we should strike. It was at a mass toward our left, to remove the danger of flanking. But in that moment an incident occurred which, as a truthful historian, I must narrate. Something struck me on my chest, and again, and again, but I felt no pain. I thought of the old fable of the swordmaker who passed his sharp sword so quickly through the body of the armorer as to give no pain, but when the armorer shook himself he fell to pieces. I shook myself, and finding no evidence of bullet wound, discovered that I was being struck by bumblebees. "Bumblebees!" I cried, and incontinently ran. But not to the rear along the line. The line simultaneously advanced, and I with it. In my flight I had lost my hat. We routed several bodies of Federal troops, and then after nightfall some private approached me, saying: "Captain, here's your hat. I picked it up for you."

It was about half past nine when we drove off the last of the enemy we saw. We were then near a house where the Federals had established a hospital, not far from Bull Run.

An hour later I was directed to return to the old head-

quarters, report our position, get orders, and bring up our belongings. In returning, I took careful note of the headlands, and eventually arrived at my destination. At twelve o'clock I took a cup of coffee with Gen. A. P. Hill, had my instructions, and started forward with two couriers, a negro cook, and a led horse laden with headquarters baggage.

That night Longstreet's Division had pressed all along our old front, and on my route I ran into some of these troops. After some parley, they told me that they had occupied that ground the year before and knew the lay of the land perfectly; that a road they showed me would go to the house I was making for. It led to their front. I followed it about a hundred yards where it crossed a little run and a young pine thicket, and then rose a hill. On reaching the crest, I saw half a dozen or more camp fires in advance, and knew that it was no place for me. Turning at once, I led the way back. My duties had begun early that morning, and I was greatly fatigued. So, as I had just passed over that road, I threw the reins over my horse's neck and took some relaxation. When we had reached the little clump of pines, hardly seventy-five yards from Longstreet's force, some twenty men sprang from each side of the road and seized our bridles, saying: "Hush, not a word." It was most cleverly done. They turned our horses and led us back. The captain in command told me that he had heard us conversing with Longstreet's men and supposed that we were a general and staff reconnoitering, and he had allowed us to pass, knowing that we would be taken if we proceeded, and if not, on our return he would capture us, as he had done.

This picket guard soon rejoined their company in their rear, but the captain was indignant at finding that the brigade to which he was attached had been withdrawn without any information to him. It was a cavalry company, and he made his way to a little church, I think, on the turnpike, where we fell in with the bulk of Pope's army, then in full retreat. The pike was densely packed, and our progress was greatly impeded. Immediately behind us was a German brigade, and I was told they could not speak English, and the native troops were profuse and profane in cursing them. I imagined that the Dutchmen gave them as good as they sent. Before morning we arrived at Centerville and I was taken to the headquarters of General Birney, who occupied a log building with several rooms. There was a tent near the door, and being assigned to that, I was soon asleep. The sun was high when I awoke the next morning. I was called into the house, where General Birney approached me. He was a dashing-looking officer, blonde, long, light hair. All I recall of our conversation was to this effect: "I am going to hang half a dozen of you fellows." "What for, General?" "For wearing our uniforms to deceive us and carrying our flag to entrap us." I expressed some surprise at that, saying that doubtless some of our men might have worn some of their clothing, if they needed it, and that some of our flags were company flags presented by ladies and were of irregular design, but that I did not believe there was any attempt at deception such as he meant. On this General Birney became rather warm, and I inquired what were the particulars. He said the incident happened only two or three days earlier in that vicinity, when some Confederate cavalry by such ruses led some of his command into a perilous position and got the better of them.

I then adverted to the fact that President Davis had declared his purpose to conduct the war on the highest plane of civilized warfare, and if there had been any departure from that, he would punish it. And then I asked if he had made any report of the circumstances so that the matter might be brought to the attention of President Davis.



To this he replied "no," he had not done so. "And why not? You know President Davis will enforce obedience to his orders, and if there has been anything worthy of punishment in this matter, he will punish it."

General Birney seemed somewhat embarrassed, and replied: "Well, the truth is, the Confederate officer in command is a kinsman of mine, and I did not wish to report it."

Indignant at his threat "to hang half a dozen or so of you men," and still more indignant at this disclosure, I said: "And do you tell me, sir, that you would wreak your vengeance on half a dozen men innocent of this transaction, and hang them, while unwilling to have the guilty officer punished because he is a kinsman of yours?"

The General turned very red, and, without answering, moved away. There were perhaps a dozen persons in the room, among them some old men from Maine who had come down to look after the wounded soldiers. One of these men asked the General if he might ask me some questions, and General Birney said: "Yes, so that they are not improper questions." I interrupted with: "Why, General, I shall not answer any improper questions." The conversation with the Maine man and others was pleasant enough.

Later in the day, I was told that I was to be conducted to General Pope's headquarters. Our way led from one end of the bivouac to the other. There were huddled together *en masse* perhaps 40,000 men, so thick that one with difficulty avoided touching them. For the most part they were sitting or lying down. On my way I heard two or three men, at some little distance, say, *sotto voce*, "Secesh," but I was addressed by only one man. He was directly in my path, and rose when I approached: "You are a Confederate," he said. "Yes." "From what State?" "North Carolina." "Do you know anything of Wilmington?" "Yes." "Do you happen to know a man there, Johnson, a locomotive engineer, an old man?" The form of old Johnson, of medium size, somewhat bent with age, and gray beard, came at once to my recollection. "Yes, I know Johnson. It has not been very long since I saw him, two months. He was well, at his work." "He is my father. We are from Massachusetts. He moved to Wilmington some years ago. My brother and I used to go there and work in the winter and return and work in Massachusetts in the summer. Fall before last, affairs were so excited at the South that we thought it best not to go. We remained at home and worked. Then the war fever took the country. Everybody enlisted. We could not stay at home, but fell in with the others. But had we been at the South, we would doubtless have enlisted on your side."

That struck me as a very remarkable declaration for a Federal soldier to make there in the middle of Pope's army. It also occurred to me afterwards as a remarkable circumstance, that he was the only man in Pope's army who addressed me, and that probably I was the only man in Jackson's army who could have given him any information about his father. Altogether, it was an odd affair.

Pope's headquarters were in a two-story house that seemed to have been long deserted by its owners. There was much bustle going on when we approached. The General himself was giving directions to his adjutant general, who was writing them out. For a moment the proceedings stopped, and General Pope made me acquainted with several members of his staff and with two German princes who were there. He then resumed his dictating, while the princes and others engaged me in conversation, the former being apparently much interested. It was probably their first interview with a Confederate. Their horses were in readiness, and General Pope, turning to me, said: "I will have to ask you to accept parole

to report at Washington." To this I objected, saying that I could not accept parole. The General seemed embarrassed. "Why, sir, you must. You see my condition. I cannot spare an officer to go with you. I am even now, this moment, moving my headquarters, and I have no officer to send with you." He was evidently so worried that I overcame my scruples and assented, and he directed a parole to be written for me to report to General Halleck.

The princes and the others on his staff were extremely courteous, and the General said: "You had better stay to-night with General Franklin," and directed an officer to conduct me to Franklin's headquarters. And then, making his salutations to me, he mounted and with his retinue moved off.

General Franklin had but just come up from the Peninsula, and his corps was fresh. He had only three tents, one for himself, one for his adjutant, and one for his quartermaster. I was conducted so the latter, who went with me to pay my respects to General Franklin. On entering his tent, the quartermaster asked me if I would not change my linen, and got out for me his clean underclothes and had a tub of warm water brought for a bath. That evening there was something of a levee at his tent—at least, twenty-odd officers called. I was gratified by the affectionate interest manifested for their former comrades. "Tel me about Brewer. Tell me about Dabney, about Pender, about Archer." Their interest seemed to be as great as if they were still officers in the same service.

"Where did you get your coat?" "Why, that is Crenshaw cloth, made at Richmond." "You astonish me. You don't mean they make such cloth at the South."

The next morning, accompanied by an orderly, I set out for Fairfax Station. Half a mile distant, I met Pope with his staff and guard coming from his new headquarters. They were approaching diagonally my road, and while all acknowledged my salute, the princes rode close up to me and took their hats off in salutation. Soon we reached the great road to the station where a long wagon train was wending its way. As we passed along it, I observed, driving a wagon, our negro cook, who had left us some ten days before. "Why, Jim, what are you doing here?" "Bless me, Captain, what you doing here?" "The Yankees got me, Jim." "Yes, sir, and bless me, they took me too." The rascal had run away.

It was an hour at the station before a train came. It was of box cars, with rough seats on top for those slightly wounded, while the more helpless cases were put in the box cars. As the cars stopped, I observed Lieutenant May, of the navy, on top of the one near me. He addressed me: "Casey, what are you doing here?" I answered: "May, what are you doing here?" "Why, I have come down to look after these poor fellows." When he again called me Casey, I corrected him, and when he learned that I was a prisoner, he at once busied himself to get me a good place on the train, on top. Arriving at Alexandria, I reported at the provost marshal's office, that worthy being then at church. He was rather a boastful subject, and told me how on one occasion in the Valley he could have shot Stonewall Jackson, but refrained, being unwilling to hurt "that extraordinary man." He said I could go to Washington by rail, by boat, or on horseback. I chose the latter, and was accompanied on my ride by a correspondent of the *New York Herald*. We rode along Pennsylvania Avenue quietly and found our way to General Halleck's headquarters, where Colonel Ruggles (?) took me to the back parlor, and we spent a couple of hours together. Mr. Lincoln and General Halleck were in the front parlor adjoining, with folding doors between, and remained there until after my de-



parture. I did not see either. They probably settled that Sunday evening that McClellan should again be given command. Colonel Ruggles asked me if I would not take parole, which I declined. He inquired why. I said first, I had no money, and if I had, I would not choose to submit to the insults that I would be subjected to at a hotel. But he said: "You have friends." "Yes, but they are either Southern sympathizers, or not. If they are, I would not desire to direct attention to them; if not, I would not care to have anything to do with them." So I would not be paroled. Toward night-fall he sent me with an orderly to the provost marshal, Todd. After a while Todd came in and said: "If it were not for this note, I would know what to do with him." I asked: "What would you do with me?" He said: "Send you to some of these damned secesh women round here?" "Are there any such women here?" "Bless me, the town's full of them." At my request he handed me the note: "Take Captain — and make him as comfortable as you can, but let his quarters be the most secure you have." He sent me to the Old Capitol Prison in a carriage. Reaching there long after night, early the next morning I was awakened by the keeper of the prison, Mr. Wood, with a valise full of clean clothes for me, and he asked if I were the son of a certain gentleman. I inquired why he asked that question. "O, some of these secesh women want to know." "Tell anybody who is curious about me that I lived, about 1853, on H Street, between Ninth and Tenth." Every morning after that something was sent to me—fruit, foreign papers, once a tremendous "potato pone," and I was supplied with money.

One day I was called into the office. There I found a distant kinswoman, one of the handsomest women in the world, I used to think, and a strange lady. The interview was in the presence of an officer, and no private conversation was allowed. My cousin threw her arms around my neck and pretended to be sobbing violently, but really was saying something about that "dear man, Stonewall Jackson," about General Winder, and other friends at the South between her sobs. She also mentioned "this other lady comes as my sister, Ida, and you must treat her as such." She and her sister, through the Roman Catholic archbishop, had gotten the pass, and as her sister could not come, this other lady accompanied her. Necessarily, I had to embrace her, and she had to sob, while I did the kissing. After the war, a gentleman met me one day and mentioning the incident, asked if I remembered kissing the lady. "O, yes." "Well, she was my sister." A good Confederate. Among other things sent me was a large map of London, which I studied until I learned no little about that city.

I had been in prison about a fortnight when Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation warning the seceding States that he would declare the negroes free in January, 1863, unless by that time the Confederates should lay down their arms. That night a large crowd of negroes collected and the President addressed them. He said, according to the newspapers, in effect this: "I have issued this proclamation not in your interests, but as a war measure. If the Southern States will come back, the status of the slaves will not be changed. If they are freed, I do not know that it will be to the advantage of your race. This is a white man's country. It is doubtful whether the two races can live here together in a condition of freedom. We may have to colonize you, to send you out of this country, to Central America, or somewhere." Indeed, about that time an attempt at colonization was made, and a number of negroes colonized to some island in the Caribbean Sea, but it failed, and later a government vessel was sent to bring them back. The keeper of the prison, Mr. Wood, was

a Baltimore man. He told me that if Lee should take Washington City, he would be willing to keep that prison for "Mars' Jeff," in fact, he wanted the job.

One day he told me that one of our men, who with others had been confined on the ground floor, had died. That when one had died sometime before, he had buried him in his own lot in the Congressional Cemetery. "And now," he said, "I want to put this poor fellow away there too," and he desired half a dozen of us to accompany him. He said that it was against regulations, but he knew we would not get him into trouble. So in the early afternoon several carriages came and a lot of us went with him to the Congressional Cemetery and buried the poor fellow. When that was done, Mr. Wood said: "Now, gentlemen, this is a lovely afternoon. You will enjoy a stroll here in the cemetery, and I am going to leave you here for a couple of hours. I know you will not get me into any trouble," and he left us to ramble about the cemetery until his return.

Eventually we were landed on the James River, about twenty miles from Richmond, on parole. It was a fatiguing journey for me. Finally, about night, we struck a narrow street along the river, as we straggled into the city. A couple of citizens crossed and got in front of me. I was seized with the impression that they were talking about me, or had something to communicate. Hastening alongside of them, I recognized a man with whom I had had some slight acquaintance early in the war, a Captain Foley. Recognizing me, he said: "How is the yellow fever?" "What yellow fever?" "Why the fever at Wilmington?" "Is there fever at Wilmington?" "Haven't you heard? Where have you been?" "I am this moment back from prison." "Then you haven't heard of the death of your father, that he was killed?"

Had I been pierced by a sword, I could not have been more greatly staggered.

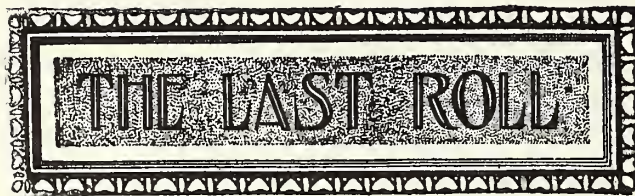
I had told a number of my prison companions to come with me and I would get them a place to stay that night, at a boarding house, half way between the two hotels, kept by a good Confederate woman. We found the house closed, no lights. But she came to the door, said she could not entertain us, that her lease was out. It was then Saturday night, her furniture was in part moved, and on Monday morning the balance, already packed, was to be taken away, and she had no provisions. I prevailed on her to let us untie her mattresses and sleep on the floor. Early Sunday morning when I awoke there were half a dozen North Carolinians standing over me, and I with a raging fever. They removed me to Mr. William Hill's in the suburbs. It was a fortnight before I was sufficiently convalescent to start home. At Weldon we missed connection. There were a thousand people there, a great crowd. It was impossible to secure a room, but I went to a room which I knew the railroad men occupied. There were several beds in it. Without a word to anyone, I slipped into one and went to sleep. In the morning when I awoke, who should be lying next to me but my brother, each of us ignorant of the presence of the other. He had been in Longstreet's Corps, and, on the death of his father, the department had sent him leave to return home. Of me he knew nothing; of him, I had heard nothing. It was a sorrowful meeting, yet we were so happy to embrace.

To live for dixie! Harder part!

• • • • •

To knit life's broken threads again,  
To keep her memory pure from stain,  
This was to live for dixie! —Fannie Downing.



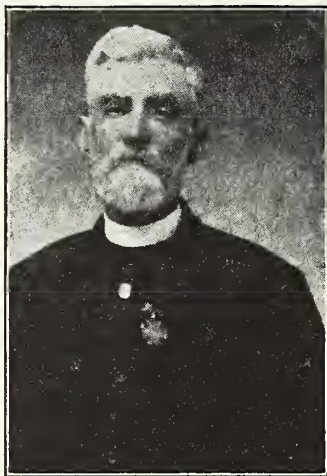


Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"The exile is at home,  
O nights and days of tears!  
O longings not to roam!  
O sins and doubts and fears!  
What matter now, O joyful day—  
The King has wiped his tears away!"

#### CHARLES DANIEL MALONE.

Charles Daniel Malone, of Louisburg, a veteran of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, well remembered by his comrades by the camp name of "Little C. D.," was born in Warren County, July 29, 1845. He was but a schoolboy at the beginning of the great war, a student at the Louisburg Academy, but he was anxious to enlist for the defense of his State. In consideration of his youth, however, he was held back through the influence of his father until he was seventeen years old, when he became enrolled as a private in Company E, of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, then at Orange Courthouse, in Gen. Wade Hampton's Brigade, Stuart's Corps. The career of this famous regiment of troopers has been described in previous pages, and of Private Malone it may be truthfully said that he was identified with it from the time of his enlistment to the close of the war. Among the famous encounters in which he took part were those at Culpeper Courthouse, Brandy Station, Second Manassas, Jack's Shop, Hanover Junction, Reams's Station, Stony Creek, and numerous fights around Richmond. He remained steadfastly in the ranks, declining election to rank, but was frequently detailed for special service, scouting and the like, acted as courier for both Generals Hampton and Stuart, and was at times in command of his company. On one occasion he and the bugler of the regiment, on account of a misunderstanding of orders, were the only ones who followed the colonel in a charge. He was with Stuart when his command was entirely surrounded by the enemy, on the occasion when his colonel, Thomas Ruffin, was killed, and was one of the forty men with General Hampton who kept the enemy out of Richmond at the time of the Kilpatrick and Dahlgren raid.



REV. CHARLES D. MALONE.

At Hatcher's Run he was wounded in the right hand, in the act of firing. After the war, he was engaged in mercantile enterprises and in teaching, and was successful in these, and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the community. He was married in 1869 to Miss Joyner, daughter of Dr. Noah Joyner, of Pitt County, who died in 1895, leaving seven children.

In the later years of life he was engaged in the missionary work of the Protestant Episcopal Church, afterwards becoming ordained to the sacred ministry of the Church, which he served well and faithfully as a soldier of the Cross till failing health compelled him to retire in 1917. Since then he has made his home with his daughter, Mrs. J. E. Winn, of Henderson, N. C., where he died on June 17, 1927.

This grand old man of the South will be missed; wherever he lived, people of every religious denomination loved him for his generous kindliness, his loving attention in distress. His work in the ministry was mostly in the diocese of East Carolina, under Bishops Watson, Strange, and Darst, respectively. Bishop Darst writes that "Mr. Malone's life was an inspiration to those of us among the clergy who are left to mourn him." He was an enthusiastic Mason, having become one in his twenty-first year, a modest gentleman, an humble servant of the Master.

He was a loving and devoted husband, a devoted and generous father, a soldier of his Southland, and an ambassador of his God. He will not only be mourned by his devoted children, but by all those with whom he came in contact along life's journey. A gentleman of the Old South, an "unreconstructed rebel," he was brought up and educated in the town of Louisburg, N. C., where the first Confederate flag was designed and unfurled from the county courthouse in Franklin County, and was himself present on that occasion. His father was Dr. Ellis Malone, and his mother was Mary Ann Hill. He was buried beside his father and mother at Louisburg.

A younger brother, Dr. James E. Malone, was notable among the people of his county for his devotion to the sacred memories of the great struggle, and earned the gratitude of the Confederate survivors by the unstinted manner in which he gave time, talent, and resources to their cause. He was active in securing the fine monument at Louisburg to honor the Confederate dead.

#### G. H. McMILLIN.

Death came suddenly to Comrade G. H. McMillin, of Texola, Okla., in an automobile accident while on his way to Hot Springs, N. Mex., for his health. The accident occurred on July 10, near Tularosa, N. Mex., and his body was taken back to Texola and laid beside the beloved wife, who died in 1915. He was married to Miss Kathren Barnett in 1887, and to them were born a son and two daughters, who survive him, with two grandsons.

G. H. McMillin was born December 15, 1844, near Chattanooga, Tenn., and at the age of sixteen he volunteered in Company I, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, and served to the end of the war in Wheeler's Brigade. In 1925, he was decorated with the Cross of Honor by the Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Sayre, Okla. He served as chairman for his town in the Stone Mountain Memorial Coin sale, which was a wonderful success. He was ever true to the principles for which he had fought in the sixties. He was a member of the Christian Church.

[Mrs. E. E. Wall, Historian Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C.]



## CAPT. I. E. ANDERSON.

Capt. I. E. Anderson, a pioneer citizen of Texas and of Mason County, died at the home of relatives in Anson County on July 22. His body was taken back to the old home at Katemcy and laid away in the cemetery near that place.

Captain Anderson was born in Denton County, Ark., September 25, 1841, and in 1845, when about four years of age, his parents went to Texas and established their home in Bexar County, near Selma, where he grew to manhood and continued to reside until the outbreak of the War between the States. Enlisting for the Confederacy, he was attached to the command of Gen. John H. Morgan, with which he honorably served throughout the war.

At the close of hostilities, Captain Anderson returned to the old home near Selma, Tex., where he married. In 1883, he took his family to Kerr County, going thence some ten years later to Mason County and establishing a home on Katemcy Creek near the town of Katemcy. After the death of his wife, the old home was sold, and Captain Anderson had since lived with his children in different places, though always claiming Katemcy as home. Shortly before his death, he had started on his annual visits and was with relatives at Anson when stricken with his fatal illness. He is survived by three sons and a daughter.

Early in life Captain Anderson joined the Presbyterian Church and was an officer and stanch member of that Church to the end. He was also a Mason from early manhood; and with solemn ceremony the San Saba Lodge tenderly laid their brother to rest beside his wife and the four children, who had preceded him in death, in the old Bethel Cemetery near Katemcy.

For years Captain Anderson had been affiliated with the Mountain Remnant Brigade of Confederate Veterans and always attended their reunions. He had lived long and wrought well.

## CAPT. WILLIAM A. SHUCK.

Fulton County, Ky., lost an honored citizen in the death of Capt. William A. Shuck, on August 7, 1926, after an illness of several weeks.

He was born in Shelby County, Ky., April 16, 1839, and there grew to manhood. In 1861, he entered the Buckner Guards as a private, and after service of one year, he was brevetted second lieutenant in the 8th Kentucky Cavalry. In 1862, he was promoted to a captaincy in General Morgan's command. He was captured with his chief on his famous raid through Ohio and was sent to prison at Camp Chase. From this prison, he and other commissioned officers were sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained a prisoner of war to the close of the war. He and other officers were released from prison June 12, 1865, and were given transportation to Cincinnati, Ohio, from which place they made their way home.

In 1868, his mother and stepfather having died, leaving eight children, the youngest but two years old, he assumed charge of the family, each of whom loved him as a parent, and kept them together until grown. In 1871, he was married to Miss Lida Kennady, of Oxford, Miss., who died in less than a year thereafter; in 1876, he was married to Miss Bertha Alexander, who survives him with their three children, three sisters, and two brothers.

Captain Shuck served Fulton County four years as sheriff. His heart was young, and his jovial disposition won to him the affection of old and young. He was a member of the Christian Church. In his gray uniform he was laid to rest.

## JOSEPH S. ALFORD.

Joseph S. Alford, former Commander of Camp Tige Anderson, U. C. V., of Atlanta, Ga., and a resident of that city since 1872, died at his home there after a lingering illness. His health had been remarkable until about a year ago, and he remained active in many affairs up to that time.

Comrade Alford served throughout the War between the States with Company E, of the 10th Georgia Infantry, McLaws's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. He was in all the battles of Longstreet's Virginia campaign. He was a native of Fayetteville, Ga., but moved to Jonesboro at an early age, and from that place left for the war. After its close, he returned to Jonesboro, but seven years later went to Atlanta, which had since been his home. For some thirteen years he was in the office of the Fulton County ordinary, later entering the service of the city, holding the position of city probation officer for many years, from which he was retired several years ago. His last years were devoted largely to work with his fellow Confederates, to whose interests he was ever devoted. He had been Commander of Camp Tige Anderson, and held membership there, but he had also helped to organize Camp Walker, of that city, of which he was a charter member. Comrades of Camp Tige Anderson were an honorary escort at his funeral, and every Confederate veteran of the city able to be present at the funeral thus showed their love and respect for the comrade who had given many years of service to their benefit. Many beautiful floral offerings came from the different patriotic organizations of the city and county, and made beautiful the mound under which he is resting in Westview Cemetery, beside the beloved wife.

He is survived by two daughters and three grandchildren.

## ROBERT C. PARTIN.

In Osceola County, Fla., on June 14, occurred the death of Robert C. Partin, beloved Confederate veteran and pioneer resident of the county, a man justly esteemed for integrity of his character and the mellow sweetness of his kindly nature.

Robert Partin was born in Tattnall County, Ga., March 15, 1840, and just before the outbreak of the War between the States, the family removed to the St. Mary's River section in Florida. At the age of twenty-one, he voluntarily enlisted in the Confederate army and served the full four years as a member of Company C, 4th Florida Volunteers, his captain being the honored George Langford, of Bartow. After the war, Robert Partin returned to Florida, going with his parents to Orange County. In 1876 he was married to Miss Catherine Ballard, of Lake County, and in 1883 they removed to Osceola County and lived at the same place forty-four years.

Comrade Partin was loved by all who knew him. He was deeply interested in community affairs and was noted for his kindness and generosity and true hospitality. He had served as tax assessor in Orange and Osceola counties, and was known as a man without an enemy. The Bob Partin Camp, U. C. V., was named for him, also a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the memorial resolutions passed by the Essie Petrie Caldwell Chapter, U. D. C., of Kissimmee, Fla., paid tribute to one who was held as a friend and whose passing brought a deep sense of sorrow and loss.

[Mrs. O. Y. Knox, Registrar, U. D. C.]

## A TEXAS COMRADE.

W. P. Brown, Commander of Marion Cogbill Camp, No. 1316 U. C. V., of Wynne, Ark., reports the death of a member, Shelby Dye, at the great age of ninety-four years. He served with General Forrest in the 4th Mississippi Regiment and was in prison for seven months.



## RICHARD AUSTIN BULLOCK.

Richard Austin Bullock passed away on April 16, 1927, at his plantation home, "Montpelier," near Williamsboro, Vance County, N. C. He was born on September 20, 1841, and was the ninth child of John Bullock and Susan M. Cobb. His ancestors, originally of Tidewater Virginia, had been living, at the time of his birth, for a generation or so on the south side of the Virginia-North Carolina line, and, in the late Colonial, Revolutionary, and post-Revolutionary times, they were prominently associated with the affairs of the latter State. Richard A. Bullock was educated at Chapel Hill, graduating from the University of North Carolina in the class of 1860. His tastes were literary, and he was an excellent Greek scholar. Had the ante-bellum days continued, he would probably have made a name for himself among the brilliant quota of statesmen that the South gave to the nation. But the war came as a deathblow to the old régime.

Promptly answering the call to arms, Richard Bullock joined Company B, 12th North Carolina Infantry, in the spring of 1861. From that moment until Appomattox he was present with his company at most of the great battles fought by the heroic Army of Northern Virginia. He was in the seven days' battle around Richmond, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Early's desperate attempt to capture Washington, the agonizing efforts to hold the trenches at Petersburg, and, last of all, the sad retreat to Appomattox, where the banner he had served so faithfully for four long years was furled forever. During these years of bloody struggle, he recounted the events he had witnessed in a weekly letter to his mother. Unfortunately this correspondence was destroyed when, some twenty years later, he lost his home by fire. Had the letters been saved, they would have been an interesting record.

Mr. Bullock's exactness led to his being attached to the Commissary Department, where the shortage of food supplies made it necessary to have a reliable and painstaking man measure out the rations. From this position, he saw much of the heroic courage that distinguished the Confederate soldier, not only in the glory of battle, but also on the long, weary marches, amid the cold and hunger of winter quarters, and lastly, and most terrible of all, in the poorly-equipped hospitals. He never forgot the bitter cold that the soldiers endured in and around Fredericksburg, nor did he forget the horrors which he witnessed at an improvised hospital at Gettysburg. This hospital was located in a barn. The wounded were brought in and laid on straw until the barn was filled, and then they were placed on the bare ground of the barnyard. There they waited until overworked surgeons, who had neither anesthetics nor antiseptics, and were, moreover, short of bandages, were able to do what they could for their gaping wounds. In view of what modern surgery has taught us, one wonders how any of the Confederate wounded escaped tetanus. No one who listened to the simple and unvarnished accounts which Mr. Bullock gave of those agonizing hours could fail to realize what the Confederate soldier unflinchingly endured. Also, one appreciated something of the indomitable spirit of these same soldiers when one heard Mr. Bullock tell of Early's gallant attempt to surprise Washington, July, 1864, when, under a torrid sun, with men and horses falling by the wayside from heat prostrations, the heroic little army still pressed on.

During those times of trial, Mr. Bullock did what he could to help the sick and wounded, for it was his nature to help the helpless. This recalls a rather unusual incident which brings out also his high sense of honor. The Army of Northern Virginia was passing through Frederick City, Md., just before

the battle of Sharpsburg. There was a sick soldier in Company B, 12th North Carolina Infantry, for whom the doctor had prescribed wine. Mr. Bullock got from a merchant the required quantity, but when he offered Confederate money, all that he had, the merchant refused to take it, saying: "I don't want that paper. Just wait until you come back by here. Maybe you'll have some gold or silver, and you can pay me then." But the Confederate army did not march back by Frederick. Instead, it recrossed the Potomac after Sharpsburg. In the Gettysburg campaign, Mr. Bullock hoped to pass through Frederick, so as to be able to pay the merchant, but his line of march did not lie that way. At the time of Early's attack on Washington, he was again disappointed in not getting to Frederick. After the war, he would have sent the money to the merchant by mail, but he had lost the address. It was not until 1916 that he again visited Frederick; and then, though several hours were lost in the search, and every street was explored, and every one he encountered was questioned, he was unable to locate the store or find a trace of the merchant. At last an old inhabitant was found who said he remembered the store, but it had been closed for years, and the storekeeper had moved away—gone he did not know where. The townspeople who heard the story of an old Confederate soldier trying to pay a debt that had been incurred during the war were greatly amused. Mr. Bullock's feelings, however, were those of bitter disappointment that the old debt could not be settled, for, as he said: "I promised to pay him the next time I returned, and I cannot bear for him to think that a Confederate soldier failed to keep his word."

After Appomattox, like others who wore the gray, Mr. Bullock returned to his ruined plantation. The negroes had been freed, Sherman had carried away the stock, and without labor, without mules, and without means, the overgrown fields had to be placed under cultivation. Like others, he faced the horrors of Reconstruction and went to work to build up for himself a home amid the ruins.

On May 29, 1867, he married his cousin, Miss Isabella Burns Bullock, daughter of Mr. John Henry Bullock and Mary Hope Burns, of Warren County, N. C. In her he found a helpmate indeed, and the beauty of their home life was an inspiration to all who knew them; and their children will always cherish with love and reverence the memory of their saintly parents and the perfect home atmosphere in which they were reared. Mrs. Bullock died in the spring of 1926, a few weeks before the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding.

After the war, Mr. Bullock planted cotton and tobacco on his plantation of "Montpelier," taught public school for a term or two, was magistrate for a number of years, and was the first Register of Deeds of Vance County, N. C., then a new county just cut off from the old county of Granville. The latter years of his long life were spent quietly on his plantation, doing the daily tasks with patience and dignity, making existence easier and brighter for others, and setting, in his quiet, retiring way, an example that all would do well to follow. Old and young loved him and trusted him. Children were drawn to him at once, for his gentleness was irresistible. He was a devoted member of the old Presbyterian Church of Nutbush, Vance County; but his religion was broader than any sect. He knew his Bible almost by heart, and he lived up to its teachings. No one who heard his beautiful prayers could ever forget them, and not only his prayers, but also his life was like a benediction. He was one of the last of his generation and was typical in every way of the best of the Old South. He was a scholar, a gentleman, a Confederate soldier, and a Christian.



He is survived by nine children—four sons and five daughters—also by a brother, Walter Bullock, of Vance County, who was a first lieutenant in the Confederate army.

## W. A. POPKINS.

Just before the midnight hour on March 31, 1927, after a short illness, W. A. Popkins passed to his home beyond.

He was born near Winchester, in Frederick County, Va., on August 30, 1843, and spent his early years in this famous old State, where he wove into his young life her traditions and ideals, forming a fit foundation for his life building. When only eighteen years of age he enlisted in the 18th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., serving in Imboden's Brigade, Lomax's Division, Stuart's Corps, A. N. V. He was in practically all the battles of the Valley of Virginia, including the battles of Gettysburg and Winchester.

On September 19, 1870, he was married to Miss Sarah Chamberlin, and some years later they removed to Kansas, where they resided for a short while, then going to Odessa, Mo., which had been their home for almost thirty-five years. His wife survives, also one sister, and a foster daughter.

Early in life Comrade Popkin became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and through all his long life bore testimony of his faith by living an earnest, active Christian. Besides home there were two institutions to which he gave himself unreservedly—his Church and the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mo. For four years he served on the Board of Directors of this Confederate Home, unsparing in his zeal for the comfort of his comrades. Even to the last he was making preparation for his usual monthly official visit when his fatal illness struck him down. He was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at the Confederate Home, made sacred to him by the ever-increasing number of graves of the men with whom he had fought in the long ago.

He was a constant reader of his beloved VETERAN, and in his going it has lost another of its most loyal patrons and supporters. In its pages he again mingled with scenes and friends of other days and reviewed the cause that was always a matter of pride to him.

## REV. CHRISTOPHER SYDENSTRICKER.

Rev. Christopher Sydenstricker died on June 19, at Charles Town, W. Va., after a long illness. He had lived in Charles Town for about four years, and, until incapacitated by illness, had been an active worker in the Methodist Church there, having been for many years a minister of that denomination.

Christopher Sydenstricker was the son of Andrew and Frances Coffman Sydenstricker, born in Greenbrier County, W. Va., April 25, 1846. He received his primary education in the schools of the neighborhood and in hard work, as he often said. At the age of eighteen, he enlisted in the Edgar Battalion, from Greenbrier County, 38th Virginia Infantry, and served through the remainder of the war under Gen. Jubal Early. After the close of the war he returned to his farm and helped in the rehabilitation of home and neighborhood. He was married in 1869 to Miss Elizabeth Johnson, and to them were born five sons and three daughters. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and a son.

Early in his manhood, young Sydenstricker felt a call to the ministry. He joined the Baltimore Conference in March, 1886, and later served in many appointments until retired in 1922, his health having broken down. He was a man of strong mentality and accumulated a vast store of information and became a remarkably strong preacher of the gospel.

## COL. J. D. VANCE, U. C. V.

Col. J. D. Vance, a resident of Chickasha, Okla., for the past twenty-one years, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. F. Thweatt, in that city, and after funeral services at the First Baptist Church, his body was taken to Gibson, Tenn., for burial by his wife in the old family burial ground. He was eighty-one years of age.

An outstanding figure in the Joe Shelby Camp, U. C. V., of Chickasha, Colonel Vance was prominent in the Confederate veterans' conventions, both State and national. He was recently appointed a member of the board of trustees of the Confederate Home at Ardmore; was aide de camp on the general staff, U. C. V., and also on the State staff of Oklahoma Division, and he was a Past Commander of the Joe Shelby Camp, at Chickasha.

James D. Vance was born at Gallatin, Tenn., November 27, 1845, and served in Company G, 2nd Tennessee Cavalry, under General Forrest during the War between the States. After the war, he taught school in Tennessee for a number of years before going to Chickasha. He was a member of the Baptist Church. He is survived by one son and a daughter.

## CAPT. ABEL M. CROW.

Capt. Abel M. Crow, one of the pioneers of Pontotoc County, Okla., died at his home in Ada, Okla., on the morning of May 3. He was born August 18, 1844, at Macon, Ga., and was married in 1870 to Miss Sallie Chiles, who survives him with three of the five children born to them—a son and two daughters.

When the war came on in 1861, young Crow enlisted with an artillery company and served throughout the four years of war. Among other engagements, he was in the battle of Gettysburg. He always took a deep interest in the Confederate association, and had held a number of official positions, having been Commander of the Camp at Ada, and also a brigadier general, commanding the Chickasaw Brigade.

Captain Crow was a member of the Baptist Church, and his life was directed by the Christian's faith. In addition to rearing his own children, he and his wife took into their home a deserted babe, when they were living near Lawrence, Kans., and gave the little foundling the best of care as long as it lived. They could not have done more for one of their own.

“Again the trail of sorrow leads  
From out a happy home;  
Again the record of great deeds  
Ends nobly at the tomb.

Again the scythe of death is swung  
With deadly aim and low,  
To list, the deathless names among,  
The name of A. M. Crow.”

[Mrs. C. A. Galbreath, Ada, Okla.]

## ANDREW N. TAYLOR.

Andrew N. Taylor died at his home in Cass, W. Va., on July 6, 1927, at the age of eighty-one years.

He was a life-long resident of Pocahontas County, and he enjoyed a wide circle of friends and acquaintance. During the War between the States he served as a Confederate soldier in the 19th Virginia Cavalry. He was a member of the Methodist Church and a devoted Christian.

Mr. Taylor is survived by his wife and a number of children. He was married three times.



## A COMRADE'S TRIBUTE.

In the passing into rest of Gen. Bartlett S. Johnston another rent appears in the fast-fading, thin gray line. It might be said of him, without a trace of rhetorical or overwrought utterance: "One moment here, the next he trod the viewless mansion of his God." He was born in Charlotte, N. C., but his active life was principally passed in Baltimore.

Our last meeting with each other was on June 3, 1924, a day held in sacred remembrance by those who bore unto the end the standards and illustrated in their lives the ideals of the South that died at Appomattox.

The writer of this brief tribute, from the beginning of consciousness, knew the race as well as the special lineage from which General Johnston sprung—its peerless chivalry, the matchless charm and purity of its women, in whom all the flowers and all the graces blended into perfect harmony.

In contemplating the death of my comrade, the heroic and consecrated character illustrated in his life and work, there springs spontaneously to memory the lament as well as the triumphant note of Lycidas:

"So sinks the day star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head."

[Henry E. Shepherd, Baltimore, June 28, 1927.]

## NOAH DANIEL KELLY.

On September 17, 1927, Noah Daniel Kelly passed over the river from his home in Bloomingdale, Hillsborough County, Fla., at the age of eighty-three and a half years.

Noah D. Kelly enlisted with Company F, 36th Alabama Infantry Regiment, in 1862, from Monroeville, Monroe County, Ala., the place of his birth, and was mustered out at the close of the war. His company was a part of Holtzclaus' Brigade, Clayton's Division.

In 1872, he and his wife, with several Hendrix families, migrated to South Florida, where they settled on a homestead in Bloomingdale, on which they lived together for more than fifty-four years.

A wife eighty years old survives him. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and was buried in Bloomingdale Cemetery by the De Soto Lodge of the F. & A. M. For many years he was an honored and respected citizen of our community.

[Mrs. Charles E. Garner.]

## MOSBY'S MEN.

Within the past twelve months the following members of Mosby's command have died: A. E. Mangett, Warrenton, Va.; L. E. Biddler, Luray, Va.; Samuel Bolling, Bedford City, Va.

These were all brave soldiers and gentlemen.

Out of the thousand men who composed Mosby's Regiment, only thirty are now alive, and these include the following officers: Lieutenant Colonel Chapman; Lieuts. John Russell, Frank Rahn, John Puryear, Channing M. Smith.

Of the dead may be written:

"The struggle ended, the storm hath passed o'er,  
And the waters with life stains are crimsoned no more;  
But long shall their deeds in memory tell  
Of the heroes who fought and the martyrs who fell."

[Lieut. Channing M. Smith, Adjutant, Mosby's Camp, U. C. V.]

## IRVIN EARL ANDERSON.

Another of "Morgan's Men" has answered the last roll call in the passing of Irvin Earl Anderson, of Anson, Tex., a

good man, a Christian, loved by all who knew him. On July 23, 1927, after an illness of several weeks, he was called to his eternal reward.

Irvin Anderson was born in Benton County, Ark., September 25, 1841. His parents went to Rusk County, Tex., in 1846, then to Gaudeloupe County in 1852, where he grew to manhood. Going to Fort Worth in 1860, he there joined Gano's Company, went across the Mississippi, and was transferred to the 37th Kentucky Cavalry, John H. Morgan's command, and was with that famous cavalry until it was captured after the raid in Ohio. He was sent to Camp Douglas and held there nineteen months. At the close of the war he was released, to get back to Texas as best he could.

[By his eighty-year-old sister-in-law, Mrs. H. A. Anderson.]

## D. C. RANDALS.

A leading and well-beloved citizen of the Waldrip community, Texas, was lost in the passing of D. C. Randals, on June 30, at the age of eighty-three years. He was taken ill shortly after the celebration of his birthday several weeks ago.

Comrade Randals served with the 8th Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A., and had much actual service. It is said that his detachment was present at the capture of President Davis. He was a charter member of the U. C. V. Camp, No. 563, and was elected colonel of the 4th Regiment, Mountain Remnant Brigade, 5th Texas Division, at their annual reunion in August, 1926, at Christoval, Tex. He was also a charter member of Brady Lodge, F. & A. M., later transferring to Fifi Lodge, and a member and stanch supporter of the Methodist Church. Interment was in the cemetery at Waldrip.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

BY G. M. TRIPLETT.

There is no spot on all this earth  
From sorrow free;  
It was decreed at mankind's birth  
That this should be.  
Our sorrows great, our pleasures small,  
Such is the common lot of all.

The greatest names are soon forgot,  
So fleet is Time;  
All earthly things must die and rot.  
Creeds deem'd sublime  
Are thrust aside, as on we tread,  
Striving to earn our daily bread.

Why should we fear impending death?  
Why should we mourn  
For them who draw their long, last breath,  
Their bodies borne  
To peaceful sleep beneath the sod,  
Their souls entrusted to their God?

What lies beyond, for woe or weal  
Not one can see.  
O death, thy mystery reveal!  
Give us the key  
Which opens the portals of the tomb,  
And shows beyond the light or gloom.



## A DAUGHTER OF THE OLD SOUTH.

Mrs. Charles M. Donoho, President of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Birmingham, Ala., of which city she was a resident for twenty-five years, died there, after a brief illness, on May 23, 1927, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.



MRS. CHARLES M. DONOHO.

Her early married life was spent at Tuscaloosa. She was born and reared in Bolivar, Tenn.

Those who knew Mrs. Donoho best would write of her sterling character, her loyalty and devotion in friendship, her kindness and affection as a mother, her progressive and active interest in all things that made for a better community in which to live, and of her perseverance in keeping alive the cherished memories of the Old South, of whose womanhood she was a glorious type.

She was the wife of a distinguished, heroic, and gallant Confederate soldier, the late Charles M. Donoho, of Birmingham, who enlisted, as a mere youth, as a private under Capt. R. E. Rodes, on January 2, 1861, and immediately afterwards was assigned for duty at Fort Morgan. Six months later he was returned to Tuscaloosa and transferred to Capt. C. L. Lumsden's Battery, with which he continued to serve throughout the four years of war. He actively participated in eighteen battles, and was wounded at Spanish Fort, April 15, 1865. Mr. Donoho was prominently identified with and held a prominent position in the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, attending every reunion and receiving many honors at the hands of his comrades.

Filled with tender emotions and sentiments of the Old South, loyal and faithful to every trust, Mrs. Donoho was best known for her conspicuous activity in the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The happiest moments of her life, whether in the rank or file, were when actively engaged in the work of the organization, striving to

pay some tribute or to give aid and comfort to the Confederate veterans, the remnant of those who composed the army of the Southern cause. Of the many laborious tasks performed by her, she compiled a scrapbook containing hundreds of clippings pertaining to the Confederacy and the South. This scrapbook was the center of interest wherever shown, receiving commendation in the public press and in the general organization, U. D. C., winning first prize at the convention in Birmingham, 1922.

Mrs. Donoho was a Christian woman of the original pattern, a member of the Methodist Church, South. She was the first President of the Frances Willard Chapter, Woman's Christian Temperance Union. A hero in all that made heroes, she only feared to be wrong. Truth was all she asked in life; principle to her was everything.

We, the members of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., in memorial tribute, express our deep sense of loss in her going and our appreciation of the sweet spirit which dwelt awhile among us; and to her beloved sons and daughters goes our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement, with the comforting thought in their hour of sorrow that the good can never die.

[Committee: Mrs. W. S. Shepherd, Mrs. Mary Davidson, Mrs. J. A. Pitman, Mrs. S. W. Smith, Mrs. Berta Hammond.]

## MEMORIAL SERVICES BY THE PHILADELPHIA CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The following report comes from Mrs. H. B. Hickman, Vice President of the Philadelphia Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy:

The Philadelphia Chapter has been signally honored and recognized in its memorial services this year.

For the service held May 24, at Finn's Point, N. J., the city of Camden gave us a police escort, with the right of way to the Point, a distance of forty miles. A monument to twenty-five hundred of our soldier dead has been erected there by the national government. It is located in a beautifully kept National Cemetery, on the banks of the Delaware, not far from the fort in which they were kept and died as prisoners of war. Our chaplain, Dr. Crosswell McBee, conducted the services, which were attended by a large number of the Chapter members.

The memorial service at Rittfield Cemetery, in Philadelphia, on May 27, conducted by our President, Mrs. George C. Davies, assisted by Dr. McBee, was most impressive and well attended by the Daughters, also by the Commander and members of the local Chapter of the American Legion. At the close of the service, a beautiful wreath was placed on the graves and Taps was sounded by a bugler from the Navy Yard. The Daughters were urgently requested by Col. Charles C. Allen, of the American Legion, to join with them in their services on May 30, which they did, a number of our officers and members being present. One of our honorary members and veterans, Mr. Frank King, was given a place of honor with the officers of the Legion. Dixie was played and an invitation extended to join with them in their services next year.

The Chapter has not been unmindful of the distress in the homeland of the South. By the efforts and subscriptions of members and from the Chapter, \$640 was sent, through the Red Cross and the general organization, to the flood sufferers; also between twelve and fifteen hundred pairs of shoes and rubbers through the Emergency Aid. Our ears are ever open and our hearts tender to the appeals that come to us from the dear Southland.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*  
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. . . . . *First Vice President General*

MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . *Second Vice President General*  
186 Bethlehem Pike

MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. . . . . *Third Vice President General*

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MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Treasurer General*  
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74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. . . . . *Registrar General*  
5330 Pershing

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. . . . . *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. . . . . *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: Your attention is called to the following matters of historic and literary interest:

Miss Hanna, of Florida, chairman of the Committee on Southern Literature, has conferred with many institutions of learning relative to their bestowing the Ph.D. degree and also requesting information as to their library equipment.

One letter of particular interest has been received from Dr. Little, acting president of the George Peabody College for Teachers, at Nashville, Tenn. He answers as follows:

"In reply to your form letter asking whether your committee can be helpful to our institution, I beg to answer as follows:

"1. Our institution is conferring the Ph.D. degree in history. Just recently we had a candidate to complete the Ph.D. requirements in a study of Thomas H. Benton. He came to Nashville, above all places in the country, because of the connection with Andrew Jackson and the Benton localities.

"2. We are now having an inquiry from a former Peabody graduate who has done graduate work at the University of Chicago and has begun writing a dissertation on "The Expansion of the Executive Powers under President Jefferson Davis." We lack library equipment in that particular field. If you could help us find a supply of Jefferson Davis documents and papers of any sort and could furnish them to us, it would be a great boon, not only to this particular graduate student, but would be of inestimable value to the cause of Southern history for all of us good Americans.

"3. I have just suggested how your committee could be helpful to Peabody and to teachers in our Southern institutions. We are particularly anxious that they shall not be uninformed and unfriendly to the South."

In another letter he writes concerning certain books that are needed:

"Recently I sent you information relative to our needs for doing research work in Southern history. I am just in receipt of a list of books carefully compiled, at my request, by Professor Wirth, and am transmitting the list to you together with his letter.

"Dr. Wirth has associated with him this summer Dr. Marion Dargan, of an old South Carolina family, who is specially trained in Southern history and who is capable of doing high-class work in the field so important for a statement of our particular Southern ideals in relation to the larger national life. If your committee can supply any or all of these books to our growing department of graduate history, we shall be very grateful."

Miss Hanna has sent this list of fifty books to each Division Historian, requesting that this matter be taken up in the respective Divisions and such contributions as found possible be made.

Another matter has come to our attention: Mr. Garland Greever, of the University of Texas, has written requesting us to assist him with all letters and diaries in our possession, as he plans writing on the Reconstruction period. His permanent address is 2647 Cedar Street, Berkeley, Calif.

He is traveling through the various States at present, collecting material for his historic work, and he is commended to your consideration. Any assistance you give him will benefit Southern history.

Letters have been received from Dr. Claude G. Bowers, expressing appreciation of the very valuable contributions that have been made toward his work on the Reconstruction period.

## IN MEMORIAM.

The dart of the Insatiate Archer has once more flown, and again our peace is slain.

We lament the death of our Past President General, Mrs. J. C. Muse, of Texas. This distinguished woman was elected to this office in Baltimore in 1897, and has since that time continued constant in her interest in all the affairs of the organization, attending the conventions and lending a helping hand. Her place cannot be filled, and her absence from the deliberations of the Daughters will be sorely felt. To her bereaved husband and family we extend sincere sympathy.

To our fellow worker and friend, Miss Decca Lamar West, we send every expression of sympathy in her recent deep sorrow over the death of her father, Judge John C. West; a man held in high esteem by his community and State for his strong mentality and sterling worth. Truly, this passing of the gentleman of the old school leaves us sorrowful.

RUTH LAWTON.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Arkansas*.—The Elliott Fletcher Chapter, of Blytheville, takes unusual interest in the old veterans and their wives. At Christmas time, veterans and widows receive boxes of candy and fruits from this Chapter, and letters of cheer and blooming plants are sent to all who are sick or shut in. They offer medals for the highest grades in history in their high school; give scholarships at the Galway Female College and at the State Normal, and have recently presented a historical pageant, compiled by a Blytheville girl, in which two hundred persons took part.

A Children of the Confederacy Chapter, sponsored by this Chapter, has for this year a separate yearbook from that of



the mother Chapter, its work having grown so greatly. The Chapter presented a picture of Arkansas's boy war hero, David Owen Dodd, to the Blytheville school, and the members often assist the mother Chapter in its programs.

This Division is expecting a year of unusual interest, since its President, Mrs. George Hughes, has outlined a "Standard of Excellence" for Chapters, and all are striving to attain the goal.

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*Connecticut.*—The members of the William Alexander, Jr., Chapter, of Connecticut, observed the birthday of President Jefferson Davis on June 3, by ordering a picture of Davis and his Cabinet, through the Literary Research Bureau, which, when framed, will be hung in the Chapter room in the home of Mrs. H. P. Field, in Greenwich.

\* \* \*

*Georgia.*—Perhaps never before have the Chapters of the Georgia Division been more active than during the present year, which will come to a brilliant close at the annual State convention at Covington, Ga., the last of October.

The great success of last year has been an incentive for the achievement of the present year. Gradually is coming the realization of the importance of bringing to the knowledge of present and future generations the true history of the South. The various chairmen have offered prizes and trophies as a special stimulus to Chapters to assist in this great work, and much valuable and interesting historical data is being brought to light.

Educational work is being especially stressed. Special emphasis is being placed upon the Alexander H. Stephens Memorial School at Crawfordville, the old home of this illustrious Georgia statesman and Vice President of the Confederate States of America. Great things are being planned for this school, both by the Daughters of the Confederacy and by the State of Georgia.

Covington is making elaborate preparations for the entertainment of the Division in October, and the mere fact that Covington is to be the hostess city insures the success of the meeting, for the very name is synonymous with hospitality and cordiality.

For the past two years, Mrs. Oscar McKenzie has been the beloved President of the Division, and during that time she has been the fêted guest of Chapters from Rabun's Gap to Tybee's Light. She has ruled with wisdom and with impartiality and during her term of office she has won the admiration, respect, and love of every Georgia Daughter, and they feel that her usefulness in U. D. V. ranks will not cease with the expiration of her term of office.

Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the land will unite with Georgia in rejoicing that Miss Mildred Rutherford, who has been critically ill at an Athens hospital, is greatly improved and hopes soon to resume her historical research work. Miss Rutherford has perhaps done more for the preservation of the true history of the South than any other person, and the entire South rejoices that she is able to continue her work.

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*Louisiana.*—Among the relief workers throughout the flooded area of the State are many members of the U. D. C. Wherever there are refugee camps, the U. D. C. is doing valuable work and, in many instances, the members are devoting their entire time to the care of the flood sufferers. In Baton Rouge, the State capital, where more than seven thousand refugees were in camps, and many outsiders were taken care of, the number of U. D. C. workers was particularly

gratifying. Many Chapters contributed funds to be used in the sections of distress, Shreveport Chapter having given \$100, the largest amount donated by any one Chapter.

Due to the floods, the State convention, which was to have taken place in May, was postponed, and no date has yet been set. This flood has broken all records. It has put more water over more territory, has made more people homeless, and has caused more destruction by far than any preceding floods.

With simple ceremony, the United States flag presented to the people of Louisiana by the people of Massachusetts some years ago and preserved by the Joanna Waddill Chapter, U. D. C., was raised over the refugee camp on the old campus of the State University in celebration of the glorious Fourth.

The flag was brought to camp by the Division President, Mrs. L. U. Babin. During the ceremony of raising, a group of women workers, Boy Scouts, and campers gathered around. The flag was hoisted by Mrs. W. H. Stopher.

The chief interest of the Louisiana Division still centers about the placing of markers on the Jefferson Davis Highway. Besides those placed on June 3, at Pearl River and on Canal Street, New Orleans, two were placed at the Mississippi line on that spur of the highway that extends from New Orleans to Fairview, Ky. They were dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, former Gov. J. Y. Sanders, of Louisiana, being the chief speaker. Two other markers are ready to be placed on each side of the Sabine River, between Texas and Louisiana, but this has been delayed on account of work on the highway. The Louisiana marker for this western boundary was given by Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport. Very soon these markers will be dedicated, and at that ceremony Louisiana will be represented by former Gov. R. G. Pleasant. These markers are of granite, four feet high, and on each is a bronze tablet with an inscription.

New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, the mother Chapter of the Division, has recently celebrated its thirty-first anniversary with a birthday party at the Confederate Home, Camp Nichols. A table was set under the beautiful live oaks in front of the Home, and there the big cake, with its thirty-one red and white candles, was cut and served, with other good things. A box of candy was presented to every veteran. A delightful program, including an address by the Chapter President, Mrs. Ritayik, was given in the assembly hall, which was crowded with veterans and daughters and friends. There was excellent music and some good old-time—as well as present-time—dances.

The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Louisiana Division, which was to have been held at Shreveport in May, was postponed because of flood conditions and will be held at Shreveport, October 4-6. At a meeting of the Executive Board in July, parish boundary markers for the Jefferson Davis Highway were pledged by the Stonewall Jackson, Francis T. Nicholls, Joanna Waddill, and Henry Watkins Allen Chapters, and others are expected to follow their example.

\* \* \*

*Maryland.*—Throughout this Division the Daughters of the Confederacy have sustained a tremendous loss in the death of Miss Elizabeth Collins Lee, member of Baltimore Chapter No. 8. At the initial stage of our entrance into the World War, she was one of the first volunteers for service with Maryland University Hospital unit of nurses. A résumé of her overseas record is as follows:

Volunteered and mobilized in New York, May, 1918; assigned Base Hospital No. 15, Chairmont, France; volunteered for field service, American Troops offensive; served in Sectors



St. Mihiel, Lorraine, Argonne, and Verdun; transferred to Evacuation Base Hospital Camp, Fromererville, France; November 12, 1918, assisted in removal of wounded soldiers, made imperative by reason of shell fire directed against hospital by German artillery. For coolness and bravery displayed in discharge of duty, Miss Lee's name was forwarded by her commanding officer, Colonel Bowen, for Congressional medal, which citation was approved by General Pershing and awarded by War Department, Washington, D. C.

Full military honors were accorded her. A platoon fired its volley; the bugle sounded the last requiem taps, and under the folds of her country's flag she was left sleeping "on fame's eternal camping ground" at Arlington Cemetery, a fitting place for a great-great-niece of our immortal leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee, and a daughter of a soldier of the sixties, Richard Henry Lee, 1st Maryland Battery, Regiment Volunteers, C. S. A.

E. V. White Chapter, of Poolesville, celebrated its sixteenth birthday in August, many of the charter members still being active workers.

Memorial Day, June 3, was appropriately observed, as has been the custom since 1907. Before the Chapter was organized, a few devoted Southern people met to offer prayer, sing Southern songs, and to strew flowers on the graves of the Confederate dead in Monacacy Cemetery. Now people come from far and near to honor the occasion. This year Hon. Albert S. Brown, Adjutant Fitzhugh Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Frederick, Md., delivered the address.

\* \* \*

*Missouri.*—The Missouri Division is saddened over the sudden death of Mrs. C. H. Cunningham, of Caruthersville, who has been an outstanding U. D. C. worker in Southeast Missouri, and President of her Chapter for many years. She was a woman of splendid personality and will be greatly missed by the Division. She was a sister of Mrs. C. B. Faris, of St. Louis, a Past President of the Missouri Division.

Acting upon the recommendation of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mo., the Fifty-Third General Assembly, at Jefferson City, passed a bill setting aside some ninety-one acres of former waste land and adjoining slopes as a permanent memorial to the valor of the Confederate soldier. The United Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri have undertaken the task of converting this land into a memorial worthy of those whom it honors. They are hastening the completion of this park so that the old folks at the Home may have this beautiful spot to enjoy during their few remaining years and while they are physically able to be out in the open.

In a chain of beautiful lakes the State Fish and Game Department has provided splendid fishing for them. The park adjoins the Home with State Highway No. 13 passing along the south line of the park. A wonderful showing has been made in these few months as shown by such beautiful bits as the Horseshoe Lake, down around which Lakeside Drive winds the Rock Garden with its aquatic plants shrubs, and trees, donated by the school children of Lafayette County; the Lily Pool, stocked with gold fish, and the beautiful, well-kept lawns, with their ornamental trees and shrubs.

Mr. Hillard Brewster, the landscape architect, who gives his services free, has a wonderful program outlined.

The planting and care of the trees, shrubs, etc., is under the personal direction of Mr. F. H. Chambers, Superintendent of the Home.

Some 25,000 plants, or \$5 000, will be needed to finish this park. Two dollars and over will plant a memorial tree, the donor naming the soldier to be honored. Already over three

thousand individuals, principally residents of Missouri, but also representing thirty-eight States, have made donations.

Missouri is the first State to sponsor any such pretentious recognition of the valor of the Confederate soldier. This park is a challenge to the pride of every Missourian and an opportunity to again honor their illustrious dead and brighten the twilight hours of those who yet linger awhile.

Any contributions will be greatly appreciated by the Missouri Daughters and the old folk at the Home.

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*Tennessee.*—The birthday of Gen. N. B. Forrest, July 13, was made the occasion for a special program by Nashville Chapter, No. 1, in its historical meeting, held at the close of its regular monthly meeting in July. The Chapter Historian, Miss Virginia Claybrooke, had called on different members for papers, readings, and personal reminiscences connected with the great Wizard of the Saddle and his family, and interesting contributions to the program were an eulogistic paper, the reading of the poem on Emma Sansom (the girl who piloted Forrest across Big Black), and several interesting talks by those who had acquaintance with the Forrest family, which made up a very enjoyable program.

The Rosalie Brown Chapter, of Erwin, entertained most delightfully on July 13, the birthday of Gen. Forrest, with a silver tea, the proceeds to be used for a monument which the Chapter will erect soon to the "Men and Women of the Confederacy" and the World War Heroes. Those in the receiving line were in costumes of the days of the sixties. The program consisted of old familiar melodies, readings, and violin solos.

\* \* \*

*Virginia.*—Hope-Maury Chapter, of Norfolk, is doing excellent work along educational as well as other lines. In addition to the medal given to the Maury High School, in Norfolk, one is offered at Chatham Episcopal Institute. Flags have been given to Blair and Rufner Junior High Schools, and many books have been placed in the city libraries and schools.

Clarksville Chapter, one of the youngest, has recently organized a Children of the Confederacy Chapter with fifteen girls enrolled. No Chapter in the Division is more active than this one in the care and relief of the veterans of the county.

Manassas Chapter announces that Hon. C. A. Sinclair has established a prize in the Bennett School, to be known as the Eloise Armistead Sinclair Medal, in memory of his mother, the late Historian of the Chapter.

The monument erected by the Petersburg Chapter in memory of Maj. Gen. William Mahone was unveiled on July 30. Gen. Homer Atkinson presided over the exercises and was introduced by the Chapter President, Mrs. J. R. Bell. Ex-Gov. William Hodges Mann delivered the address, giving a history of the Mahone Brigade and its activities during the war, with a résumé of the battles in which they were engaged. "We are standing on holy ground," he said, "ground soaked with the blood of men who in courage and character could not be surpassed. Many of them in that charge up this hill laid down their lives in defense of our mothers and wives. They were skillfully and gallantly lead by Gen. William Mahone, and this monument is but a weak expression of the love and gratitude which the Daughters of the Confederacy can give for his splendid services." The speaker gave an account of the battle of the Crater and of the splendid charge made by the brigade.

At the conclusion of the address, the battle flag of the Confederacy was pulled aside by Mrs. William L. Magill, daughter of General Mahone, and the monument stood unveiled



amid the applause of the large assemblage. Mrs. R. T. Meade, Honorary President of Virginia Division, placed a wreath at the base of the monument for the Daughters of the Confederacy, and another wreath was placed by Mrs. C. E. Ridenour on behalf of the American Legion Auxiliary. Music for this occasion was furnished by the 183rd Regimental Band.

## FOR PRESIDENT GENERAL.

The following announcement has been sent to all Division officers and Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy

"The Rawley Martin Chapter, Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, presents the name of Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, Va., for the office of President General, U. D. C., and seeks your support. Many Divisions are pledged to Mrs. Merchant, and Chapters throughout the country have indorsed her. Her name will be presented to the Virginia Division, October, 1927."

Mrs. Merchant has served the Virginia Division as Treasurer, Registrar, President, Recording Secretary, and chairman of prominent committees; the United Daughters of the Confederacy as Recording Secretary General, General Chairman of Education, and Second Vice President General. While holding these offices she did splendid work for our organization, work that stands preëminent, that fits her to be the leader of our great organization.

Mrs. Merchant has been indorsed by the district meetings at which the announcement of her candidacy was presented and by a large number of the Chapters of the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

CATHERINE CUSTIS TAYLOR GOFFIGON,  
Past President, Virginia Division, U. D. C.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESSES

U. D. C. Program for September.

ARKANSAS SECEDED May 6, 1861.

In the Confederate Congresses, Arkansas was represented by the following citizens. In giving the list of names, the letter "P" following stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for First and Second Congresses.

Senators: Robert W. Johnson (1, 2); Charles B. Mitchell (1); Augustus H. Garland (2).

Representatives: Robert W. Johnson (P); Albert Rust (P); Hugh . Thomason (P); W. W. Watkins (P); Augustus H. Garland (P, 1, 2); Robert Jemison, Jr. (1, 2); Grandison D. Royston (1); Rufus K. Garland (2); David W. Carroll (2); Thomas B. Hanley (1, 2).

### C. OF C. PROGRAM, SEPTEMBER.

Locate Richmond, Va. Describe the seven days' fighting—Mechanicsville, June 26; Gaines's Mill, June 27; Savage Station, June 29; White Oak Swamp, June 30; Malvern Hill,

July 1. Why were the Federals so anxious to secure Richmond?

Read "The Worst of War," by Howard Weedon. Library of Southern Literature, Volume XIII, 5728.

### CHILDREN OF CONFEDERACY CATECHISM.

Under what disadvantages did the Confederate army fight? Not only did the Confederates have greatly inferior numbers, but they were poorly armed, often scarce of ammunition, and scantily fed and clothed.

What was the spirit of the army?

Always ready to follow their leaders and never willing to give up the fight. Victory or death was their motto.

When did the war come to a close?

When General Lee surrendered his army at Appomattox, Va., on April 9, 1865.

How many men did he surrender?

About 25,000.

To what Northern general did he surrender?

Gen. U. S. Grant, who had 120,000 men in his army.

Was the Confederate army defeated?

No; it was overpowered by numbers, and its resources exhausted.

What soon followed General Lee's surrender?

The surrender of all the Confederate forces and the capture of President Davis and his Cabinet in Georgia.

What were the conditions of the surrender as made by Gen. Grant?

These conditions were liberal and generally observed, except in the case of President Davis and some others. Mr. Davis was subjected to many humiliations, even to being put in irons.

Why do the people of the South honor him so greatly?

First for his integrity of character as a man and patriot, and because he suffered the greater martyrdom for their cause.

Were the people of the South punished for engaging in the war?

Yes, by losing nearly all they possessed, and further by having a horde of men called "carpetbaggers" sent down South to rule over them and rob them of the little left to them by the ruins of war.

### WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

We have traveled a long road since 1921, but the end is not yet in sight. As our work now more and more closely ties up with the Division Directors, it becomes increasingly essential to call more and more upon the Division Presidents to give us their special aid.

Some very encouraging reports of Divisions have been received. August is a carefree vacation time, but we must not forget that only two more months remain until November 1, and then comes the convention. Much discussion has taken place in some of the Divisions in the past regarding the nonpayment of this debt. That general sentiment is crystallizing along the line of *meeting the obligation* is shown by the fact that but few Divisions with large U. D. C. population are among the delinquent. We are hoping they will soon come under the line and join in the wish of our President General that a final report be made at Charleston.

Yours faithfully, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*  
Fairmont, W. Va.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*  
Athens, Ga.  
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

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ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
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VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, Editor, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## LOOKING FORWARD.

*My Dear Coworkers:* With the advent of September, when nature begins to tint forest and field with patches of crimson and gold, when the husbandman gathers into barns the fruits of his labors, when the summer wayfarer turns his face to the home nest and the good wife puts the house in order for the advancing winter, when schoolbooks are taken from their shelves for lessons soon to be learned—we too, who have obligations for various endeavors, find our thoughts turning toward plans and prospects for making new records that shall cause our responsibilities to be written across our reports, "Success." Success can come only through careful and well-laid plans. Our first fall meeting faces us, and let our plans be so well made that every member will have ample notice in due time to attend the meeting. A little music, a little light refreshment, an interesting story or reminiscence of the summer outing, or some interesting spot visited, some worthwhile friend added to the acquaintance, then a very short, snappy business program, and each one will leave with pleasant memories of our Memorial Association meeting and feel an interest in going again when another is planned. Let us start the new year's work determined to make it the best possible. See to it that the right books are used and that our children are taught the truths of history, that, standing out in review, Davis, Lee, Jackson, and the many splendid Southern generals had no peers, and the Southern soldier, whether private or officer, made a record that cannot be surpassed in the history of any people. Teach them of the beauty, the chivalry, the godliness, the culture, the refinement of the men and women of the Old South, and that to emulate them should be the proudest heritage of a people. Above all, may your President General ask that you send to her from time to time a line which will give to her fresh inspiration and the courage that comes from the support of those for whom, and with whom, we labor.

Yours, in loving service,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General, C. S. M. A.*

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

The many friends of our Auditor General, Mrs. Belle Allen Ross, will be interested in knowing that she is having a most delightful vacation, enjoying the sights and pleasures of the Old World. While not present to wish her bon voyage, our thoughts will follow her in affectionate remembrance, and our wishes speed her safe return, with added inspiration, to

enjoy the new world and aid anew in carrying forward the work in our dear Southland, so rich in its beautiful traditions and lofty patriotism.

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Miss Rutherford's condition has much improved, which is a source of real pleasure and gratification, not only to those of our organization, which is honored by her leadership as Historian General, but her great work for the South in righting the wrongs of history carries her name and fame to every quarter of our country; and countless friends have been sending up petitions to the Giver of all good that she may yet have length of days that will enable her to more fully put upon the pages of history facts that will add yet more luster to the cause which she holds sacred next to her faith in her Creator.

\* \* \*

Our beloved Chaplain General, Giles B. Cook, still continues very feeble, but his spirit is undimmed, and in his affection and devotion to his beloved comrades and his native Southland that spirit shines forth next to his love and adoration for his Lord and Master. Our tender thoughts and prayers for his comfort like daily incense arise that kind providence may allow him to once again come among those who revere and love him.

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We are happy to be able to say that the two Memphis members of our official family, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, our First Vice President General, and Mrs. Earnest Walworth, chairman Gold Bar of Honor, who have been so ill, are reported improved. That Miss Sue Walker, our Second Vice President General, has recovered and is again able to be among her friends is most gratifying news.

\* \* \*

Deep sympathy will go out to our honored and loved Mrs. Samuel Preston Davis, whose patriotic service as President of the National Daughters of 1912 and Vice President General D. A. R., has given her wide recognition, in the loss of her husband, at their home in Little Rock, the 5th of August. Mrs. Davis is a member at large of the C. S. M. A., and belongs to other Southern organizations, which evidences her broad patriotism, and in every section of our country hearts are saddened by her sorrow.



Our dear Recording Secretary General, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, is receiving the deepest and most loving sympathy in the passing of her brother, Mr. George M. Hodgson, at their home in New Orleans, after a prolonged illness, on Friday, August 12. When sorrow touches our own Miss Daisy, many friends are bowed in grief with her and pray that she may be sustained and comforted by the all-wise Providence, who knows our sorrows and carries our griefs. May the loving thoughts of these many friends comfort in this hour when separation is grievous.

## STONE MOUNTAIN MEDAL.

At the recent celebration on July 13, of the birthday of Gen. N. B. Forrest, at Forrest Park, Memphis, Tenn., by the General Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., the Mary Forrest Bradley Children of the Confederacy, who are also members of the Junior Memorial Association of Memphis, conferred a Stone Mountain Medal on Mr. J. T. Frith, Confederate veteran, who served as bandmaster during the War between the States. Miss Rosa L. Denton, of Washington, D. C., has secured through the Ladies' Memorial Association of Memphis, Tenn., a Stone Mountain Medal for her deceased father, Capt. Frank Desha Denton, member of Company A, Confederate Veteran Association, of Memphis.

## CONFEDERATE MOTHER A CENTENARIAN.

BY MARY DOROTHY WALWORTH.

It is a tender and beautiful thought to present the Gold Bar of Honor to aged mothers of the South who still enjoy having with them their hero boys who fought the battles of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Sally Smith, of Blue Springs, Miss., was greatly honored on her one hundredth birthday, the 18th of August. The whole county turned out to honor this gentlewoman of so many memories, able to recall so many events, a loving mother, a home maker. Her body is frail, but her mind is as clear as a bell, and she creates a halo of gladness to all who come within the influence of her wide experience. She says she is never unhappy; but while she is waiting for the call, her joy is to love, to scatter abroad the wisdom of the Father of all humanity. Every one calls Mrs. Smith "Aunt Sally," and she thinks it is fine and comforting.

Over one thousand people were present to assist in making "Aunt Sally" happy and her birthday a pleasant memory. In the spacious school building at Blue Springs, under the trees, and about the windows, her friends gathered.

Her son, the hero boy, eighty years old, held her hand while children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren did her honor. The crowd rose to greet this good woman who knew life in storm and sunshine, who had walked in paths of truth and love, seeing only the holy attitudes of conduct.

An hour of song, led by the noted Roberts brothers in the old songs and favorite hymns, was thoroughly enjoyed. Hon. S. Joe Owens, State Senator, acted as master of ceremonies. Rev. G. C. Potter, speaking of "the continual changes from year to year," said: "Some things cannot change, even those who hold to the law like this mother in Israel." Her great-grandson, Rev. Clifford Newman, told of her honor and devotion for the homes in the dear Southland. Dr. H. D. Stephens and Dr. G. W. Duncan, both kinsmen of this noted woman, spoke of her unselfishness and her constant doing for the needy of the South.

Four sons are living to-day, J. Minot Smith, Confederate veteran of New Albany, Miss.; J. L. Smith, of Helena, Ark.;

John C. Smith, of Blue Springs, and D. F. Smith, of New Albany, all doing their part as beloved citizens.

The Gold Bar of Honor was sent to Mrs. Smith some months ago by the President General of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, Mrs. A. McD Wilson, who originated this beautiful idea to honor aged women of the South and has sent into many homes the "Gift of Gold."

Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. C. Smith, with whom she lives, writes so lovingly of mother, and says though she is too aged to do much, she is so patient and kind-hearted, and adds: "She is almost blind, and we help her, and I pray the good Lord will give me strength to wait on mother as long as she lives. I have taken care of her for many years, and love her. The Lord promises to be with his children in need. Her husband died in 1891, and we would be lonely without her." She loves all the things of the world and the glory of the Father.

## THE STONE MOUNTAIN EMBLEM.\*

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

With the star of memory pointing  
To the wondrous past to-day,  
Pin the emblem of Stone Mountain,  
On these wearers of the gray.

They were the precious "seed corn"  
That the leader prayed to save,  
When the thinning ranks were calling  
Both the cradle and the grave.

They had gazed in childish wonder  
On the troops of sixty-one,  
But the young hands grasped their muskets  
Ere the bloody strife was done.

And they carried on in valor  
Through field and slimy pen;  
For the cause had made them soldiers,  
And the need had made them men.

Look down, ransomed spirits,  
Lean toward this earthly sod,  
O! souls of all our heroes,  
Gathered round the throne of God;

Many roughshod years have fallen  
On the sunny land you knew,  
But the manhood of the Southland  
Still is keeping faith with you!

Pin the emblem of Stone Mountain  
On these men who wore the gray;  
They are the holiest tokens  
In the Southern land to-day.

## A DAUGHTER OF MISSOURI

Mrs. Flora E. Stevens, of Kansas City, Mo., writes of the death of Mrs. Laura Mercer at her stately, old-fashioned home in Independence, Mo. Her husband was Joseph W. Mercer, one of the three State treasurers of Missouri who each lost an arm in the Confederate service. Mrs. Mercer was the owner of the original painting of "Order No. 11," by Capt. George C. Bingham, which depicted the burning of homes of Southerners by the Union soldiers in executing that obnoxious order. Mrs. Mercer was a beloved member of the Independence Chapter, U. D. C.

\* Presented to the living veterans of the Confederacy.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

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LON S. SMITH, Austin. . . . . Texas  
R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke. . . . . Virginia  
E. L. BELL, Lewisburg. . . . . West Virginia



All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## ACTIVITIES OF THE S. C. V.

### THE ANNIVERSARY OF MANASSAS.

"On July 21, 1927," says Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, President of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park and Historian in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, "there was held on those fields, in the shade of the grove near where Bee fell, where Jackson became 'Stonewall,' where Beauregard had two horses shot from under him, in sight of where Evans with fewer than 2,000 held in check for two hours, thus saving the day, more than 18,000 of the Federals, the third annual Confederate field day. Speeches ablaze with Confederate truth enkindled by the history of the past; dinner; a delightful afternoon in review of the world-famous events in which your ancestors took part on those plains. Every man and woman went home happier and fuller of determination that the work shall succeed as its charter provides. There is no place in all the South where more people from more places can readily gather. Help us make those annual periods the great battle field historical center in the interest of your ancestors' brilliant fight for honest right. And more, let's mark those fields that for all time guides there in our fathers' gray may point it out as the South's great battle field symbol to all Confederates. I earnestly urge that you no longer delay; what Kentucky has done by appeals, your Division can do—*must do.*"

### TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Commander Edmond R. Wiles, of the Trans-Mississippi Department, has appointed the following-named comrades as members of his staff:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Robert D. Lee, Little Rock, Ark.; Quartermaster, J. Edward Jones, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Inspector, Judge Edward S. McCarver, Orange, Tex.; Commissary, Joseph Mullen, St. Louis, Mo.; Judge Advocate, John L. Carter, Little Rock, Ark.; Surgeon, Dr. George R. Tabor, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Historian, Hon. Lon A. Smith, Austin, Tex.; Chaplain, Bishop James R. Winchester, Little Rock, Ark.

### CAMP COCKRELL ORGANIZED.

Camp Francis M. Cockrell, No. 310, of Kansas City, Mo., was recently organized. The officers of the Camp are as follows: Commander, James H. White; Adjutant, Richard O. Steele; Treasurer, David E. Long; Judge Advocate, Hunt C.

Moore; Surgeon, J. Henry George. The other members elected are Charles H. Bayne, Ernest Sheppard, Elza M. Pickett, Albert J. Miller, Carlton R. Benton, Elmer T. Bradley, Lex McDaniel.

### IN MEMORIAM.

On July 25, 1927, J. W. L. Arthur, Assistant Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., Asheville, N. C., died. For several years Comrade Arthur was active in the work of the organization and organized a great many Camps, S. C. V., in North and South Carolina.

Comrade Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo., died July 1, 1927. Comrade Stewart was elected Commander in Chief, S. C. V., in 1914, and served the organization as a member of the Executive Council for the years 1915 and 1916. This Department joins in the grief every Son must feel in the going of Comrades Arthur and Stewart.

### DOWN IN FLORIDA.

The work of restoring the old Gamble mansion, at Ellenton, Fla., is being rapidly completed, under the supervision of the Judah P. Benjamin Chapter, U. D. C., and a local committee of citizens, and it will be made a Confederate museum, a place for storing all Confederate records, the effort being to make this a real Confederate shrine. Pictures of Generals Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet have been presented, and others will be added from time to time. A joint picnic was held there in July by the veterans, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederacy.

Arrangements are also being made to dedicate the Robert E. Lee marker on the highway near Marianna, Fla., during the annual reunion of Confederate Veterans and Sons to be held there September 27-29. Large attendance is expected for the occasion, and the entertainment committees are preparing to have them enjoy the wonderful hospitality of West Florida. Commander in Chief Sumter L. Lowry, S. C. V., has been invited to make the address at the dedication of the marker.

It is the earnest desire of Commander Lowry that the organization of Sons of Confederate Veterans become a live organization, interested in all that pertains to our Confederate history and active participants in the work which will establish the truth of it.



## ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

The following comes from J. F. Walker, of Monticello, Ga., who was a young sergeant at Andersonville guarding the prisoners. Of this he says:

"Through the columns of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN I wish to give a few facts in regard to that much-maligned prison at Andersonville, Ga.

"When our 'war' governor, Joe Brown, called for volunteers from seventeen to forty-five, it included me, just seventeen. I was in the first regiment and the second company to reach Andersonville, and was with the last batch of men to leave. I was detailed as a stockade sergeant, with a "pass at any and all times" to enter the prison. A creek ran through the prison grounds all the time. True, that in hot weather the water was warm for drinking. Appeals were made for tools to dig wells, and Captain Wirz sent them in to the prisoners. They never tried to get water, but used the tools to tunnel out, a clever scheme. After digging down a distance supposed to be deep enough to pass under the stockade wall of posts, made of large pine trees, one prisoner passed under the wall in the daytime. The dirt caved in behind him, and, gopherlike, he had to hurry to the top to prevent smothering. Being inside the outer guard line, he was caught and put back in prison, then all the tools were taken out. That wonderful spouting 'Providence Spring' never spouted in answer to any prisoner's prayers. Near the creek was a small spring, a

"wet weather spring," and after a heavy freshet a bold stream broke out where once had been a spring.

"In later years I stopped to see how things looked. A magical change, a Federal cemetery, a nice, small building over the spring, the water flowing through a pipe, and a marble slab telling the world—what? A picture on the wall of the keeper's house, showing prisoners in a ragged condition. I never saw a ragged Federal prisoner in the whole 32,000. Do Northern histories tell that the prisoners caught and tried twelve of their own men and their appointed judge sentenced and hanged five of their fellow prisoners? I saw them executed. The heaviest broke the rope, was instantly caught, and rehanged. Do such histories tell that the five men had killed a fellow prisoner and buried him in a shallow grave beneath a tent, and that the deed was discovered when the odor created a suspicion and investigation revealed the murder? This court proceeding was done after hearing from the Federal government with instructions.

STILL YOUNG.—In renewing his subscription, T. B. Hogg, of Shawnee, Okla., writes: "I passed my eighty-first birthday on the 18th of July and am still young and active; have all of my teeth. I was a member of Company E, 2nd Arkansas, Colonel Slemmons's, Regiment, Cabell's Brigade, Fagan's Division. My captain, William H. Cooper, still lives at Malvern, Ark., eighty-five years old. He and another of my company with myself are all that are left.

## WHEN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER WAS IN FLOOD.



Copyright P. and A. Photos.

The above picture gives a tragic view of the beautiful little city of Greenville, Miss., one of the scores of towns in the lower Mississippi Valley during the time that great river was in flood. Many thousands of square miles of rich farming country were also inundated, crops and live stock destroyed, homes in town and country swept away. This was but one of many such devastating floods, and it is up to our government, which owns the waterways of the country, to see that there is no repetition of this disaster. The use of this picture was secured through the *Public Service Magazine*, of Chicago, Ill., which is one of the earnest advocates of flood control, and the means by which it can be done should be the chief concern of our next congress.



## WHEN COLUMBIA WAS BURNED.

(Continued from page 340.)

Colonel Stone said: "About 8 P.M. the city was fired in a number of places by some of our escaped prisoners and citizens (I am satisfied that I can prove this), and as some of the fire originated in basements filled with cotton it was impossible to extinguish it. In my opinion, Sherman had no more to do with the burning of Columbia than I did, as there is no doubt in the world that the fire was started by the Confederates, looked at by the organized portion of Sherman's army, and spread by drunken men of all degrees. It is a fact that Sherman said, 'I doubt that we shall spare the public buildings in Columbia,' and while I hold no brief for Mr. Sherman, I defy anyone to prove that he had anything whatever to do with the conflagration."

## THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT CAMP DOUGLAS.

J. A. Yeager, Commander of the Oklahoma Division, writes from Tulsa

"There is one article in the *VETERAN* of August that should be worth more to all veterans and their descendants than the price of the *VETERAN* for one year. A beautiful monument to the memory of our fallen heroes is something that will never be forgotten. In this instance, Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., furnished the subject for Oakwood Cemetery. Not killed in battle; as one of the inmates of that prison, I can say 'in battle' would have been preferable. These 6,000 do not represent all that died in Camp Douglas, as many bodies were shipped back to their homes. The six thousand and more met their death from various causes, some of which would not sound very well in print. I make special mention of this Memorial Day exercise for the reason I spent (not from choice) nineteen months, which seemed at least twice as long.

"This memorial article should be copied and inserted in the minutes of all of our organizations. I will promise this for the State of Oklahoma, of which I am Commander, and I would suggest that all those taking the *VETERAN* make an effort to see that their acquaintances of the same faith read of this service in the August number, page 309. I want to thank the Daughters of the Confederacy in Chicago and all others who made it possible for us to have this beautiful tribute to our soldiers who met a prisoner's death."

## MY OLD VIOLIN.

A CONCEIT.

BY G. M. TRIPLETT.

Old violin, dear friend of mine,  
 Within thy perfect shell,  
 The ghosts of melodies divine  
 In latent slumber dwell.  
 Awaken them for me to-night,  
 And play each tender strain;  
 Fill ev'ry thought with fancies bright,  
 Bring back my youth again.

Old violin, dear violin,  
 I sit here all alone;  
 Sweet smiles no longer can I win,  
 Love long ago has flown.  
 Thou art indeed my only friend,  
 Fond thoughts thy form entwine;  
 Then cheer me at my journey's end  
 With airs of *auld lang syne*.

## HOW THE VETERAN HELPS.

That the inquiries made through the *VETERAN* in behalf of veterans or their widows who are trying to secure pensions have been helpful in locating those who can testify to the war service is proved by letters received, although every one thus benefited does not report. Special instance of the efficacy of these inquiries was given in a letter from Robert A. Moore, a prominent citizen of Huntsville, Ala., who wrote of having seen in the *VETERAN* an inquiry in behalf of the widow of Thomas U. Pinkerton, of Company C, 41st Tennessee Regiment, and as Mr. Moore's father was captain of Company F, of that regiment, he very quickly located a member of another company in the same regiment who was a friend of Mr. Pinkerton in their early years and could certify to his war record. Mr. Moore is a prominent member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, being Assistant Adjutant General to the Commander of the Third Alabama Brigade.

Another letter came from Noah W. Money, Point of Rocks, Md., who was able to locate the grave of his uncle, Ephraim Money, by an inquiry which was seen by Dr. Charles Russell, of Herndon, Va., who knew that Ephraim Money was a member of Company G, 7th Virginia Cavalry, under Turner Ashby; that he was wounded and captured, and died in prison at Point Lookout, Md.

It is becoming more and more difficult to find those who can give such information as the above, and those who have not their Confederate records established should not delay further. Let the *VETERAN* help.

## SPOILED THE SOUP.

BY W. D. CRAIG, CHESTERFIELD, S. C., COMMANDING FIRST SOUTH CAROLINA BRIGADE, U. C. V.

Reading in the *VETERAN* some time ago about the old churches of that grand old city of Charleston brought to mind a review of my service in the 21st Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers. I was in sight of the lights and hearing of the bells of the old churches for the first four months of 1864. The greater part of the time I was in that historic old Fort Sumter while it was being knocked to pieces from Fort Wagner on Morris Island. I have a scar on my right arm made by a brick knocked from the walls by a shell. It was a great inspiration to the lone sentinel, on post on that lonely pile of brick, to see the lights of the city and to hear the stroke of the old clock. It spurred him to do his best to defend the noble people of the city from the encroachments of a cruel foe. Every man felt a personal interest in the city, especially did the women. If every soldier could have had the patriotism of the women of the city, in fact, of the whole South, I believe the result would have been different.

The ladies of the city were always trying to help us out. In April, 1864, they sent us a cargo of vegetables, knowing that every one longs for a taste of green in the spring and that we could not get out to appropriate vegetables for ourselves. We had no way of cooking, so we ate all we could raw, then began to search for some way to cook the remainder. We had an immense kettle to boil our clothes in; so after much washing and scouring, we decided to use this kettle. We put in all our vegetables, all our meat, and all our hard-tack and boiled it together. It smelled so good, and every man was standing ready to dip his cup in the kettle when a shell from the enemy's gun came over, singing "Tu-wicker, Tu-wicker," and fell in that pot of vegetables! Instead of getting that soup inside of us, it was all scattered on the outside. We can laugh over it now, but it was a tragic moment then.



Mrs. W. C. R. Tapscott, Berryville, Va., would like to know if there are any survivors of Captain Tapscott's command, Company C, 37th Battalion, Virginia Cavalry.

Mrs. W. H. Bush, 3214 Wesley Street, Greenville, Tex., is trying to get information on her father's record as a Confederate soldier. He was Charles O. Brooks, and he went out with the Noxubee Rifles, under Capt. Tom Stokes, enlisting at Macon, Miss., at the beginning of the war, and was in prison at Johnson's Island at the close. His service was with the Army of Northern Virginia, and he took part in many important battles and was wounded several times. Any surviving comrades or friends who remember him in the war will please write to Mrs. Bush.

**BACK-HAND COMPLIMENT.**—Jones was at a dinner party. He was shy and nervous and could never summon up courage to speak because of his inability to say anything neat. All the evening he had been trying to think of something nice to say to his hostess. At last he thought he saw his chance. "What a small appetite you have, Mr. Jones," said his hostess with a smile. "To sit next to you," he replied gallantly, "would cause any man to lose his appetite."—*Los Angeles Times*.

**CLERGYMEN, DOCTORS,  
LAWYERS**

And others, look in that old trunk up in the garret and send me all the envelopes up to 1880. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. I will pay highest prices. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

T. C. Wingifeld, of Lagrange, Ky., would like to get the name of the commander of the Swamp Angels, a band of guerrillas who operated in West Virginia during the War between the States; says the captain was shot after he had surrendered, while trying to pass himself off as a regular Union soldier.

W. A. Sullivan, Jackson, Miss., would like to secure a copy of Welch's book on "A Confederate Surgeon's Letters to His Wife," which he will buy or will give in exchange Sorrell's "Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer."

Mrs. John H. Anderson, Fayetteville, N. C., would like to hear from anyone who was at the battle of Bentonville, N. C., and can tell her what woman fought there in an Alabama Regiment with her husband and who performed a heroic act in rescuing her dead husband's body during the battle.

**The War Between  
the States**

By **ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSOE**  
of *President Jefferson Davis's Cabinet*

A book that should be in every Southerner's home. It is an authoritative statement of the facts that led the South to establish the Confederate States of America. This book should be read carefully by the children of the South, so that they may be conversant with the real facts that brought about the terrible struggle between the States and the cause for which their fathers and grandfathers fought so gallantly.

**\$1.00, POSTPAID**

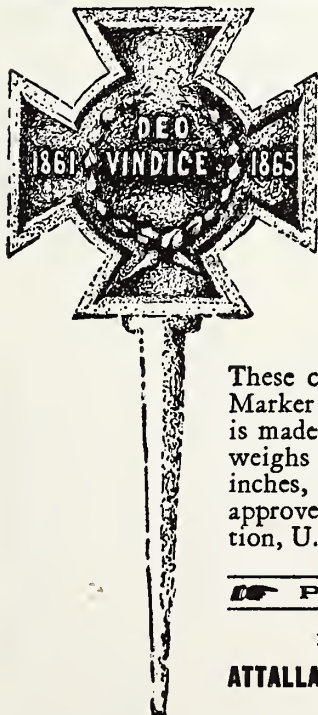
**J. P. BELL COMPANY, Publishers**  
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

*A FAMOUS DOG.*

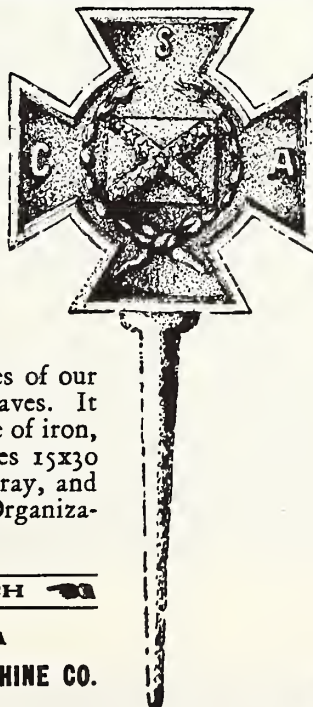
There is a famous dog at Washington, mounted at the Smithsonian. He is "Owney," the post office dog, who went around the world alone. "Owney," with impunity, walked into a mail car one day in the eighties and attached himself to the Railway Mail Service. He was considered a mascot on any mail coach which he selected to have the honor of his company. He went from one end of the country to the other repeatedly and never tired of traveling. On August 19, 1895, he walked up the gangplank of the Victoria and sailed for Japan, the first leg of his journey around the world. He got so many medals that they grew too heavy for him to carry, so they were stored. They also are on exhibit.—*National Tribune*.

**ON SHARES.**—A cautious traveler in Northern Arkansas stopped by a fence to criticize a near cornfield which met his disapproval. "Mighty small corn you have there!" he shouted to the man who was "superintending the growth" from a shady corner. "Yes," said the Arkansan, "Planted the small kind." "Looks mighty yellow to me for this time of year." "Yes. Planted the yellow kind." "Well," said the traveler severely, "I can't understand your method of farming. You will get only half a crop." "Yep!" said the Arkansan, cheerfully. "You are shore a good guesser, stranger. Half a crop exactly, that's mine. I planted this on shares."—*Kansas City Star*.

**PAUPER COSTS.**—The average American pauper requires \$334.64 a year for his maintenance, the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the Labor Department estimated after a survey of 93 per cent of the public pauper institutions of the country.



**"Lest  
We  
Forget"**



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

**PRICE, \$1.50 EACH**

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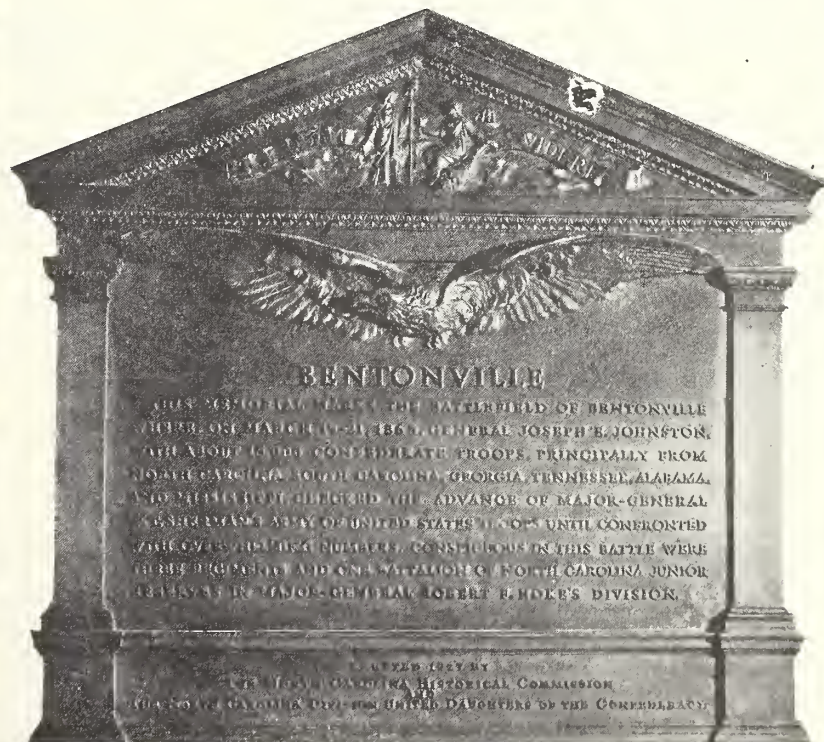


# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

OCTOBER, 1927

NO. 10



MEMORIAL TABLET ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF BENTONVILLE, N. C.  
Dedicated September 15, 1927.



## TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
  2. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
  3. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.
  4. Financial Prospectus.
- All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.  
Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

## VALUABLE BOOKS.

Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Gen. Henry Lee. Edited by Gen. R. E. Lee. A fine copy of this book. Illustrated.....	\$7 50
Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke. An especially nice copy of this book.....	6 00
Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards (scarce).....	5 00
Service Afloat. By Admiral Semmes. Illustrated.....	7 00
Lee and His Generals. By William Parker Snow. Handsomely illustrated. Good as new.....	5 00
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Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alfriend.....	4 00
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J. R. Bramblet, of Milburn, Ky., who served with Company B, 5th Kentucky Cavalry, would like to hear from any surviving comrades who can testify to his service, as he is trying to get a pension. He is now nearly eighty-three years old. He was with General Morgan, and in prison twice, but escaped both times. He enlisted in Scott County, Ky., September 2, 1862; was captured by bushwhackers in October, 1862, near Crab Orchard.

E. F. McRae, of McRae, Ga., is seeking his father's record as a Confederate soldier and will appreciate hearing from anyone who knew him either during or since the war; thinks his captain's name was Edgerton. Daniel M. McRae seems to have gone to Florida from Georgia, and after being there for awhile, was elected to the State legislature and served there. There is no record available of his service with the Confederate army.

## J. A. JOEL &amp; CO.



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AND STATE FLAGS  
SPECIAL FLAGS AND  
BANNERS MADE TO  
ORDER AT SHORT  
NOTICE

147 Fulton Street  
New York, N. Y.

Mrs. S. A. Walter, of Greenbrier, Ark., Route 1, is trying to get information on her husband's service as a Confederate soldier in her effort to secure a pension. Jeremiah Walter served with the 35th Mississippi (Major Ray), was captured in July, —, on the Chattahoochee River, and taken to Camp Douglass. Will appreciate hearing from any of his surviving comrades.

Caleb Thomas, of Glasgow, Mo., who served with the 1st Missouri Brigade, Hardee's Corps, makes inquiry about the Butts family living near Milledgeville, Ga., during the war. He says: "I was wounded in 1864, and stayed with the Butts family a month, and would like to locate some member of it. I served under Hood, Johnston, Pemberton; was in the army from 1862 to the end. I will be eighty-five years old next January."

T. B. Walker, of San Angelo, Tex., now eighty-seven years old, enlisted at Lynville, Tenn., in 1861, with Company B, 3rd Tennessee Infantry, John C. Brown's Regiment, and he would like to hear from any survivors of his company or regiment, who can communicate with him at above address, 35 West Sixth Street.

T. H. McGregor, 805 Littlefield Building, Austin, Tex., wants a copy of the address made by Judge Andrew Caldwell at a reunion in Franklin, Tenn., some thirty years ago. Thinks this was published in pamphlet form afterwards, and he would appreciate hearing from anyone who can furnish a copy of it.

U. D. C. Seals, two cents each, either loose or in boxes containing one hundred, can be procured through Miss Sally W. Maupin, 2004 Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, Md. The proceeds will be given Miss Ann B. Bruin, Hagerstown, Md., State Director for the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund, U. D. C.



PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER 1927.

No. 10.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

*Assistant to the Adjutant General*

GEN. W. D. MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City, Okla.....*Chaplain General*

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

GEN. R. A. MILLER, Abilene, Tex.,.....*Trans-Mississippi*

## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles.....Gen. S. S. Simmons

*HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.*

REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va.....*Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

LOUISIANA VETERANS IN REUNION.

The annual reunion of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., will be held at Lake Charles, October 20-21.

TO THE SONS OF THE SOUTH.

The Commander in Chief, U. C. V., sends a message to the Sons of the South:

The soldiers of the South are rapidly answering the roll call to a higher service, in a more exalted sphere, and in a few more years General Lee's great army of the brave men of the South will relinquish their active service and join their comrades in the great reunion which will last throughout eternity. They will bequeath to the sons and grandsons of Confederate soldiers a glorious and enviable heritage of loyalty, patriotism, chivalry, and devotion to the cause we love, and I am sending this message to the Sons of the South:

May you grasp the torch as it falls from the hand of your fathers, and as the mantle falls from our shoulders, may it tenderly and lovingly enfold itself not only about your shoulders, but close around your hearts.

May the Sons and Daughters have a vision. "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

J. C. FOSTER, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

LOVE'S LOYAL LEAGUE.

INSCRIBED AFFECTIONATELY TO SONS OF CONFEDERATE  
VETERANS.

BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY.

"Land of the Leal"! We sons love thee the same  
 As did our sires and grandsires long ago.  
 No fairer land has earned a nobler fame  
 Than ours, that forgave foe that wrought us woe!  
 In dark despair, when South was overrun  
 By hordes of ruthless raiders, hired to harm,  
 Our hopeless hearts beheld *peace's sinking sun*  
 Deep hid by clouds of menace and alarm!

Now time has dispelled grim war's fateful mist,  
And peace once more reigns queen of all the land.  
Yet, our Southland will stay love's home—sun-kist!  
And “Veterans' Sons” will stay love's loyal band.  
Now, North and South are each loyal and true;  
But Love and Leal wove deathless crown for you.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## OUR OWN GREAT.

Proud of my land, my section—I admit the charge!  
 Good reason, too, I have. Where shall one find so large  
 The list of greatness as among our honored sons—  
 Inventors, statesmen, warriors, poets, shining ones  
 There are who lived and loved and labored here, as high  
 As history has heralded in years gone by,  
 In any age, in any era, land, or clime,  
 In any period, any crisis, any time  
 When *men* were wanted. . . . We need not to borrow light  
 From other lands or sections, or from ages bright  
 With stars back in the morning time of history.  
 Here, from *our* soil, beneath *our* sun they grew to be  
 Great men, and leaders, patriots whom we love to claim  
 Among the noblest who were ever known to Fame.

—D. G. Bickers.

## THE BANNER STATE, U. C. V.

Referring to the mention in the September VETERAN of his work in reorganizing Camps in the Oklahoma Division, Gen. J. A. Yeager, commanding that Division, sends a little report as to his methods in carrying on this work, giving an outline of his work beginning in 1925 as State Commander. He says:

"At Memphis, in 1924, our State report was fifty-two Camps, thirty-six of which paid dues, giving our State seventy-five votes. Digging up the old roster of years ago, I found there were at one time seventy-three Camps in the Oklahoma Division. My next move was to find how many veterans we had on the pension roll of Oklahoma, and from our pension commissioner I secured the names and addresses of all pensioners, some twelve hundred of them. I then began rekindling interest among them, reorganizing and organizing Camps from this number, never using less than five members to begin with, knowing there were others in the same community not on the pension rolls. Each reorganized Camp was given its old name and number in the U. C. V. There were sixteen to rekindle and twenty-one to organize and reorganize. Our report at Tampa gave us sixty-seven Camps with all dues paid.

"I want to thank the eight Brigade Commanders, with the Daughters and Sons, for their help in making our report possible—a perfect State organization.

"Now, I would suggest to the Commanders of the seventeen federated States that each prepare a complete State roster, giving number of Camps by brigades, and each try to have a complete State roster to report at the Little Rock reunion, May 7-9, 1928."

CONFEDERATES IN SOUTH AMERICA.—Recently a letter came from Mrs. Martha Norris, of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, expressing a desire to subscribe to the VETERAN, and her order was received shortly afterwards. She wrote that her husband, Robert C. Norris, fought under Stonewall Jackson, General Lee, and other Confederate leaders, and when the end came, he and others, who did not feel that they could live under the government which had overcome the South, went to Brazil and there established a colony of Americans.

An account of this colony was given in the VETERAN many years ago, with a picture of those Confederate pioneers in South America who were then living. All of them have passed away, and their descendants are scattered.

## A QUERY.

BY ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, CHAIRMAN OF HISTORY COMMITTEE,  
 S. C. V.

What analogy is there between Robert E. Lee and Abraham Lincoln? Before me, as I write, there is a postal card with the faces of both Lee and Lincoln printed at the top. This is an insurance advertisement. There is a proposal in the West somewhere to build a Lincoln-Lee University. There stretches across the Potomac a great bridge running from the Lincoln Memorial toward Arlington which is to go further, if possible, in this matter of allying these two names. Where is the analogy?

In the matter of family, birth, tradition, education, religion, politics, ideals, deportment, personal appearance—is there any slightest element of similarity between Lee and Lincoln?

Why has the North, after years of vainly trying to blacken the name of Lee and fasten the stigma of deserter and traitor upon his fame, now turned to the attempt everywhere to link his name with its hero, Lincoln?

You cannot say it is done for love of Lee; we know that is not so. Hence it must be for love of Lincoln, assuming that the effect will be beneficial to his chances for future glory when sane history gets at the task of writing his life and not his apotheosis.

Neither can it be a gesture toward brotherly love, a signal that at last all sectional difference has disappeared. O, my countrymen, if you are simple enough to think *that*, then just propose sometime that, instead of linking Lee with Lincoln, the name of Davis be put in that situation, since they both were leaders of the riven country, its joint Presidents at a time of strife. Do that, and then stand amazed at what you see and hear.

No, it is not the disappearance of all sectional feeling; it is not any love for the South or her great hero; it is not a gesture of brotherly love. Any ten-year-old child that thinks a minute must know the answer. Knowing it, are we going to let the North get away with it? O, yes, I am sure we will, just as we have a dozen or score of other similar performances.

## REUNION OF THE ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

The following letter comes from C. J. Stewart, formerly of Clarksville, Ark., but now of Oklahoma City, Okla., and a member of the David Hammond Camp, U. C. V., of that place:

"As a constant subscriber to and reader of the VETERAN, I note that the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., will convene in reunion on October 11, 12, at Little Rock. I am one of the 'Old Boys' still living, and am very desirous to associate once more on time's side of eternity with comrades who served in the Confederate States army, Cabell's Brigade, Fagan's Division, Major General Price's Corps, E. Kirby Smith in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, in 1864-65. . . . I trust that all comrades who possibly can will come to this reunion, for it stands to reason that we will not meet many more times to talk over our hardships and pleasures of the War of the Sixties."



## REFLECTION: COMMENT.

BY CORNELIUS B. HITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I wish to thank Mr. M. F. Powell, of Baltimore, for his kindly correction of the apparent anachronism in my article in the July *VETERAN* referring to the extravagant praise of alleged activities of Charles and Daniel Carroll in the interests of the Calverts of Maryland, as well as of the rest of the country, as set forth by Mr. Gilbert Grosvenor in the February, 1927, number of the *National Geographic Magazine* when I was "shooting at random," so to say, trying to solve the following riddle—*viz.*: "To the illustrious Marylanders, John Hanson particularly, and to Charles Carroll and Daniel Carroll belong the credit of suggesting and successfully urging the policy that has changed the whole map of the United States and the whole course of our national life."

Now, in returning thanks, allow me to state here that I regret Mr. Powell has thrown no light on the cause of Mr. Grosvenor's eulogy of the Carrolls; but I hope some one more enlightened than either of us will please explain the "riddle" by showing what is meant by the above quotation; for to me it seems wholly impossible that these two Roman Catholics could shape in any remarkable way the political future of the thirteen original colonies, when Roman Catholics were a negligible quantity therein, without the fact being more generally known.

It is well known that Mr. Thomas Jefferson was the author of the Declaration of Independence, as well as the originator and author of the ordinance for the government of the Northwestern Territory; and, also, his influence secured important amendments to the Constitution.

It is also well known what James Madison, Washington, Hamilton, Morris, and some others did in producing a Constitution; but what did Charles and Daniel Carroll do out of the ordinary rôle of a member of either the Congress or of the Constitutional Convention? Mr. Grosvenor has stated they performed some conspicuous service; and surely he would not make such an assertion unsupported by reliable testimony. Let us have this "reliable testimony," if it can be produced.

Now, as to the question of religious freedom in the early colonial history of Maryland, raised by Mr. Powell, allow me to state that all of the reliable history of the period seems to disprove the Lord Baltimore claim of having established, first, on North American soil "religious freedom," within the first fifteen years of its colonial existence—that is, say, from 1634, the date of the arrival of the good ships Ark and Dove with their cargoes of emigrants, at St. Clements Island in the Potomac River, in 1649, the date of the legislative act granting *qualified* "religious freedom."

Before the passage of this act by the Maryland legislature (which, by the way, was two-thirds Protestant), Cecilius Calvert, Lord Baltimore II, authorized his brother, Leonard (the governor and resident in the province), to *tolerate* "religious freedom"; and that this was a wise resolve is shown by the records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus, Seventh Series, pages 255, 259, and 260, by Father White, a Jesuit priest, as follows: "For in leading the colony to Maryland, by far the greater part are heretics"—that is, Protestants.

Again, he states: "In a country like this, newly planted and depending wholly upon England, there is not, nor can be, any ecclesiastical discipline established by law, nor the Catholic religion publicly allowed."

All this shows the prevalence of Protestantism and non-Catholicism in the Province, and the necessity for *absolute*

*religious toleration*; but *more* for the welfare of Roman Catholics, and, too, as an inducement to secure settlers.

It will be remembered that George Calvert I died before completing his charter (1632); hence it was granted to his son, Cecilius, Lord Baltimore II, by Charles I, Protestant king of England.

Now, this charter bound the Proprietary of the Province of Maryland to "protect God's Holy Church" and the true "Christian Religion," and to "observe the ecclesiastical laws of our kingdom of England." Therefore, Lord Baltimore was *bound* and *compelled* to tolerate the worship of the Church of England in his new colony and deserves no special credit for doing so. (See Dr. McKim on "Romanism in the Light of History.")

It may be well to state, also, that the first House of Assembly of Maryland was not established till 1639; whereas, Roger Williams founded his colony at Providence, R. I., 1636 to 1638, on the basis of *pure democracy*, which means the *citizen* rules in all matters and *not* the priest.

Finally, I ask Mr. Powell to notice that *Everybody's Encyclopedia* says the name of George Rogers Clark is correctly spelled with or without a final "e."

## CAUSE OF CHURCH SEPARATION.

BY WILLIAM A. LOVE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

The very interesting communication in the September number of the *VETERAN* from Dr. Charles R. Hyde, of Chattanooga, Tenn., exemplifying the character of that distinguished man of affairs, Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, recalls certain incidents of a more or less public nature occurring both before and after the war against secession. It is, therefore, with a purpose of recording some facts that may add to or call to mind acts of those eventful periods.

My father, Drennan Love, was a lay commissioner from the Presbytery of Tombeckbe, now East Mississippi, to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church held at Philadelphia, Pa., in April, 1853, and I represented the same Presbytery in a like capacity in the General Assembly at Augusta, Ga., in 1886, just thirty-three years later.

Now, there were certain changes made during this interim that renders some statements necessary in order to reach a proper understanding of the peculiar situations then existing.

In May, 1861, the Assembly again met in Philadelphia. Several months before this the Southern States, at different dates, in accordance with specific reasons stated in their resolutions of withdrawal from the Union of States, had organized themselves into a separate and independent government known as the Confederate States of America. Notwithstanding this action, commissioners from these States were present and participated in its deliberation. During the course of proceedings, one Dr. Gardner Spring, a commissioner from one Presbytery of New York, and pastor of the Brick Church in the city, offered a resolution, the substance of which was a declaration that the Christian citizenship of the United States was morally bound to render it their loyal support; in other words, it was an assumption on the part of the Church to dictate and determine the allegiance of its members regardless of locality, political conviction, or governmental attachment. At that particular time it should be understood that there were two republican governments existing, side by side, the people of the old praying for a resumption of former authority, while the people of the new were praying as fervently for the success of their independent government. However, upon the adoption of the Spring resolution, there remained only one rightful and self-respecting course to pur-



sue—to wit: the withdrawal of the Southern commissioners from the Church of their fathers. So, later, responding to the invitation of Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, then pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Augusta, Ga., representatives of the Southern Presbyteries met there and formed the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, with Dr. B. M. Palmer as Moderator.

In 1886, this Assembly met at Augusta, the place of its organization twenty-five years before, and as an appropriate recognition of the memorable occasion, an interesting and highly valuable historical program was enacted. Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, the father of Woodrow, being then, as for years before, the Stated Clerk of the Assembly, was known personally to most of the commissioners. Passing across the rostrum during an intermission, Dr. Wilson called me to his desk and giving me the address of Dr. Palmer, who was visiting relatives in South Carolina, directed that he be advised of the date for his intended memorial address. That assignment to special duty is recalled by Dr. Hyde's minute descriptive recollections of the Wilsons and the accompanying picture of the father, the only one seen that presents a striking resemblance to the original at that date.

Although more than twenty years had elapsed since the close of hostilities, there were a number of ex-Confederates among the commissioners, notably, the Moderator, Dr. J. H. Bryson, and Dr. G. B. Strickler, chairman of the committee of which the writer was a member, and others not recalled. Alas, alas! how few, if any, that have not answered the Last Roll.

#### HOW THE CONFEDERACY MET THE GUNPOWDER PROBLEM.

(This article, contributed by C. Stewart Comeaux, Secretary of the Institute of Makers of Explosives, is based on a chapter devoted to the expedients of the Confederacy in making gunpowder as given in the "History of the Explosive Industry in America," hereinafter referred to.)

One of the most interesting phases of the Civil War, a phase which is given little attention in the histories of that conflict, was the way in which the Confederacy met the gunpowder needs of its fighting forces in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties.

At the outbreak of the war, all the powder mills in the nation, save two, were in the Northern States; and the two which the Southerners possessed were of such small capacity and so poorly equipped that they were of little practical value.

The result was that in the early days of the war the South's chief problem was obtaining gunpowder in the quickest possible way. She had confiscated 60,000 pounds through the capture of the Union arsenal at Norfolk, and some small portions which had been left in various places following the Mexican War; but this was woefully inadequate for the thousands of gray-clad fighters who had rushed to the colors to face their better-equipped foes from the North.

With a characteristic resourcefulness, however, the South met the emergency in a practical way. President Davis appointed Col. George Washington Rains, a native of North Carolina and a graduate from West Point, to take charge of the making of gunpowder for the Southern fighting forces.

How the Colonel, with little knowledge of gunpowder manufacture, and with little or no equipment for making that necessary product, erected a plant, adopted English methods, and supplied the Confederacy with 2,700,000 pounds of excellent powder is told in dramatic fashion by Arthur P. Van Gelder and Hugo Schlatter, two eminent American chemists, in their book, recently published by the University of Colum-

bia Press, entitled the "History of the Explosives Industry of America," the first authoritative history on the subject.

Immediately following his appointment, the "History" says that Colonel Rains made a hurried survey of the Southern States to select a suitable site for a large powder mill.

"Augusta, Ga., was finally chosen on account of its central position, its transportation facilities by rail and water, its water power, and its security from attack. The choice was a wise one, for Augusta was the only city of note in the South that was not occupied at one time or another by the Federal forces."

When the site had been chosen, Colonel Rains was confronted with manifold problems. However, "by good fortune, he came into possession of a pamphlet by Major Bradley, the superintendent of the British Gunpowder Factory at Waltham Abbey, in which the process and machinery employed at that plant were described, although no plans were given. He also found a man by the name of Wright who had worked at Waltham Abbey, and whom he describes as the only man in the Southern States who had seen gunpowder made by an incorporating mill."

The "History" then goes into intricate technical details as to how he made his powder. Suffice it to say here that Jefferson Davis, in his book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," declared of Colonel Rains: "It is but a just tribute to say that, beginning without even instructed workmen, he had before the close of the war made what, in the opinion of competent judges, has been pronounced to be the best powder mill in the world, and in which powder of every variety of grain was manufactured of materials which had been purified from those qualities which cause its deterioration under long exposure to a moist atmosphere."

President Davis added, in another chapter of his book, that "had Admiral Semmes been supplied with this powder, it is demonstrated by the facts which have been established that the engagement between the Alabama and the Kearsarge would have resulted in a victory for the former."

Nothing now remains of the old Confederate powder mill at Augusta, "except the great obelisk which inclosed the boiler house stack," but there will remain in the annals of Southern valor and sacrifice the enterprise of Colonel Rains whose genius made possible the making of 5,000 pounds of excellent military powder a day for the Confederate army and navy, which was of such fine quality that the surplus of 70,000 pounds, which remained after the war, was used by the Federal School of Artillery Practice at Fortress Monroe, "on account of its superiority."

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HADN'T MET SINCE THE WAR.—Two Virginia brothers who joined opposing forces for the war were Jonathan and Henry Roten, who recently were together again for the first time since the wartime separation. Henry Roten served with the 48th Virginia Infantry and saw service under the immortal Stonewall and was near him when he fell at Chancellorsville. Recently he traveled some fifteen hundred miles from his home in Fort Worth, Tex., to visit his brother Jonathan at Huntington, W. Va. The latter served with the 39th Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, U. S. A. When asked if they took a shot at each other during hostilities, Jonathan replied: "I don't think so. Henry was always too fast a runner for me." Jonathan is now eighty-five and weighs one hundred and nine pounds. "I'm sure we didn't, or Jonathan would not be living," retorted Henry, who is eighty-three and tips the scales at one hundred and ninety-two pounds.—*New York World*.



## THE JUNIOR RESERVES.

(The following poem, dedicated to North Carolina's boy soldiers at the battle at Bentonville, was written by Elizabeth McPherson, granddaughter of Lieut. Gen. T. H. Holmes, senior Confederate officer of North Carolina.)

O, Sherman has come from Columbia,  
He has foraged his way, mile by mile,  
He has pillaged, and plundered, and ravaged,  
He's been king of the road, all the while;  
But at Bentonville, Johnston stands in the way,  
And Sherman must fight on the Sabbath day.

O South, though you're war-scarred and weary,  
Exult o'er this radiant band,  
Of your youngest, your not-yet-grown soldiers,  
How proudly and firmly they stand;  
Note their buoyant tread as they march along;  
Listen, they're singing an old Southern song.

In all youth's power and glory,  
With a sternness they've borrowed from men,  
They charge Sherman's seasoned veterans,  
They fight like wild furies, and then—  
Those childish faces, upturned and stark,  
Can we leave them there in the growing dark?

For three days the battle rages,  
Odds against us five to one,  
Then slowly, and very sadly,  
Each man shoulders his gun.  
His name will be seen on the pages of fame,  
But boyhood gets lost in war's little game.

Hoke's Division, Junior Reserves, Boys' Brigade,  
Call them what you will;  
Just the mention of their names  
Will always give the world a thrill.  
To-day, we carve those names in stone,  
They wrote them in blood in the days long gone.

## MEMORIAL ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF BENTONVILLE.\*

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON CHAIRMAN BENTONVILLE BATTLE GROUND COMMITTEE, NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION, U. D. C.

After a lapse of sixty-two years, the Bentonville battle ground has been recognized as the scene of one of the many important engagements in the War between the States. This bloody battle of March 19-21, 1865, was desperate to the last degree, and had it been fought in the first year of the war, the world would have rung with the news of it. But there had been so many battles, many far more deadly in their totals of killed and wounded, that in the last hours of the Confederacy this one received little attention, and the scene of it has been seldom visited. One of the causes of this, no doubt, has been its isolation. No good road led to it, and it has not been easy of access. With the establishing of State highways in that vicinity came the effort to do something in the way of marking the place and to give the battle of Bentonville the historical recognition it deserves.

The North Carolina Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, together with the North Carolina Historical Commission, on September 15, with imposing cere-

monies, dedicated a memorial tablet on a boulder of native stone in commemoration of the bravery of our Southern soldiers in this battle. This memorial marks the battle field of Bentonville, where Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, with about 15,000 Confederate troops, principally from North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, checked the advance of Gen. W. T. Sherman's army of United States troops until confronted with overwhelming numbers. Conspicuous in this battle were three regiments and one battalion of North Carolina Junior Reserves in Gen. Robert F. Hoke's Division.

General Johnston, carrying out his plan to strike Sherman before Terry and Schofield came up, concentrated his army at the hamlet of Bentonville, Johnston County, N. C., and there repulsed the Federal advance. The Confederates had 14,000 men in the battle and the Federals more than twice that number. All together Sherman's army, with its supporting column near by, numbered 70,000 well-trained, seasoned soldiers.

In this final encounter was, as stated, the whole brigade of Junior Reserves, so aptly called by Gov. Z. B. Vance, the "seed corn of the Confederacy," all lads between seventeen and eighteen, for on reaching the latter age they automatically passed into "line" regiments. The thirty-five companies—three regiments and a battalion of five companies—had a total strength of 2,887, and suffered a loss in this Bentonville battle of 151. This was the "Boys' Brigade," by far the most unique organization in either the Federal or Confederate armies. Virginia has splendidly memorialized the gallantry of the cadet corps of the Virginia Military Institute, in action at the battle of New Market, which was so resolute and brave in its "baptism of fire" there, and which won the highest praise from the Federals and Confederates; but not until now has North Carolina recognized its own "Boys' Brigade," of, say, ten times the strength of the Virginia Military Institute Cadets. The Boys' Brigade of General Hoke was on the left wing of that division at Bentonville, and its gallantry was highly praised by Generals Johnston, Hardee, Hoke, and Colonel Nethercutt. Historians state that Hoke's Division repulsed the attacks of the Federals on every occasion, and that his services and those of his men at this famous battle are among the most illustrious examples of Confederate generalship and valor in the whole course of the war. Gen. Wade Hampton has said: "Bragg, by reason of his rank, was in command of this division, but it was really Hoke's Division, and Hoke directed the fighting."

Practically all of the officers of the Junior Reserves had been wounded in battle before they took command of this organization. The brigade was commanded by Col. Nethercutt, while the three regiments of Junior Reserves were commanded by Cols. Charles W. Broadfoot, John H. Anderson, and John W. Hinsdale, and the battalion by Maj. D. T. Millard.

With General Johnston were four of the ablest engineers in the Confederate service. Both armies built miles of breastworks for entrenchments, and no end of rifle pits, and the fighting was terrible.

There was much artillery in action, and this battle raged on the 19th, in the great and gloomy pine forest, and on rather uneven ground with several small streams. The Federals cut down many of the pines (long leaf) and made pens, into which earth was thrown, while the Confederates used earth entirely. (To-day, in some of the entrenchments, the pine logs, so enduring, are plainly visible in the earth, wonderfully preserved for sixty-two years.) Lines of entrenchments are so perfectly preserved as to be startling.

\*A detailed account of the battle of Bentonville was given by Mrs. Anderson in the May issue of the VETERAN.



They extend for miles, some facing southward, those of the Confederates, while those of the Federals face northward. Men with incredible labor and speed also built them, and nature has in all these years cared for them with infinite tenderness. The long-leaf pines, with a very thin undergrowth here and there, stand by the thousands, while lying prostrate among them are great numbers of fallen trees. In these fallen pines are untold numbers of bullets, with many shell fragments, grapeshot, and canister. The rifle pits are as distinct and well-preserved as if they had been dug but a few years ago. Time has stood very still in the once bloody area. The entrenchments of the contending armies are often but a fewscore yards apart. It is said that across the deep and rapid stream of Mill Creek there was a bridge where a fight occurred with swords between officers of Johnston's rearguard and those of Sherman's vanguard. It was across this bridge that the retreating Confederates marched toward Raleigh, March 22.

It is interesting to trace out the lines of breastworks, some of which are now nearly waist high.

The battle field has an area of four miles east and west and a mile north and south, about twenty-six hundred acres, most of which is woods, with about twenty-five miles of entrenchments. These breastworks may be seen to-day as silent reminders of the terrible efforts these boys made to protect their State and Southland.

After the ceremony attending the dedication of the memorial at the battle field on September 15, a sham battle was staged in the trenches and over the breastworks by soldiers of our State Guard, many of them descendants of these boy soldiers of the sixties, but who wear the khaki of a reunited country.

One cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that he is treading on ground where sixty-two years ago death stalked. On a recent visit to this interesting spot, I stumbled on a real "find," a Confederate musket covered by leaves in the trench. The wooden stock had been worn away, but the iron barrel was in perfect condition. On the stock was the royal stamp of Britain, with "Tower, 1862," proving it to be one of the English guns sent over for the Confederacy. I imagined it having run the blockade at Fort Fisher, being consigned to the Confederate Arsenal at Fayetteville, then put into the hands of one of these boy soldiers. This old musket could tell a story of heroism and tragedy, and I could see the fifteen-year old lad as he fell, in perhaps the first or maybe the last charge at Bentonville, when his gallant commander, Gen. Robert F. Hoke, gave the order to check the advancing hordes of Sherman's Army.

"Young as the youngest who donned the gray,  
True as the truest, he wore it,  
Brave as the bravest, he marched away,  
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay.)  
Triumphant waved our flag one day—  
He fell in the front before it."

In 1894, the Goldsboro Rifles erected a marble shaft at the Confederate burial ground, in which about three hundred and sixty soldiers are buried, many of them "unknown," and on that occasion Gen. Wade Hampton, who commanded the cavalry in this battle, made the address. On the base of this monument are names of officers from North and South Carolina, Alabama, Virginia, Georgia, and Tennessee, who fell in battle there. The Confederate hospital, the home of Dr. John Harper, is still standing, adjoining the cemetery. These kind people went out on the battle field and, gathering up

the wounded and dying, tenderly nursed them and gave many Christian burial.

These memorials will serve to call to the minds of those who visit this historic spot the sacrifices and patriotic service of our soldiers at Bentonville. It is earnestly hoped that North Carolina will incorporate this battle ground into a State park, so that the now plainly visible breastworks and other markers of the last and most important engagement on North Carolina soil may be preserved to posterity as a permanent memorial to the valor of our soldiers who fought like veterans and crowned with everlasting glory North Carolina's devotion to the cause of Southern independence.

"Bentonville, however, was more than a battle, it was a poem," says Robert Lilly Gray, editor of the *Raleigh Times*. "Here came the pattern of the professional soldier as conceived by Alexander, Cyrus, Cæsar, Napoleon, and a host of military conquerors—as Lincoln perfected him in logic and Sherman put him ruthlessly into practice. He was met by a boy who in our day would be a high school student, or at best a college freshman. Sherman's soldier was a hardened, practical, organized, equipped fighter. He feared nothing. He came trailing disaster through conquered territory, invincible. He met youth with down on its lip and flame in its heart. He caught war to the hilt from an adolescence fused into heroism in the furnace of the times. The veteran won, but even he was shamed.

"There is in Confederate history one comparison with this school-boy epic—the battle of New Market. There cadets of the Virginia Military Institute charged and carried on against veterans. They have been sung and glorified. But who knows Bentonville, where the lads who held up Sherman came from the homes, without the training in arms that the Virginia schoolboys possessed, and did an equal deed?

"In itself, Bentonville is historically important to the country at large. The first lustrum of the sixties was big with a giant destiny, and everything crucial to its travail deserves perpetuation as a part of the mosaic of ultimate truth. Nothing of this sort can be neglected except at definite cost.

"Can we afford to forget Bentonville?"

"Forgotten? No—remembered long  
Shall be the tragic story  
Of Southern soldiers in that war  
So bitter and so gory.

They fought with courage and they died  
For honor, home, and duty.  
Let passing years add to each shrine  
Fresh tributes of rare beauty."



CAPTURED ARTILLERY FROM THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE



## CAMP S. M. MANNING, U. C. V.

In April, 1892, a Confederate Survivors' Association was organized at Hawkinsville, Ga., with the following officers: President, Col. W. L. Grice; First Vice President, Capt. R. W. Anderson; Second Vice President, Capt. P. T. McGriff; Chaplain, Rev. J. W. Simmons; Treasurer, Daniel Rhodes; Secretary, D. G. Fleming. For several years annual reunions were held, and during that held in August, 1896, Camp S. M. Manning was organized and became No. 816 U. C. V. The officers for the Camp were: Commander, R. W. Anderson; Vice Commander, D. G. McCormick; Adjutant, D. G. Fleming; Treasurer, Daniel Rhodes.

The Camp was named in honor of Col. Seaborn M. Manning, of the 49th Georgia Regiment, who was killed at the battle of Cedar Run, Va. Colonel Manning went from Pulaski County, Ga., as captain of the Pulaski Grays, known as Company K, of the 49th Georgia, and was later promoted to command of the regiment.

Those who have served as Commanders of Camp Manning were: Capt. R. W. Anderson, Judge A. C. Pipkin, Capt. J. H. Martin, Judge H. A. Haskins.

Adjutants who gave faithful service to the Camp were: J. L. Overby, Judge A. C. Pipkin, D. G. Fleming, Judge H. A. Haskins, F. H. Bozeman.

On Memorial Day, 1927, the O. C. Horne Chapter, U. D. C., of Hawkinsville, Ga., presented to the veterans of Camp Manning the Stone Mountain Memorial Medal, which enrolls their names in the Gold Star Book of Memory, to be placed in the Memorial Hall at Stone Mountain. The presentation of these medals was the tribute of Mrs. Minnie Manning Butler in memory of her gallant and beloved father, Col. S. M. Manning.

## THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF OKLAHOMA.

BY MRS. T. S. JONES, SR., RUSSELLVILLE, ALA.

While on a visit to one of my sons in Wilson, Okla., I was taken to the Confederate Home as one of the places of interest in Ardmore, and it was, indeed, a place of interest to me.

I found a large, modern, and well-furnished Home in which the inmates—more than one hundred and twenty—are as happy and contented as they could possibly be in their own homes. It is a home in the true sense of the word, presided over by a matron who has the well-being of every inmate at heart.

I met numbers of veterans from Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia, among whom was Mr. Martin V. King, formerly of Tuscumbia, Ala., He was an old acquaintance of my husband, the late Dr. Thomas S. Jones, who was also a Confederate veteran. Mr. King was a volunteer in 1861 and served in Roddy's Cavalry until the close of the war. He and his wife, who was Miss M. P. Cullender, are pleasantly located in the Ardmore Home. It was at the request of Mr. King that I am writing so his old friends who read the VETERAN may know how happily he and his wife are situated.

The Home, which is located in a most desirable portion of Ardmore, is composed of several large brick buildings, one of which is a well-equipped hospital. Each inmate of the Home has a comfortable, well-furnished room. The buildings are all heated with natural gas, piped in from the oil fields near Wilson.

The veterans and their wives are justly proud of their Home. So many of them expressed themselves to me in these words: "We have everything heart could wish for here, and are just one big, happy family."



VETERANS OF CAMP MANNING ENROLLED IN THE GOLD STAR BOOK OF MEMORY.

Top row: D. L. Ridley, J. Robert Taylor, G. W. Budd, D. L. Stewart, W. S. Lancaster, Dr. T. D. Walker. Bottom row: J. H. Pagin, Enoch Wade, W. A. Miller, S. B. Coody, Z. J. Brown, W. J. Mitchell.



## SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

DR. JOHN HENRY GREER, ASSISTANT SURGEON OF THE 37TH BATTALION, VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

BY MRS. CABELL SMITH, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

The names of Confederate military leaders have taken their legitimate places on the pages of censored histories, but the Confederate surgeons and the brilliance of their fight against unspeakable odds are almost forgotten by those who are engaged in a heroic struggle to keep records of those times un-biased.

If chronicled by a gifted pen, the life of Dr. John Henry Greer would be as fascinating as any chapter of romantic fiction.

The first of his family to settle in this country was William Greer, who married, in England, Miss Anne Fitch (sometimes written Finch), and, after the birth of four sons, came to America early in the seventeenth century and settled in Anne Arundel County, Maryland. In this unsettled country, amid the excitement of high political feeling, which has never been surpassed, were born four other sons and a daughter. History tells us that three of the sons who were born in England remained neutral during the revolutionary war, and one of the sons, bearing the biblical name Shadrack, was a Tory. But the four sons who were born in America joined the armies of Washington and served with great bravery.

Moses Greer, the grandfather of Dr. John Henry Greer, was a captain under Cols. James Callaway, Charles Lynch, and William Leftwich. He was on the celebrated march to Yorktown when the British surrendered. He was elected to the Virginia legislature for nine years, served as presiding justice with Peter Saunders and Hugh Innes, and was for a number of years the presiding judge of Franklin County.

Dr. Greer's father, Thomas Bailey Greer, was also a member of the legislature from Franklin County and an orator of more than local renown.

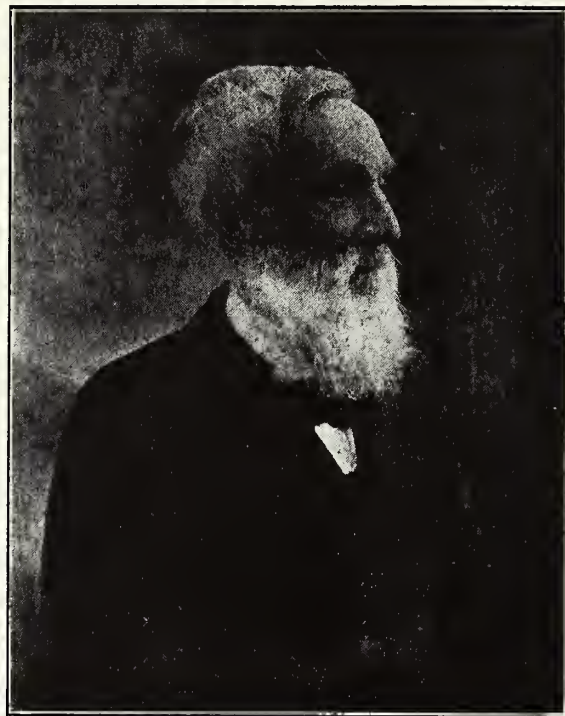
In 1840 a vast caravan of covered wagons made the rough journey to Missouri, then in a state of unimagined wildness. In this company of daring pioneers were the mother and father of Dr. John Henry Greer, himself, four other sons, and two daughters. It was on this romantic trip that he acquired a love for adventure which lasted his entire life and led him into strange places among strange peoples. After his father's death in the land of promise (Missouri), his mother made her sad return to Virginia, leaving two sons and one daughter to swell the meager population of the new country. The diminished family settled in Rocky Mount (then Mount Pleasant), Franklin County, Va.

The love of adventure, thus fostered, led the future physician to New York City, where his talent as an actor, together with his dire need of employment, made him accept minor parts in some of the popular plays of the day. The rather questionable attitude of pioneers to this profession led the young adventurer to mention everything in his letters home except the fact that he was coming in contact with people like Edwin and John Wilkes Booth, Ole Bull (the great violinist, whom Dr. Greer always mentioned with an admiration almost amounting to awe), and the celebrated dancer, Sontag, whom he was to honor later in a remarkable manner.

It was while enjoying this rare company that he met that interesting man, John Yates Beall, who was martyred at a later time, and for whose sad fate the young physician never ceased to grieve.

When war between the sections became inevitable, Dr. Greer, who had completed his course in medicine under great vicissitudes, joined the 37th Battalion of Cavalry com-

manded by his friend, Col. Ambrose Dunn, and was made as sistant surgeon of this battalion. For four years his service was thrilling and harrowing in the extreme. But interspersed with the horrors brought about by lack of medicines, lack of hospitals, and lack of equipment were the private theatricals in which his soul delighted and the comfort of his banjo which he played skillfully. With Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and



DR. JOHN H. GREER.

other notable companions this was a famous pastime. It was they who made so popular the favorite song of the day, "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry."

After Appomattox, Dr. Greer returned to his home and married his cousin, Miss Maria Webb. One son, Thomas Street, was born of this union. A few years after the death of his first wife, he married Miss Elizabeth Mosby Wade, who was a descendant of Baron Daniel Trueheart, a picturesque figure of colonial days. After this marriage, Dr. Greer went to live on Chestnut Creek, a remote and sparsely settled district of Franklin County. Here he was lawyer, farmer, ambassador, and adviser in chief for the surrounding country. His keen wit, his remarkable knowledge of human nature, together with his affection for his neighbors, made him tolerant of eccentricities at which he must have often smiled.

An opportunity to honor one of his old associates came when the first post office was established in that vicinity. The question of a name was discussed, and, as usual, the matter was referred to him. In a moment of pleasant reminiscence, he suggested the name "Sontag," which was immediately adopted. It remains Sontag to this day, although the early opposition to tripping the light fantastic was one of the strongest sentiments of the natives of that section. This was a joke which the Doctor enjoyed to the day of his death.

Two brothers, Dr. Thomas Bailey Greer (who was associated with Dr. Hunter McGuire on the first Medical Examining Board of Virginia) and Dr. Theodrick Bland Greer, who practiced for many years in the section known as Black-



water, gained signal recognition in the profession and are still remembered lovingly as doctors of the old school.

For many years the slogan of those in Franklin County who were in need of medical attention was: "Get a Greer doctor."

The final years of this Confederate hero were spent before the organization of those devoted to memories of the times he loved to discuss, and many fascinating reminiscences are forever lost, which, if preserved, would brighten many pages and give glimpses of high hopes which culminated in the setting of the sun over Appomattox.

## THE BATTLE OF GLORIETA, N. MEX.

(As described by Col. W. R. Scurry in his report as "Commander of the Advance of the Army of New Mexico, C. S. A." He was later promoted to brigadier general.)

SANTA FE, N. MEX., March 31, 1862.

To A. M. Jackson, Assistant Adjutant General, Army New Mexico.

*Major:* Late on the afternoon of the 26th, while encamped at Galestio, an express from Major Pyron arrived with the information that the Major was engaged in a sharp conflict with a greatly superior force of the enemy about sixteen miles distant, and urging me to hasten to his relief. The critical position of Major Pyron and his brave comrades was made known to the command, and in ten minutes the column was formed and the order to march given. Our baggage train was sent under a guard of one hundred men, commanded by Lieutenant Taylor of the 7th Regiment, to a point some six miles in the rear of Major Pyron's position, the main command marching directly across the mountains to the scene of conflict.

It is due to the brave men making this cold night march to state that when the road over the mountain was too steep for the horses to drag the artillery, they were unharnessed and the men cheerfully pulled it over the difficulties of the way by hand. About three o'clock in the morning, we reached Major Pyron's encampment at Johnson's ranch in Cañon Cita. There had been an agreed cessation of hostilities until eight o'clock the next morning. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the courage of the officers and men engaged in the affairs of the 26th. As soon as daylight enabled me, I made a thorough examination of the ground and so formed the troops as to command every approach to the position we occupied, which was naturally a very strong one. The disposition of the troops was completed by eight o'clock, and all were ready to receive the expected attack.

In this position we remained until the next morning; the enemy still not making their appearance, I concluded to march forward and attack them. Leaving a small wagon guard, I marched in their direction with portions of nine companies of the 4th Regiment under their respective officers (Captains Hampton, Lesseure, Foard, Crosson, Geiseker, Alexander, Buckholts, Odell, and Lieut. Holland of Company B, Captain Scarborough being unwell; four companies of the 7th under Captains Hoffman, Gardiner, Wiggins, and Adair; four companies of the 5th Regiment under Captains Shannon and Ragsdale and Lieutenants Oaks and Scott; three pieces of artillery under Lieutenant Bradford, together with Captain Phillips's Company of Independent Volunteers. From details and other causes, these companies were reduced until all combined they did not number over six hundred men fit for duty. At about six miles from our camp, the ad-

vance guard gave notice that the enemy were near in force, I hastened to the front in person to examine their position and found they were about one mile west of Pidgeon's Ranch in Cañon Glorieta. The mounted men who were marching in front were ordered to retire slowly to the rear, dismount, and come into the action on foot.

The artillery was pushed forward to a slight elevation in the cañon and immediately opened fire. The infantry were rapidly deployed into line extending across the cañon from a fence on our left up into the pine forest on our right. About the time these dispositions were completed, the enemy made a rapid advance in separate columns both upon our right and left. I dispatched Major Pyron to the right to check them in that direction, and, placing the center in command of Major Raguet, I hastened with the remainder of the command to the left. A large body of infantry, availing themselves of a gulch that ran up the center of the inclosed field to our left, were moving under its cover past our left flank to the rear of our position. Crossing the fence on foot, we advanced over the clearing some two hundred yards under a heavy fire from the foe and dashed into the gulch in their midst, pistol and knife in hand. For a few moments a most desperate and deadly hand-to-hand conflict raged all along the gulch, when they broke before the steady courage of our men and fled in the wildest confusion.

Major Pyron was equally successful, and Major Raguet with his force charged rapidly down the center. Lieutenant Bradford, of the artillery, had been wounded and borne from the field. There being no other officers of artillery present, the three guns constituting our battery had been hastily withdrawn before I was aware of it. Sending to the rear to have two of the guns brought back to the field, a pause was made to reunite our forces, which had become somewhat scattered in the last encounter. When we were ready to advance, the enemy had taken cover, and it was impossible to tell whether their main body was stationed behind a long adobe wall that ran nearly across the cañon, or had taken position behind a large ledge of rocks in the rear.

Private W. D. Roark, of Captain Phillips's company, had taken charge of one of the guns and Sergeant Patrick, of the Artillery, another, and brought them to the ground. While trying by the fire of these two guns to ascertain the locality of the enemy, Major Shropshire was sent to the right with orders to move up among the pines until he should find the enemy, when he was to attack them on that flank. Major Raguet, with similar orders, was dispatched to the left. I informed these gallant officers that as soon as the sound of their guns were heard, I would charge in front with the remainder of the command. Sending Major Pyron to their assistance, and leaving instructions for the center to charge as soon as the fire opened on the right, I passed in that direction to learn the cause of delay in making the assault. I found that the gallant Major Shropshire had been killed. I took command of the right and immediately attacked the enemy who were at the ranch. Majors Raguet and Pyron opened a galling fire upon their left from the rocks on the mountain side, and, the center charging down the road, the foe was driven from the ranch to the ledge of rocks before alluded to, where they made their final and most desperate stand. At this point their battery of eight guns opened a furious fire of grape, canister, and shell upon our advancing troops. Our brave soldiers, heedless of the storm, pressed on, determined, if possible, to take their battery. A heavy body of infantry, twice our number, interposed to save their guns. Here the conflict was terrible, our men and officers, alike inspired with the unutterable determination to overcome



every obstacle to the attainment of their object, dashed among them. The right and center had united. On the left the intrepid Raguet and the cool, calm, courageous Pyron had pushed forward among the rocks until the muzzles of the opposing force's guns passed each other. Inch by inch was the ground disputed until the artillery of the enemy had time to escape, with a number of their wagons, when their infantry broke and fled from the field. So precipitate was their flight that they cut loose their teams and set fire to two of their own wagons.

The pursuit was kept up until forced to halt from the extreme exhaustion of the men, who had been engaged for six hours in the hardest-contested fight it has ever been my fortune to witness.

The enemy is now known to have numbered fourteen hundred men, Pike's Peak miners and regulars, the flower of the United States army. During the action, a party of the enemy succeeded in reaching our rear, surprising the wagon guard, and burning our wagons, taking at the same time some sixteen prisoners. About this time a party of prisoners I had sent to the rear reached there and informed them how the fight was going in front. Whereupon they beat a hasty retreat, not before having been guilty of two acts which the most barbarous savage of the plains would blush to own. One was the shooting and dangerously wounding of the Rev. L. H. Jones, chaplain of the 4th Regiment, with a white flag in his hand; the other was the order that the prisoners they had taken be shot in case they were attacked on their retreat. These instances go to prove that they have lost all sense of humanity in the insane hatred they bear to the citizens of the Confederacy who have the manliness to arm in defense of their country's independence. We remained upon the battle field during the day of the 29th, to bury our dead and provide for the comfort of our wounded, and then marched to Santa Fe to procure supplies and transportation to replace that destroyed by the enemy.

Our loss was thirty-six killed and sixty wounded; of the killed, twenty-four were of the 4th Regiment, one of the 5th Regiment, eight of the 7th Regiment, and one of the artillery. That of the enemy greatly exceeded this amount, forty-four of their dead having been counted where the battle first opened; their killed must have exceeded considerably over one hundred.

The country has to mourn the loss of four as brave and chivalrous officers as ever graced the ranks of any army. The gallant Major Shropshire, who fell early, pressing upon the foe and cheering his men on; the brave and chivalrous Major Raguet, who fell mortally wounded while engaged in the last and most desperate conflict of the day. He survived long enough to know and rejoice at our victory, and then died with loving messages upon his expiring lips. The brave Captain Buckholts and Lieutenant Mills conducted themselves with distinguished gallantry throughout the fight and fell near its close.

Of the living it is only necessary to say that all behaved with distinguished courage and daring. This battle proves conclusively that few mistakes were made in the selection of the officers in this command; they were ever in the front, leading their men into the hottest of the fray. It is not too much to say, that even in the midst of this heroic band, among whom instances of great daring and personal bravery were continually occurring, Major Pyron was distinguished by the calm intrepidity of his bearing. It is due to Adjutant Ellsbury R. Lane to bear testimony to the courage and activity he displayed in the discharge of his official duties and to

acknowledge my obligations for the manner in which he carried out my orders.

I have the honor to be very respectfully, your obedient servant.

W. R. SCURRY,

*Colonel Commanding Advance, Army of New Mexico.*

In sending this report, Judge Edgar Scurry, Past Commander in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, gives some personal notes on his father, as follows:

William Read Scurry was the second son of Capt. Thomas J. and Katherine Bledsoe Scurry, the latter being the daughter of Isaac Bledsoe, of Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn. William Scurry was born in Gallatin in 1816, and went to Texas in 1837, settling at San Augustine. In 1846, he entered the United States army as a private and served through the Mexican War, being mustered out at Monterey as a major. In 1859 he was appointed Commissioner for Texas on the Boundary Commission, to fix the boundary between Texas and New Mexico. In 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army as a colonel, commanded the Southern troops at the battle of Glorieta, New Mex., in 1862, and commanded the Confederate artillery at Galveston when the Confederates recaptured that city and the gunboat Harriet Lane. From that time on he served in the army of the Trans-Mississippi, was promoted to brigadier general, and was killed at the battle of Saline River, sometimes called Jenkins's Ferry, in Arkansas, April 30, 1864. His brother, Judge Richardson A. Scurry, as a soldier took part in the battle of San Jacinto in 1836, and he was the first Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Republic of Texas.

In 1848, William R. Scurry was married to Miss Janette Sutton, at Old Washington-on-the-Brazos, Washington then being the capital of Texas.

#### WHEN VICKSBURG WAS SURRENDERED.

BY JOHN E. GASKELL, COMMANDER 4TH BRIGADE, TEXAS  
DIVISION, U. C. V., FORT WORTH, TEX.

When General Grant had achieved his colossal failure to "turn the tide" of the mighty Mississippi through his canal in front of Vicksburg in the spring of 1863, he silently folded his tents and quietly marched away to Bruinsburg, fifty miles down the river, and crossed his troops to the Mississippi shore before his departure from Milliken's Bluff was known in Vicksburg.

We had but few troops to dispute his crossing, which gave him time to safely land his forces. However, all available Confederate troops were rushed with haste to meet Grant, and at Port Gibson a battle was fought; but Grant's superior numbers were too strong for us, though we held the field till nightfall, when we retreated in good order.

On May 12, at Raymond, we fought another unsuccessful battle. Baker's Creek, or Champion Hills, May 16, though hotly contested, was lost to us. The battles of Bolton and Edward's Station came next, followed by a destructive small fight at Big Black River, last of the campaign. There our little army divided, part going into Vicksburg. We entered our lines May 18, with the Federal troops bringing up the rear. As soon as the armies were in position, skirmishing began.

Evidently Grant expected an early capitulation. If this was true, he was doomed to a rude awakening. On the 19th the pop, pop of small arms and the cannon's rattling roar ushered in the day, and all day the boys in blue strove to break our lines; but all in vain.



The 20th and 21st General Grant devoted to a general reorganization, a refilling of the gaps in the ranks. On the 22nd, the furies were loosed. Grant's army was composed chiefly of Northwestern men, stalwart and brave. But they stormed our works only to be slaughtered and repulsed. Again they reënforced, rallied, and came on, again to be beaten back. It was all loss and no gain to them.

Some other plan of capturing Vicksburg must be devised. Then came a battle of wits, and Grant prepared for a long, sustained siege. He conceived a very unique mode of procedure. By the use of his powerful rifled cannon, he cut down, and destroyed our field pieces, leaving us muskets and rifles only. Then they felled large trees, cut off sections six or eight feet long, which they wound with rattan vines till they were as tall as a man's head; behind these bulwarks a man could work immune to the danger of musket and Minie balls. The sappers and miners, rolling these bulwarks in front of them, dug ditches straight to our rifle pits. Turning right and left, they dug a rifle pit parallel with ours. These lateral ditches served as avenues of ingress and egress for Grant's troops to traverse unobserved.

Small forts to protect sharpshooters were erected at strategic points which commanded a view of our entire lines, and woe to the man or beast that dared to come in range of that magnifying-sighted gun. It simply meant death. When their rifle pits and laterals were finished, then undermining our fortifications began.

Already rumors were rife that preparations for some character of irresistible onslaught were in the making for the 4th of July, and that General Grant intended to eat dinner in the city on that day. Our city editor wrote: "But he will have to catch the rabbit before he can eat it." And he caught the rabbit! The writer recalls this conversation with the boys across the lines, one bright moonlight night:

Johnny Reb: "Say, boys, why don't you charge us again?"

Billy Yank: "O, h—! chargin's play'd out; don't have to take Vicksburg. We can sit flat on the ground and take Vicksburg."

Reb: "Will you please tell me how you can accomplish such a feat?"

Billy Yank: "You just wait till the 4th day of July and you'll see how it's done."

An officer with fierce, abusive oaths drove them to their quarters.

Ah, a secret was out! It was yet five weeks till the Fourth of July.

"Wait till the Fourth of July and you'll see how it's done," rang through my memory like a death knell. "Wait, wait, and you'll see how it's done."

Three miles up the river was anchored Commodore Porter's flotilla of mortar boats that shot from those big short guns the 160-pound shells nightly into our city. I counted six in the air at once. A burning fuse marked their trail. A thrilling, yet awesome sight, this rainbow circle of fire, hurtling through the darkening heavens on their mission of death and destruction. Sometimes they failed to explode till they penetrated ten or fifteen feet in the earth. A small house could sit in the hole. We called them Porter's wash pots. When I heard the spiteful hiss of the Minies and the screeching shells, I would ask myself: "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" We knew our works were heavily undermined and might be sprung any moment.

A deep suspense seemed to possess the little groups of men as they talked of the impending possibilities of the immediate future. At every unusual sound, each one gripped his gun

tighter and grim determination to do or die could be read in the face of every man.

Listen! Cheers, cheers! Not our boys, but the blue—that is not the battle charge, but sounds of rejoicing and exultation. Just at that moment a courier came running with a message to our commander. "Attention, ba'talion! Fall in, boys! Forward, march!"

We leave our bivouacs and march toward the lines. Cheers burst forth again. We see the blue boys tumbling over our breastworks.

"Look, captain, look! Why don't you give orders to fire?" I asked. With tears in his eyes, and a tremor in his voice, he said: "John, if we should fire on those men, we, ourselves would be killed. We are surrendered!"

Strong men wept, saying: "I'd rather die than surrender."

It was with sad hearts that we stacked our guns, faithful servitors that we had learned to love. With bowed heads we marched away to our quarters by the big sycamore spring at the foot of Vick's Hill, to await the orders of our captors. They issued to us salt bacon and hard-tack as our rations, which we greatly enjoyed, for we were ravenously hungry. Everything inside our lines had been devoured. No living animal, regardless of name or nature, that we could capture, had escaped us. At the last hours we received a small barrel of fresh beef and wondered how it was obtained, but no time to ask questions. Quickly ripping off the barrel head, we dived into it. O, it looked delicious. Near the bottom we found—beautiful chromo!—a long bone, neatly skinned, with the left hind foot of a big mule, shoe still attached. It provoked a hearty laugh, but did not dull our voracious appetites.

We were not placed in confinement, but treated with consideration. After one week's detention, we received our paroles and marched outside the city, with orders to report at Enterprise parole camp in East Mississippi; but those of us living West of the Mississippi River turned our faces westward and homeward.

As the drum was sounding on the morning after leaving the city, we struck for the river twenty miles below Vicksburg, at old Warrenton. We constructed a raft from an old loghouse, and by mid-afternoon were ready to launch it, but a man living there warned us of the passing of a patrol gunboat at 4:30 P.M., and advised us to await its passing. We heeded his warning, and very glad we were that we did so.

After its passing, we launched our raft without difficulty and soon were floating across the mighty Mississippi. We made a safe landing, and without roads, threaded our way through swamps. On the following afternoon, we reached the railroad at Delhi, and found a regiment of cavalry camped there, among them friends and acquaintances. They had some food to spare.

Next day a train came for us, took us to Monroe on the Ouachita River, where friends with horses and vehicles met us. Within two days we reached *home, sweet home*.

In another story I will tell you some things that happened after Vicksburg.

And the wondering ranks of the foe were like clay

To these men of flint in the molten day;

And the hell-hounds of war howled afar for their prey,

When the arm of a Forrest led.

For devil or angel, life stirred when he spoke,

And the current of courage, if slumbering, woke

At the yell of the leader, for never was broke,

The record, men, wondering, read.

—Virginia Frazer Boyle.



*THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

(From the compilation by Dr. W. L. Fleming, when at the head of the Department of History, Louisiana State University. Dr. Fleming is now with Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.)

That Robert E. Lee, the military leader of the Confederacy, was a very religious man, every one knows. His religion was a part of his life; his letters, even his military orders, show that his character and conduct were influenced by the teachings of the New Testament. Lee's great lieutenant, Stonewall Jackson, who taught a Sunday school class of little negroes and prayed for his foes before going into battle, was a Christian of the Covenant type. But few people ever think of Jefferson Davis, the civil leader of the South, as a religious man, or believe that to any important degree religion influenced his life. He is thought of by some people as a great criminal, a plotter, a traitor, an advocate of hopeless human slavery; by others, more friendly, he is remembered mainly as one who upheld certain abstract political principles which finally came to a practical test and failure in war. The purpose of this paper is to show that there is another side to the character of the great advocate of Southern rights—that he held decided views on religion and, in later life at least, was a devoted Christian.

The religious life of Jefferson Davis reflects the religious development of the South of which he was so important a part. The South of Davis's youth was not, strictly speaking, a religious section; the South of his prime and his old age was a very religious land. In the Eastern South, until about 1830, the Episcopal Church, though weak in numbers, was perhaps the most influential; while the Southwest was a land of few Churches. Before 1860, the great missionary, democratic Churches—the Baptist, Methodist, and, to a slight extent, the Presbyterian—spread over the turbulent new South and the old, bringing the strongest of civilizing influences to bear upon the rude builders of the new commonwealths and upon the savage and half-savage black slaves, until at the outbreak of war in 1861, the South was a land of Church members, where not being attached to some Church organization was regarded as a state of doubtful respectability.

The parents of Jefferson Davis were members of the Baptist Church. They lived for a while in the newer part of Georgia, then for several years in frontier Kentucky, finally settling in an older region, Southwest Mississippi. They were of the sound average American stock which filled and soon made powerful the two great Southern Churches—the Baptist and the Methodist. Samuel Davis, Jefferson Davis's father, and his wife ruled their large household strictly according to the religious views of the times; both were Bible students, and from the Bible they took the names of all but one of their sons. Most of the children did not unite with the Church of their parents, but remained Churchless or gravitated toward some of the other organizations. In the early days religious conditions on the Southwestern frontier were not very promising. Angry disputes among the various denominations were the rule, and this caused many to become indifferent.

When young Davis was seven years of age, he was sent to St. Thomas College, a Roman Catholic school at Springfield, Ky., for the purpose of getting him into a quiet, moral atmosphere. Few Protestants attended the school, and Davis decided that he ought to become a Catholic. He went to Father Wilson, who was in charge of the school, and informed him of his desire. "Father Wilson," he said, "received me kindly, handed me a biscuit and a bit of cheese, and told me that 'or the present I had better take some Catholic food';

and that was the end of the matter. Davis liked the kind priests, and always afterwards had the greatest respect for the Catholics; he believed that above all others they sympathized with the weak and oppressed, but he never knew much about their doctrines. Fifty years after he left St. Thomas College, a Virginia priest wrote, after a visit to Mr. Davis in prison, that he was very fond of individual Catholics, but was quite ignorant of the truths of "our Holy Church." To his friend, L. B. Northrop, a Catholic, who was commissary general of the Confederate Army, Davis wrote, late in life: "I dare not attempt to discuss a doctrinal question with you, and will only say, if we do not meet in Paradise, I join you in the hope that we shall meet in purgatory, lest we go further and fare worse."

For several years after leaving St. Thomas College, Davis remained in Mississippi among the usual nonreligious surroundings. When thirteen years of age, he went to Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky. The religious influences here were not favorable. There was in Kentucky at that time a strong "free-thinking" spirit, and the mass of the people were disgusted by the quarrels among the Churches. Some of the denominations had been fighting for control of the university, and when, in 1818, Horace Holley, an Unitarian, was elected president, the sectarians turned their batteries against him and the institution. Davis spent three years here in the midst of the struggle, which was not conducive to orthodoxy. His sympathies were with the liberals who supported Holley, though he liked best of all Professor Bishop, his teacher of Bible history and a very orthodox Presbyterian. Of Professor Bishop, Davis afterwards said: "His faith was that of a child, not doubting nor questioning, but believing literally." Of religious conditions at Transylvania, Bishop wrote: "The majority of the students were at all times from families which made no religious profession, and at times the influences both within and without the college were very unfavorable to religion and morals."

When Davis left Transylvania in 1824 to go to West Point, he was sixteen years of age. His religious environment, which has been unusual for a Southern youth—Baptist at home, Catholic, Presbyterian, and Unitarian at school—and the skepticism prevalent in Mississippi and Kentucky, probably resulted in a certain liberal but slightly indifferent attitude toward theological doctrines.

At West Point he remained four years. Among many good people West Point had borne a doubtful reputation; it was a place, one mother declared, where young men "were trained to vice and the army." In Davis's time it was better; the cadets were trained to rigid truth and honor, but few of them and few of the instructors were in any way religious; some were openly skeptical. The chaplains, until 1825, were inferior men and had no influence. The cadets slept or read through their long and dull sermons. But in 1825 a chaplain came who was of a different type. This was Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, later Protestant Episcopal bishop of Ohio. He soon interested the young men and secured the respect of all. For him Davis, during his West Point life and always afterwards, had a reverential regard. It was a year after McIlvaine came to West Point before a cadet had the courage to kneel in chapel. The first to do so was Leonidas Polk, of North Carolina, later the bishop-general of the Confederacy. Jefferson Davis, Albert Sidney Johnston, who was killed at Shiloh, and others soon followed. Polk left the Military Academy to become a clergyman, but Davis was less influenced and did not formally unite with a Church until 1863. At West Point he was a high-spirited, mischievous boy, who thought little of serious things.



After leaving West Point in 1828, Davis served in the army for seven years, all of the time on the extreme Western frontier, where there were few or no priests or preachers, and church buildings did not exist. In the scanty records of the time we find that he showed considerable interest in religious work. He was, it is said, a young officer of rather serious temper, given to reading and reflection. He and his friend, Captain Harney, were the only officers at Fort Winnebago who neither drank nor gambled. Mrs. Kinsey, in her book, "Wau Bun," which describes the frontier life of those days, says that it was mainly through the efforts of Lieutenant Davis that a missionary preacher was sent to Fort Winnebago in far-off Wisconsin, where Davis was stationed for two years. In the diary of the Rev. Cutting Marsh, an early missionary to the Indians of the Northwest, occurs the following passage relating to Davis:

"Wrote (July 25, 1831) to Lieutenant Davis, Fort Winnebago. Contents of letter: First, the bill of the Bibles, etc. Second, urged the importance of his inquiry whether he could not do something for the moral renovation of the soldiers at the fort. Love and gratitude to the Saviour should induce it immediately. Although alone, he should not feel that a sufficient excuse for declining to make an effort. David went alone against his foe and the defier of the armies of Israel, but in the name of the Lord of hosts, and he conquered. God has without doubt something for you to do in thus bringing you, as you hope, to the knowledge and to the acknowledgment of the truth as it is in Jesus."

Afterwards, when stationed at Fort Crawford, he, with his commanding officer, Col. Zachary Taylor, was instrumental in organizing mission schools among the Indians of Iowa. No other glimpses of Davis's attitude toward religion during his army service can be had. At Fort Gibson, Okla., there is still pointed out an old church which, it is said, Davis attended when in the Dragoon Regiment, 1833 to 1835.

When Davis, in 1835, returned to Mississippi to live, he found a more effective organization of Church forces than had existed in his boyhood days. The Episcopal Church had the more cultured membership, but the great democratic Churches were growing rapidly in numbers and in influence. From this time Davis seems to have been thrown mainly with Episcopalians, though for several years he lived a retired life. There is a tradition in Natchez that when a young man he joined the Episcopal Church of that place, and that he never withdrew his membership. It is the opinion of the writer that before 1863 Davis was not a member of any Church. His first wife, Sarah Knox Taylor, was an Episcopalian, as was also his second wife, Varina Howell; and he attended the Episcopal Church as a rule, though frequently he went to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for which he had great respect. "The Methodist Episcopal Church, South," he once said, "has been to me the object of admiration and grateful affection, because of its fidelity to principle, and because of the unselfish devotion of its underpaid ministers, who have gone along the highways to penetrate unfrequented regions and there preached the gospel to the poor."

Mr. Davis believed that slavery was an institution based on fundamentally right principles. He sometimes defended it by the use of biblical texts. The following extract from one of his speeches will illustrate his views:

"Its origin was divine decree—the curse upon the graceless son of Noah. Slavery was regulated by the law given through Moses to the Jews. . . . It was foretold of the sons of Noah that Japheth should be greatly extended, that he should dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan should be his

servant. Wonderfully has this prophecy been fulfilled; and here in our own country is the most striking example."

Believing that slavery was the best agency for elevating an inferior race, he made provision for the religious training of his slaves. He and his brother Joseph sometimes paid the salary of a white Methodist preacher, who was sent out by the Southern Methodist Church to work among the negroes. "Uncle Bob," a resident black preacher at Brierfield, Davis's plantation, was supported by Mr. Davis, who said of him: "He was as free from guile and as truthful a man as I ever knew." Davis once expressed the opinion that in religious work the South "has been a greater practical missionary than all the society missionaries in the world."

During that period of his life between his second marriage and the outbreak of the war, we know nothing in detail about the religious life of Mr. Davis. His wife being an Episcopalian and his own inclinations being toward her Church, he usually attended it. When Secretary of War he took steps to secure at West Point a chaplain who was able to command the respect of the cadets and thus exert a good influence. When he became President of the Confederacy it was with the conviction that the Southern cause was a losing one unless Providence should support it. He believed that the right would be so sustained, and to the end was not daunted by misfortunes, for "his faith in God's interposition to protect the right never faltered." This feeling is expressed in his official papers and in his letters. At Montgomery, in 1861, when inaugurated Provisional President, he closed his address with the following words:

"Reverently let us invoke the God of our fathers to guide and protect us in our efforts to perpetuate the principles which by his blessing they were able to vindicate, establish, and transmit to their posterity. With a continuation of his favor, ever gratefully acknowledged, we may hopefully look forward to success, to peace, and to prosperity."

A year later he closed his inaugural address with a formal prayer, a circumstance which the newspapers North and South seem to have considered remarkable. The last paragraph of the address, as the papers gave it, is as follows:

"With humble gratitude and adoration, acknowledging the Providence which has so visibly protected the Confederacy during its brief but eventful career, to thee, O God, I trustfully commit myself and prayerfully invoke thy blessing on my country and its cause."

Soon after his inauguration in Richmond, he joined St. Paul's Episcopal Church in that place. With him were confirmed General and Mrs. Gorgas. Rev. Charles Minnegerode, rector of the Church, gave the following account of this event in Davis's religious life:

"It was soon after his inauguration that he united himself with the Church. Our intercourse had become more frequent and turned more and more on the subject of religion; and by his wife's advice I went to see him on the subject of confessing Christ. He met me more than halfway, and expressed his desire to do so and to unite himself with the Church; that he must be a Christian he felt in his inmost soul. He spoke very earnestly and most humbly of needing the cleansing blood of Jesus and the power of the Holy Spirit; but in the consciousness of his insufficiency he felt some doubt whether he had the right to come.

"All that was natural and right; but soon it settled this question with a man so resolute in doing what he thought of his duty. I baptized him hypothetically, for he was not certain if he had ever been baptized. When the day of confirmation came, it was quite in keeping with his resolute character that, when the bishop called the candidates to the chancel,



he was the first to rise and, as it were, lead the others on, among whom were General Gorgas and several other officers.

"From that day, so far as I can know and judge, 'he never looked back.' He never ceased trying to come up to his baptismal vow and lead a Christian life. And so he went on bravely and perseveringly, even when it became clear that hope of success was failing. He could not leave his post. He did not lose heart. The cause lost—defeated for a time—he felt sure would yet bring forth blessings upon the country.

"He favored strongly and assisted to the best of his ability the work of the chaplains and religious organizations in the army. It will be remembered that during the latter part of the war a religious revival swept the Southern armies, when thousands upon thousands made profession of faith and joined the army Churches. To Rev. Z. E. Dickinson, who was pushing the work of colportage, Mr. Davis wrote: 'I most cordially sympathize with this movement. We have but little to hope for if we do not realize our dependence upon heaven's blessing and seek the guidance of God's truth.'"

One action of Davis's was criticized at the time by some extreme Protestants in the Confederacy and ridiculed by some Northern people. This was his correspondence with Pope Pius IX. . . . In 1863 he wrote to the Pope expressing his appreciation of the letters relating to the war, which the latter had written to the bishops of New York and New Orleans. The Pope sent a courteous response. The criticism caused by this episode assumed that Davis was simply seeking for Catholic indorsement of the Confederacy. Later when Davis was in prison, Pius IX sent a portrait of himself with this inscription: "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

More and more, as time wore on and the lines were closely drawn about the Confederacy, did Mr. Davis look for providential interposition in its behalf. So also had believed Stonewall Jackson, the stern Presbyterian, who had "passed over the river"; and so wrote in every letter the great general who led the armies of the Confederacy. When Stuart lay wounded and dying, Mr. Davis knelt and prayed that "this precious life might be spared to our needy country."

"Little Joe," the favorite son of the President, always insisted upon saying his prayers at his father's knee. No matter what the business in hand, when bedtime came, Joe always came to his father. Mrs. Gorgas relates one incident:

"We were calling at the Davis house one evening when, through the half-open door, I saw descending the steps a little figure, barefooted and in his night robe. He came into the room, walked up to his father and, kneeling, said his evening prayer. Mr. Davis laid his hand affectionately and reverently on the child's head, and, bending his head, whispered the prayer along with the child."

In prison for two years after the fall of the Confederacy, much of the time excluded from intercourse with the outside world, Mr. Davis exhibited a deeply religious character. At first no reading matter was allowed to state prisoner Davis. After a few days the Secretary of War permitted a Bible to be given to him, and later, after considerable hesitation, a prayer book. For several weeks he was permitted to have no other reading matter, and not until the late fall was he allowed to write to Mrs. Davis. These letters were closely censored by General Miles, his jailer, and many of them never reached their destination. In the first letter he wrote:

"In confidence in the shield of innocence with which I tried to quiet your apprehensions . . . sustains me still. 'Tarry thou the Lord's leisure, be strong and he will comfort thy heart.' Every day, twice or oftener, I repeat the prayer of St. Chrysostom. . . . Be not alarmed by speculative

reports concerning my condition. You can rely on my fortitude, and God has given me much resignation to his blessed will. . . . Remember how good the Lord has always been to me, how often he has wonderfully preserved me, and put your trust in him." (Concluded in November number.)

#### ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES: HIS SERVICE TO THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. S. H. NEWMAN, HISTORIAN DADDEVILLE (ALA.) CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The story of Admiral Raphael Semmes, the world-renowned sailor, forms one of the brightest and most fascinating chapters in all history. His deeds of daring read like a tale from an old romance. His name at one time was on every man's tongue, and his fame will endure through the ages to come.

He gave up his position in the old navy with its certainty of promotion to cast his lot with the Southern Confederacy.

First, as commander of the gallant little Sumter, and later of the Alabama, then as rear admiral of the gunboat fleet at Richmond, Raphael Semmes wrote his name high on the imperishable scroll of fame.

He was appointed midshipman in the United States Navy by President John Quincy Adams when he was but a lad of seventeen years. During his leisure hours he applied himself diligently to the study of law and the science of seamanship. His knowledge of the former, and particularly of admiralty law, was accurate and extensive. He did not study law with the intention of practicing the profession, but because it would the better fit him for a naval officer.

Semmes served with distinction in the Mexican War and was for many years connected with the lighthouse service along the Gulf of Mexico. He was also secretary of the Lighthouse Board in Washington.

When the Ordinance of Secession was passed by Alabama, Semmes resigned both his office in the United States Navy and in the Lighthouse Board and hastened to Montgomery, where he tendered his services to President Davis. His offer was promptly accepted, and he was sent North to purchase war supplies and to engage mechanics for building maritime vessels.

The South, being an agricultural section, had hitherto depended upon the North for naval supplies. Thus in her hour of peril she was seriously handicapped, for even the necessary armament for vessels was lacking.

At the clarion call of war, Southern naval officers, with but few exceptions, responded. Semmes, although past fifty years old, was among the first to petition the Secretary of the Navy for permission to "go afloat." The Confederate government instructed the secretary to purchase all available seagoing vessels. Most of those secured were dilapidated tugboats and flimsy passenger vessels.

Semmes bought in New Orleans a small packet steamer of five hundred tons burden, with a speed of five or ten knots. Its top was covered with sky cabins, which had to be removed in order to mount a battery. The difficulties encountered and overcome in bringing the necessary guns and ammunition from Norfolk make an interesting story. The remainder of the ship's equipment was improvised, from gun carriages to water tank.

After two long months of arduous toil, the Sumter, equipped as a barkentine, with an eight-inch shell gun and four light thirty-two guns, was ready to embark upon her hazardous mission.

This historic vessel, the first ship to float the Confederate



flag, steamed out of the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico on June 30, 1861, and, after an exciting race with the United States man-of-war Brooklyn, escaped to sea.

Captain Semmes graphically describes this encounter in "Service Afloat." In closing the article, he describes their joy at being free, saying: "When we at length realized that we had gained an offing, when we begun to feel the welcome heave of the sea, when we looked upon the changing aspect of its waters, now darkening into the deepest blue, and breathed the pure air, fresh from the Gulf, untainted by malaria and untouched by mosquito's wing, we felt like so many prisoners who had been turned loose from a long and painful confinement.

"And when I reflected upon my mission—to strike for the right, to endeavor to sweep from the seas the commerce of a treacherous friend, now a cruel and relentless foe—I felt in full force the inspiration of the poet:

"Ours the wild life in tumult to range,  
From toil to rest, and joy in every change."

Captain Semmes's orders were to "do the greatest injury to the enemy's commerce in the shortest time." Eleven years after his daring exploits, Naval Solicitor John A. Bolles paid him the following tribute:

"Never in naval history has such an order been so signally obeyed. Never has there occurred so striking an example of the tremendous power of mischief possessed by a single cruiser acting upon the destructive plan as that furnished by the Sumter and her successor, the Alabama, under the command of Semmes, whose untiring activity, restless energy, and fiery zeal found no voyage too long, no movement too prompt or too rapid, no danger too great, no labor too wearisome in the accomplishment of the Confederate purpose to ruin our commerce by destroying our ships and their cargoes or driving them from the ocean."

Captain Semmes captured his first prize, the Golden Rocket, a merchant vessel, between Cuba and the Isle of Pines. Within the next two days he took six additional prizes.

He cruised with the Sumter for six months and captured seventeen ships. Had neutral ports been open to his prizes, his captures would have been of inestimable value. But he said: "During my whole career upon the sea, I had not so much as a single port open to me into which I could send a prize."

Captain Semmes crossed the Atlantic, captured and burned the American bark Neapolitan in the Straits of Gibraltar. He anchored in the harbor, but, being blockaded by three Federal gunboats and unable to buy coal, he sold the Sumter.

The Confederate government then made him commander of the cruiser Alabama, the most celebrated warship in all history. This vessel was built at Birkenhead, England, in 1862, by Messrs. Laird & Sons. In order to meet special requirements, she was equipped with both steam and sails.

Naturally, the Federals protested at the removal of the Alabama from British waters, but as the English government recognized the Confederate States as belligerents, she was allowed to depart. Captain Semmes met her at Terceira with necessary stores and equipment. After transferring his cargo to the Alabama, he read his commission to the crew and launched the great ship upon her memorable career.

For nearly two years she was the terror of Union merchantmen on every sea. Within three weeks she destroyed Federal ships and stores valued at more than her own cost. In all, she captured more than sixty vessels and destroyed

property estimated at \$4,000,000. Wherever the Alabama sailed, she struck valiant blows in defense of the Confederacy.

Semmes was called the "Pirate of the Seas," and the cheek of the bravest blanched at his name. Yet he was not cruel. His prisoners were treated with courtesy and consideration. That he must have studied the fundamental principles of sanitation and hygiene was demonstrated by the fact that with over two thousand prisoners on board ship, not one died from disease.

Captain Semmes was charged with being a martinet when on duty. But only a man of strong personality and indomitable will could have maintained discipline on such a hazardous mission. His sympathetic understanding won the confidence of men and officers. Where he led, they followed and no man questioned his motive. On one occasion he went to within two hundred miles of New York City, where he captured and burned several vessels.

He sailed into the Gulf of Mexico to intercept Federal vessels carrying troops into Texas. Near Galveston, he met the gunboat Hatteras, sank it in fifteen minutes, but saved every man on board.

Enemy merchant ships and gunboats grew to fear this ship which seemed to be everywhere at once, striking when least expected. "Stepping along with its 'seven-league boots,' it was burning every United States merchant vessel that it could sight."

Captain Semmes's exploits were not confined to nearby waters. He sailed around the Cape of Good Hope into the Indian Ocean, carrying terror and destruction into those distant seas. No one dreamed that he would venture so far into unknown waters, but there he was, weathering storms, waging battles, and burning ships. The shores of Asia were red from the flames of burning vessels. The work of destroying the enemy's shipping was kept up as he sailed back to the Atlantic.

Continuous fighting had damaged the Alabama, and she came into the harbor of Cherbourg, as Semmes expressed it, "like a wearied fox hound limping back, longing for quiet and repose."

Her gallant commander was also weary, his heart sad and depressed, because he foresaw the inevitable fall of the Confederacy. But he had pledged his services to the Southern cause and meant to strike every blow possible in its defense.

While awaiting the return of the Emperor of France to obtain permission to dock his ship for repairs, the United States ship Kearsarge steamed into the harbor.

At first Captain Semmes had not expected to engage her in combat. And his splendid judgment would have prevented the encounter had he known that she was an armored vessel. The matter was discussed in detail with the ship's officers, and it was decided that this might be an opportune time to end the Alabama's career by a final and glorious victory.

To the casual observer the odds did not appear so great except in the size of their guns. It was true, the Kearsarge was a man-of-war, staunch and well built. The Alabama was made for flight by reason of her speed. The chain armor protecting the sides of the Federal ship was skillfully camouflaged with a thin coat of wood.

Visualize, if you can, the scene, when the Kearsarge steamed out in all her pride and strength to meet the gallant ship which had been victorious in many glorious encounters.

In all of Semmes's writings he never produced a finer gem of literature than the speech addressed to his officers and men in this crucial hour. He said:

"Officers and men of the Alabama, you have at length another opportunity to meet the enemy, the first that has



presented since you sank the Hatteras. In the meantime you have been all over the world, and it is not too much to say that you have destroyed and driven for protection under neutral flags one-half the enemy's commerce, which at the beginning of the war covered every sea.

"This is an achievement of which you may well be proud, and a grateful country will not be unmindful of it.

"The name of your ship has become a household word wherever civilization extends. Shall that name be tarnished by defeat? The thing is impossible. Remember that you are in the English Channel, the theater of so much of the naval glory of our race. The eyes of all Europe are at this moment upon you. The flag that floats over you is that of a young republic that bids defiance to her enemies, whenever and wherever found. Show the world that you know how to uphold it."

The hearty cheers of the crew showed that they were ready to follow their commander into the very jaws of death.

This notable battle was begun at 11:10 o'clock Sunday morning, June 19, 1864. It lasted an hour and ten minutes. Captain Semmes had staked all on one desperate chance and lost. Shots from the Alabama struck the sides of the enemy ship, but did no damage because of the chain armor. As the Alabama began to sink, Captain Semmes hauled down his colors, but the enemy continued firing.

Standing fearlessly on the deck of his beloved ship, like some viking of old, while shells tore great holes in her side, Semmes waited until the deck began to sink, then, casting his sword beneath the waves, he threw himself into the sea—

The sword, "like a meteor cleaving  
Its path through the watery way,  
Went down, the gory falchion,  
To rest in the depths for aye."

But its owner was not destined to perish. Raphael Semmes was rescued and gave himself unreservedly to the cause of the South until the war ended. The Alabama went down in all her brave beauty to rest not far from where her sister ship, the Sumter, lay sleeping.

Two French pilot boats and an English yacht, the Deerhound, assisted in rescuing the crew. Captain Semmes was presented with a handsome new sword by the English and was royally entertained by them. Upon his return South, he was made admiral and placed in command of the fleet to guard the defenses of the approach to Richmond. When the Confederates were forced to leave there, he blew up his fleet, carried his men by train to Danville, where he formed a brigade, and surrendered with General Johnston in North Carolina.

After hostilities ended, Admiral Semmes moved with his family to Mobile, Ala., where he engaged in the practice of law. Brave in peace as he was in battle, he went quietly and courageously about the new duties that changed conditions made necessary. The broken threads of his life were taken up and woven into a pattern of rare design, for the shuttle was love, the warp, duty, the wool, service.

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"Brave souls and true who paid this debt  
Can we who live come to forget  
Our native land—or to regret  
Your deeds of valor? No, to-day  
Honor to those who wore the gray."

## A GIRL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF WAR.

BY MARY CARR CAPERTON, WYTHEVILLE, VA.

I was a schoolgirl during the War between the States. My father, Maj. James Lawrence Cass, a grandnephew of Thomas Jefferson, was a practicing attorney of Charleston, Va. (now West Va.). At the beginning of the war he served on General Breckinridge's staff around Richmond. Later, on account of his age, he was made head of the Commissary Department at Dublin Depot, Pulaski County, Va., a very important post, which position he held for more than three years, until the close of hostilities. Meanwhile, his family had refugeeed from Edgewood, near Charleston, to the old Poage place, Hillandale, three miles from Dublin and a mile from Newberne, and it was while we were there the battle of Cloyd's Mountain was fought. I well remember the day, and what I am writing is true history.

Recently I read an account of this battle which erroneously stated that General Jenkins was killed outright. General Jenkins was wounded in the arm; later his arm was amputated, and he died from the loss of blood. Major Brown was terribly wounded in the abdomen and Col. Tom Smith in the hip, but both recovered. My mother and three or four other ladies walked from Newberne, through a drizzling rain, to visit these wounded soldier friends, who had been sent to the Guthrie Hospital. A stranger, meeting them on their way, exclaimed: "Ladies, you look like drowned rats." "We are rebels," they replied, "looking for the Confederate hospital. Can you show us the way?" He turned and accompanied them, but soon they discovered he had taken them several miles out of their way in the direction of the Yankee hospital. However, they were plucky enough to make him show them the right way to Guthrie, but were so late arriving that they could remain only half an hour with the wounded. When at last they reached home, they were nearly exhausted from their long day's tramp in the rain and their great anxiety.

On this day of battle I, too, had my part to play in service to the wounded, and, as a child, I was naturally very proud of my heroism. A physician asked me if I, Mary Carr, could stand the sight of blood and wait on a soldier who was shot entirely through the knee, with only a boy younger than myself to help me. I told him I could, and thrilled with the thought of being of service. This was at Mr. John Alexander's place in Newberne, where the poor soldier was lying on the floor of the front room. Every little while the little boy would bring me a fresh basin of water and I would kneel down and change the cloths on the soldier's knee, as it streamed with blood. While doing this, I heard the sound of horses' feet in the street, and there were ten men scouts (a body of Colonel Jones's men) trying to find out what was going on in Dublin. They were warned not to proceed, but would go on. Presently we heard a terrible clatter on the hard road, and, looking out, I saw ten hatless riders flying for dear life, with a company of bluecoats (cavalry) right at their heels. Mr. Wysor, father of Mr. Joe Wysor, a prominent attorney of Pulaski, ran out of his house and fired into the Yankees. The ten Confederate scouts escaped, but Mr. Wysor lost his life. The Yankees shot him three times, and he died two days later. His little six-year-old twin boys running, crying, down the street just after the shooting, was a pitiful sight.

When the raid was over, my father and others who had left Dublin, thinking all the stores would be burned, returned to their post of duty.

My mother came up to my father and said, with a bright face: "Mr. Carr, I gained something by this raid. One of the men at the Department sent me a sack of coffee, saying the



Department would likely be burned." "But," said my father, "it was not burned and that sack of coffee must go back." (They were both very fond of coffee, and we had been using that sickening rye.) "Well," said my mother, "I have taken out several pounds, but will return the other." The sack of coffee was promptly sent back to the Department, and father was even after called "The Honest Major."

My brother, John Overton Carr, received his military training at the camp of instruction near Dublin, and after entering the service of the Confederacy, he was made lieutenant. He was taken prisoner at Cold Harbor, and during nine months was in three prisons—Point Lookout, Fort Delaware, and the old Capitol Prison at Washington, D. C. Being exchanged, he rejoined his company and was promoted to the rank of captain.

## SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

OLIVER WOLCOTT.

In the same year that he was graduated by Yale University, Oliver Wolcott, Connecticut signer of the Declaration of Independence, received a captain's commission in the army from Governor Clinton, of New York. This young American raised a company at the head of which he marched to defend the northern frontiers. In consequence of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the unit disbanded, and Wolcott returned to Connecticut to study medicine under the direction of Alexander Wolcott, a distinguished practitioner. He abandoned the profession on being appointed the first sheriff of Litchfield County.

He served in the militia in every rank from captain to major general. In July, 1775, Congress appointed him a member of the Commission of Indian Affairs for the Northern Department, which had as its important object the inducing of the Indian nations to remain neutral during the war.

Wolcott's influence was used to settle the boundary disputes between Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and Vermont and New York, as well as to unite the New England settlers in support of the American cause.

After the Declaration was adopted and signed, he returned to his native State and was appointed by Governor Trumbull and the Council of Safety to command fourteen regiments of the Connecticut militia ordered for the defense of New York.

For a time Wolcott divided his services between Congress and commanding the militia. He was a Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1784-85, helping to prescribe the terms of peace to the Six Nations of Indians. After serving for ten years as lieutenant governor of Connecticut, he was elected governor of the State.

Had it not been for his wife, Wolcott could not have served his country thus without sacrificing his family. To her must go the credit for managing the small farm and caring for the children with all of the frugality, fortitude, and intelligence of a Roman matron and for making their home the seat of comfort and hospitality. It is in large measure because of her character that his name is recorded in connection with many of the most important events of Revolutionary times.

WILLIAM WHIPPLE.

A lover of the sea, in command of a vessel before he was twenty-one years of age, was the beginning of the career of William Whipple, New Hampshire signer of the Declaration of Independence.

He was engaged in European, West Indian, and African

trade, and brought many slaves to America. During the Revolution he liberated all those which belonged to him.

The young sailor abandoned the sea in 1759 to enter business with his brother in Portsmouth, continuing in this until two years before the Revolution. He was elected a delegate from New Hampshire to the Continental Congress in 1775, taking his seat in May. For a number of years he was a member of the Provincial Congress of his State and was chosen by that body as one of the Committee of Safety.

Whipple received the commission of brigadier general in 1777, and commanded a brigade of New Hampshire troops at Saratoga and Stillwater. He was active in the campaign against Burgoyne, and after the latter's surrender he signed the articles of capitulation with Colonel James Wilkinson on behalf of Gen. Horatio Gates.

General Whipple was afterwards selected as the officer under whose charge the British troops were conducted to their encampment on Winter Hill near Boston.

Robert Morris appointed him financial agent in New Hampshire in 1782, but he resigned soon after the appointment. He was president of the board created to settle a land dispute between Pennsylvania and Connecticut concerning the Wyoming domain. Subsequently he was named State Superintendent of Finance, Judge of the Superior Court, and held many other offices until his death in November, 1785.—*From series issued by the Publicity Department of the Sesqui-Centennial, Philadelphia, 1926.*

## AWAY.

I cannot say, and I will not say,  
That he is dead! He is just away!

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,  
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—O you, who the wildest yearn  
For the old-time step and the glad return,

Think of him faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of Here

And loyal still, as he gave the blows  
Of his warrior strength to his country's foes.

Mild and gentle as he was brave—  
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things—where the violets grew  
Pure as the eyes they were likened to,

The touches of his hands have strayed  
As reverently as his lips have prayed;

When the brown thrush that harshly chirred  
Was dear to him as the mocking bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain  
A writhing honeybee wet with rain.

Think of him still as the same, I say;  
He is not dead—he is just away!

—James Whitcomb Riley.



## OLD KENTUCK.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

The commercial world is indirectly indebted to the early inhabitants of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee for the great development of the cotton industry in the South, where it is chiefly raised, and wherever it is manufactured into goods to clothe the world, for these States, principally, began the business of raising for the farmers of the South that valuable and indispensable animal, the mule, without which that important commodity could never have been raised in sufficient volume to meet the great world demand for it. Their descendants are still engaged in the business of raising them, and I suppose will continue to do so as long as the world needs cotton and its by-products. People have ever been disposed to poke fun at this long-eared friend of the human race and have never given him credit for his good qualities, but take great pleasure in magnifying his few bad ones, and even attributing to him some which he does not possess. It is impossible to enumerate the various uses to which this animal contributes. Wherever there is hard work to perform for the development of any enterprise, the first thing indispensable to secure is the mule. He is valuable everywhere—in peace and in war, on the farm, and on the road, under the saddle, or in a team drawing heavy loads. Abused by cruel men, he goes uncomplaining to the daily performance of his task. Yes, all praise to the mule and the good people who raise them. In *ante-bellum* days, when there were few railroads or other means of transportation, thousands of mules were driven South from these States every winter and sold to the cotton planters. It was a great sight for the children, both white and black, on the big plantations remote from town to see a great drove of young mules following, bridle free, two men riding fine saddle horses, stop out at the big gate, two hundred yards in front of the plantation home. If a flock of goats or sheep happened to be lying about there, a lively time began. The mules took pleasure in chasing calves or any smaller animal, while the bargaining continued, to the delight of the children.

No animal is more gregarious in its nature than the mule. These young mules followed after the men mounted in front with perfect obedience and seldom strayed from the herd. When a planter purchased them and they were separated from their former companions, it was necessary to place them in some very secure place, or in the morning he would find his mules gone, and he must hunt the country over to recover them. Usually a man rode behind the herd with a long whip, convenient to touch up any delinquent that appeared disposed to linger behind too long to investigate something which attracted his attention. No child is more interested in toys or other trifles than a young mule is in a sheep, a calf, or some new acquaintance. Oftentimes this rear man was a young negro, who returned with the drivers to their home in Kentucky or was sold with the remnant of the herd to some livery stable man in the town or city; and this perhaps is the reason why "Old Kentuck" became a citizen of Southwest Georgia when I knew him in his early childhood days. He was a noted character, and while the negroes on the plantation called him "Uncle Peter," the white people usually called him "Old Kentuck." Like Peter of old, he was a man of remarkable personality for one of his race. Rather short and stout, with a wonderful head of bushy wool, he made an impression on all, not only by his looks, but by two outstanding characteristics—profanity and fiddling. When taken to task by some of the more pious people of his race for his bad language, he would usually re-

tort by saying: "I'm not a-cussin' now, I'm only jest a-blas-fleemin' a little." But in his old age, after he had lived in sin so long, and he had seen freedom come to all of his race, he was converted and died happy. But his fiddling—O how sweet! No music in the parlor on the big piano could compare with it. Tired and worn by fatigue and ready to fall down anywhere in sleep, the faint sound of his fiddle banished slumber from our eyes, and away we went to the big old kitchen in the quarters, where he sat in a chair drawing the bow and patting his foot to the merry music and calling out to young and old in the dance. O, such a time! Will there ever be such again? I'm afraid not, in this world.

But Peter did not confine his efforts to bringing happiness and pleasure to his own race only. Sometimes, when the "white folks" failed to secure the services of a fiddler for a party, Peter was sent for as a last resort and always gladly responded. But, for some reason, he did not love his master, who was more than a slave to his negroes and sacrificed his health and life for their comfort and welfare. If anyone called him "Hartsfield," his master's name, he resented it by saying: "My name isn't Hartsfield; my name is Peter Green. I was born on Green River, Kentucky." He wanted everybody to understand that he was superior to the common run of negroes on account of that fact. Those who claimed to know music didn't speak very highly of his attainments along that line; but what is music anyway but something pleasing to the ear, and that was highly satisfactory to us—little niggers, big niggers, and white children out on the old plantation.

"Old Kentuck" was not the only character that deserves mention now, since I am indulging in these early reminiscences. There was Nelse Waters, the story-teller. The world lost a great deal by his death. He was only a slave, he had no education, and for lack of this he could not write down these dialogues and essays for the entertainment of future generations of young folks. Joel Chandler Harris was a poor imitator of Nelse, though he must have been a disciple of Nelse or some other member of the same race. Then his manner of recital was so inimitable and impressive. We could almost see the characters which he impersonated. His unique personality also had much to do in adding interest to what he had to say in these free lectures. When he walked about, his legs wobbled and bent away from each other and looked like pothooks or sections of barrel hoops, or a pair of hames. But this he seldom did. We generally found him lying on the south side of a big pine log, in the sunshine, somewhere in the quarters. It was always a convenient and pleasant, sunshiny place, too, for us to sit and listen while he told his spellbound listeners about Mr. Fox, who was a wealthy, high-toned gentleman, and lived in great style in a fine house, who sat on his wide piazza and carried on a dignified conversation with Mr. Rabbit, sitting on his fine saddle horse at the front gate. His horse was always a long-tailed red rooster.

I shall not attempt to tell any of these stories which fell on our credulous childish heart. No white man can imagine such stories as we had from these negroes of the Old South. They were naturally highly imaginative and musical.

But the relation of the races to each other has been changed by the result of the war of the sixties, and while we are satisfied that they have their freedom, we doubt whether they are any happier with it than their ancestors were under the care and protection of a kind and considerate white man. But they are here—negroes, Kentucky mules, and our broad fields of cotton—making the South the greatest country in the world. They will always be here—and it is well for the world that it is so. Great is the South—and greater yet to be.



When Abe Lincoln blockaded the seaports of the South and the flow of our cotton bales ceased to pass through them, the commercial world felt the shock from center to circumference. England had to feed her operatives on soup; and the same thing would happen again under similar conditions. These Southern cotton bales are more important to man's prosperity and happiness than all the silver from the mines of Mexico or the gold from South Africa. They give employment, meat, and bread to a multitude of dependent people in the world. Nowhere else have they the soil, the climate, the Anglo-Saxon, the niggers, and the mules to supply the universal demand for this important commodity. Without it a great part of the human race would have to cover their bodies with skins and starve. Long live the South, the land of the old Confederate, the land of Lee and Jackson!

In the winter of 1864, because I had faithfully performed my duty as a boy soldier in the ranks for three years and had never had a leave of absence from the army, our grand old leader gave me a little twenty-four-day furlough to visit my father's home in Southwest Georgia. In passing through Wilmington, N. C., I saw seven big blockade runners lying out in the harbor, loaded with cotton and waiting for some dark, stormy night to escape through the blockade and carry their precious cargoes to England. Each shipload was a fortune to its owner if it should escape Lincoln's cannon on the sea. With all the handicaps and mistakes made, it was by the meekest chance that the Confederacy did not win out in the war of the sixties. With the united and loyal support of Old Kentucky, she would have been invincible.

#### UNIQUE EXPERIENCES IN THE CHICKAMAUGA CAMPAIGN.

BY J. W. MINNICH, MORGAN CITY, LA.

After our fight at Leet's on September 12, 1863 (and, so far as I can remember, we were practically idle, for several days), our contingent of the brigade spent the time in Taylor's Valley resting from our rather strenuous campaigning. On the 18th we found ourselves on the right and rear of Liddell's Division, when Walthall's Mississippi Brigade was trying to force a crossing of Alexander's Bridge, in accordance with General Bragg's orders to General Polk, commanding the right wing of the army. Walthall found the floor of the bridge torn up, preventing his crossing, and stoutly opposed by Wilder's Brigade on the west bank. Wilder's Battery was posted practically in front of Alexander's house, which was destroyed by fire from an undetermined cause—most probably by the fire from Walthall's two guns brought into action. Walthall reports having lost seventy-odd men there in less than twenty minutes and to have driven Wilder off, but found the bridge torn up, preventing his crossing. Our brigade was halted on the creek side of the road connecting with the bridge road. Our left (my company) rested on the bridge road, and I was the last man on the line and within fifteen feet of the bridge road, and I saw Walthall's wounded passing to the rear. Among them one whom I can never forget—but that must wait for another chapter.

We were not engaged, though under fire both from rifle fire and a few shells that whistled by, but apparently all passed over us. Finding the crossing here barred, we went down the creek to the fords below and above "Reed's Bridge," and crossed at Fowler's Ford late in the afternoon. Again quoting from General Pegram's report, altogether lacking details: "Our next meeting of the foe was on Saturday, the 19th, on the memorable field of Chickamauga. Brigadier General Davidson, having reported for duty, was assigned

to the command of my old brigade. He was ordered to take position near Reed's sawmill. After reaching it [the General's report says, "Before reaching it, which is an error], we met and drove before him the enemy's pickets, capturing some few of them." (They were part of Mitchell's and McCook's cavalry at the crossroads west of Reed's Bridge—the Reed's Bridge road and the Alexander's Bridge road.) He says in continuation: "Soon after this skirmish, while General Forrest and I were in front examining the roads, General Davidson was attacked suddenly on his left. Hurrying back, I found it somewhat difficult, aided by General Davidson and all my staff officers, to get the command into a proper position to repel the fierce attacks of the enemy's infantry." Here is a direct contradiction of the truth of the Federal's report that Croxton's Brigade of Brannan's Division was *attacked by Forrest* at the start. Nor did either General Forrest or Pegram seem to know how the affair began, as they were not there when it began, being "in front examining the roads." Nor does General Pegram mention what preceded Croxton's sudden and unexpected attack. I suppose to do so later in detail, as well as Colonel Wilson's attack with the First Infantry to come into the battle. The report continued: "All the available force was, however, soon well posted under the direction of General Forrest. It became at once apparent to all that we were fighting overpowering numbers. General Forrest, having sent several messengers for the infantry to come up, finally went for them himself, ordering me to hold the position until their arrival. In obeying this order, our loss was about one-fourth of the command, including officers wounded. Nearly every colonel of the brigade had a horse shot under him. Although the highest praise is due to all the gallant men engaged in this (for cavalry) remarkable fight, I must not omit mentioning Colonel Goode, of the 10th Confederate Cavalry, whose horse was shot; and Captain Arnold, commanding the 16th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry (Rucker's Legion), who was badly wounded."

This ends the report on our share in the battle of the 19th, but falls far short of what we (the privates and officers) went through and saw. There were many incidents connected with this affair, important in every aspect to the command as a whole, which, in the nature of "official reports," could not be had cognizance of. For instance, our ride into the gloomy depths of the forest after crossing the creek and passing Reed's (Jay's) Mill on the 18th. The story of that ride is a chapter in itself, and not without interest, though not a shot was fired, and may be entitled, "Getting Out of a Pinch." Another feature that the General's report fails to mention is what occurred between the first skirmish on the Reed's Bridge road just after dawn on the 19th and the attack in front of Reed's Mill by Croxton, of Brannan's Division, Thomas's Corps.

After we had chased the Federal pickets and supports up the Reed's Bridge road to within a half mile of the Lafayette State road, at McDonald's, we returned leisurely to the mill by a "log road," the 6th Georgia resting on the side of the hill about two hundred yards above the sawmill. In front of us, and farther up the slope, were the two battalions of Folk and Goode; off to the right between us and Rucker's Legion was the battery of Huwalt's four guns; and to the right of Rucker was the 1st Georgia. Our regiment, having been the rear of the column in the race up the road, was now the head and constituted the left of the brigade in line. We rested there, having our frugal breakfast, and arranged anew our saddles and blankets. When the arrangements had about been completed, the two battalions were sent back



over the road on a reconnoissance. They filed off over the crest on the back track and had not been gone more than fifteen minutes when we were brought to our feet by the sound of a double volley not more than a quarter of a mile away, apparently. And this is what happened: The two battalions were riding along utterly oblivious of danger, chatting and joking as men will when on the march and confident that no danger impended. Croxton had been sent forward from "near McDonalds" (O. R.), and, marching rapidly through the woods in the direction of Reed's Bridge, no doubt saw first the two battalions riding along nonchalantly, and, waiting in the brush for them, poured two volleys into the unsuspecting troopers. The result of such a complete surprise may well be imagined. A wild flight back to the command, riderless horses, two on a horse, men afoot, some slightly wounded, some limping, some hatless, some without their guns—a wild rout. "*Sauve qui peut.*" Who could blame them for "tearing out of the wilderness" to a point of community, if not of safety?

No sooner had we heard the volleys, which we instantly recognized as infantry fire, than we were on our feet and in the saddle even before the bugle could sound the "Mount." "Forward! Head of column left! Trot!" came from the Colonel, sharp, clear, and not to be mistaken. I was at the end of the column and had not much more than started when the head had crossed the crest. Just then the fugitives in a mass struck the head of the column, breaking and almost literally riding it down. For a moment greatest confusion prevailed. Colonel Hart shouted: "Stop them! Knock them off their horses if they don't stop!" Some rode through our ranks and disappeared in the rear, and I was too busy to note whether they came back or not. One big fellow passed me on the fly and would probably be running yet if his panic-stricken, blazed-faced sorrel could have held out. He was a picture I can never forget as he came flying down the slope. His sorrel *had the bit*. He had lost his hat and gun and was holding with both hands to the mane, or the pommel of his saddle, while his long yellow beard, neatly split, was flying back on each side and his blue eyes stuck out far enough to hang a hat on. As he came directly toward me, I was forced to pull my mount to one side quickly to avoid being run down. When he got within reach, I raised my rifle as if to strike him, but it was menace only; I had no intention of clubbing him. The look he gave me as he passed was most appealing to my risibilities, and I burst out in a loud guffaw. Nothing short of a big pine or a mountain cliff could have arrested him just then. But I did not blame him. Only a week previously I had done some running from an imaginary danger myself.

Very soon we found ourselves confronted by serious business. We were dismounted where we stood, formed in line, and the left swung up the hill and lined on the right, the whole brigade. The two battalions were rallied and formed in two lines and, unwisely, lined up in front of the 6th. That this was a serious mistake on the part of Colonel Hart was demonstrated very soon. Croxton's skirmishers appeared in the brush in less than ten minutes and opened fire on us at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards. We could not see them at all. The difficulty of getting the command into position was caused wholly by the sudden attack on and panic of the two battalions. Had they been lined up behind the 6th a little behind the crest and been allowed to get their "second wind," they might have done better service. I never blamed them for their lack of enthusiasm in the following proceedings. Almost at the first minute's firing from a concealed enemy, they broke over us. They were rallied and then, as should have been done in the first instance,

they were lined up behind the 6th, which from then on bore the brunt on the left. Less than one hundred and fifty men of the battalions stuck it out. They broke several times, and I will not repeat what Colonel Goode said of his men when he failed at last to rally them. When General Forrest, going for reinforcements, rode along our line, he complimented the 6th warmly for the stand it was making, and no doubt the compliments included the rest of the brigade. He told us that he was going to bring in the infantry to help us, adding: "They'll soon be here." That was what we were hoping for, but to us it was a long drawn out "soon."

In front of us, perfectly concealed from view, Croxton had some twenty-five hundred men, while we had only two regiments and Rucker's two battalions, a battery of three guns, and the two other battalions, one-half of which were utterly demoralized and would not stand the gaff. I do not like to state this, but it is the truth. Our brigade did not number over twelve hundred in the fight, and the 6th Georgia fought in the open, a few stumps and trees at wide intervals and not enough grass on our line to hide a half-grown rat. Yet for over three hours we held that line in spite of the fact that Van Derveer's Brigade came in on the Reed's Bridge road about eight o'clock and almost in our rear. His skirmishers fired across our line from the right rear. Dibrell's Brigade came in against him, according to the official report, "about 11 A.M.," and drove them back. We did not know at the time who drove them away, but we were very relieved to have them go. We were becoming nervous, quite. So well were Croxton's men concealed in the brush that only once did I see one of them during the whole time before "Wilson's Georgia Brigade" of infantry made its appearance in the field on our left. We had been obliged to seek the air under the brow of the crest, which was free of dust, gravel, and, bullets several times, in part, or as a whole, but came up again to face a music far from melodious which arose from the brush while the musicians were invisible to us.

When General Forrest appeared on our line, encouraging us to hold on, our friends in the brush opened up on the cavalcade with all they had, big guns and little, and yet not a man went down. I never could account for it to my own satisfaction fully. I have often read of the General's fearlessness and contempt of danger. In this instance, he showed not even the least excitement. I could see no trace of any emotion whatsoever about him, and he passed within two feet of me. By my side stood a stripling of my own age who had just rammed home a cartridge in his "Minie" and was fumbling for a cap as the General came up to him, and, stooping down, patted the boy on the shoulder in a fatherly way and said to him: "Go it, my little man!" "Bob" looked up, surprised, and, seeing who was addressing him so familiarly, started for a big pine tree a few paces in front of the line, laid his "Minie" against the side of the tree, and blazed away at the brush. Perhaps the General never laughed—I have never heard of his doing so—but I certainly thought I detected a grin on his face. The whole incident was comical to those near by, and we had a hearty laugh over it then and afterwards. But "Bob" remained as sober as ever. What added to our hilarity was the fact that the night previous Bob's horse happened to step on the rifle barrel and his weight caused it to bend, so that a charge could with difficulty be rammed home, and the bullet would hit fifteen degrees to the left of the object aimed at, and he would take no other gun.

After the General had passed out of sight, the enemy kept up the terrific fire, and, as we could not see anything but brush to shoot at, we retired behind the crest where the air was clearer. While we were reforming, we heard a concen-



trated volley directly in front. I had not gone quite as far down the hill as most of the others (not to boast of it), and rushed back to the crest to learn the cause of the volley, thinking that perhaps the enemy was making a charge on us. However, on coming to the crest no one was in sight, but, looking to the left, an iron field gun was just disappearing round the base of the hill in retreat. That gun and others with it are one of the mysteries of war. Later I found directly in front of my company's position thirteen artillery horses, not more than thirty yards from it; twelve horses were bunched, lying against one another, and one was probably an officer's. They were riddled, one having eleven bullet holes between his shoulder blade and hip joint. Whose battery was it? I could never learn from the records. Some lost as many as fourteen horses, but none reported from that point.

Another incident worth recording as an act of individual bravery and contempt of danger which occurred just after our rally. When we came up and retook our places in line, we noticed a grey horse directly between us and the enemy, and about half way between the lines, quietly browsing on the blackjack scrub. It was evident that he had strayed from the enemy's line. During the last fusillade evoked by Forrest's appearance on the line, our Colonel's mare was shot through the neck and the Colonel dismounted and sent her to the rear. He was now afoot, about the center of the regiment; not a shot was being fired. John Wood, a close comrade, was standing by my side and said to me: "I have a notion to go out and get that horse for the Colonel." "Don't be a fool, John. If you go out there, you'll never get back," I told him. The others near by said not a word. For a moment he appeared to be debating the risks, and then, throwing his rifle across his shoulder, started, in spite of all expostulations and objections, for the horse. Only a short time before he and I shared together the little shelter afforded by a large pine from the front fire, until Van Derveer's skirmishers came in behind us. One of them was a pretty fair shot. Shooting from the right rear, he planted a bullet in the tree and knocked the bark off into our faces. Thereupon we decided that that tree afforded less protection than lying flat in the line, and acted accordingly. I begged him not to imperil himself in the venture. I begged and swore to no avail. Before he had gone thirty yards the Colonel saw him and called to him three times to come back, but John, intent only on bringing the horse in, did not hear. Continuing to where the horse was placidly grazing, he swung his rifle into the hollow of his left arm, then reached out his right and took hold of the bridle rein and led the horse out to where the Colonel stood. "Here, Colonel, I've brought you a horse." "Thank you, John, but, confound you, I have a good mind to have you court-martialed." "What for, Colonel?" asked John innocently. "What for? Why for disobeying orders." "What orders, Colonel?" "What orders? Didn't you hear me order you back into line three different times, and you paid no attention to me?" The very picture of innocence, John replied: "No, Colonel, I did not hear a word." "Well, go back to your place, and the next time pay more attention." "Yes, Colonel, I will."

During all those tense minutes not a shot had been fired from the brush. Why had he been allowed to calmly walk out half way between the lines and bring in one of their horses and deliver him in our ranks without a protest?

I had edged up close enough to hear the whole comfab and had just returned to my station when the Colonel mounted his new steed and, as at a signal, or order, the whole Federal line opened on us again, and "hell broke loose."

If we had been subjected to a hot fire before, we were now subjected to a whirlwind of missiles, big and little. They gave us all they had, and even borrowed from their neighbors to hurl at us. The air was full of lead, dust, and gravel. Woods was on his way back to his place near me (side by side we'd held until then), and I was looking toward him when I saw a small cloud of dust rise from his left thigh (our clothes were filled and covered with yellow dust), and he dropped the butt of his now empty Enfield to the ground as a support. Seeing him hardly hit, I rushed to him and offered to help him down the hill to a shelter, but he declined my aid, saying that his leg wasn't broken and by using his gun as a support he could get to the surgeon all right. To prove it, he started on down toward the mill with a cheery, "good-by, old boy." With a gripping at my heart, I gave him the same, and he disappeared down the hill, slowly and painfully. I never saw him again. He died in Texas many years ago.

I went back to my post and for a while did the best possible, firing into the brush, lying prone until a bullet struck the ground directly in front of me and threw a handful of dirt and fine gravel full in my face, blinding me. I sat up and began to dig the dirt out of my eyes, and before regaining my sight, the firing suddenly ceased. The regiment was behind the crest again. Only about a dozen men and officers remained on the line, and I was much relieved to find that the enemy had not left their ambushade. They were by far the more numerous, and they had bayonets; we had none, besides being weaker. It was then that, looking from our elevation through the tree tops to the left, we saw Wilson's Georgia Brigade of Infantry marching in battle line up the light incline of a corn field (now wooded land). The enemy drew a regiment from his left, or center, to reinforce his right, and these were the first of them I saw, with the exception of one man alone, during the three or more hours our little brigade had been holding Croxton's twenty-five hundred or more in check. We threw up our dusty hats and yelled our relief. Wilson's right came to the corner of the field, less than one hundred yards from where I stood alone, pushed off the top rail, kicked off the lower rails, stepped over to the wood side, lined up, and started to advance, while at less than one hundred yards back lay a double line of blue waiting. When the gray line had advanced about forty yards the blue line rose and delivered a double volley. The gray line stopped short, like a man receiving a staggering blow in the face. Men fell in their tracks, one against another. To me who was watching them with "my heart in my throat," it appeared that fully one-third of the line fell. But not a man of them turned his back. An instant later was heard the voice of a Stentor order: "Fire! Fire at will!" And then the gray line blazed with fire and with fearful effect. The blues had fired down hill without taking time to aim, and in consequence overshot. For a few minutes, ten or fifteen at most, this close range fire continued, and then the same stentorian voice rose above the din: "Cease firing! Forward!" The gray line threw its rifles over the right shoulder and moved as one man at a quick step without a falter, and then at thirty yards distance came a single word: "Charge!" The grays dropped to "Charge bayonet!" and, bleeding at every step, leaped forward with a yell such as the old woods had never heard. Looking on this, we expected then to witness a mix up with bayonets, but when Wilson's men got to within but a few yards of the blue line, it gave way and disappeared in the woods, but still leaving a trail, as I saw next morning, the fallen gray lying on top of fallen blue. At that point the havoc in Croxton's line had been fearful. I could have walked on the bodies as far as could be seen there, for twenty-



five yards or more, without putting foot on ground. Poor fellows! No need to look over Wilson's line, even had there been time. With the advent of Wilson, our part in the affair was ended. We retired to the mill and to our horses and were not further engaged that day.

Wilson's loss in this and a subsequent action, four hundred yards farther on, was 99 killed, 426 wounded, and 80 captured, most of whom were wounded and recaptured with a Federal field hospital. The total loss for the day was 604 out of 1,200 taken into action. We had in this opening of the battle our full brigade, 1,200 to 1,500 men, from left to right line, 6th Georgia, Folk's North Carolina Battalion, Goode's Battalion (temporary) from Scott's Brigade, Huwalt's Battery, Rucker's Legion, and 1st Georgia. Our regimental loss was nine killed and seventy-one wounded—but?

#### NORTH CAROLINA IN THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESSES.

COMPILED BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, PAST HISTORIAN,  
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North Carolina truly upheld her motto, "To be rather than to seem," when Governor Ellis responded to President Lincoln's call for troops on April 15, 1861, in these words:

"I regard the levy of troops made by the administration for the purpose of subjugating the States of the South as in violation of the Constitution and a usurpation of power. I can be no party to this wicked violation of the law of the country and to this war upon the liberties of a free people. You can get no troops from North Carolina."

What is known as the Secession Convention met May 20, 1861, at the State Capitol. With intense enthusiasm, the Ordinance of Secession was adopted, with every member present voting for it.

The ordinance to adopt the permanent constitution of the Confederacy was passed by North Carolina on June 6, 1861. Thomas L. Clingman was sent as a Commissioner to the Provisional Congress when North Carolina adopted this constitution.

North Carolina elected to the third session of the Provisional Confederate Congress, which convened in Richmond June 20, 1861, two Senators for the State at large, and one representative for each of the eight districts formed. The General Assembly, September 4, 1861, divided the State into ten Congressional Districts to elect ten representatives to the first permanent Congress of the Confederate States.

In the Journal of the Confederate States Congress, we find that the Rev. Basil Manly, of North Carolina, "offered up an impressive prayer to Almighty God in behalf of the Congress and States it represented."

North Carolina's contribution to the Confederate Congress till the close of the Confederacy was six Senators and twenty-four representatives. Very briefly we shall mention those most outstanding.

#### SENATORS.

Politically a Whig, George Davis was appointed to attend the Peace Conference that met in Washington in February, 1861, in a vain attempt to settle the difference between the Southern States and the Union. Although he had been a strong Union man up to this time, Mr. Davis returned to his home in the Cape Fear section and declared that he had gone to the conference determined to exhaust every honorable means for a fair settlement; that he had striven to that end, but had been unsuccessful, for he "could never accept the plan adopted by the conference as consistent with the rights, the interests, or the dignity of North Carolina."

In the convention of 1861, Mr. Davis received the highest vote given for those presented to the State at large. In the Confederate Senate he took a high position, and his advice and counsel were always given the highest consideration. By reëlection, his term of office continued until 1864, when President Davis appointed him attorney general in his cabinet.

Then began the period of close intimacy and warm devotion between President Davis and Attorney General Davis. Once, when the President came home weary from the divergencies of opinion in his cabinet, he remarked to Mrs. Davis: "George Davis does not always agree with me, but I generally find he was right at last." At his death, Mr. Davis was perhaps the most eminent citizen and best-loved man in North Carolina.

William Alexander Graham was speaker of the House of Commons, governor of North Carolina, Secretary of the United States Navy, Senator of the United States, and also of the Confederate States, and nominee of the Whig party for the Vice Presidency. Mr. Graham was elected to the Senate of the Confederate States May, 1864, in a troublous time, and his counsel was, as usual, earnestly sought. He was a conspicuous figure in the Confederate Senate, serving on the finance and naval committees, besides many of special importance. He was made president *pro tem* of the Senate. In January, 1865, after consultation with General Lee, and with his full approval, Senator Graham introduced the resolution to create the Peace Commission, the adoption of which caused the Hampton Roads Conference, February 3, 1865. The Confederate Senate adjourned on the 16th of March, and on the 20th visited Raleigh at the request of Governor Vance.

William W. Avery was chosen senator, July 20, 1861, serving until February 17, 1863, where he was chairman of a most important committee on military affairs. He was an earnest and active supporter of President Davis and the Southern cause. Being appointed a colonel by the President, Avery was sent to North Carolina to raise a regiment for the Confederate army and was mortally wounded while leading an attack on July 3, 1864.

William T. Dortch was elected to the Confederate Congress September 13, 1861, continuing until March 18, 1865. He, as well as his colleague, Senator George Davis, was selected from a large number of eminent men after a prolonged contest. The late soldier-historian, Walter Clark, has said of Senator Dortch: "He did not permit ambition to swerve him from his duty. His face and figure bespoke power." He was a strong man, conscious of his power, but moderate in its use and achieved without effort a foremost place at the bar of his State.

Edwin G. Reade was elected to the first State convention called to consider secession. He was appointed by Governor Vance to succeed Senator George Davis when the latter was appointed Attorney General in the Confederate Cabinet, January 4, 1864. Wheeler, the historian, says of Senator Reade: "He is a clear, forcible writer, and is distinguished as an acute lawyer and eloquent advocate and public speaker."

Ashe has been a notable name in the annals of North Carolina. Thomas Samuel Ashe was what was commonly called a "Henry Clay Whig." When the issue of war or peace faced North Carolina, he stood for conservative action. At the first election by the people, he was chosen representative in the Confederate Congress and was a consistent supporter of the Confederacy. On December 9, 1864, he was elected to the Senate of the Confederate States over Judge Edwin G. Reade, but before his term of office began, the Confederacy had fallen.



## REPRESENTATIVES.

Judge William N. H. Smith served through the exciting scenes of the Congress of the United States of 1859, and was present at the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President. *He was the only member of the Confederate Congress who sat during its entire existence.* As a member of the legislature of 1865, Judge Smith aided in the reconstruction of the State, under the plan of President Johnson. It has been said of him: "In learning, eloquence, and unflinching discharge of duty to every cause, Judge Smith has been rarely equalled, and never surpassed."

Thomas Ruffin was elected to the thirty-third Congress, and was continuously reelected until 1861, when he was chosen as representative in the first Confederate Congress. Later, he was mortally wounded when serving under General J. E. B. Stuart in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Abraham Watkins Venable served in the Confederate Congress on the Naval and Foreign Affairs Committee; on the special committee to thank the mayor of Richmond for his prompt and patriotic efforts for the wounded at Manassas; chairman of the special committee to wait upon President Davis. As one of the leaders in his community and State, it was natural that Mr. Venable was a member of the North Carolina Secession Convention.

John Motley Morehead was delegate to the Peace Conference at Washington. He went there a devoted friend of the Union and returned home prepared to follow the fate of his State, realizing that the hope of peace was a delusion. Morehead was strong in intellect and astute in perception, and his zeal for the cause of internal improvements in North Carolina was great.

Burton Craige was elected to the United States Congress, 1853-1861. He offered the Ordinance of Secession in the North Carolina State convention, May 20, 1861. Craige was a staunch friend and strong supporter of John C. Calhoun, whom he often entertained in his home. It is said of him: "Fearless, positive, and outspoken in the assertion of his convictions, and with a mien and physical form that might have awakened the envy and excited the fear of the bravest knight in the days of chivalry, he instinctively commanded the respect of his associates and at the same time charmed them with his frank and jovial disposition."

Robert Rufus Bridgers was a man of great energy and capacity, noted for his fine address and tact. In the Confederate Congress, Bridgers served on the Committees on Military Affairs, on transportation of railroads, and concerning the currency of the treasury. Probably more than any other man in the State and in the South at this time he pointed out the future necessities of the Confederate government. Early in his service, he advocated the only practical and safe financial policy of the Confederacy (this was afterwards proved). He contended that the production of cotton was the only hope of the South. Those in power thought otherwise. However, later on, many became convinced that Bridgers was right. President Davis is said to have offered to make him Secretary of the Treasury, but he declined, because he thought it too late to place the Confederacy on a sound financial basis.

Owen Rand Kenan became a member of the first Confederate Congress, February 19, 1862, serving until February 17, 1864. He was deeply devoted to the fortunes of the Confederacy and was a man of high character, social and generous, with wisdom and sound judgment. Later, as colonel in the Confederate army, he served gallantly, which, with his rare qualities of person and intellectual accomplishments makes him remembered in his State.

Richard C. Puryear was one of the men who had been

recommended at the caucus of old Union men. He was a redoubtable Whig and a personification of what is peculiar and best in the character of a North Carolina gentleman of the old school. Puryear was a man of strong personality, popular and influential and prominent in public affairs. He was in the Provisional Congress.

Allen Turner Davidson served through the Provisional Congress and first Permanent Congress, and was a strong power in the western part of the State.

Burgess Sidney Gaither was elected without opposition to Congress. He was on the Naval Affairs Committee and the special committee to investigate the cause of the disaster at Roanoke Island. Gaither maintained unwaveringly the war measures of the Confederate administration and gave the whole might of his personal influence to the achievement of Southern success. He was a leader of the bar of his section almost to the last.

William Lander was a democrat of the Calhoun-Macon strict constructionist school, and held firmly to the constitutional right of secession. One of the historians of North Carolina says of Lander: "I have traveled all over North Carolina and listened to all great orators and lawyers and have never heard one who was the equal of William Lander before a jury." His fame as an orator and lawyer became State-wide. He materially aided in the nomination of John W. Ellis over William W. Holden for governor in 1858. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Charleston, S. C., April 23, 1860, and was chairman of the North Carolina delegation, composed of a distinguished group of men. Lander was elected to the Confederate Congress without opposition, serving on the Committees on Pensions, War Tax, Commissary Department and Military Transportation.

John W. Logan was the last survivor in North Carolina of the Confederate Congress. He was a member of the Council of State, 1864-65, and acted at the same time as agent of the Commissary Department in supplying the families of Confederate soldiers in his section. Logan was a strong and rugged character, hating all sham and pretense. For years he appeared in a large number of important cases in the western circuit, being bold and aggressive. Juries and judges were swayed by his intense earnestness. Physically, Judge Logan towered among his fellows and was one of the most commanding and picturesque figures of the times.

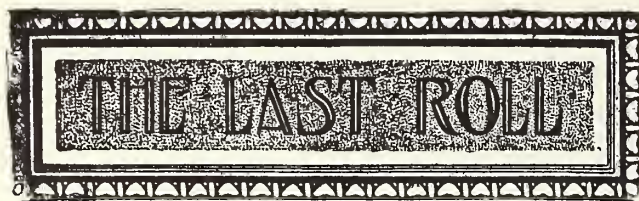
Other representatives from North Carolina to the Confederate Congress who bore their part well and whose names are remembered in this State were: Thomas S. McDowell, of the Provisional Congress; Archibald H. Arrington, J. R. McClean, Thomas C. Fuller, John A. Gilmer, James H. Leach, J. T. Leach, James Ramsey, and Josiah Turner, Jr., of the Permanent Congress.

North Carolina's contribution to the Confederate Congress was made up of the leaders of their various districts. Many had won high distinction in the service of the State. All, in the decisions of the most difficult questions, acted with a sincere desire to do right and represented the highest intelligence of the State. "They gave weight to reproof, force to counsel, and point to example."

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Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"For here we walk by human light,  
But there the light of God is ours;  
Each day on earth is but a night;  
Heaven alone hath clear-faced hours."

MAJ. HARVEY W. SALMON.

Many hearts were saddened by the death of Maj. Harvey W. Salmon, which occurred at St. Louis, Mo., on April 28, at the age of eighty-eight years. A serious fall about a year ago caused his health to decline, and another fall in which his left arm was broken was too much for his enfeebled frame, and death came within a few days. He is survived by a daughter and two sons.

Major Salmon was born in Greenville District, S. C., January 26, 1839, but he was reared in Missouri, his father removing to that State the same year, locating near Versailles, in Morgan County. In May, 1861, the Salmon brothers enlisted in the Confederate cause. Harvey Salmon was first with Parsons's Brigade of Cavalry, later going into the infantry. He was soon promoted to a captaincy, and in the fall of 1861 was engaged in recruiting service in St. Louis and vicinity. He was captured in his home town of Versailles in December and spent the following year in different Federal prisons—St. Louis, Alton, and Johnson's Island. He was exchanged at Vicksburg in 1862, and again entered the Confederate service, being on the staff of General Parsons as chief of ordnance to the close of the war. He was surrendered at Shreveport, La., under Gen. E. Kirby Smith some time after Appomattox.

Harvey Salmon returned to Missouri, and in 1866 located at Clinton, where he became one of the leading business men of that place. From there he went to St. Louis some twenty years ago, but Clinton was ever held to be his home. In 1872, he was elected State treasurer, which position he filled with great credit. He was ever interested in the welfare of his Confederate comrades, and the Confederate Home at Higginsville was established largely through his efforts, and he served prominently on its board almost to the end. The Confederate monument at Springfield also attests to his interest and ability in perpetuating the heroism of the Confederate soldier, and it was a great pleasure to him to know that his friends of the blue gave generously to that memorial.

Major Salmon was married in 1871 to Miss Kate Kimbrough, who died many years ago. He now sleeps by her side in the cemetery at Clinton.

In tribute to this good friend and loyal Confederate veteran, the Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter, U. D. C., of St. Louis, held a memorial service to honor him who had served the South so loyally in his young years and who had been no less a citizen deserving of all respect and appreciation.

#### MARYLAND COMRADES.

Alexander Young Camp, No 500 U. C. V., of Frederick, Md., which at one time proudly boasted a membership of seventy-five, has ceased to exist. We kept up our organization until there were but two Confederate veterans left upon our rolls. We desire now to make this memorial to the last two of our veteran members:

Joseph H. Trundle, our last Commander, died in August, 1924, and in his passing our Camp lost an active and zealous member. Commander Trundle was in his eightieth year. He enlisted in the Confederate army in September, 1862, when but eighteen years of age, and served faithfully and well until the close of the war. He was a member of Company B, White's Battalion (35th Virginia), Laurel Brigade, Stuart's Cavalry Division, A. N. V., and as such was present and engaged in the great cavalry battle of Brandy Station on June 9, 1863; was present and a courier for General Ewell at Gettysburg; at Yellow Tavern, where Stuart was killed; and at Trevillian's Station, where the cavalry under Hampton drove back and defeated the Yankee cavalry under Custer and Sheridan; and he took part in many another fight; was with his command in the great cattle raid when Hampton captured and took into the Confederate lines some two thousand head of beef cattle intended for Grant's army, then investing Petersburg. Comrade Trundle never wavered in his love for the South or the principles for which he fought. After the war he returned to Maryland and was for many years the city ticket agent at Frederick for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Of an affable, kindly, generous disposition, he had a host of friends who mourned his passing.

Thomas B. Maynard, born July 20, 1831, died December 12, 1924, at his home in Libertytown, Md. Comrade Maynard was a member of Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, enlisting in 1862 when the regiment was formed at Winchester, Va. He served until the close of the war and participated in all the battles in which his command was engaged. He was a good soldier and a good citizen. With the exception of his three years of service in the Confederate army, he was engaged in farming until a short time before his death. He attended all of our reunions, and was never happier than when with his comrades of the sixties.

[Albert S. Brown, Secretary.]

#### GEORGE G. CHIPMAN.

In the death of Private George Gilford Chipman, Neshoba County, Miss., lost a valuable citizen. He died at his home near Union on July 14, 1927, after an illness of several months.

He was born in Kemper County, Miss., December 30, 1845, and there grew to manhood, or nearly so, going with his mother to Neshoba County in 1861. In February, 1863, he enlisted in the Confederate army, joining at Philadelphia, Miss., and becoming a member of Company D, 25th Mississippi Infantry, of which Col. Arthur E. Reynolds was in command. Capt. H. Donahue was his captain. He was sent to Virginia, and at once got into the thickest of the fight.

His first regular engagement was in the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse. Then followed Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor, Gaines's Mill, Weldon Railroad (where he was slightly wounded), and Petersburg. At Petersburg he was taken sick of fever and was furloughed home, and the surrender at Appomattox came before his furlough had expired.

On October 24, 1867, he was married to Miss Emily D. Portis, who died many years ago, leaving two sons. He then married Mrs. Josephine (Harper) Watkins, who survives him.

He was a splendid Christian gentleman, doing his bit in peace as well as in war. When the war was over, he returned



to his home and began life over again on the farm. With his widowed mother and sisters to support, his was a rather hard life, but he was honest and honorable and died loved and respected by all who knew him. He remained on the same farm to which he returned in 1865 until death removed him. He was buried with Masonic honors in the Neshoba Cemetery beside the wife of his earliest love.

JAMES VIVERETT.

This splendid citizen, James Viverett, departed this life at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lee Sansing, at Newton, Miss., July 13, 1927. He was born in Neshoba County, Miss., April 25, 1847, and was reared there on a farm, moving to Newton in the latter years of his life.

He joined the Confederate army in 1864, when he was seventeen years old, and was a member of Company G, 6th Mississippi Cavalry. He was under Colonel Harrison and Capt. E. J. Reynolds. This regiment was made up largely of o'd men and boys and did very little service outside of Mississippi. It was in a number of hot skirmishes and in the battle of Harrisburg, which was fought near Tupelo, Miss. In this battle the 6th Mississippi Cavalry lost nearly half of its men in killed and wounded. Colonel Harrison was killed in this battle. James Viverett was mustered out of service in May, 1865, after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. He made a good soldier.

Mr. Viverett was an honest, upright Christian gentleman, a member of the Baptist Church. He was married to Miss Mary Ann Walton, September 30, 1869. To this union one son and two daughters were born; the daughters and his aged wife surviving him. He was buried at Neshoba.

[Rev. R. L. Breland.]

JAMES M. HALL.

On July 25, James M. Hall died at his home in Tampa, Fla., after two years of declining health. He was seventy-nine years of age. He was born near LaGrange, Ark., in 1847, and had lived in Florida the last eighteen years. Comrade Hall is survived by his wife, a son and daughters, also nine grandchildren, two sisters, and a brother.

James M. Hall was a boy soldier of the Confederacy, and he rendered valuable service for his beloved South. In January, 1863, while attending school away from home, he and others of his classmates joined Captain Anderson's company, which was Company B of the 2nd Arkansas Cavalry, Dobbins's old regiment, and at that time in Walker's Brigade. It is said that he later held rank as major.

Returning to his home at the close of the war, Comrade Hall became an active citizen, taking part in many worthwhile undertakings for the upbuilding of his community and State. In his passing, a brave Confederate soldier, a Christian gentleman, and an honored and useful citizen has entered into the reward of the faithful.

A diary kept by Comrade Walker gives interesting glimpses of his service as a soldier. Telling of the effort to break up the raiding expeditions of the Federal troops, then in possession of Helena, Ark., he says: "Dobbins was determined to break this up. Being informed of a contemplated raid from Helena, our regiment broke camp and crossed Big Creek, in the southern part of Phillips County, and took position in easy striking distance as the Federal cavalry came out on the Little Rock road. We could see them coming around the hill at the foot of Crawley's Ridge. As the sun came up, a long line of negroes, with mules, wagons, plows, etc., came on. The Yankees were cultivating farms in cotton. We waited for the Federal cavalry, and did not fire a gun until

their rear had passed, then with a yell we charged and scattered them. A number were killed and wounded. Our prisoners and a large number of negroes, mules, etc., were sent to Camden and Arkadelphia and used on the government works and army wagons. . . . Later we had a cavalry fight with the Federals in LaGrange and drove them back to Helena. Many battles were fought throughout the years of 1863 and 1864, and into the spring of 1865, till we heard of the surrender at Appomattox."

DR. WILLIAM A. BOYLESTON.

Dr. William Alston Boyleston died at his home in Coushatta, La., November 16, 1926, aged eighty-four years. He was of that band of ardent young men who at the first call sprang to arms in defense of their country. He enlisted in May of 1861, and became a member of Company C, 9th Louisiana, of Hays's Louisiana Brigade, Jackson's Corps, A. N. V. He was with Lee in all of the great battles of the war in Virginia and was wounded and captured at Winchester in 1864.

After the war, he studied medicine and graduated from the University of Virginia. He came to Coushatta in 1876 and practiced his profession until he assumed the duties as president of the Bank of Coushatta and remained as such until failing health necessitated his retirement.

Dr. Boyleston first married Miss Minnie Lee, who died some years afterwards, and in 1900 he married Miss Mary Wamsley, who survives him. He is also survived by two sons and three daughters of his first marriage and one daughter of the last marriage.

As a soldier, Christian, and citizen, he lived up to the principles he professed. His life was exemplary, clean, and consistent, and he enjoyed the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He was a member of the Methodist Church.

[L. W. Stephens.]

HUNT BRECKINRIDGE.

Report has come of the death of Hunt Breckinridge, of Chicago, formerly of Louisville, Ky., which occurred on June 16. His body was taken to Lexington for interment in the family lot of the cemetery there.

Hunt Breckinridge was a son of Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, who served on the staff of Gen. R. E. Lee as medical inspector of field hospitals and camps, A. N. V., to which he was assigned September 23, 1863, and he was on duty as such at Macon, Ga., March 19, 1864, and at Petersburg, Va., September 10, 1864. Dr. Breckinridge first served as surgeon of the 5th Texas Infantry, appointment November 8, 1861. Hunt Breckinridge was born in Louisville, Ky., June 2, 1856, and grew up in that State, later going to Missouri, and thence to Chicago some twenty-four years ago, where he held position as accountant for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Kate Hunt, a cousin of Gen. John H. Morgan, and a daughter.

MAJ. ROBERT GIBSON.

On the 2nd of June, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Fred I. Clarke, of Dallas, Tex., Maj. Robert Gibson answered to the Last Roll Call. He would have been ninety-three years old on July 21. Interment was in Oakland Cemetery, Dallas.

Major Gibson had been secretary-treasurer of the Texas Cotton Seed Crushers Association since its organization in 1894, and of the Inter-State Cotton Seed Crushers Association since its organization at Nashville, Tenn., in 1897. He could well, therefore, be called the "father-in-fact" of the industry and of these two valuable associations, which he represented for so many years.



## MAJ. HAMPTON J. CHENEY.

In his ninety-second year, Maj. Hampton J. Cheney died at his home in Nashville, Tenn., on September 12. He was one of the city's most distinguished citizens.

Hampton J. Cheney was born in Rapides Parish, La., June 2, 1836, the son of Hampton J. and Mary Eliza Smith Cheney. The family removed to Middle Tennessee in his early boyhood, and his education was received in the schools of Nashville and the Kentucky Military Institute, where he graduated at the age of nineteen with the highest honors.

In 1861, when Tennessee left the Union, young Cheney volunteered for the South, and served in Virginia as commanding officer of Company C, Bate's 2nd Tennessee Regiment. Going through the early Virginia campaign, he returned to Tennessee in time to take part in the battle of Shiloh. He was then appointed on the staff of Gen. John C. Brown, with rank of major, and from that time was in every battle fought by the Army of Tennessee. During Hood's campaign in 1864, he was attached to General Bate's staff as adjutant general.

He was wounded several times during his service, but always returned to his command quickly and took part in its battles. Though wounded at Lookout Mountain, he fought the next day in the battle of Missionary Ridge; was again wounded at the battle of Powder Springs Road, near Marietta, Ga., but continued in service to the end.

After the war, Major Cheney began a successful business career in Nashville as a partner in one of the largest cotton mill concerns of the entire South. However, eight years later he returned to farming and so continued until he was made assistant postmaster under Cleveland's first administration. In 1892 he represented Davidson County in the State Senate, and following this he was appointed postmaster at Nashville in 1894, serving until 1898. Shortly afterwards he was elected comptroller of the city of Nashville, which he held for eight years. He retired from active business some years ago, but was in vigorous health until a few weeks before the end. He is survived by a daughter. His wife was Miss Amanda Stratton, daughter of Col. Madison Stratton.

## MEMBERS OF TOM GREEN CAMP, U. C. V.

Report of J. J. Robertson, Adjutant of Tom Green Camp, No. 72, U. C. V., of Abilene, Tex., on members who have died recently:

J. B. Ault, for seven years a resident of Abilene, a member and a deacon of the Baptist Church, died on July 4. He was born in Alabama, August 14, 1846, and was thus among the youngest of those who wore the gray. The family removed to Texas during his early boyhood, and from that State he entered the Confederate army, and his faithful service is attested by the Cross of Honor and the Stone Mountain Memorial medal bestowed upon him. He was married in 1876, and a son and two daughters survive him. A loyal and faithful member of Tom Green Camp, U. C. V., his passing is sincerely mourned.

John S. Kean died at Abilene on July 6. He was the youngest member of Tom Green Camp, lacking two days of completing seventy-seven years. Though scarcely fifteen years old at the close of the war, he had given some valuable service as a courier. He had lived at Abilene since 1882, thus being one of the earliest pioneers of that city. Surviving him are two daughters and two sons.

J. M. Rucker, who went to Texas some thirty years ago from Franklin County, Ala., was another soldier of the South who helped to build up that great State. He died at his home in the "Caps Community" at the age of eighty-two years. He is survived by his wife, five sons, and two daughters,

also thirty grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. He had been a leading citizen of Taylor County for the past quarter of a century.

Comrade Rucker was the youngest of nine brothers who fought for the South. He served in the 4th Alabama Regiment, under Gen. N. B. Forrest, and took part in many important battles during three and a half years. He had been a member of the Baptist Church for fifty-seven years, and served forty years as deacon.

But ten members are now left to Tom Green Camp.

## L. G. PHILLIPS.

On Thanksgiving Day of 1926, the spirit of L. G. Phillips, gallant soldier and beloved citizen, passed into the realms of immortality. He had reached the age of eighty-nine years, and was making his home with his daughter, Mrs. C. H. Tomlinson, of Mansfield, Ohio.

Comrade Phillips enlisted at Rochefort, Boone County, Mo., in 1861, under Capt. George Elgin, and was in the battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, with Wade's 1st Missouri Battery, which was consolidated with Guibor's Battery after the fall of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863. He was with Joe Johnston in the Atlanta campaign, and with Hood in the battles at Franklin and Nashville, Tenn.

## MCNAIR BROTHERS.

James N. McNair, a member of Company F, 5th Virginia Regiment, died at Lynchburg, Va., on December 29, 1926, at the age of ninety-one years. He entered the service of the Confederacy during the first year of the war, was captured at the battle of the Wilderness, and held in prison until June, 1865, being about eighteen months a prisoner.

Richard McNair was a member of Company F, 14th Virginia Cavalry. He enlisted the second year of the war, was captured in West Virginia, held in prison at Alton, Ill., for eight months; was then exchanged, and served until the surrender at Appomattox. He died at Roanoke, Va., on February 17, 1922, in his eighty-third year.

Both were members of Stonewall Jackson Camp, C. V., of Staunton, Va.

Another brother, George McNair, was wounded at the first battle of Manassas, later developed pneumonia, and died.

## TRISTRAM THOMAS BURKE.

Tristram T. Burke died at his home near Chesterfield, S. C., on July 20, after some years of failing health. He was fifty-three years of age on July 4, 1927.

One of the first volunteers from Chesterfield County, he and his brother Jesse, in September, 1861, joined the Kirkwood Rangers, 6th Cavalry Regiment, and were in the troop of Captain Shannon. The rangers reached Manassas just after the battle. Because of their splendid training and equipment, they were chosen by General Whiting as bodyguards, and later served as such for General Longstreet. The command took part in the Peninsular campaign, and some of the company helped to carry Johnston from the field when he was wounded at Seven Pines. During the seven days fighting about Richmond, Comrade Burke was made courier for General Lee. When Longstreet was sent West during the autumn of 1863, Burke's company was annexed to the 7th Regiment, but shortly afterwards he was sent to the hospital with an infected foot, and later he was sent home to help gather up horses, and during the time General Lee surrendered.

During the days of reconstruction, Comrade Burke took an active part in routing the carpetbaggers and otherwise in reestablishing law and order in his State.



## THOMAS PARKE CRAIG.

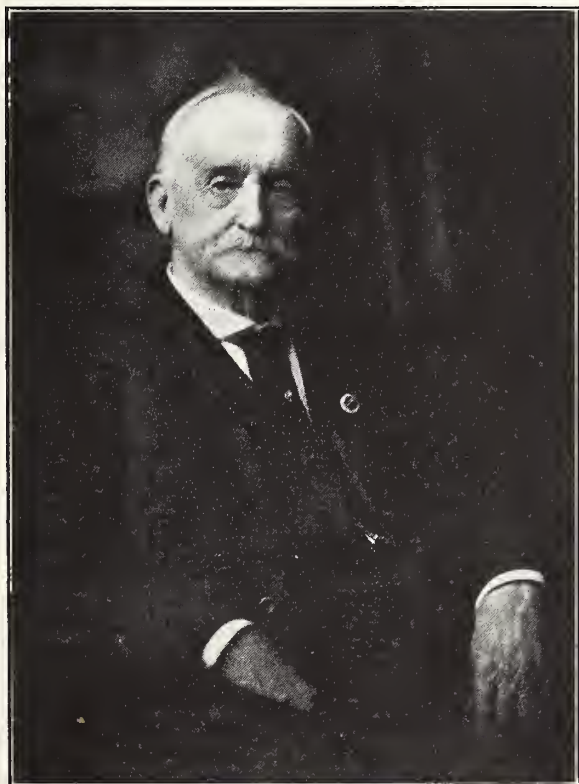
In the passing of Thomas Parke Craig, one of the best beloved and most highly respected citizens of Chesterfield County, S. C., has been lost. "Uncle Tommy," as he was affectionately called, was eighty-seven years of age, and had been in failing health for some time. He was teaching school in Kershaw County when war was declared in 1861, and he joined a company which had been organized by J. C. Coit, of Cheraw, and this company left for Charleston the day after Fort Sumter was attacked. There the company became a part of the 8th South Carolina, under Colonel Cash, and Dr. Tom Lucas was their major. The regiment was afterwards attached to Kershaw's Brigade, Longstreet's Division. It was sent to Virginia during the summer of 1861 and took part in the battle of Manassas, the first big battle of the war; the command was also in nearly all the big battles near Richmond. Thomas Craig was wounded in the head by a piece of shrapnel on the second day at Gettysburg. He was captured during a raid by a part of Sherman's army on a hospital train, and remained a prisoner to the end of the war. He could give an interesting account of his experiences as soldier and prisoner. He was married to Mrs. Sallie Strayhorn, of Arkansas, who died some years ago. Two brothers survive him.

[Mrs. G. K. Laney, President U. D. C., Chesterfield.]

## JUDGE JOHN C. WEST: A TRIBUTE.

BY KATIE DAFFAN, THIRD VICE PRESIDENT GENERAL, U. D. C.

God chooses the hearts of such men as Judge John C. West as his means of helping men and of teaching them purity, kindness, and unselfishness. Such a life teaches us that it is the nameless, half-remembered acts of kindness and gentle-



JUDGE JOHN C. WEST.

ness that make a noble life; it is the speaking of the still small voice through the hearts of noble men.

The death of Judge West, in his ninety-fourth year, at his home in Waco, Tex., July 12, 1927, brought sadness to the hearts of all who knew him. His was a distinct and a lovable personality that impressed itself clearly and permanently upon all who had the gracious opportunity of knowing him. In his Christian life there was a beautiful consistency which gave to it an evenness, a proper balance and proportion. There was no halfway ground in the observance of his Christian duties. His life of golden deeds and of thoughtful service was at one with the Master's service, and he carried the banner of the Christian soldier even unto his last waking moments.

Judge West, born in Camden, S. C., in 1834, came to Texas at the age of twenty-two, and, in 1861, he joined Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A. He was faithful to the standard of the Confederacy during the four terrible years of conflict and throughout his entire life. His book, "A Texan in Search of a Fight," gives an interesting account of his experience as a Confederate soldier in Hood's Texas Brigade. The book possesses a charm all its own, an enthusiasm, a keen sense of humor, and it shows clearly that the author possessed the priceless gift of being able to find, each day, it matters not what might be the condition, something for which we may praise God.

His dear life was radiant in the fine high art of making and holding friends. He knew just how to be a true friend, therefore he attracted unto himself the friendship of many. He performed many services known to others, but he performed many more that were not known save to the all-seeing Master and to the individual who received his assistance. He was a friend to every unselfish cause and to every honorable, clean enterprise. He was at all times a friend to the unfortunate.

Mrs. John C. West, a greatly beloved and lovable woman, who died in 1903, was the first historian of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and in her memory the Mary West Chapter, in Waco is named. Two daughters and one son survive this beloved citizen soldier—Mrs. Mary West Beatty, formerly First Vice President of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and for many years President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter at Houston, now a resident of Waco, her childhood home. Miss Decca Lamar West, formerly President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., and formerly chairman of the Jefferson Davis Highway and President of Mary West Chapter, Waco. These dear daughters gave absolutely their time, their strength, and their loving care to their precious father, and thereby brought happiness and cheer to his declining days. Stark West, the only son, throughout the years, has placed first the comfort, the well-being, and the happiness of his dear father. Too much cannot be said in praise of such dutiful love and such continued unselfishness as this beloved son gave to his aged father.

Beautiful remembrance and respect were accorded Judge West in death by the Confederate veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Waco bar, of which he was the oldest member and dean, by all civic organizations and organized woman's work. Dr. J. M. Dawson, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Waco, pronounced touching, eloquent eulogy upon the unusual life of Judge West, and it was my own privilege to give expression to the love which is in my own heart for him. And now, in eternal happiness and in the glorified presence of his beloved ones gone on before, he will watch over and wait for those who are left to miss him. May we all be more like him, and live more nearly to the practices and the glorious principles of his life of consecrated service to the Master.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*  
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. . . . . *First Vice President General*  
MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . *Second Vice President General*  
186 Bethlehem Pike  
MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. . . . . *Third Vice President General*  
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MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. . . . . *Corresponding Secretary General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Treasurer General*  
Rural Route No. 2  
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. . . . . *Historian General*  
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert  
MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St Louis, Mo. . . . . *Registrar General*  
5330 Pershing  
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. . . . . *Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. . . . . *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. C. FORG, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* This letter will necessarily be somewhat devoted to the plans and requirements of officers and committees arranging for the general convention, U. D. C., which will be held in Charleston, S. C., beginning Sunday, November 13, with religious service at Old St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church.

Dr. S. Cary Beckwith, rector in charge, extends to the officers and all delegates and friends present a most cordial invitation to attend St. Philip's Church Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, at which time the sermon will be preached by the Rt. Rev. William A. Guerry, Bishop of South Carolina.

It is hoped that the matter of opening the convention with services at some church in the hostess city will become a custom. No Daughter who was present at St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va., in November, 1926, upon the invitation of Dr. Tucker, will ever forget the inspiration of that occasion. Let all who can arrange to do so reach Charleston in time for the service Sunday morning.

Another matter is that of enforcing Article VII, Section 2, of the By-Laws. This provides that each Chapter shall send the *per capita* fee for every member, with a typed list of each member for whom the *per capita* tax is paid. This was not enforced last year for reasons beyond our control, but it will be enforced this year and, therefore, the attention of each Division President is called to this requirement.

The Treasurer General, Mrs. B. A. Blenner, of Richmond, has called the attention of each Chapter to this requirement, and the chairman of Credentials, Mrs. Dolph Long, of North Carolina, will send with the credential blanks a letter of instructions, which will include this requirement. This notice from the President General is the third time the Chapters will have been reminded of a by-law with which they should be familiar without any reminder. Therefore, when your delegates come from near or from afar and find that they are not entitled to represent the Chapter because the officers of the Chapter did not pay attention to this requirement, please do not think the Credential Committee is autocratic.

The Division Presidents will bear in mind that the dinner at which they discuss their problems with the President General will be as usual on Monday night. This time it will be given in the ballroom of the Hotel Francis Marion, and the Presidents will be the guests of the President General.

Division Presidents are requested to send at once the names of the two Division Pages they have appointed to serve during the convention. Kindly send these names to Mrs. I. G. Ball, Chairman of Pages, 13 New Street, Charleston, S. C.

The reports of work accomplished this year will thrill the Daughters with pardonable pride. So much has been completed; so much has grown in strength and prospered; and so many chairmen are filled with enthusiasm which reveals itself in their work.

It will be of interest to know that there will be an award made for the first time by the Committee on University Prize for Confederate Essay. The chairman of this committee, Mrs. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va., is much gratified by the remarkable papers of over fifty thousand words she has received. The judges are now considering these.

The Daughters hardly appreciate this work, probably for the reason that it apparently costs them so little. They personally do not have to labor over raising annually the money, and so they dismiss from their minds this vital part of our history work. This valuable prize attracts wide attention, and intelligent, scholarly individuals delve and write for many months in order to compete for it. This develops an intelligent view of matters Southern in connection with great historic periods of national life. We cannot overestimate the importance of this prize in developing a proper interpretation and appreciation of the history of our country.

We extend a hearty welcome to our new Chapter in Wyoming. At Caspar, the "Yellowstone" Chapter has been chartered, with Mrs. Charles L. Reed the President. It is cause for rejoicing that Wyoming is now numbered among our States with a Chapter of our organization. It is hoped that this new Chapter may be represented in Charleston and so become filled with enthusiasm for the great work to be carried on.

RUTH LAWTON.

## A SOUTH CAROLINA WELCOME.

PICKENS, S. C., August 28, 1927.

The South Carolina Division is anticipating with real joy the coming session of the general convention to be held in Charleston, November 14-19, and hopes for the pleasure of entertaining many guests. The Charleston Chapter is arranging the many details, and prospects are bright for a constructive and interesting meeting. An opportunity will be given to visit many historic spots, and numerous social courtesies will be extended. The South Carolina Division will entertain the officers and all delegates to the convention at a luncheon on Tuesday, November 15, at half past one o'clock, in Hibernian Hall, and it is earnestly hoped that they will plan their arrival before that hour so that the Division may have the pleasure of meeting them before the formal session begins that evening. We hope to have the largest



attendance on record, and assure you that the State of South Carolina and the South Carolina Division stand with open arms to receive you.

Cordially yours.

FRANCES H. MAULDIN,  
President South Carolina Division, U. D. C.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Connecticut.*—About \$250 was raised by Greenwich Chapter for the Mississippi flood sufferers at a concert given in the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, which proved to be a most enjoyable affair. There was no admission charge, a collection being taken during the evening.

The artists who offered their services were Mary Craig, soprano, and Herman Gelhensen, baritone, both of whom were most happy in the choice of their selections and delighted their audience. Mrs. E. Norman Scott, of Greenwich, accompanist, entertained the artists for dinner at her home preceding the concert.

Four society girls, attired in costumes dating back to the war period, received the contributions in money from the audience during the evening. They were Miss Emily Lincoln, Miss Elizabeth Schwarz, Miss Becky Lanier, and Mrs. Horace B. Reed.

\* \* \*

*Louisiana.*—Louisiana's wearers of the gray and their widows have been paid about \$15,000,000 in pensions since 1898, the year of the enactment of the first Confederate pension law in the State. On the State's pension rolls at present are 3,585 veterans and widows, to whom pensions are being paid at a rate of about \$1,250,000 annually. The roll of pensioners grew steadily from 1898 until 1917, when a maximum of 6,273 was reached. Since the first quarter of that year a gradual decline, due to deaths and other causes, has been evident.

The first pension law entitled a limited number of war veterans to a maximum of \$6 a month, and only 707 of the privileged ones took advantage of the law. This number included other classes of veterans who were to be paid at the rate of \$5 and \$4 a month. In 1899, owing to the rapid increase of the number of pensioners, it was necessary to reduce the scale of payments by twenty-five per cent. There were 1,331 on the rolls at the end of this year, the number continually increasing until a peak was reached in the first quarter of 1917.

Until 1906, the 1899 rates remained effective, but in that year a special class, paying \$6.50 a month, was provided. A uniform basis was established at \$5.67 a month in 1911, and this amount was subsequently raised gradually to the present rate of \$30 a month, paid from the proceeds of a three-fourths mill State-wide tax, which yields approximately the necessary amount. Since 1924, however, State bonds have been issued several times in order that the \$30 rate might be continued. Decreases in the number of pensioners will in time bring about a condition allowing the payment of these bonds from the excess yield of the tax for veterans.

Members of the Division are looking forward with pleasure to the convention, postponed from last May on account of flood conditions, which will meet October 4, 5, 6, in Shreveport. Most encouraging reports are expected. The work accomplished so far in marking the Jefferson Davis Highway at both the State and parish boundaries is very satisfactory indeed.

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*Maryland.*—In the passing of Mrs. Preston P. Power into the silent places of the Great Beyond, the Maryland Division

has lost one of its most beloved and valued officers. A woman of marked ability, of keen and cool judgment, she brought to each phase of her activities in the U. D. C. organization deep and abiding love and the spirit of true service. Her co-workers will cherish always the memory of her friendship and the Christian virtues she exemplified. For several years Mrs. Power was State Editor for this Division and was the first of its three advisers.

"Sleep, sweetly sleep, in honored rest!"

A Chapter to be known as the Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, No. 1940, has attained the distinction of being the youngest child in the galaxy of this Division. Its President, Mrs. James W. Westcott, with the verve and spirit of her forbears, has, in a labor of love, recruited its members from among the younger contingent. Entrusted to them is a torch that they may so carry on the sacred memories of the parlous days of 1861-65 that another generation may see an added light cast upon the truths of Confederate history.

An entertainment at the Woman's Club, Roland Park, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, Division President, chairman, assisted by Mrs. J. W. Westcott, First Vice President, Mrs. Frank Parran, Third Vice President, and others, realized the sum of \$300.

Mrs. Montgomery Selden, daughter of J. Lyle Clarke, lieutenant colonel of the 30th Battalion, Virginia Regiment of Sharpshooters, C. S. A., has presented, through Miss Sally Washington Maupin, Baltimore Chapter No. 8, the valuable collection of documents relating to that organization to the Confederate Room, Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore. These war papers include original rosters of companies, descriptive rolls, general orders, medical discharges for disability, court-martial proceedings, etc.

Also an ornament, a star with perforated points, pearl button center, fashioned from a silver spoon by a Confederate prisoner of Colonel Clarke's command and presented for the purpose of holding in place the drooping feather in his slouch hat.

\* \* \*

*Missouri.*—The thirtieth annual convention of the Missouri Division will be held at Richmond, October 18, 19, 20. The Brown Rives Chapter, No. 1375, will be hostess. Mrs. T. H. Fields is the Chapter President. A large attendance is urged by Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, President of the Division.

Mrs. Jesse T. McMahon, of Blackwater, organizer and President of Cooper County Chapter (a Chapter that has always been one hundred per cent), writes of a delightful meeting at the home of Mrs. E. M. Shayen, who was hostess at a luncheon for the Cooper County Chapter and the Emmett McDonald Chapter, of Sedalia. Several toasts were given by distinguished guests and Chapter members.

Honor guests of the Cooper County Chapter at a luncheon, August 10, at the historic old inn at Arrow Rock, in compliment to the Cooper County veterans and their wives, were Gen. A. A. Pearson, State Commander, U. C. V., and Mrs. Pearson, their daughter, Mrs. Louis H. Stark, and Mrs. Hugh Miller, of Kansas City.

The Kingdom of Calloway County Chapter, at Auxvasse, held an all-day meeting August 12, at the home of Mrs. Wade Fewell.

Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, State President, and Mrs. E. M. Carter, State Corresponding Secretary, were guests of honor. It was in every way a splendid occasion. The Chapter entertained twelve ladies of Calloway County who are eligible for membership at this meeting. They were also honored by the presence of two Confederate veterans, George



W. Kemp and W. M. Ferguson, who served with General Jackson.

Contributions for the Food Relief Fund of our own State as well as the districts farther south, were generously made by our Division. The Sterling Price Chapter, of St. Joseph, contributed \$50 toward this fund, keeping the high standard always held by this Chapter for generous response for every worthy cause.

Fifteen Confederate veterans of Boone County were present at the luncheon given in their honor by the John S. Marmaduke Chapter, at the Christian Church, Columbia, August 10. It was the sixty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Wilson Creek, fought August 10, 1861.

The Rev. Marvin T. Haw gave the invocation. After the luncheon, Mrs. M. R. Wise gave a talk on the Confederate reunion at Tampa, Fla., in April, closing with a poem on Missouri. Mrs. Z. M. Strong, accompanied by Miss Katherine Pritchard, sang "America the Beautiful," and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." Mrs. J. W. Robinson told of the battle of Wilson Creek. Several of the veterans spoke briefly of their experiences in the war, and Mrs. Mary Dysart described the adventures of a relative, who, when wounded, was cared for by sympathetic strangers.

In the business meeting of the U. D. C., held after the luncheon, it was voted to place a book on the life of Jefferson Davis in the Columbia High School library.

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*North Carolina.*—The greatest historical work of the North Carolina Division during the past year has been the placing of a marker on the battle field of Bentonville, which was the scene of the last important battle on North Carolina soil in the War between the States.

Mrs. John Huske Anderson, of Fayetteville, who retired as State Historian at the convention last October, was named chairman for this and raised the funds. The marker was unveiled on Thursday, September 15, with impressive ceremonies.

Mrs. Walter F. Woodard, of Wilson, the State President, was in charge of the exercises, which were witnessed by a great gathering of U. D. C. and other interested people. The North Carolina Historical Commission assisted the U. D. C. in placing the marker and had a prominent part of the program of the day.

Mrs. Anderson made the presentation speech. Gov. Angus McLean gave the acceptance speech, which was followed by the singing of the State song, "The Old North State Forever." Gen. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, who was one of the Junior Reserves, gave reminiscences, which were among the most enjoyable features of the day's program. Col. Fred A. Olds, in charge of the Historical Museum of North Carolina, gave a history of the Boys' Brigade.

A. R. Newsome, secretary of the North Carolina Historical Commission, paid tribute to World War Veterans who were descendants of Confederate veterans.

A basket picnic dinner, a sham battle by batteries of the State Guard, and airplane maneuvers were also features of the full day.

North Carolina Daughters are busying themselves for their annual State convention, which takes place the second week of October in Asheville, with the Asheville and the Fanny Patton Chapters as hostesses. Mrs. Walter F. Woodard, of Wilson, is rounding up her first year's work, which seems one of the best in the history of the Division. Notable in the year's work have been the raising of the

Bentonville fund; the raising of funds to erect a chapel at the Confederate Woman's Home at Fayetteville; securing increased pensions for Confederate veterans and their widows, the amount for veterans being \$1 per day and for widows \$20 per month; the securing of an appropriation from the legislature of \$50,000 for a monument to be placed at Gettysburg, where North Carolina troops forged farthest ahead; beautification of the Jefferson Davis Highway through North Carolina; State maintenance of the Confederate cemetery at Raleigh; and many other smaller accomplishments.

\* \* \*

*Virginia.*—September 2 was Confederate Day in old King William County, for on that day Mrs. Frank A. Perry, chairman of Fifth District, invited the whole county to assemble at Central High School. The purpose of the gathering was to create a wider interest in Confederate activities with a view to organizing a Chapter embracing the whole of King William County. Hon. Boyd Sears, of Mathews, made the address of the day, a masterly appeal that the people of the South live up to their splendid heritage.

Mrs. A. C. Ford, President of Virginia Division, made a short talk in regard to the purposes and work of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Martin, of Richmond, sang delightfully several old songs. At the completion of the program, an informal conference was held to discuss the proposed Chapter organization.

It was a most interesting occasion and will doubtless result in greatly increased activities in Confederate service.

#### FOR PRESIDENT GENERAL.

The Texas Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy wishes to announce the candidacy of Miss Katie Daffan, of Ennis, Tex., for the high office of President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She is the daughter of Mr. L. A. Daffan (deceased), a gallant member of Hood's Texas Brigade. She helped to organize the Texas Division at Victoria, in 1896, where she was elected one of the Vice Presidents, and was elected a delegate to the general convention at Baltimore the following year. She was elected several times State Secretary, Texas Division, and twice State President. She is Life Secretary of Hood's Texas Brigade, and is now Third Vice President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She is always present at the State conventions and the reunions of Hood's Brigade. She was the first superintendent of the Women's Confederate Home after it was taken over by the State and was one of the United Daughters of the Confederacy who helped to found the Home.

No woman in the South is better fitted to fill the high office we seek for her than Miss Daffan. She is thoroughly conversant with every phase of the work, and she is a fine student of Southern history, a writer of several books. One of these is a supplementary reader, which is used in the schools, called "Texas Heroes," containing valuable information. She is a woman of great magnetism and an eloquent speaker. She is handsome, dignified, courteous, and has a most delightful personality. No more zealous member of our beloved organization lives than Miss Katie Daffan, and we urge her support by all the States for her election as President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy when the convention meets at Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. T. WROE,  
Executive Board, Texas Division, U. D. C.



## Historical Department, U. D. C.

**MOTTO:** "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

**KEY WORD:** "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

**MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.**

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

**GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESSES**

*U. D. C. Program for October.*

**NORTH CAROLINA SECEDED May 20, 1861.**

In the Confederate Congresses, North Carolina was represented by the following citizens. In giving the list of names, the letter "P" following stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for First and Second Congresses.

**Senators:** George Davis (1); William T. Dortch (1, 2); Edwin G. Reade (1); William A. Graham (2).

**Representatives:** George Davis (P); W. W. Avery (P); W. N. H. Smith (P, 1, 2); Thomas D. McDowell (P, 1); A. W. Venable (P); John P. Morehead (P); R. C. Puryear (P); A. T. Davidson (P, 1); Burton Craige (P); Thomas Ruffin (P); Robert R. Bridgers (1, 2); Owen R. Kenan (1); Thomas S. Ashe (1); J. R. McLean (1); William Lander (1); Burgess S. Gaither (1, 2); Archibald H. Arrington (1); James T. Leach (2); Josiah Turner (2); John A. Gilmer (2); James M. Leach (2); George W. Logan (2); James G. Ramsey (2); Thomas C. Fuller (2).

### C. OF C. PROGRAM

OCTOBER.

Locate Knoxville, Tenn. Describe first raid of Gen. John H. Morgan—Knoxville, Livingston, Selina, Tompkinsville, Ky. Glasgow, Lebanon, Springfield, Harrodsburg, Lawrenceburg, etc.

Read "Old Miss," by Howard Weedon. Library of Southern Literature, Volume XIII, 5726.

### C. OF C. CATECHISM.

Did the Confederate States have any army or navy at their command at first, or any preparations for war?

None; they had hoped to depart in peace.

What effort was made by leading statesmen of the South to arbitrate peacefully?

They urged President Lincoln immediately after his election to call a National Constitutional Convention.

What did they hope to gain by this?

They believed that if the Northern and Southern leaders would get together and talk matters over calmly, war might be avoided.

Did Mr. Lincoln call such a convention?

No; he refused, and instead called for 75,000 volunteers to "put down the insurrection in the South."

Why was this unwise and unjust?

It was unjust because the States had a perfect legal right to withdraw from the Union when the original compact had been broken; and unwise because it precipitated a horrible war of bloodshed which might have been avoided.

Where was President Davis imprisoned?

In Fortress Monroe.

For how long?

Nearly three years.

Name two of the most noted commanders of the Confederate Navy?

Admiral Raphael Semmes and Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury.

What is Commodore Maury called in naval history?

The "Pathfinder of the Seas."

Name a noted sea fight in which it was first demonstrated that a "gunboat" (warship) could and should be "iron-clad"?

The fight between the Monitor and the Virginia (Merrimac) in Hampton Roads. (Director to expand this answer.)

### INDICATION OF RANK, C. S. A.

Many inquiries have been received by the Historian General in regard to the indication of rank on the Confederate uniforms, as shown in pictures, especially those in the Confederate Portrait Album. The following information has been received from Lieut. Col. C. A. Bach, Chief of the Historical Section of the Army War College, Washington, D. C., and is authentic.

If you will procure from your library the atlas which accompanies the publication, "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, 1861-1865," and will turn to Plate 172 in that publication, you will secure information in regard to indication of rank on Confederate uniform. Also, a set of pictures accompanies the publication, "The Army of the United States," which was prepared and executed by the Quartermaster General of the Army, and Plate 28 is a picture of Union officers for the period 1861-1866. The grouping of the buttons on the uniforms is carried out as follows: The buttons of a lieutenant general and of a major general are arranged in groups of threes, while those of a brigadier general are grouped in twos.

Available information as to the collar badges to be worn on Confederate uniforms indicates that a general wore three stars inclosed in a wreath, the central star larger than the other two; a colonel had three stars without the wreath; a lieutenant colonel, two stars; a major, one star; a captain, three parallel bars; a first lieutenant, two, and second lieutenant, one. Rank was further indicated by braid sewed on the sleeve at the cuff: Four strands for a general, three for a colonel, two for a captain, and one for a lieutenant. Non-commissioned grades were indicated by chevrons worn just below the shoulder on the sleeve, arranged as follows: For sergeant major, three stripes arranged in a V, point downward, surmounted by an arc of three braids; quartermaster sergeant, a similar chevron, the arc being replaced by three braids straight across the upper points of the V; ordnance sergeant, a similar chevron not surmounted by any other device, but inclosing in the open space of the V a single star; first sergeant, similar to ordnance sergeant, but a diamond replaced the star; sergeant, a chevron of three stripes, V pointing downward, without further ornament; and a corporal, two stripes similarly arranged.

Shoulder epaulettes for the Union army of the period were as follows: For a lieutenant general, three stars, one star larger than the other two; major general, one large and one small star; brigadier general, one large star.

This detail concerning the Union army insignia is given for the reason that it is believed there was great similarity in the marking of them in the two sides to the conflict.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*  
Athens, Ga.  
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA.....  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## MEMORIAL WORK.

*My Dear Coworkers:* Activities along many lines of Confederate endeavor bring the assurance that the spirit of the South may slumber, but it never sleeps, but only rests a while that added strength and inspiration may be gained for the new awakening. A notable instance is the call to the S. C. V. for revival in work by an effort to be put forth to secure two hundred thousand new members before the reunion next year. May we not unite our forces in every association to aid in this splendid work and see to it that every family connected with the C. S. M. A. shall help enroll at least one member? We stand pledged to help in every possible way any movement that has for its purpose the support and extension of any line of work to perpetuate Southern traditions and Southern ideals as well as Southern history.

*The John B. Gordon Memorial Association.*—Too long delayed, but at last shaping plans for the purchase and preservation of the home of Gen. John B. Gordon as a memorial to this gallant and beloved leader in the great struggle for State Rights—there is much gratification in the crystalization of the movement. Meetings have recently been held, a charter secured, and ex-Gov. Hugh M. Dorsey, of Georgia, chosen as president. The writer had the pleasure of attending the preliminary meetings as a charter member and has pledged for you your moral support and whatever of financial assistance within our jurisdiction, feeling that every association would want at least some small part in thus paying tribute to as gallant a commander as ever led his forces to battle. In planning your work this fall, remember "Sutherland," the home of Gen. John B. Gordon.

## "REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH."

When our gifted Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. Bryan W. Collier, modestly gave to the world of letters her first volume of "Representative Women of the South," she had a vision and a dream of a wonderful work to be done in preserving for future generations the true types of the women who themselves helped to create the high ideals, lofty patriotism and chivalry of the sons of the South and the winsome grace, charm, and culture of the high-born Southern gentlewoman. How marvelous has been the success attending Mrs. Collier's "dream of fair women" is evidenced by the fact that three volumes have already been placed in the annals of prized history of the South, and as you read these lines the fourth volume is just off the press, carrying in its pages a

wonderful collection of beautiful faces, with historic sketches of the royalty of which our Southland can proudly boast. Many names are linked with the best blood of the United Kingdom and the Isles of the sea. Than Mrs. Collier no woman could be found better fitted to make the royal settings for these chosen ideals; and in the exquisite introduction by Hon. Lucian Lamar Knight, than whom the nation boasts no more brilliant writer, is found a pen picture which every appreciative Southerner will desire to possess and preserve. We would pay a deserved tribute to both the charming woman, whose vision has become a beautiful reality, and to the knightliest hero of them all, the silver-tongued orator who dips his pen in the ink of the magician and draws word pictures of inexpressible beauty.

The continued illness of Miss Rutherford, our beloved Historian General, is a cause for general regret, but improvement leads to the hope of an early recovery.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,  
*President General, C. S. M. A.*

## "REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH."

Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier is bringing out the fourth volume of her great work, "Representative Women of the South." Dr. Lucian Lamar Knight, who contributed the foreword for Mrs. Collier's first volume, pays the following appreciative tribute to this work:

"It was the writer's happy fortune, some few years back, to pen the introduction to Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier's first book, the initial volume of a series which has since grown into such a wonderful symposium of biography, replete with a splendid name and full of the tender grace of a vanished era. It is indeed a most fascinating exhibit. But when the author first ventured upon her task, it was still an untried experiment. The marvelous success which has since prospered the adventure was then a thing of the future, an unrealized issue which was still upon the knees of the gods.

"But what was vague to the multitude was clear to the prophet. It is now in order for me to repeat the hackneyed phrase, 'I told you so,' for what I then promised has since come to pass; what I then wrote in the language of fulsome prophecy, Mrs. Collier has since made real in the minuteness of precise detail; she has redeemed my promissory note of indorsement in the currency of minted gold. There is a world of satisfaction in feeling that I can now acclaim myself the herald of such a pageant—the curtain lifter for such a tableau.



"Every achievement which is truly worth while is born in a dream. But the acorn out of which this idea grew was something more than a vision of the night. Let us call it an inspiration. It seized upon the author's heart with the power of a divine obsession. It claimed a monopoly of all her resources, both of mind and of heart, putting every energy of soul under the Roman tribute to produce a classic.

"These qualifications were imperious. But without an ancestral background to identify her with the best traditions of the South, of whose life her own was vitally a part, without the credentials which attach to the birthright of illustrious forebears, success could never have been achieved. To accomplish such a task there was needed complete identification, the dower of genius, the claim of inheritance, and the gift of the spirit. In a word, there was needed a peculiar fitness, a divine anointing. Only the High Priest could enter the Holy of Holies, and for anyone else to approach the inner shrine was a profanation. Mrs. Collier's success was only a corollary to her equipment. Given her qualifications for the task, her success was assured from the beginning—a foregone conclusion.

"The story of the Old South is one for which literature has a tender longing and to which romance has lent an undying charm. It is one of which our own section never tires and to which other sections might turn, if not with pleasure, at least with profit. Its lofty ideals of chivalry, of obligation, and of honor need to be revived in this age of frenzied finance, when the 'jingle of the guinea' drowns all other music.

"These volumes take us back to the days when there were real men, 'in whose eyes a guinea never glistened.'

"It is like a breeze from the mountain ranges, sweeping down upon the parched lowlands, to get one of these books and resign ourselves to its golden fancies. Better still, it is like a message from the old homestead, in the illusions of which one can drink once more from the 'old oaken bucket' and quaff refreshment from the old wells of enthusiasm, of inspiration, and of hope. It makes us forget the worrisome cares of the world, and puts a new wealth of color into the faded rainbows. Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women' pales into the commonplace beside the picture gallery which is here presented. One who is of the South, 'to the manner born,' cannot read these volumes without a thrill of pride, for they make him feel like a scion of the blood royal in the halls of his kindred.

"On every page of the work can be found the imprint of the Old South. Its buried lore comes back and all its glorious gardens bloom again. It embodies the very soul of Dixieland. The stately mansions of the old régime, wreathed in honeysuckles and overhung by lofty oaks, the vast plantation empires, baronial in extent and feudal in magnificence; the splendid types of manhood and womanhood; the fine ideals of character—these are all here. Under the magic touch of the author's wand the forgotten yesterdays return. We can almost hear the tramp of the gray battalions, the winding echoes of the silvery bugles, and the hasty good-bys snatched from reluctant lovers. We can almost see again, beneath the lights of pendant chandeliers, the knee buckles and the powdered wigs, and all the dazzling retinues of those spacious days, 'when knighthood was in flower.' To turn the leaves of the book, even in the most casual way, is to stir the leaves in many a rose jar, to give reality once more to shadows, to catch the music of the spine from its choir loft in the corner, and to lose ourselves in the giddy mazes of the waltz.

"We are not in any danger of putting too much value upon Mrs. Collier's books. The world has never seen the equal of those days; nor in all the tides of time is it likely to do so again. Only in the Old South do we find that deference to

women which was so innate and that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound. We may not look upon that day, but there's healing in its memories, there's balsam for many of the ills which this new era has brought in its train. . . . In the things of the Old South there were things of beauty. . . . These are now sorely needed to keep the old Ship of State fast to her moorings."

"We must heed the summons. This, Martha Berry is doing with her great school; this Miss Rutherford is doing with her histories; this Mrs. Wilson is doing with her energies, vast and varied, for the childhood of to-morrow in preserving the sign of the Wren's Nest. Last, but not least, this is what Mrs. Collier is doing with her biographies—little missionaries they are, evangels of hope and promise, full of the saving grace of the true gospel. To the end that she may long be spared to issue many a volume, freighted with its precious cargo, may a benignant providence vouchsafe to her length of days, may a generous public accord to her the encouragement which she well deserves, and no untoward fate sheathe her pen."

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

The editor acknowledges with thanks a "Memorial Edition" of Dr. O. T. Dozier's poems. They breathe the spirit of the Old South and will prove a source of pleasure and inspiration to those who read them.

## IN LAUREL GROVE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH, GA.

The Confederate soldier's lot in Laurel Grove Cemetery, at Savannah, Ga., was inclosed and a monument and headstones erected by the endeavors of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Savannah.

The lot is inclosed by a substantial fence of granite and iron. It contains a monument under which repose the bones of several hundred who lost their lives at Gettysburg. The top of this monument is the beautiful marble figure of "Silence."

The monument bears the following inscriptions:

### WEST SIDE.

TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD  
HERE REST "'TIL ROLL CALL"  
THE MEN OF GETTYSBURG.

### SOUTH SIDE.

TREAD LIGHTLY! FOR EACH MAN BEQUEATHED,  
ERE PLACED BENEATH THIS SOD,  
HIS ASHES TO HIS NATIVE LAND,  
HIS GALLANT SOUL TO GOD.

### NORTH SIDE.

ON FAME'S ETERNAL CAMPING GROUND,  
THEIR SILENT TENTS ARE SPREAD—  
AND GLORY GUARDS WITH SOLEMN ROUND  
THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

Besides the Gettysburg monument, there is row after row of small white marble headstones to the men who died in the hospitals or "Wayside Homes" around Savannah. These stones bear the names of soldiers, where known, serving with troops from many States of the Confederacy, and also some of the Confederate sailors. There are five hundred and forty-seven of these patriots peacefully sleeping here.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

## GENERAL OFFICERS.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. .... *Adjutant in Chief*  
 JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry, S. C. .... *Inspector in Chief*  
 ROBERT M. BEATTIE, Memphis, Tenn. .... *Judge Advocate in Chief*  
 DR. B. W. LOWRY, Tampa, Fla. .... *Surgeon in Chief*  
 W. D. JACKSON, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Quartermaster in Chief*  
 MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, Washington, D. C. .... *Historian in Chief*  
 Y. R. BEASLEY, Tampa, Fla. .... *Commissary in Chief*  
 REV. JOHN DURHAM WING, Winter Park, Fla. .... *Chaplain in Chief*

## EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

SUMTER L. LOWRY, *Chairman*. .... Tampa, Fla.  
 N. B. FORREST, *Secretary*. .... Atlanta, Ga.  
 R. G. LAMKIN. .... Roanoke, Va.  
 JOHN ASHLEY JONES. .... Atlanta, Ga.  
 EDMOND R. WILES. .... Little Rock, Ark.  
 JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY. .... Wichita Falls, Tex.  
 JESSE ANTHONY. .... Washington, D. C.

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ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, *Historical*. .... Lynchburg, Va.  
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 GEORGE A. MILLER, *Monument*. .... Tallahassee, Fla.  
 JOHN H. ROBERTSON, *Memorial*. .... Oklahoma City, Okla.  
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 LUCIUS L. MOSS, *Finance*. .... Lake Charles, La.  
 DR. MATHEW PAGE ANDREWS, *American Legion History*. .... Baltimore, Md.  
 COL. W. McDONALD LEE, *Rutherford*. .... Irvington, Va.  
 MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, *Manassas Battle Field*. .... Washington, D. C.  
 JOHN ASHLEY JONES, *Stone Mountain*. .... Atlanta, Ga.

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 JOHN ASHLEY JONES, Atlanta, Ga. .... Army of Tennessee  
 EDMOND R. WILES, Little Rock, Ark., Army of Trans-Mississippi

## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

MAJ. JERE C. DENNIS, Dadeville. .... Alabama  
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock. .... Arkansas  
 JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill. .... Central Division  
 ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C. .... District of Columbia and Maryland  
 S. W. FRY, 150 Green Street, Eastern Division, New York, N. Y. .... Florida  
 JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee. .... Georgia  
 DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah. .... Kentucky  
 J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington. .... Kentucky  
 JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La. .... Louisiana  
 ROBERT E. LEE, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis. .... Missouri  
 ALBERT C. ANDERSON, Ripley. .... Mississippi  
 J. D. PAUL, Washington. .... North Carolina  
 E. RIDDLE, Oklahoma City. .... Oklahoma  
 A. D. MARSHALL, 1804 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington  
 Pacific Division.  
 REID ELKINS, Greenville. .... South Carolina  
 JOHN HALLBERG, Chattanooga. .... Tennessee  
 THOMAS A. BLEDSOE, Abilene. .... Texas  
 CHARLES T. NORMAN, Richmond. .... Virginia  
 DR. ROBERT K. BUFORD, Charleston. .... West Virginia



All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## ACTIVITIES OF THE S. C. V.

### A MESSAGE FROM COMMANDER IN CHIEF LOWRY.

In accepting the office of Commander in Chief, I realize fully the obligations assumed are almost as great as the honor conferred. That I may be worthy of your trust requires that I give the best of my time and efforts to the affairs of the Confederation.

No leader can be greater than the army he commands. A general may command and map out, but it is up to the private soldier to carry on and get results, therefore, I appeal to each and every member to give of his time, his thought, and his money to see that our organization really functions all the year around, and not have an annual awakening only. We have no right to expect the Daughters of the Confederacy to do for the veterans largely to the exclusion of the Sons. They are doing a wonderful work, and I know will welcome the assistance of the Sons. You may ask: "What can we do and how can we help?"

1. See that your State makes adequate pension provisions for all veterans and widows of veterans. In many States less than ten dollars per month is allowed. Florida's pension is forty dollars for each. Arkansas has just passed a new pension act, carrying from thirty-five to fifty dollars per month for each veteran.

2. Aid the Stone Mountain Memorial Association. This will be, when completed, one of the really great monuments in all history. We should be glad and proud to have a part in the work. Funds are needed, and we should contribute liberally. Just at this time efforts are being made to give each living veteran a Memorial Veteran's Medal, which will also guarantee the name of the veteran, his rank, military history, being inscribed upon the pages of the Golden Book of Memory. See that each veteran of your county is placed upon the honor roll. Information as to this work may be had from Mr. Hollins N. Randolph, a Past Commander of the Georgia Division of S. C. V., and largely responsible for the conception and carrying on of this grand work.

3. *Manassas Battle Field Park*.—For years Major Ewing, of Washington, D. C., has been working to secure funds for

the purchase of this, one of the most historic battle fields of America. He has encountered numerous difficulties, but has kept right on. At the last meeting of the Confederation it became necessary to raise \$5,000, which amount was guaranteed by the representatives of the various States. This money must be raised. Major Ewing deserves the thanks and assistance of all comrades in the great work he is doing.

4. The youngest Confederate veteran is now seventy-nine years of age. The average is eighty-four years. In the natural course of events it will not be many years before the affairs of the Confederate veterans will have to be taken over by some other organization. As long as there is a quorum left, they should remain an organization, but when the time comes when they can no longer meet with us, a strong organization should be ready to join with the Daughters to take over the work, that their traditions and holy memories may be kept alive as an object lesson to Southern people of a race of men and women always and everywhere true to their ideals and convictions. Southern history must be correctly written and honestly taught. It is up to the Sons and Daughters to see to this.

I am sure you will agree with me that it is high time to awaken and make of the Sons of Confederate Veterans a live organization. Won't you do your bit to place the Sons on the map in your section of our Southland. We should double our membership in the next year, and to this end and these ideals I pledge my best efforts.

### ALABAMA DIVISION.

Comrade Jere C. Dennis, Commander of the Alabama Division, in accepting the appointment as Division Commander, urges each individual Camp to increase its membership, and for each Camp to send to Division Headquarters, not later than December 31, 1927, a full and complete roster of members who have paid their dues for 1928.

The staff appointments of Commander Dennis are as follows:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Judge G. J. Sorrell, Dadeville; Inspector, Senator Hugo Black, Birmingham; Judge Advocate, Col. James W. Strother, Dadeville; Quartermaster,



Maj. Harry J. Porter, Jr., Birmingham; Commissary, Capt. E. R. Alexander, Tuskegee; Surgeon, Dr. W. E. Quinn, Fort Payne; Historian, Prof. L. L. Patterson, Alexander City; Chaplain, Dr. E. P. Lacy, Bessemer; Color Bearer, Capt. W. J. T. Acree, Dadeville.

## Brigade Commanders.

First Congressional District, John L. Moulton, Mobile; Second Congressional District, A. T. Watson, Greenville; Third Congressional District, M. M. McCall, Opelika; Fourth Congressional District, Rogers Ap C. Jones, Selma; Fifth Congressional District, Judge John T. Hefflin, Roanoke; Sixth Congressional District, Judge W. W. Brandon, Tuscaloosa; Seventh Congressional District, Hon. L. B. Rainey, Gadsden; Eighth Congressional District, Hon. Fred Walls, Athens; Ninth Congressional District, Roy R. Cox, Birmingham; Tenth Congressional District, Hon. L. B. Musgrove, Jasper.

## TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Commander John Hallberg, by virtue of his appointment, has assumed command of the Tennessee Division, of the Tennessee Brigades and Tennessee Camps; and has appointed the following officers of the Division Staff:

Division Historian, John H. DeWitt, Nashville; Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff, James B. Irvin, Chattanooga.

All other Division Staff Officers and Brigade Commanders will be appointed without unnecessary delay.

Commander Hallberg says he desires to be frank in taking over the leadership of this Division. "As Comrades, Camp Commanders, Staff and Brigade Officers, this Division has not been on the job. The Division Commander is just as guilty as anyone, but he is now equally ready and zealous to start constructive work and secure results."

Here is the question.

Are we Tennesseans living up to the policies and professions of faith to which we as S. C. V. have long been committed?

Are we Tennesseans allowing the luster to fade into forgetfulness of deeds which have inspired poems, melodies, and stories without number?

Are we Tennesseans losing the grand old "Volunteer" spirit that has commanded national recognition?

Are we to continue our habit of postponement and avoidance and "carry on" with more or less indifference followed by that same grade of success?

Practical steps are being taken by the General Recruiting Committee of the S. C. V., with headquarters at Atlanta, Ga., to push forward the latest, biggest, and most intensive program ever planned by the Sons. A program based on Southern historical and educational values. A program with an object of 200,000 three-year sustaining or contributing memberships within the next five years.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans have leadership, organization, patriotism, and publicity talent in this Recruiting Committee. Very shortly they will "hit" the road, and the Division Commander is especially anxious that this Division be in proper condition to receive them.

## RECRUITING COMMITTEE, S. C. V.

The Executive Council of the Sons of Confederate Veterans met in Atlanta, July 11, 1927, for the purpose of vitalizing the program proposed in the resolutions adopted at the Tampa reunion, April, 1927, and to transact regular routine business.

## PLANS OF EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

The Stone Mountain Committee named by Commander in Chief Sumter L. Lowry, consisting of John Ashley Jones, chairman, Nathan Bedford Forrest, vice chairman; A. W. McKeand, secretary; Edmond R. Wiles and D. S. Ethridge, was confirmed and the committee given authority to put into execution its plans for recruiting a large sustaining membership during a five-year period. Briefly the plan undertakes:

1. To build the Sons of Confederate Veterans into the South's largest and most representative organization.

2. To assist in financing any remaining part (not already provided for) of the Central Group now being carved on Stone Mountain as a tribute to Confederate soldiers.

3. To complete the construction of Memorial Hall at Stone Mountain as a tribute to the memory of the Confederate women of the sixties.

4. To assist in securing a legislative appropriation in each Southern State for the carving of its "five figures of persons of distinguished service to the Confederacy" as provided for in the resolutions adopted by the Southern governors at their meeting in April, 1923, upon motion of Gov. W. W. Brandon, of Alabama.

5. To assist the local S. C. V. Camps to place a block of Stone Mountain granite, taken from the interior of Memorial Hall and suitably carved, to the memory of the women of the Confederacy, on the courthouse square of each county in the South.

6. To erect a clubhouse adjacent to Stone Mountain, containing a room dedicated to each of the Southern States, to be used as general headquarters for the Memorial and as a vantage point from which to view the panorama on the mountain.

7. To endow a chair of historical research in each State university in the South.

8. To edit the findings of the chairs of historical research and give them wide publicity through special textbook and publicity committees.

9. To provide an endowment fund which will carry on the S. C. V. work in the future.

10. To provide topical outlines of social and historical educational features for the local Camps, similar to the programs of other civic and social clubs now in use.

*Recruiting Plan.*—The Recruiting Committee has made a careful and comprehensive search for the best financial and membership plans; has been given free access to plans being used by existing organizations, and has selected from among them the best and most applicable features for its use.

## VIRGINIA DIVISION.

At a recent meeting of the Virginia Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, held at Alexandria, Va., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Commander Virginia Division, Charles T. Norman, Richmond; Commander First Brigade, Thurmer Hoggard, Norfolk; Commander Second Brigade, Robert S. Hudgins, Jr., Richmond; Commander Third Brigade, O. W. Huddleston, Roanoke; Commander Fourth Brigade, J. Edward Beal, Remington; Commander Fifth Brigade, H. L. Opie, Staunton.

Division Commander Charles T. Norman has assumed command of the Camps composing the Virginia Division and appointed the following staff:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, C. I. Carrington, Richmond; Assistant Adjutant, John T. Keville, Portsmouth; Quartermaster, Robert H. Angell, Roanoke; Assistant Quartermaster,



M. T. Harrison, Bedford; Commissary, R. Samuel Luckett, Alexandria; Assistant Commissary, Joseph E. Garland, Farmville; Judge Advocate, John R. Saunders, Richmond; Assistant Judge Advocate, W. W. Old, Norfolk; Inspector, J. Stuart Hanckel, Charlottesville; Assistant Inspector, Douglas Wherry, Richmond; Surgeon, Dr. Charles R. Robins, Richmond; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. W. H. Arthur, Franklin; Historian, W. Palmer Gray, Richmond; Assistant Historian, Lloyd M. Robinette, Jonesville; Chief Color Sergeant, Arthur W. Goodin, Richmond; Color Sergeant, W. A. Earhart, Radford; Color Sergeant, J. L. Barksdale, Waynesboro; Chaplain, Rev. H. M. B. Jones, Portsmouth; Assistant Chaplain, Rev. F. J. Brooke, Jr., Wytheville.

#### TEXAS DIVISION.

The Tom Green Camp of Sons was organized at Christoval, Tex., under the supervision of T. A. Bledsoe, State Commander, with the following officers:

Commander, Frank C. Van Horn, Sr., Christoval.  
First Lieutenant Commander, L. L. Far, San Angelo.  
Second Lieutenant Commander, James C. Wall, Brady.  
Adjutant, Dr. B. T. Welch, Christoval.  
Judge Advocate, C. C. Doty, Eldorado.  
Surgeon, Dr. H. K. Hinde, San Angelo.  
Quartermaster, A. E. Ballou, Sterling City.  
Chaplain, Rev. J. C. Young, Eldorado.  
Treasurer, Walker Hale, Christoval.

#### THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

The summer months have passed, and many of the Presidents and Directors who have been compelled to suspend activities have gone to work in earnest, trying to arrange for the final distribution of *Our Book*. At the beginning of the year we had 2,954 (of the original 10,000). We certainly appreciate the efforts of the sixteen Divisions (many of them "Over the Top" Divisions), who have carried away this year many of these copies. We are more than anxious to clear our shelves of the long-remaining copies. They belong to a few delinquent Divisions, and when are they going to claim them? Certainly their delegates voted to do so at the St. Louis convention held in 1921. I really think the publishers, the Norman-Remington Company, should charge storage. What do you think about it? Our books close, for final reports, November 1.

Yours still surviving in the work,

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Fairmont, W. Va.

ONLY SURVIVOR OF HIS COMPANY LEFT.—J. J. Robertson, Adjutant of Tom Green Camp, No. 72 U. C. V., of Abilene, Tex., now "eighty-one and a half years young, hale and hearty," entered the Confederate service at the call of Governor Jackson, of Missouri, enlisting in Company C, 12th Regiment, Missouri Cavalry, James S. Rains's Brigade, under Sterling Price, and served throughout the war in the Trans-Mississippi Department. He says: "Just before Kirby Smith surrendered at Shreveport, I got a short leave of absence and haven't reported for duty yet. I landed in Collins County, Tex., and have been here ever since. I was in the battles of Bentonville, Pea Ridge, Cane Hill, Pleasant Hill, and many others; was on that memorable raid to Lone Jack in North Missouri. I attended the first Texas State reunion at Sherman in 1881, and have been attending pretty regularly all general and State reunions since; am the only one of my company living that I know of."

#### THE SECRET OF GOOD HEALTH.

One of the most active of Confederate veterans is W. W. Hunt, of Shreveport, La., and Sherrill, Ark., who can now boast of some eighty-nine years. Even after he was eighty, his pastime was the making of good gardens for his neighbors as well as himself. His hobby is to keep young despite the encroaching years; says others may have the honors of old age, but as for him he expects to stay young by right living and right thinking. Though eighty-nine years old on September 2, he is never sick; has not had any illness for fifty-nine years; he eats in moderation of anything he wants; can go to bed early or late and sleep comes quickly as to a young child, and he sleeps till dawn; does not take any intoxicants and has not used tobacco for thirty years.

Of his war service, Comrade Hunt says: "I passed through the war from start to finish; got two wounds at Gettysburg, in the right hip and the right thigh; lay out on the battle field all night; was taken prisoner and remained at the Gettysburg general hospital for two months; was then transferred to the Baltimore hospital, and after a month there I was paroled; exchanged after four months and went back to my command; on the 23rd of July, 1864, I was wounded in the right side and stayed at the Petersburg hospital for a month; at Hatcher's Run, some seven miles below Petersburg, on February 7, 1865, I was wounded in the right arm and shoulder, and was at home on furlough when General Lee surrendered. Though I suffered from the hardships and privations of war, I came out of the army in better health than when I entered it. I still go to all the Confederate reunions, and am on the staff of the Commander in Chief, with the rank of colonel, and one of my official duties is to entertain the sponsors and maids of honor. I always dance, and it does not fatigue me either. The VETERAN is always a welcome visitor."

YOUNGEST CONFEDERATE.—A newspaper notice refers to one George H. Jacobs, native of North Carolina, but now living in Missouri, as being the youngest Confederate soldier on record, he having enlisted at the age of nine years as a drummer boy with his father in the Camden Grays. He was made a regular soldier later, and both father and son surrendered with General Lee. Jacobs was born August 20, 1854, at Nag's Head (N. C.), where his father kept a hotel before the war; he died in November, 1908. This is published with the idea of hearing from anyone who knew of young Jacobs as a Confederate soldier.

COAT OF ARMS IN COLORS.—A beautiful example of this art is shown in the Lee coat of arms which was presented to the VETERAN by E. Boyd Martin, of Hagerstown, Md. This work is done in oil in colors, and a master's touch is shown in this dainty handiwork. Mr. Martin makes a specialty of such work and will reproduce your family coat of arms in this attractive form. Write him for prices, etc. Other copies of this Lee coat of arms are offered at a reasonable price.

DATA WANTED.—W. H. Wood, 229 Center Street, Alva, Okla., is trying to write the inside history of the ups and downs of President Davis, as he tried to administer the affairs of the Confederacy, and he would appreciate hearing from any readers of the VETERAN who can give any personal data or documentary history bearing on that period of Mr. Davis's life. What he especially seeks is material not before published, and any records or papers loaned to him for this purpose will be carefully handled and returned, if desired.



HOW GRANDDAD FELT.

(This poem was written by J. C. McDonald and recited by his little daughter Elizabeth, before the veterans of Mat Askerof Camp, U. C. V. of Sulphur Springs, Tex. Her "Granddad" was a well-loved comrade of theirs).

My granddad was a soldier  
And fought with General Lee;  
My granddad was a fighting man,  
As brave as he could be.

He used to sit and tell me  
About the war and when  
He cleaned his trusty musket  
And joined the other men.

How Stonewall Jackson waved his sword  
By valley, hill, and dell,  
And how the lusty Southern boys  
Set up the rebel yell.

How, when the Yankees heard that yell,  
They knew that death was near;  
For Stonewall and his Southern lads  
Had never heard of fear.

He told me how the battles raged,  
And how they always won,  
Until they ate up all their food  
And wore out all their guns.

He told me how old Sherman came  
With sword and torch and lance;  
It sounded like the kaiser's work  
In the northern part of France.

And when my granddad told me  
That his face would be so sad,  
And he'd get riled and want to fight,  
He'd get so cussed mad.

And grandma said, when war was done  
And he got home again,  
The way he hated Yankees  
Was a dozen kinds of sin.

And once they went to meeting  
And the preacher preached "Repent,"  
And called for folks to join the Church,  
Granddad got up and went.

He said he was so happy,  
He'd just begun to live;  
But a shadow crossed my grandad's face  
When they said he must forgive.

"I can forgive the Yankees,  
The rank and file as well,  
But I can't forgive old Sherman—  
He ought to be in hell.

But the preacher was a veteran—  
He'd fought old Sherman, too;  
And he quickly cried: "My brother,  
You won't have that to do.

"The good Lord was a watching  
When Sherman did persist  
In burning down our Southern homes—  
Just leave him off the list."

My granddad's gone to glory,  
Up on that golden shore,  
Where sin and sorrow never come,  
And war should rage no more.

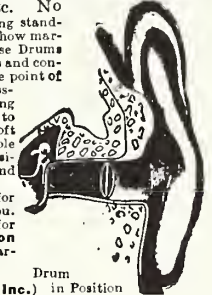
# Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



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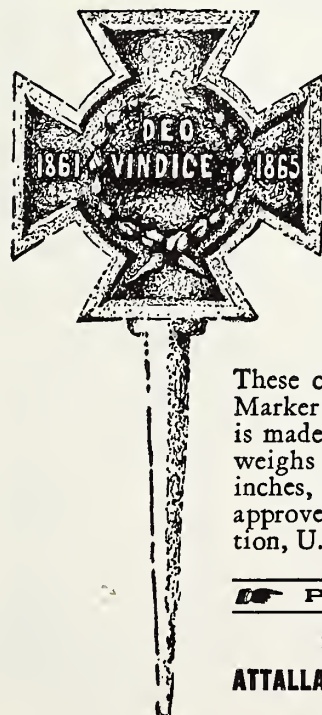
But if old Sherman's up there,  
Upon those heights sublime,  
I'll bet they keep my granddad  
In the guardhouse half the time.

DAVIS MONUMENT.—Post cards of the monument to President Davis at Fairview, Ky., may be procured from Mrs. Frank Waller, Jefferson Davis Park, Fairview, Ky.

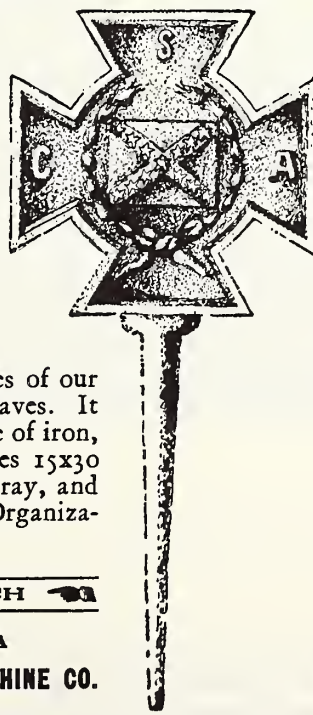
## BIGGEST BUSINESS IN WORLD.

The Postal Service, the biggest business in the world, the one government agency that is nearly self-supporting and which directly serves every other business in this country and without which any and all other business would be paralyzed, requires appropriations totaling \$757,969,115.—*National Tribune*.

There are 1,748,000,000 persons on the old earth of ours, and 24,000,000 of them own automobiles, according to the Department of Commerce. The United States has one for every six persons. The lowest ratio is in Afghanistan, where there is one machine for each 1,200,000. Now you know where to go if you would cross the street safely.—*National Tribune*.



"Lest  
We  
Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

NOVEMBER, 1927

NO. 11



**EAST BATTERY AND THE BAY, CHARLESTON, S. C.**

The history of this old "City by the Sea" dates back to 1670, when a little band of Englishmen located on the west bank of the Ashley River, and the settlement was named Charles Town in honor of King Charles II. This was later moved to the peninsula between the Ashley and Cooper Rivers and grew into the beautiful city of Charleston, famed, among other historic associations, as the starting point of the War between the States, and which successfully resisted all efforts at capture by the Federal forces.



## U. D. C. CONVENTION AT CHARLESTON.

For the benefit of those planning to attend the thirty-fourth annual convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to be held at Charleston, S. C., November 15-19, the Georgia Railroad Company, through F. L. Nelson, District Passenger Agent, 203 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga., has sent out the information that Atlanta will be used as a point of concentration for all delegates from the States of the West, Southwest, and Central South. The natural route to Charleston for these States is through Atlanta, thence to Augusta by the Georgia Railroad, and on to Charleston by the Southern. Mr. Nelson says:

"The Georgia Railroad Stone Mountain Route will operate a U. D. C. special train from Atlanta as a section of its regular train, which will leave Atlanta at 8:00 P.M. (Central Time), Sunday, November 13, and arrive at Charleston at 9:10 A.M. (Eastern Time), Monday, November 14."

Those who plan to go to Charleston on this special should make reservations at once. Those going sooner or later than this can make reservations on regular train.

## OUR BOOK: WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

The publication of this book, "Women of the South in War Times," was sponsored by the United Daughters of the country for the purpose of making known to the world the heroism and self-sacrifice of Southern women during the days of war. It should be in every home of the country, and especially should it have a place in every Southern home, that the present generation may learn of those brave women who were the real strength of the Confederacy, who suffered and endured, loyal to the end. It is a revelation of patriotism unsurpassed in the annals of any country.

Get a copy at once and thus help on a good work of the organization. Price, \$2.50 postpaid. With the VETERAN, one year for \$3.50.

## TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
  2. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
  3. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.
  4. Financial Prospectus.
- All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.  
Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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## ANNUAL RED CROSS CALL.

Relief in seventy-seven disasters at home and twenty in foreign lands; assistance to an average of 73,000 disabled ex-service men and their dependents each month, welfare work in many fields, training of thousands of life savers and first-aid experts—all these and many other services rendered the past year are the basis upon which the Red Cross this year from Armistice Day, November 11, to Thanksgiving, November 24, will invite new membership in its ranks, to assist in making these activities even more effective in future.

Any information on the war service of A. Parker Street, who served with the 41st Tennessee Regiment, Company A, under Capt. Billie James, of Mulberry, Lincoln County, would be appreciated by his wife, who is trying to get a pension. Address Mrs. Ora M. McClusky (daughter), Fayetteville, Tenn.

## MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Look in that old trunk up in the garret and send me all the old envelopes up to 1880. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. I will pay highest prices.

GEORGE HAKES,  
290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A set of "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis, and annotated in the handwriting of the author. Both volumes in excellent condition. Offered to the highest bidder by December 15.

Address Cary R. Warren (acting for the owner), Adjutant Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., Portsmouth, Va.

"EASY PICKIN'S."—A machine for picking, stripping, and cleaning cotton has been made by the International Harvester Company. This will cut down the cost of production, for the "stripper," with two men, will strip five bales of cotton per day.



# Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR. } VOL. XXXV. NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER 1927. No. 11. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. } FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn. .... *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*  
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Assistant to the Adjutant General  
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CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles. .... Gen. S. S. Simmons

### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

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GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. FELIX H. ROBERTSON, Waco, Tex. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. .... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

### HE RODE WITH LEE.

Rev. Giles B. Cooke, last surviving member of General Lee's staff, expects to be in Charleston during the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. He is now ninety-four years young, and active.

## TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Greetings to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the organization of noble women who have held sacred the memory of the Confederate cause.

As the time is fast approaching for your national convention, my thoughts turn to you and my heart goes out to you in tender appreciation for your loyalty and untiring devotion. As our sainted chieftain, Jefferson Davis, said: "Whose pious ministration to our wounded soldiers soothed the last hours of those who died far from the objects of their tenderest love, whose domestic labors contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field, whose zealous faith in our cause shone as a guiding star undimmed by the darkest cloud of war, whose fortitude sustained them under all the privations to which they were subjected, whose annual tribute expresses their enduring grief, love, and reverence for our sacred dead, and whose patriotism will teach their children to emulate the deeds of our revolutionary sires."

We, as Confederate soldiers, leave to the Daughters of the Confederacy the heritage of keeping alive the history of the South.

J. C. FOSTER, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

## THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.

A place of many attractions is the old city of Charleston-by-the-Sea, which is entertaining the annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in this month of November. Its historical interest draws many visitors, as well as the beauty and charm of its setting, and members of this great confederation will find much to attract them outside of the convention. Needless to say that Charleston will be the ideal hostess, and visitors will become acquainted with those features in and out of the city which have made this a noted spot throughout the world. It is an up-to-date city, lying there between two rivers, which flow into the most beautiful bay in the world on the south front: and still guarding it, as in the days of war, are the frowning battlements of Fort Sumter.

In tribute to this great gathering of patriotic women, this number of the VETERAN is largely devoted to Charleston, and it is hoped that it will be an interesting souvenir of the city and the occasion.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## GETTING READY FOR THE REUNION.

To correct the erroneous impression which seems to prevail concerning the reunion at Little Rock in 1928, that on account of the floods last spring the State would not entertain the veterans as planned, the General Chairman, Edmund R. Wiles, writes that the State and city are still anxious to entertain the gray host and there is no foundation for the report that the reunion for 1928 has been "cancelled." He writes further:

"Believing that the only way to assure success of a large undertaking of this kind is to be prepared for it long before, we have gone about the matter with this in view, and I am pleased to announce to all interested in the success of this most representative and outstanding meeting of the South that we have all committees, thirty-one in number, completed and functioning, and held the first general meeting, at which eighty per cent of the personnel was represented on Friday, October 7.

"The State of Arkansas is host to this reunion, and the city of Little Rock, the "City of Roses," is the city selected by the State committee for the meeting. We are looking forward with joyous anticipation to the arrival of the gray hosts and allied organizations next year. There is nothing that will be left undone to make their stay in our midst one to be remembered as long as they live. The Fair Park adjoining the city, one of the most beautiful locations to be found west of the Mississippi River, will be headquarters for the reunion. All veterans who desire it will be fed and housed in warm, dry buildings, with the best of facilities of every kind, and will be fed in mess halls adjacent, free of cost to them. If the weather should be unfavorable, it will have very little effect on the comfort and welfare of the veterans. Transportation to and from Little Rock by street cars and bus lines free of cost, will be provided. Side trips to Hot Springs, the oil fields, and other points of interest will be arranged over the railroads leading out of here. The general headquarters of the Confederate Veterans will be at the Hotel Marion, and Sons of Confederate Veterans at Hotel LaFayette. Reservations should be sent in at once, addressing all inquiries to me as General Chairman, War Memorial Building, Little Rock, Ark.

"If there was ever a State and city anxious to entertain the veterans of the Confederacy, it is the State of Arkansas and the city of Little Rock. We expect and will be disappointed if we do not have the largest gathering of Confederate veterans that has assembled at any reunion in the past six years, and we are providing for at least one thousand more than attended either the Memphis or Dallas reunion. Remember the date, May 8-11, 1928."

**DIXIE IN THE NORTH.**—The most thrilling moment of the National Grand Army Encampment at Grand Rapids, Mich., in September, was when Mrs. Mabel Cine suddenly appeared in a balcony and played "Dixie" on a cornet. The old boys in blue remembered the Confederate song. Could they ever forget. That the war was over was evident when the hall rocked with their cheers.—*Springfield Republican*.

"Dixie" gave them some thrills in war time too.

## WHO SAID IT?

Perhaps the most notable expression connected with the great World War was that spoken at the tomb of the great friend of early America, the Marquis de LaFayette, of France, during the ceremonies held in Paris after the first arrivals of the American Expeditionary Force: "LaFayette, we are here." In this terse sentence was summed up the patriotic feeling of readiness by the American troops to pay the debt to France for the service so nobly rendered by the young French nobleman in those early days of these United States. A recent editorial in the *Nashville Banner* gave the result of an investigation to determine the authorship, which had been attributed to General Pershing as the head of the A. E. F., but the official records of the War Department at Washington gave the credit to Col. Charles E. Stanton, U. S. A., now retired and a member of the Board of Public Works of San Francisco, Calif., and those records are verified by a statement made by Colonel Stanton in response to an inquiry made by a Washington publication, in which he says:

"I am the author of this phrase, although at the time of its utterance no conception was had that it might become an oft-quoted expression. I accompanied General Pershing to France, leaving New York, May 28, 1917, and upon arrival in Paris was designated as chief disbursing officer of the American Expeditionary Forces by his order. General Pershing deputed me to make an address at the tomb of Lafayette on July 4, 1917, which I prepared and delivered on that day. The close of my peroration was as follows:

"America has joined forces with the allied powers, and what we have of blood and treasure are yours. Therefore it is with loving pride we drape the colors in tribute of respect to this citizen of your great republic and here and now in the presence of the illustrious dead, we pledge our hearts and our honor in carrying this war to successful issue. 'La-fayette, we are here.'"

"The original of this manuscript is in my possession, and no doubt General Pershing will be glad to tell you that it was I who was the orator on that occasion, and that present, among others, were Marechal Joffre, M. Painleve (then Minister of War of France), Admiral Gleaves of the American navy, a battalion of American troops under Col. W. H. Allaire, Gen. J. G. Harbord, Gen. John L. Hines, and General Pershing and staff."



CHARLESTON CENTRAL MARKET, ERECTED IN 1841.

An apparent modification of the Grecian Doric "Temple of the Wingless Victory" at Athens, and an excellent adaptation of the style. Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., occupies the Market Hall as a museum and Chapter room.



## VIRGINIA'S OWN.

BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Woodrow Wilson, like Marshal Ney's "old guard," died on the field of honor.

As one looks back over the great achievements of the Presidents of the United States, several stand out in intellect far above the others, as Mount Mitchell in the Black Mountains of North Carolina towers over the lower ranges, and one of those was Woodrow Wilson.

What a pathetic scene must have come to our late President at Versailles. Perhaps through the wide open windows of the "Hall of Mirrors" he could feel the soft sweet air blowing from across the sea, the odor of pine and honeysuckle, and could fancy the beautiful mountains that run through Dixie. Before him sat the British Premier, Lloyd George, maybe thinking of England over the Channel, the green shores of Devon and Plymouth Bay. Self-determination for little countries was of secondary consideration for this Prime Minister.

"Britania, needs no bulwarks, no towers

Along the steep, Her march is o'er the ocean wave,  
Her home is on the deep."

A feeling of sociability radiated for a few days, maybe until Ireland asked for self-determination to touch Erin's Isle, then suddenly around the Peace Table, where the Prime Minister sat, the atmosphere became frosty, a chill ran through the room, as he answered: "England will look after Ireland."

And there was the "Tiger of France," a crafty old diplomat. He may have dreamed too—but he did not—of the lonely rock out in the South Atlantic Ocean, and a little man hardly five feet five, standing on a perpendicular cliff, below, in the inlet, the sea beating in on the hard sands; the white sail of a ship tacking on and on, the sunlight touching her tall mast; by his side was a friend, Marshall Bertrand, who followed the "Little Corporal" in exile—Napoleon at St. Helena. Sir Hudson Lowe, the cowardly governor of the terrible, rocky island, a beast incarnate.

And then the scene could have rapidly changed to England—the great William Pitt, sick on his couch, out of heart, for news had just come to him of the battle of Austerlitz. "Hang the map of Europe up on the wall; it will not be wanted these ten years." Wilberforce said: "Austerlitz killed Pitt."

What an awful atmosphere this Virginian found himself in at Paris; yet his beautiful ideals never left him. He was the man the entire world was watching. The other statesmen were playing the game of diplomacy, Woodrow Wilson was playing the game of unselfish humanity; he was the wonderful intellect of the "Big Four," a great lighthouse of hope on a shore of jealousies. America wanted nothing but justice—no extended territory, no money remunerations—can you wonder why small countries looked to Woodrow Wilson, the President of the greatest government on earth?

"How can a man die better than facing fearful odds

For the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods?"

Virginia, what a romance clings to that name, like the jessamine vine clings to the bushes away down South. The story of what is glorious in Dixie radiates from the old commonwealth of Virginia, and great names stand out like the tall pines in the forest where the winds blow so softly.

We can see in fancy Robert E. Lee, riding old Traveller about the beautiful roads near Lexington; Stonewall Jackson wounded at Chancellorsville, soon to cross the river and to

"rest under the shade of the trees"; Thomas Jefferson, as a boy, maybe dreaming of the letter he will write some day to King George of England demanding "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Woodrow Wilson should be sleeping in Virginia. The South should be his final resting place, for here the skies seem bluer than across the Potomac in Washington, and, again, Virginia was his birthplace.

## FROM THE DAILY MAIL.

The feeling of appreciation for such a publication as the *VETERAN* is expressed by many of its patrons, some of whom are renewing subscription well in advance. From a few of these letters some notes are taken as most expressive of that feeling:

Hon. Pat Henry, of Brandon, Miss., renews into 1929, and sends "congratulations upon the able editing of our beloved periodical, which comes to me like a benison. I watch for its monthly coming with interest and enjoy every line of it. Even though nearly three-fourths of a century have passed since we stacked arms at Greensboro under the illustrious and grand old hero, Joseph E. Johnston, you get very graphic and interesting accounts of battles, the memory of which, while slipping, is still appealing, taking us back to the days of brave deeds and knightly bearing, which often marked the humblest soldier. The survival of the *VETERAN* through these long years is a tribute to its management, as well as the devotion of its readers. It is a pity that it does not visit every home, especially in the South, and it might be beneficial in colder climes. In attending the reunion at Vicksburg, I shall try to stir up more interest among the remnant of veterans, for it is a periodical they should all take."

As an expression of his appreciation of the *VETERAN*, Gen R. A. Sneed, of Oklahoma City, in addition to his own renewal order, has subscribed for his three sons, and he writes: "I was a personal friend of the founder of the *VETERAN*, Mr. Cunningham, and have been a patron of it from the first issue, and I expect to read its pages as long as I live. In fact, I look forward to its coming as a boy for his Santa Claus."

Mrs. Daniel Carroll, of Columbus, Ohio, remits \$7.50 for five years renewal to the *VETERAN*, which carries her to the end of 1932, and she says, "I could not imagine a month that did not bring the beloved *VETERAN*," and she signs as "An Old Virginian."



AN OLD PLANTATION GATEWAY, SOUTH CAROLINA.



## CHARLESTON.

They tell me she is beautiful, my city,  
 That she is colorful and quaint, alone  
 Among the cities. But I, I who have known  
 Her tenderness, her courage, and her pity,  
 Have felt her forces mold me, mind and bone,  
 Life after life, up from her first beginning,  
 How can I think of her in wood and stone?  
 Her gardens, and her dim old faded ways,  
 Her laughter, and her happy, drifting hours,  
 Glad, spendthrift April, squandering her flowers;  
 The sharp, still wonder of her autumn days;  
 Her chimes that shimmer from St. Michael's steeple  
 Across the deep maturity of June,  
 Like sunlight slanting over open water  
 Under a high blue listless afternoon.  
 But when the dusk is deep upon the harbor,  
 She finds me where her rivers meet and speak;  
 And while the constellations bide the silence  
 High over head, her cheek is on my cheek.  
 I know her in the thrill behind the dark,  
 When sleep buries all her silent thoroughfares.  
 She is the glamor in the quiet park  
 That kindles simple things like grass and trees,  
 Wistful and wanton as her sea-born airs,  
 Bringer of dim, rich, age-old memories.  
 Out on the gloom-deep water, when the nights  
 Are choked with fog, and perilous and blind,  
 She is the faith that finds the calling lights,  
 Hers is the stifled voice of harbor bells  
 Muffled and broken by the mist and wind.  
 Hers are the eyes through which I look on life  
 And find it brave and splendid. And the stir  
 Of hidden music shaping all my songs,  
 And these my songs, my all, belong to her.

—DuBose Heyward, in *Carolina Chansons*.

## THE CHARM THAT IS CHARLESTON.

BY MRS. JULIA PORCHER WICKHAM. LORRAINE, VA.

Charm is an absolutely indefinable quality. It is like the wind which goeth about as it listeth, choosing its own favorites, it endows them with a fascinating quality, which all men envy, but none can copy. Some places and people have this quality, and others have not, but the reason why is not known unto man.

Charleston, S. C., undoubtedly possesses this peculiar characteristic of charm, but just exactly in what it consists, it is difficult to say. It has, of course, old houses, built in many curious fashions; it has quaint, irregular streets, that turn and twist in unexpected ways; it has rivers which flow by on every side; also a beautiful bay with the ocean beyond.

It is ringed around with waters, unlike paradise, where there shall be no sea. In addition to these charms, it has the whiteness and life of an almost tropical sun, for sunshine does mean gayety of a sort, in contrast to the gloomy, dull skies of more northern climates; and it has ever-blooming flowers.

Again, and besides all these things, Charleston possesses a varied and interesting history, and a brave people, who have lived through every kind of trial and adversity with strong, staunch hearts, and have come out again uncomplainingly into the light of peace.

The thirty-fourth annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy meets, in this month of November, 1927, in in this famous old town. It is partly to attract the

notice of its members and their friends to the interesting place in which they will find themselves that this paper is being written. It does not pretend to be either historical or critical, or to be an exact account of anything. It is only a bird's-eye view taken for the sake of the visitors who are coming from every part of our widely spread country. These visitors will be the guests of the city for a short time only, and will be very much occupied even then; but they do not want, I am sure, to go away without some more definite impressions than just the streets, the sessions of the convention, and the Battery. If they know what to look for, they may pick up many other ideas very quickly.

Charleston, as many people know, was settled principally by the English and the French, with probably a predominance of the former race. In fact, the history books tell us that for a long time there was a strong sense of superiority felt by the British over the French settlers; but that is the sort of feeling that the English generally have with other races, and was gradually outgrown, the French gaining equal political and civil rights.

Both nationalities left their mark on the architecture of the town, as was quite natural. Anyone can see, who goes much about in it, that there are two distinct styles of architecture in the dwelling houses of Charleston; and yet, strangely enough, this interesting fact has been very little commented on in the books that have been written on this subject. One very individual style of house is the broad, double-front English mansion (like the famous Pringle house, for example), built of solid brick. These buildings are to be found in most parts of the town, but especially, I think, on Legare Street. If you enter one of these houses you will find yourself in a wide hall, with a broad, handsome stairway going up either in the middle or on one side of it. These stairways vary greatly, and are a very marked characteristic of this style of dwelling. On the first floor are the rooms occupied informally by the family, but up the stairway are the reception rooms—the parlor, library, and, often, dining room, though this is generally on the first floor, I believe. The bed rooms are on the third floor, and if the poor, unfortunate occupants want a pocket handkerchief which they have forgotten, they have to climb two flights of steps to get it. This is a most inconvenient kind of house for the present-day housekeeper, whose servants are often few and far between. I have known excellent servants lost to their much-disturbed mistresses only because "they just couldn't stand those steps."

No one who has read English novels but will recognize that this is a thoroughly English type of house. In these books the entertainments are always described as being "up the stairs," on the second floor, and the guests are constantly meeting and passing one another as they go up and down. In weddings, these stairways are all important as a setting for the bridal party.

The second and most familiar type of Charleston house is one which turns its gable end to the street; is entered, not into the house itself, but by a side door into the "piazzas," as the natives call it. These long verandas, which are generally two stories, run the whole length of the side of the house, and open almost invariably into a flower garden and into a back yard; where, in the old days, there would generally be a carriage house and a stable; now there are garages to be found almost everywhere, even in the simplest establishments. This I believe to be a French type of house (it is certainly not English), as the following story, I think, proves, though I am fully prepared to have the fact contradicted. Several years before the late World War, a Charleston woman was one day walking in the town of Coutance, in Nor-

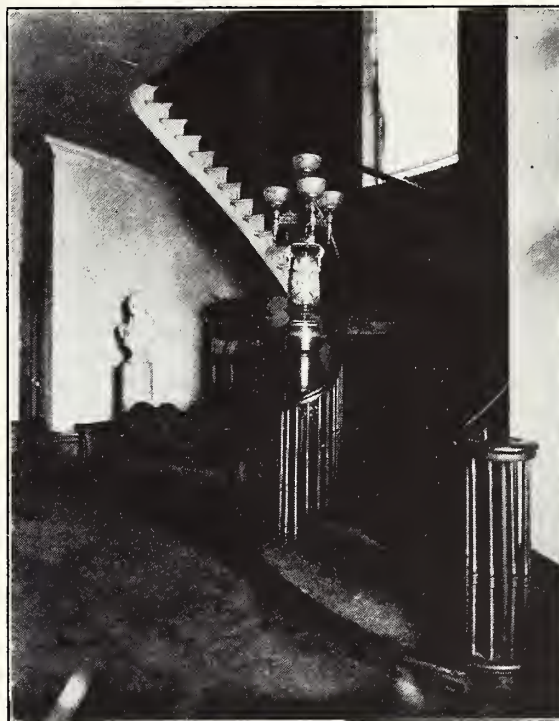


mandy. As she went along through the streets, she became gradually conscious of a peculiarly "at home" feeling, though she knew she had never been in the place before that day. Waking up out of the dreamy mood in which she had been indulging, she looked around her and exclaimed to herself: "Why, it is like Charleston, of course!"

And there it all was! The white stucco houses with side walls turned to the street; the small gardens running along the sides, flowers and whiteness everywhere. Later she came to know larger houses, which were surrounded by high walls, shutting in small gardens, where the family often took their afternoon coffee (never tea—in France they know nothing of tea making) at small iron tables, surrounded by iron chairs. The French are an eminently reserved people. They live out in the open often for their meals, frequently for their business, but their houses are for themselves; strangers are not readily, I think, admitted to their inner lives; and no one who knows Charleston can fail to recognize how peculiarly true this is also of her people. There is much to be said on this point, but I cannot stop to discuss it here.

There is another type of dwelling house in France of which there are some examples in Charleston, and that is one which has a door in the middle, almost flush with the street. This door opens into a narrow hall, with rooms on each side, but passing straight through to a garden or small park at the back, in which, as a French authoress wrote the woman from South Carolina, "in your garden blackbirds, chaffinches warble," and they did—in her garden! This small spot was so wonderfully arranged that it gave a feeling of almost mysterious space and depth; one felt that there were hidden corners and paths in it, and it was as lonely and retired, there in the heart of a bristling city like de Maus, as if it had been in the heart of the country.

And there are places just like this in the city of Charleston, as that book by a native author, Mr. Herbert Sass, proves. It is called "A Naturalist in a City Garden," and tells of birds and even animals which found their way there. And so, one Charleston woman, at least, came to think in France that she had discovered a hint, if nothing more, of the origin of the architecture of her native city. And is it not quite natural that it should be partly French? Were not many of the settlers



A CHARLESTON STAIRWAY

French, and so why should they not have built their houses in this strange new land as far as they could like those in their own county? It is only reasonable to think they would do so, is it not? In fact, the probabilities are that, originally, there were many such traces of the French influence to be found in this far-off American town, but it has had, in the course of its eventful history, four disastrous fires in which, of course, much of interest and beauty have been forever lost to our knowledge.

Your impression of Charleston will depend, of course, on the season of the year in which you are there. It is lovely in the fall months, with late roses and other flowers lingering in the gardens; it is adorable on a bright, sunny winter's day, with just enough snap in the air to make you want to walk from the Battery up to Line Street; it is absolutely enchanting in the spring when quantities of gorgeous flowers are in bloom; but in summer it is very hot. Then every one who can go gets away with great promptitude. In recent years there have been many real estate developments on the beaches near Charleston, and now its inhabitants can easily reach cool breezes and sea baths after only a short ride, and return to their homes the same night, if they so wish.

The Charleston gardens are, of course, celebrated. There are lovely ones to be found in the town itself, many, however, hidden behind high walls and houses. The ones best known are those on the Ashley River, some miles outside in the country. For masses of gorgeous color, I doubt if they are equalled anywhere in the world, certainly not excelled. Magnolia Gardens, which are a part of the original Drayton Hall estate, were the creation of the Rev. William Drayton. This gentleman, when a very young man, somewhere in the middle of the last century, was told



BRICK MANSION WITH IRON WORK GATEWAY LEADING TO GARDEN, CHARLESTON.



by his doctor, that the only way to save himself from incipient lung trouble was to live, as far as possible, out in the open air. From that time on, Mr. Drayton devoted himself to horticulture (and, incidentally, lived to be an old man), and the present gardens are the result of his labors. They now belong to his daughter, Mrs. Hastie. I do not like to seem to exaggerate, but I have been told that sometimes as many as two thousand persons will visit them on a fine spring afternoon. They come to see the flowers, but they remain to look at the fairy-like beauty of the trees, hanging over winding streams of water, in which the varied and marvellous coloring of the flowers is reflected. The walks are lined with azaleas, rhododendron and roses in enough different varieties of shades to drive a painter mad, and overhanging them all are great sprays of the simple white Cherokee rose, one of the most loved of all roses to the true lover of that flower.

Middleton Place Gardens are a few miles farther up the Ashley River, on the same road. It is a splendid estate, originally owned by the Middleton family, but has, in the last few years, been inherited by Mr. Pringle Smith, of Charleston, who spends, practically, his whole time in having them kept in absolute perfection. Here the landscape gardening, with wide open spaces going down to the Ashley River, of which there are lovely views everywhere, is the great feature, but there are also many historic associations connected with the place, dating back to pre-Revolutionary days. The flowers are indescribably beautiful, which is about all that can be said.

One wing of the old Tudor mansion is still standing, and is occupied by Mr. Smith and his family, but the rest of the house, all but its marble steps, was destroyed by the Federals on one of their raids around Charleston.

Still farther up the river is the town of Summerville, whose inhabitants seem to delight in showing what they can do in the horticultural line. There, wisteria vines in the spring hang their purple clusters from pine tree tops one hundred feet above the ground, and in the "yards" are masses of azalea bushes of every conceivable color and shade, from flaming red to the most brilliant yellow. For a gorgeous feast of color, I do not know a greater pleasure than a seat on a Summerville piazza of a fine spring afternoon, with, in front of you, a great bush of azaleas in full bloom with the sun shining over it. Heaven pity a poor color-blind person then!

One peculiarity of Charleston is that there is no one section

in which "all the best people live," though the fashionable part of town is undoubtedly below Broad Street. Still, it is quite possible for you to know people who live above it. In the old days the whole place was divided into "boroughs" by the English settlers, and these designations are still used by the politicians and the old inhabitants. If you ask one of the latter, for example, where St. Paul's Church is, he will tell you it is in "Radcliffe Borough." There is a fine old building, locally known as the "Old Ward House" (occupied many years ago, though he did not build it, by Mr. Joshua Ward, introducer to the world of Georgetown rice), which stands in the far northeastern side of town, overlooking the Cooper River. It is now used as a hotel for respectable negroes, and fills a need that was much felt by that race before it was so occupied. Not far from it is the Governor Aiken Mansion, standing in lonely splendor in its own park on Aiken's Row. It has been apparently untouched by wars or fires and is said to be filled with wonderful old mahogany furniture, and in the reception rooms are mirrors which almost cover the walls and reach from floor to ceiling. These are only two out of many such buildings scattered widely through the town, and the reason why goes far back into the history of the State. The planters in pre-war days, in fact in far-off anti-Revolutionary times, were a class unto themselves—small barons in their way. Driven each year from their plantations, when the hot weather came, by the dread country fever—a veritable rattlesnake among fevers—which bit and killed without warning, great family retinues were moved for safety to town, where the planters built these large mansions to hold their belongings, placing them apparently in any part of the town which suited their fancy. They add greatly to the variety and interest of the streets of the old city, and are much studied by the architects of the present day. This they have taken great pains to show in the first volume of the "Octagon Library of Early American Architecture," a splendid book just off the press and devoted exclusively to the architecture of Charleston. It is edited by Messrs. Simons and Lapham, of Charleston, with a foreword by the late Samuel Gaillard Stoney, of the same place. To this work may be referred anyone who wants to know all that can be told about the architecture of this South Carolina town.

Charleston has also, in the last few years, waked up out of a sleep of centuries and gone hard to work improving her roads. In the old days you took your choice between the



CHARLESTON HOUSE WITH GARDEN AT THE BACK



TYPICAL CHARLESTON HOUSE, WITH SIDE PIAZZAS.





OLD GARDEN GATE.

shell and the mud roads, and it is hard to say which was the worse. Now there are hard-finished roads leading many miles into the country. Long sections of them are lined, often on both sides, with tall, moss-hung trees—lovely to drive under on a sunny day. Access to these roads is given by two bridges, built in the last six or seven years, which are remarkable examples of bridge building skill. One of these bridges passes over the Ashley River, into St. Andrew's Parish, in which is still standing the old Colonial church of that name. This building is in good preservation and is used for worship by the Episcopal Church of the diocese. St. Andrew's County is a great truck-growing section, and is planted for miles and miles in various vegetables, which are shipped in carloads to all parts of the country.

The other bridge is a triumph of engineering skill, which has to be seen to be appreciated. It takes the traveler over what used to be called "the death trap." This was a particularly dangerous spot where several railroad tracks met, and where numerous accidents took place in the past. Now the road is carried up a gentle incline, high in the air, over the dangerous trains and their tracks. From the middle of the bridge one gets a beautiful view of the city, shining white and glistening in the sunlight, with its two rivers like gleaming threads of light, on the right hand and on the left. This road leads through Berkely country, famous in the annals of the Revolutionary War, where Gen. Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox," made his celebrated raids against the British. Now, however, the tourist only rushes through it on fast trains, without a thought in his mind of the past and its history.

Taking our way back into the center of town again, let me recommend to the above-mentioned tourist, if he cares for such things, to stop over a day or so and see the gardens on Rutledge Avenue as they look in winter. They glow with the red of the japonica flowers and the beautiful poinsettias, violets often perfume the air for blocks—and in springtime

they are fragrant with yellow jessamine. There is no question of the fact that Charleston becomes always associated in the minds of those who love her with bright sun, lovely fresh air, and the sweet smell of flowers—and can anything be more charming than those three things?

It is not a commercial town, with rectangular streets on which hordes of "cliff dwellers" live in "flats," in which they know no privacy. Each householder in this fortunate place can raise chickens and children, if he wants to, in his own yard and piazza—and that is a real privilege, especially in a hot climate. There is no monotony about the streets, at least, to the observant eye—though there are plenty of plain, rather shabby ones; but each, if you will look for it, will show some diversity of design in houses and gardens.

I know of a recent woman visitor, a returned wanderer, who had only a short time to revisit old familiar scenes. She drove up each morning with a relative to the Charleston Museum on Rutledge Avenue (the oldest in the country, who ever may say to the contrary). After lingering in that most interesting building for a while, the visitor would slowly return to her downtown domicile, choosing a different street each day for her walk, during which she would invariably discover new "old houses" to study and to ponder over, or new gardens in which each owner seemed to try to develop some especial flower as her own particular pride. One day her wanderings took her down a side street, where she found a neglected, overgrown churchyard, in which, however, she had the thrill of seeing the graves of certain long-dead old friends of her youth. For quite a while this now mature woman stood there and gazed at those graves, while time went back with a rush to the days when the world seemed young and gay and life had no problems.

I have, as I see, said nothing of Charleston people, or society, or of the Churches there, but you would hardly expect me to cover every phase of a city's life in one short magazine article, would you?

### MIGRATORY BIRDS.

BY CHARLES BLEVINS DAVIS.

A flurry of snow  
'Gainst the window pane  
Beckons that winter is nigh,  
As the geese in their gray-line wedge  
Stream across the leaden sky.

The pale blue smoke,  
From the hickory logs  
Bounds up the chimney black,  
To get its first glimpse of a chilling world—  
Then fades in the ether track.

The leaves all shudder,  
And lie on the ground,  
The trees stand stark and cold;  
Waning moons and dim-faded stars  
Of Proserpina's going have told.

That gray-line wedge, now far from sight,  
Is seeking a warmer clime,  
To preen fine feathers on reedy lakes,  
And cast cool shadows at twilight time.

A flurry of snow  
'Gainst the window pane  
Beckons that winter is nigh.  
'Tis Jupiter's trick—for in other lands  
Lily buds float 'neath a starlit sky.



## COLONIAL CHURCH OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, CHARLESTON, S. C.

About sixteen miles from Charleston, over a concrete road, once the old State Road, set back in a grove of fine old trees draped with mysterious gray moss, may be found one of the oldest and most interesting colonial churches in the United States, so worth while a tourist sight as a sacred shrine that Baedeker, in his guide of the United States, gives it a star among the places of interest to be seen in South Carolina. Such is the church of St. James, Goose Creek.

In colonial days, when the surrounding country was populated by rich planters and the old landgraves with their thousands of acres granted to them by the British crown, this old church was filled each Sunday to its fullest capacity, while the coaches and fours with their livered servants and gay outriders made the surrounding grove an animated scene. To-day, once a year, on the first Sunday after Easter, there is held a regular service in this old church, in order that the rights and titles of the old parish may be preserved and the vestry continued, and the attendance at these services from Charleston and from miles around is indicative of the place this ancient shrine holds in the estimation of all South Carolina.

The parish of St. James, Goose Creek, was established by act of the Assembly of the Province of Carolina in 1706 and by a gift of one hundred acres of land; one acre for the church, and the rest for a parsonage and the use of the minister.

The first church was built of wood, in 1714 the present brick building was erected on the site of the first wooden church. This parish was served by missionaries sent over by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts for many years, and the tympanum over the west door shows the seal of that ancient British Society, "The pelican feeding her young." Because there was no bishop in the province when the church was finished, it was not consecrated until 1845. In 1717, the two lower pews in the middle aisle were set aside for the use of the wardens and the vestry forever.

The building is of brick, fifty feet long by forty feet wide, with thirteen arched windows, whose keystones are each ornamented with cherubs' heads. Over the main entrance are five-flaming hearts. There are twenty-four high pews with closing doors, a flagstone aisle, and a gallery for the slaves over the main entrance. The tall pulpit is reached by a winding stair, and a huge sounding board is suspended over it. This, with a reading desk and a communion table, stands within the chancel rail. Back of the chancel four Corinthian pilasters support the royal arms of Great Britain, made in stucco, brilliantly colored in red, yellow, and blue. The arms are those of the times of the Georges, as they show the White Horse of the House of Hanover and are said to have saved the church from desecration by the British during the Revolution. Below the arms an open book is supported by two pink-cheeked cherubs, and various marble memorials of the early gentry of the parish ornament the walls of the building.

In 1758, the two marble tablets in the chancel, bearing the decalogue, the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed, were presented by Mr. Middleton. In front of the gallery hangs a hatchment bearing the arms of the Izard family and said to be one of the only two hatchments in America. According to an old English custom, these hatchments were borne in front of the coffin of the head of a family and after the funeral were hung on the walls of the church. The communion silver—a tankard, a paten and chalice—were lost in the War between the States, as were also lost many of the valuable records of the Church.



OLD ST. JAMES EPISCOPAL CHURCH, KNOWN LOCALLY AS THE "GOOSE CREEK CHURCH."

This parish has a remarkable record for its *educational* work in the province. In 1710, it established a parish school; one of its early rectors, Mr. Ludlam, left his entire estate of two thousand pounds for the maintenance of this parish school. The school was housed in a brick building and was maintained until 1860, at which time the "Ludlam Fund" amounted to eighteen thousand dollars. In 1851, 4,605 acres in Milam Land District, Texas, were given by Gen. Barnard Bee as payment for \$3,379 which he had borrowed from the "Ludlam Fund." Because of the disorders following the War between the States, and with many legal delays, after paying half of what was realized to a legal firm in Galveston in 1882, the vestry realized five thousand dollars from this transaction, and this money is in the Ludlam Fund to-day, the interest from this old fund being still used for the education of the descendants of the old parishioners.

In April, 1906, on the two hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the parish, a tablet was unveiled in the church to the memory of this Mr. Ludlam who left such a perpetual memorial in the parish.

Many interesting traditions are connected with the old church. "Mad Archy" Campbell was married here; here during the Revolution, when a minister prayed for the king, there was no response until a deep voice said: "Good Lord, deliver us." Another clergyman was warned that if he prayed for the king a prayer book would be thrown at his head; he made the prayer, the threat was carried out, and the clergyman refused to hold another service in the church.

The earthquake of 1886 damaged the Church greatly, but its friends rallied to its assistance and to-day it stands in perfect repair, "a memory of the days departed."

By invitation of the present vestry of the church, there has been arranged a special service in this historic edifice for the United Daughters of the Confederacy on the afternoon of November 20, 1927, at which time the Rev. Albert Thomes, rector of St. Michael's Church and a descendant of one of the colonial rectors of St. James, Goose Creek, will conduct the service.

I wonder if the bells ring now, as in the days of old,  
From the solemn star-crowned tower with the glittering cross  
of gold.

The tower that overlooks the sea, whose shingling bosom swells  
To the ringing and the singing of sweet St. Michael's bells.

—Frank L. Stanton.



## THE CHURCH OF THE THREE PRESIDENTS GENERAL.

BY S. CARY BECKWITH, RECTOR PARISH OF ST. PHILIP.

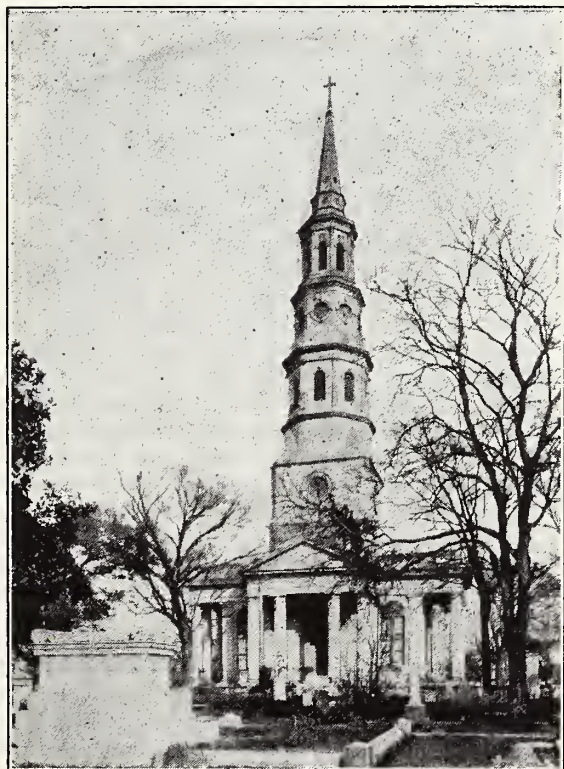
St. Philip's Church, Charleston, S. C., where the opening services of the U. D. C. convention will be held, has been known by many titles. In the days when South Carolina was a Royal Province, it was called The Church, The Church of England, the Parish of St. Philip, and, later, the Old Church, The Church of the Beacon, The Westminster Abbey of South Carolina.

In these latter days, however, we think of this old Mother Parish of South Carolina in terms of Southern womanhood, in terms of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, as the Church of our three Presidents General, for three of your Presidents General—Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Mrs. St. John A. Lawton—are active members of this historic parish. We, therefore, consider that we can extend to you, Daughters of the Confederacy, not only a cordial but a unique welcome in which they, your devoted officers, join the rector most heartily.

Thinking that you would like to know something of the church in which your opening service will be held, they have asked me to sketch its story for you.

When the Royal Province of Carolina was planned, the Lords Proprietors made provision for the Established Church. "With the settlement of Charleston was built (1681) a church, 'large and stately,' of black cypress wood at the 'southeast corner of Church (now Meeting) and Cooper (now Broad) Streets,' where St. Michael's now stands."

It is interesting to note that when the congregation, having outgrown this building, moved, in 1723, to the site of the present church, they took the name of the streets with them! Whereupon, the old street was called "Meeting House Street,"



OLD ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH AND A PART OF THE  
HISTORIC CHURCHYARD.

after the Congregational Meeting House, which is known to-day, after years of fine service, as the Circular Church.

This second St. Philip's, we are told by Rev. Charles Woodmason, was modeled after the Jesuit's Church at Antwerp. Spacious indeed it was and in time adorned by monumental sculpture by some of England's first artists, whose epitaphs told not alone the virtues of the lives they commemorated, but revealed as well the story of a people's progress in the years leading to our nation's birth.

In this Old Church was the governor's pew, and here Washington, on his presidential tour, attended morning service.

In 1796, during a fire which destroyed the old Huguenot Church, the steeple caught from flying sparks. The negro slave who extinguished it was bought by the vestry and given his freedom. This incident was poetized by Miss Stansbury under the caption, "How the Slave Saved St. Michael's," which sacred edifice has been fortunate enough to escape damage in the several fires that have destroyed many noble buildings.

Later, however, this second St. Philip's was burned in the fire of February 14, 1835. The loss of this "hallowed link between the past and the present, with its monumental memorials of the beloved and honored dead," was irreparable.

In building the present and third St. Philip's, the architect, Mr. J. Hyde, followed the exterior lines of the old church with its three porticos, but chose for his motif in the interior the lighter lines of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, which, as you know, was designed by James Gibbs, a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. It was opened for service May 3, 1838, and consecrated by Bishop Bowen November 9, 1838.

Its architectural beauty I shall not describe, as you will enjoy that with us in November, but some incidents must be stressed.

On the death of Calhoun, Charleston, as the chief metropolis of the State, asked that his body be buried here, and, because of "the close historic connection of the Church with the commonwealth of which Calhoun was the greatest product, St. Philip's churchyard was chosen as his final resting place."

On the stirring scenes leading to the War between the States I need not dwell. The Old Church gave her full quota to the Confederacy, and the names on the tablet to her dead tell the richness of her sacrifice. Her chime of bells was given to the Confederacy to be made into cannon early in the war.

McCrady tells us that during the War between the States "the steeples of St. Philip's and St. Michael's, the most conspicuous objects in the city from a distance, served as targets for the great guns with which the city was bombarded. St. Philip's suffered particularly. Ten or more shells entered its walls. The chancel was destroyed, the roof pierced in several places, the organ demolished."

"It was during this time," McCrady tells us, "that the rector, the Rev. W. B. W. Howe, so endeared himself to the congregation and to the community at large," and after the evacuation, when he was directed by the Federal authorities to pray for the President of the United States, "his allegiance to the Confederate government forbid, and like one of his predecessors in the rectorship of St. Philip's, and also in bishopric of the diocese, he was banished from the city. Bishop Smith was banished from the city for refusing to use the prayer for the King of England; Bishop Howe was banished for refusing to use the prayer for the President of the United States."

The damage of war was scarcely obliterated when, in the earthquake of 1886, St. Philip's suffered even greater loss,



but, with a courage that has ever marked those by whom high standards and ideas are rightly esteemed, the congregation restored the fabric without and within to its original form and beauty. In 1921, after lightning had destroyed the old chancel, the present choir and chancel were added.

Space does not permit to tell of the service and social work done by the parish, but we must tell you that after the war, Bishop Howe secured and opened the building south of the church as a Home for Ladies "who had been deprived of support by the disastrous outcome of the recent War between the States." Here live a number of ladies of the congregation, each in her own apartment, her home.

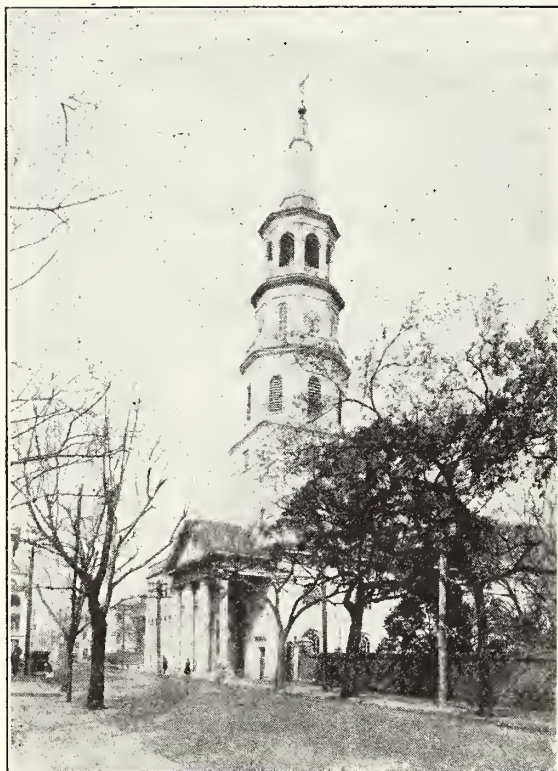
On the north side of the church is the playground, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. W. Gordon McCabe as a memorial to their daughter, where hundreds of little children have spent many happy hours.

While you are here opportunity will be given those interested to see the old communion silver.

This old church, with its long relation to province, colony, and State, was closely united for many years with the U. S. Government—from June 24, 1893, to July 31, 1915, and again in 1921, while a beacon light was in the steeple to guide mariners in conjunction with the Fort Sumter Light across the bar into the safety of our wonderful harbor.

This was happily effective during the rectorship of the Rev. John Johnson, whose heroic service to the Confederacy as major of Engineers helped to make Fort Sumter impregnable and who later gave thirty-six years of consecrated service as a soldier of Christ in the ministry of this old Church.

To this hallowed shrine we bid you come for the opening service of your convention, and, in the name of the congregation, I assure you a cordial welcome to the Church of your three Presidents General.



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, FOUNDED IN 1752

## AFFECTIONATE RELATIONS BETWEEN MASTER AND SLAVE.

BY EX-GOV. D. C. HEYWARD, IN CHARLESTON EVENING POST.

There are few living to-day who can understand and appreciate the close personal relationship which existed before the Confederate war between many families in the South who owned slaves and that class of negroes who were employed as house servants.

Nearly every old slaveholder has now been called upon to give an account of his stewardship, and nearly all of the old negroes, too, who were slaves have passed away. Both master and man must stand before the same judgment seat and, in most cases, when they meet there, I am quite sure they will be glad to see each other, for the bonds which bound them together on earth, strange as it may seem, were very strong.

The house servants of the Old South lived in daily contact with the members of the owner's family, and they considered themselves almost members of the household. Whenever any distinction came to the family through politics or success in any line, the slaves were very proud of it, bragged about it, and gave full play to their imagination. This was especially true of the house servants. These servants never thought of working in the fields. They were far above that. They considered themselves in a class entirely apart from the field hands. No worse threat could be made to them than that they would be sent to work in the fields.

The children who lived in the Low Country of South Carolina after the close of the Confederate war, and whose families could afford to employ as servants some of their former slaves, will never forget the old negroes of their childhood. They were their confidants, and advisers, and their allies in times of trouble, and often the children of these servants were their favorite playmates. Some children used to love their nurses, those faithful old black maumas, as much as they loved their parents. The maumas were usually stout women, most of them not being given to much exercise. They always were neatly and cleanly dressed, and wore colored bandannas wound about their heads. I took one of them once with my family on a trip to Virginia, and the old woman insisted upon wearing a red and white bandanna under a black straw hat, and I am quite sure by the way people looked at her that they thought she had been severely wounded.

And these old maumas much preferred talking to walking. They delighted to sit and talk, three or four of them together, for hours at a time in some shady place in summer and in a sunny spot in winter, while their charges played within easy hearing distance. The children minded them, too, for the old maumas soon trained them so they did not have to be followed foot for foot. And another great merit they had was that they did not want every other afternoon and every Sunday off. Many modern inventions are in use these days to lighten a mother's work, but, when it comes to minding children, nothing has been discovered to take the place of the negro maumas of a generation ago.

Taking them as a class, the house servants of ante-bellum days in the South were much more intelligent than the generality of the slaves, for they were carefully selected and had also greater opportunities than the other negroes. Their close association with the white people likewise gave them a great advantage over the others. Nor did they speak Gullah to anything like the extent that the rice field negroes did. A butler in a Low Country family home, though born on a rice plantation, used the Gullah about as little as do the waiters in a Charleston hotel to-day.





THE OLD HUGUENOT FRENCH CHURCH (TO THE RIGHT),  
ST. PHILIP'S IN DISTANCE.

When the slaves were emancipated, it was very hard for an old slaveholder to realize that his negroes, and especially his house servants, no longer belonged to him, and the older negroes, I am quite sure, rather felt the same way about it. Their former owner's home was the only one they had ever known, and they felt they belonged there. When they had to find employment elsewhere, if in the same locality, they usually continued to stay in the old servant's house in the yard. The feeling that she still owned her slaves is very strongly and yet very amusingly expressed in the will of an old woman in Charleston, made nearly ten years after her slaves had been declared free. Her will is now on record in the court of probate in the city of Charleston. In it she says:

"The following negro slaves (naming them) who are still my property, but whom it has been sought to take from me by a high-handed and confiscatory government, I hereby devise and bequeath, as follows."

The negroes whose names she mentioned were evidently some old house servants who had remained in her service or had continued to live on in her yard after their freedom. I fear her bequest was not very valuable. Had there been inheritance taxes in those days, the Federal collector would certainly have hesitated before classing these negroes as taxable items in the old woman's estate.

The house servants in slavery times, I am quite sure, had a very easy time of it. Most of the older men died from dropsy. An old negro, who had been a butler before the war, was once asked if he had had to work very hard.

"Not so very," he said, "De wust job I had was walkin' to answer de front door bell. It just seem to keep a-ringin' all de time. It sure kept me a-movin'."

One reason the servants of ante-bellum days didn't have to work hard was that in the homes of most of the wealthier planters there were so many of them. I do not see how the mistress of the house ever kept up with them all. There were always, of course, a cook, a butler, a coachman, a nurse, a chambermaid, a seamstress, a laundress, and in some households each of these had one or more assistants. The butler, for instance, was not required to actually wait on the table; his was the responsibility only. Two young butlers did the actual waiting. The coachman never touched the horses; he only handled the reins. A hostler, or two hostlers, curried and attended to the horses. Of course, the reason for this latter was that when the coachman drove the family carriage on a summer's afternoon around the Battery in Charleston, seated on his high seat, in his livery and beaver, the salt

breezes from the sea should convey no suggestion of the stable.

Having a number of house servants was the greatest extravagance the planters of those days indulged in, but they didn't seem to look upon it as an extravagance. They owned the negroes—why not have them as house servants? There was not much outgo visible in feeding and clothing them, but that outgo must have been there just the same. It was like the indirect taxes which we pay to-day. In other respects the planters lived rather simply and unostentatiously; but to be waited on was with them then as it is with us now—a very pleasant luxury, and luxurious habits are readily formed and easily become fixed. A very respectable negro of Richland County told me that before the war he belonged to a wealthy old bachelor planter, in the same county, to whose wants he regularly attended. He even had to hand him his toothbrush every morning; he wouldn't clean his teeth until he did.

A few months ago, I saw, for the first time that I can recall, a letter which was written to me by my father when I was four years old. It was written from Charleston, and I was in Greenville at the time with my mother. When I read it through, I wondered how many fathers in the South these days would write their children such a letter, filled as it was with the doings of their negro servants' children. My father did this because he knew I would want to know all about them. How many children nowadays would want to know?

In this letter, my father, after mentioning that the goat and the ice cream man were missing me, said that he had covered up my rocking horse, so Johnnie and Susan, children of old Paul, the butler, could not ride it. (They used to ride it with me all the time when I was at home.) He tells me also about what the other negroes—those still living in the yard, but working elsewhere—are doing. He then promises to get an alligator from Combahee and have it tied securely on the piazza so I can shoot at it with my toy pistol when I get back. Even then he must have foreseen I was to follow in his footsteps—plant rice, and live among the negroes and the alligators. My father closes his letter by saying: "Paul is ringing the dinner bell, and I must go downstairs."

When I read about "Paul ringing the dinner bell," my childhood days seemed to come trooping back to me through the mist of years. I could see old Paul just as I saw him when I was a child, when we lived on Meeting Street near the Battery, in Charleston, and he used to ring the bell. Paul was a large, portly negro, with a round head and very black; but, unlike Sam Johnson, the founder of Calvary Baptist Church in Columbia, there was no Madagascan blood in him. As I think of old Paul now, I know he must have been a pretty hard case, but to me in those old days he was very attractive, and I was his pet. The greatest virtue Paul had was his unswerving loyalty to my father, whom he idolized, and his worst fault was that he was very fond of whisky. He was older than my father, and, before the war, when my father went hunting, Paul always went with him to carry the game, and after the war he remained with him as butler until my father's death.

Though in our land we had both bond and free,  
Both were content, and so God let them be

Till Envy coveted our Sun

And those fair fields our valor won;

But little recked we, for we still slept on—

In the land where we were dreaming.

—Daniel B. Lucas.



## FORT SUMTER, 1860-61.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, SR., FLORENCE, S. C.

Coming across the third volume of Rhodes's "History of the United States," I turned with curiosity to see whether he would repudiate or accept the main line of facts as I had often read them in Confederate accounts, and how he would explain the celebrated sentence: "Faith as to Sumter fully kept." I was very much pleased with Rhodes's account.

I believe an account of that tremendous episode with which the war began can but be interesting, and old Confeds will have no reason to blush for their cause or their leaders, even as Rhodes tells the tale. As for the other side, he is quite willing to throw Buchanan to the wolves, but he finds it necessary to hold Seward between Lincoln and the flames. Of course, it is an old subject, but the veterans are now at an age when the past seems ever interesting, so I venture into the deep and somewhat scalding waters, using Rhodes as a basis.

In October, 1860, elections in Indiana and Pennsylvania foretold that Lincoln would carry the day also in those to be held in November. The secession of South Carolina seemed almost a certainty. Colonel Gardner, commanding at Fort Moultrie, in Charleston Harbor, applied for reinforcements, and advised that Sumter and Castle Pinckney also be garrisoned. Gen. Winfield Scott also came forward to urge President Buchanan to garrison strongly all the forts on the Southern coast. This advice was not taken, and Maj. Robert Anderson, relieving Gardner, was sent to Fort Moultrie without any increase of the garrison of about sixty-five men. As Buchanan was trying to prevent secession, the step proposed by those who wanted the Federal government to avoid being caught in a weak condition seemed to him a bad one to take. His term would soon end, and he intended to escape the accusation of provoking the increase of angry feelings. His position was that secession was wrong, but that there was no power given to the Federal government to coerce a State which did in fact secede. All that he was to do must be done *before* secession, for *after* that he would be powerless. Scott's anger-increasing proposition was, therefore, rejected.

Of course his policy was exasperating to the North, which saw secession daily approaching and the forts at the mercy of the seceders. In case of war over secession, as seemed almost sure, a vast advantage would be lost. Buchanan, a Northern man, had to antagonize his own people in a juncture where it would do little good and bring him obloquy of extreme sort. In his conscience, he preferred it to helping bring disruption of the Union during his own administration. His Attorney General was Judge Jeremiah Black, a great friend and a great lawyer. He took Buchanan in hand and, by drawing a distinction between coercing a State and holding the forts in her harbors as property and collecting revenue, tried to move him toward Scott's position, but failed.

It soon became evident that South Carolina would certainly secede; but the North had hopes that the "Cotton States" would not. Lincoln's election on November 6, brought, on the 10th, a call for South Carolina's secession convention to meet December 17.

Now, of course, Judge Black's idea, that holding the forts and collecting customs did not have the logic or the sting behind it that coercion had, found no place in any Southern mind. Both Buchanan and the South Carolina authorities now labored to preserve the *status quo*, as the slogan of the day ran, until the new President assumed office. South Carolina, and later the South, may have pressed for decision, but the desire to gain Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and the border States called for patience, and there was a

strong peace party at the North, even among Republicans, trying to bring about compromises of several kinds.

Rhodes very clearly describes the three lines of thought that Northern men took. One was coercion; another, compromise; while the third was letting the "erring sisters depart in peace." But, on the point of holding the forts, the overwhelming sentiment was for holding them. Judge Black's position on this holding-the-forts matter was destined to be the inclined plane by which the entire North was drawn up to coercion. There was great use made of the precedent in Jackson's day, when South Carolina nullified the customs law and Jackson collected them at Castle Pinckney. In vain Buchanan pointed out the difference. The State, still in the Union, did not then dispute the title to the forts, while now she would do so by virtue of resuming her independence.

The foundation of the *status quo* is not as clear as it might be, in that it was not a formal signed agreement, but in his message at the meeting of Congress, December 3, President Buchanan said, "The officer in command of the forts has received orders to act strictly on the defensive;" and in two meetings early in December, between himself and the South Carolina representatives, which came about through mutual fears concerning the disturbance of the status, assurances were given on both sides.

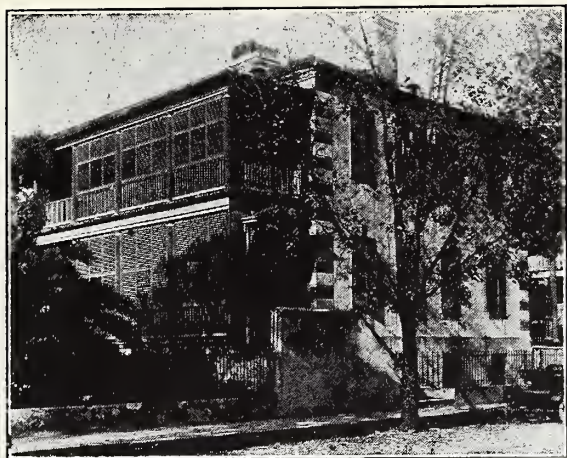
At the second meeting, the President refused to sign a memorandum or formally pledge himself, although he had suggested at the first meeting that the substance of their statement be put into writing; but, "when we rose to go," relate Miles and Keitt, "the President said in substance: 'After all, this is a matter of honor among gentlemen. I do not know that any paper or writing is necessary. We understand each other.'" Furthermore, on December 31, Buchanan wrote: "It is well known that it was my determination, and this I freely expressed, not to reinforce the forts in Charleston Harbor, and thus produce a collision, until they had been actually attacked, or until I had certain evidence that they were about to be attacked." Finally, when the news of Major Anderson's transfer of his command from Moultrie to Sumter reached Washington on December 26, and Jefferson Davis, still a Senator, broke the news to Buchanan, he was amazed, and appealed to Trescott and Davis as men who better than any knew that "this is not only without, but against my orders. It is against my policy." As a matter of fact, indeed, the President had sincerely tried to keep the *status quo*. It was to his interest and honor to do so. How, then, did it come to be broken?

There was a loophole in Anderson's orders, an undesigned loophole in all probability. Floyd, an ex-governor of Virginia, was Secretary of War under Buchanan, and sent the



FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON HARBOR.





BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. WADE HAMPTON, ONE OF THE OLDEST HOUSES IN CHARLESTON.

Assistant Adjutant General of the army, Buell, to give direct and verbal orders (of which a memorandum was preserved), so there could be no mistake. Floyd does not seem to have suspected the loophole. Rhodes gives Trescot's account of how the three South Carolina commissioners had arrived in Washington, and Senator Wigfall came to tell them the startling news of Anderson's change over to Fort Sumter. Just then Floyd came up the steps, and Trescot said to Floyd that he had just remarked to Wigfall he could pledge his life that the change was against his orders. Floyd said: "You can pledge your life that *it is not so*. It is impossible. It would be not only without orders, but in the face of orders." Still, there was a loophole, and it was this: "You are also authorized to take similar steps (secure the safety of his men in any one of the forts under his command) whenever you have tangible evidence of a design to proceed to a hostile act." "Tangible evidence of a design" can be made to mean a good many things. Again, Buell's orders had been modified by the President, through the Secretary of War, to guard the work "to the last extremity," and expressed such anxiety for the safety of the men as to weigh much with an officer in Anderson's predicament.

This predicament was no slight one. From the landing on Sullivan's Island there ran a road, or street (for it was lined with houses), to the other end and on to Long Island, and between this road and the beach lay Fort Moultrie. Every one passed within fifty feet of the postern gate of the fort. Sand hills and houses lay on both sides close to the walls, which were only fourteen feet high. The garrison was only about sixty-four men. A revolution was at hand, excitement and anger great. At any time some news from Washington might cut into the heart of things and bring a storm of intense resentment. His superiors had given him strict and difficult orders. He bore tremendous responsibility for war or peace. He was refused all reinforcements.

When the State of South Carolina seceded on December 20, the tension was tremendous. Anderson stood it for six days, and then withdrew by night to Sumter, which stood a mile from shore, "sixty feet" high, and had "emplacements for 140 cannon." He said to the South Carolina officials that he was threatened every night by State troops, that he removed on his own responsibility, and did so to prevent bloodshed. Nevertheless, he had dismantled the guns of Moultrie the very day the State's commissioners reached Washington to treat about the property, and had garrisoned (for the first time in its history) a mighty fortress on the edge of the chan-

nel, able to reach with its guns every inch of the harbor shores. Every soldier of rank is trained to recognize an act of war without help from men able to prove black whiter than white. The very fact that both forts were a matter of dispute between organized governments made his act one of extreme recklessness, but he threw back on his government, which had exposed him to such dreadful tension, the whole question. He knew the authorities could disavow his act and avert war. In Moultrie, a pistol shot could have caused bloodshed—much harder to explain or forgive.

Mr. Buchanan had now a different problem. As for the threats by State troops at night, the road or street at the back of the fort doubtless often knew the tramp of armed men from the city to the islands (Long, as well as Sullivan's), and vice versa. He was never threatened in any real way. [I find that in the "Military History" of the Confederate States, the South Carolina volume written by Gen. (and Bishop) Ellison Capers, a long passage from Doubleday's (a Federal officer with Anderson in Sumter) book is quoted telling of Colonel Pettigrew's and Major Capers's (afterwards General Capers) visit to Anderson to ask, for Beauregard, an explanation of the removal to Sumter, in which Anderson tells them, in Doubleday's presence, that a boat carrying troops passed every night going north—*i. e.*, toward the landing—as though to land the troops on the island. But this, Capers told him, was the patrol boat with a few men guarding against the very thing Anderson feared, the disturbance of the status.] Possibly he had a thought akin to what is called "ulterior motives," but Anderson was a brave, sincere, and able man. Then, too, he claimed to be a Southern sympathizer, but one who from his position of trust was obliged to put duty first. However, since to relinquish Sumter was something that no Northern politician knew how to do, Anderson's seizure undoubtedly brought war to his country, and he earned that blame the South accords him. On his own responsibility he created a situation that compelled his government to make a clear and clean surrender of the fort, or take steps of open war to hold it. This open war would have been clearly seen in connection with Moultrie, which, being on land, would have rendered necessary the tread of armed men on the soil of Carolina, to which no claim could be alleged except on totally different grounds. In Sumter's case, the landing was altogether by way of navigable waters, but that, of course, would not really affect the case. After



ALONG THE ASHLEY RIVER ROAD, CHARLESTON.



secession, any forbidden entrance to the harbor was an act of war. When Buchanan's *Star of the West* came in January 9, 1861, she was first forbidden by a shot across her bow, and then open war against her was made with shot against her hull, in answer to the war she brought by insisting on entering. It was so recognized. Rhodes says: "Holt (Secretary of War) wrote Anderson that he had rightly designated the firing into the *Star of the West* as an act of war."

But the mind of the North was not made up, and there was no leader; while South Carolina wished to wait on the secession of other States, and the clash of arms was allowed to drop for the time being. Also, when South Carolina occupied Moultrie, the North claimed that it was an act of war. There was no lack of acts of war three months before Sumter was attacked—dismantling Moultrie (by the United States government); occupying Moultrie (by South Carolina); occupying Sumter (by United States Government); entering harbor after warning gun, and firing on ship so entering. All were overlooked in hopes of finding a way to avoid the appeal to arms.

But Buchanan's predicament was now as great as Anderson's had been. His message to Congress, his orders to Anderson, his assurances to the South Carolina representatives, the things which Trescott and Davis knew, his avowed and often-stated policy, stared him in the face. How could he without dishonor, as Davis and the South Carolina commissioners urgently reminded him, make Anderson's act his own? Yet to disavow Anderson and restore Sumter would bring down loathing and nothing less on his name and presence throughout his own State and all the North forever. He let Black, now Secretary of State, lead him by the hand. He planned with Scott to send a warship and troops to Sumter, a plan changed to sending the *Star of the West*, a merchant vessel, because of the draught of the Brooklyn. President Buchanan believed that the forts belonged to the government. He let that principle dominate him, and he took Black's position now that holding the forts was not coercion. The South feels kindly to Buchanan because he wanted to help them, but, like Anderson, he was in harness and had to pull the wagon he was hitched to, and he blundered into doing the South vast injury. If even Buchanan held to the forts then all Northerners would hold also. When Lincoln took the helm, he found that point settled so far as feeling sure of having the North behind him. But Lincoln was to handle the controversy, not with one State, but seven States united in the Confederacy, and with the fear before him of causing other States to join them.

The Confederate States now simply came forward, believing they were too strong to insult or maltreat, and demanded treatment according to international law. The situation was that it was simply out of the question that one nation should hold forts in the harbors of another nation.

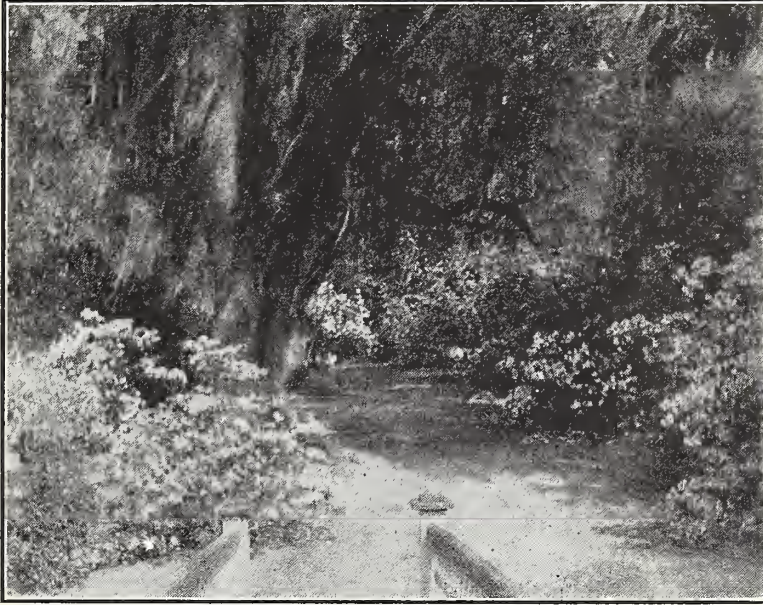
Rhodes says, and apparently proves, that the proposed compromise measures were killed by the Republicans because Lincoln and Wade held them to the principle that whatever might be done with slavery where already established, there should be no extension of it. So only two positions were left in the North—coercion and acceptance of secession as an accomplished fact. But as to retaining the forts there was great agreement, and this because of Black's distinction between coercing and holding.

Of course no one could believe that to hold the forts would not require force, for either by land or sea armed men must enter them in order to hold them. What Black was driving at was that while under the Constitution there was no power

to compel a State to function as a member of the Union, there was no need of Constitutional warrant for such acts as holding its property and collecting customs, even though that property was a fort that could threaten a State, a city, and a harbor. Lincoln's inaugural sets forth the idea plainly. He said, "But, beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force," plainly implying that he would invade and use force to secure those objects, the holding of the forts. Black and Lincoln knew too well that war would follow any action that humiliated the South, much less one that threatened her cities and coast, but by this route lay the inclined plane to full fighting spirit throughout the North.

The matter had to be handled dexterously, and, while Lincoln did not have as much guile in his nature as Seward, he was a past master in ability to carry out a guileful transaction. Mr. Lincoln proceeded to show the world a sample of this ability. That is the chief charge of the South against the character of Lincoln. The instance does not stand alone, but it is written in undeniable facts. Although he had said he would use force if necessary, and could have advanced as boldly toward his object as the Confederates did with their troops under Beauregard in a ring of earthworks around Sumter, he covered his movements up most carefully and, in less than three weeks, his Secretary of State, the newspapers, and his agent, Lamon, in Charleston (and even Anderson believed what Lamon told him) were announcing the abandonment of the idea, while his agent Fox, under false promises, obtained admission to Fort Sumter and broached the plan for holding the forts to Anderson, so he could bear his part. Anderson says "hinted," which was all that was necessary. Seward's action was monstrous. I take from Rhodes this account. On March 15, Judge Campbell, of the Supreme Court, went to see Seward, and Seward let slip the expression: "The evacuation of Sumter is as much as the administration can bear." "Campbell had been unaware that the withdrawal of Anderson was under consideration, and he quite agreed with Seward as to its effect." "He proposed to see the Confederate commissioners and write to Davis at Montgomery. 'And what shall I say to him upon the subject of Fort Sumter?' he asked. 'You may say to him,' replied the Secretary, 'that before that letter reaches him the telegraph will have informed him that Sumter will have been evacuated.'" Campbell would talk to Seward, prepare a memorandum and submit it to Seward, and then hand it to the commissioners. "On March 21, Campbell gave them a memorandum saying: 'My confidence in the two facts stated in my note of the 15th is unabated.' Rhodes states that 'Douglas said that the President had assured him that Sumter would be evacuated as soon as possible,' and Douglas spoke in the Senate along the line of evacuation. Rhodes takes Douglas's statement with a grain of salt so far as the assurance having been unqualified. Francis P. Blair (not Blair of the Cabinet) was told, on March 15, after a Cabinet meeting, by Lincoln, "that it had not been fully determined to withdraw Anderson, but he thought such would be the result." Also he tells of "the *National Republican*, which Stanton called 'Lincoln's organ,' announcing that at a Cabinet meeting, March 9, it was determined that both Sumter and Pickens would be surrendered." And in a footnote he gives this quotation: "As one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer* in 1861, I was authentically informed of this purpose (the evacuation of Sumter) by Secretary Seward, not only for my guidance as a public journalist, but with the request that I should communicate the fact to George W. Summers, the recognized leader of the Union majority in the Virginia convention. —James C. Welling, in the *Nation* of December, 1879."





IN MAGNOLIA GARDENS, NEAR CHARLESTON.

Thus Lincoln started, March 4, declaring he intended to hold the forts; in the middle of March, by personal word, by his Secretary of State, and by his accredited agents, broadcast not only to Davis, Pickens (governor of South Carolina), the commissioners, but even to the newspapers, the probable collapse of the idea and intention; and yet, before the month was out, on March 29, "directed (see Rhodes) that the Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy prepare an expedition which should be ready to move by sea as early as April 6." However, Rhodes quotes: "To be used or not according to circumstances."

On April 1, Seward and Campbell have two conferences, and between these conferences *Seward consults Lincoln* and, returning, hands Campbell a memorandum reading: "I am satisfied the government will not undertake to supply Sumter without giving notice to Governor Pickens." On which Campbell asked: "What does this mean? Does the President design to attempt to supply Sumter?" Seward answered, "No, I think not," and ended by saying, "There is no design to reinforce it."

Rhodes claims that Seward referred to this memorandum when, on April 7, he told Campbell: "Faith as to Sumter fully kept—wait and see." But Campbell had also the Secretary of State's assurance: "There is no design to reinforce it." Besides, the whole tenor of Seward's assurances had been on one line. Except for the one clause, explained away, about a notice being given, the burden of Seward's words was the same optimistic assurance. Even the words as to the *notice* had never been sent by Campbell to Davis or Pickens. Rhodes says that "if the President consented to this negotiation, and knew of the assurances which Seward gave, his course cannot be successfully defended." Even if he consented to the *negotiation*, he was committed to its outcome, and for him not to follow its progress was folly, disastrous folly. Rhodes can only cite Welles (Secretary of the Navy) as denying for Lincoln knowledge of Seward's assurances. Does he mean up to the 7th of April, after the fleet had been ordered to proceed? I have no copy of Welles' at hand to determine the point. That was the date (the 7th) of the celebrated "Faith as to Sumter." But how preposterous it is for a historian to suggest that two judges of the

Supreme Court, Nelson and Campbell, could be in collusion with the Secretary of State to conduct "negotiations" for the government without the consent of the President in a juncture like this and with the commissioners of seven States. His one authority (Welles) testifies only as to assurances. Would Campbell and Nelson go so far as to *write to President Davis* informing him what Lincoln would decide upon? Let us remember that on April 1 Seward and Campbell had two interviews, and after the first "the Secretary *went to consult the President*," and at the second gave Campbell a written memorandum embodying the reply for the commissioners.

The course of events, thus, was this: Lincoln declares in his inaugural: "The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors." Spiking this gun, the Confederates send commissioners to arrange peacefully the matters involved. Lincoln does not receive them, but they are advised not to present their credentials and demands, in as much as that might cause an unfavorable result. Then, in an indirect way,

they are told by Seward that he cannot treat with them officially; but Judge Nelson and Campbell appear and by means of memorandums Seward gives assurances as above set forth. So far from "aggressions," the course of the Confederates is one of completely pacific dealing. Lincoln must determine whether to "assail" or not without any act of the Confederates after his inaugural to go upon. He had to hark back to something before his inaugural promises not to assail. In the end, his promises are seen to be mere poppycock. Two Presidents of the United States, therefore, gave the South most positive assurances and broke them by acts of war—announced their policies so that all knew them and then broke them to pieces in sight of all the world.

Some think that Lincoln really came near to allowing Moultrie to remain in the hands of the South, and Sumter to go by default during the middle of March—that the appearance of wavering was really a wavering—but, be that as it may, he moved in *action* directly from the threat of invasion, as given in the previous clauses of his inaugural, to invasion itself. With Seward, Douglas, Blair, and the papers, he sounded the North, while with Seward and Lamon he deceived the South, and with Fox and secret orders to his fleet he moved to his objective and "assailed."

The two passages of Mr. Lincoln's inaugural, both at the time and ever since, have given trouble to every one trying to interpret and reconcile them. In the first, he declares his intention as being "to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places . . . ; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion." In the second, he says: "The government will not assail you." As any attempt of an armed fleet to enter the harbor, never mind what Mr. Lincoln thought or claimed, was, beyond question, an act of war, an assault, the Confederate authorities prepared for war, and as soon as notice was given that a fleet *was on its way* to enter "*forcibly*, if it must," the war began. The pop of a cap after that would have "fired the Northern heart," or "been heard around the world." It had to come from the Confederates, because the fleet, if waited for, would have simply steamed in without firing a gun until fired upon.



Mr. Lincoln was no saint, but he was a very adroit politician. But for him there would have been no war. He alone had determination enough to bring it on and astuteness enough to play for position.

#### THE CARE OF THE AMERICAN DEAD OVERSEAS.

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE, B.L., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Though the parents of the soldiers and sailors who died in the World War know the enormous and untiring expenditure of time and money that the United States government has devoted to befittingly honor the American dead, yet the work which has been accomplished bespeaks the personal interest and effort of recognition by the republic of those who made the supreme sacrifice. The humblest doughboy and the highest officer have a marker exactly alike, since a man has but one life to give to his country. This definite determination to have all monuments conform to a uniform standard makes a beautiful symmetry in the cemeteries, where, in the presence of death, all ranks seem paltry and earthly honors of small moment.

The first temporary markers, necessarily of wood, took the shape of the cross, as typical of human sacrifice; but religious preferences of parents held sway with a government that accords religious liberty as a great fundamental, so that now, in everlasting stone, those of Hebrew lineage will be identified by the "*Star of David*" as an apex to the memorial.

This work, which required endless detail, came under the province of the Quartermaster General of the United States Army, and the names of General Hart (deceased) and General Cheatham, the present quartermaster, should hold high rank in the gratitude of the country for the work accomplished through their efficiency in cemetary development of the eight burial grounds overseas, where the bodies of 30,592 soldiers have been collected from various temporary burial grounds and permanently interred in land that is owned by the United States government and destined to be kept in perpetual care befitting the appreciation of these young lives, sacrificed on the altar of freedom "to make the world safe for democracy."

As the coming years will change the terrain of the battle fields, it was early decided to concentrate the dead in purchased American National Cemeteries, located as near the great and decisive operations of the American army as could be procured. To those familiar with history, it must be remembered that the great battles of the World War were waged in what is known as the "cock pit" of Europe, for here Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Ney, Blucher, Bismarck, Petain, and Pershing had stood through the centuries, disputing the territory from aggression.

With due sense of humility, the United States government realized that America did not enter the war until France was bled white and England was fighting with her back to the wall. Hostilities began in 1914; and in return for the French assistance rendered America in the Revolution, together with every sense of compassion for humanity being ruthlessly tortured, it was not until 1917, that, standing before the shrine of the great LaFayette, Col. Charles E. Stanton, United States Army, gave utterance to those immortal words: "LaFayette, we are here!" The brunt and burden of "*They shall not pass*" had been borne by nations that in deaths and pecuniary loss suffered far more than America can ever realize, hence the United States, in recognition of their heartache and deepest sympathy for their sorrow, will erect on foreign soil no monument that may appear to vaunt America's wealth or cause envy by those who are unable to cope with

such expenditure of money. It is the purpose of the government to put only such memorials as may be useful to the country and community, such as chapels, fountains, and bridges, instead of the useless obelisk of the past. In the real work of rehabilitation, this will mean much to a land where bridges were wrecked by Boche shells and cathedrals of priceless memories shattered; yet all public chapels or auditoriums will be strictly nonsectarian, for use on memorial occasions and as shrines for visitors who seek to locate the graves of loved ones who sleep "on Flanders Fields."

At the request of relatives, the bodies of some 46,284 American soldiers were returned to the United States for burial; 605 were sent to foreign countries where resided their nearest of kin; 128 were left in original graves; and 30,592 were collected from every battle ground and permanently placed in the cemeteries purchased by the United States government for this purpose. There are still approximately 1,125 bodies unlocated, but the work of searching for their remains still goes on. The Grave Registration Commission, having access to maps as to trenches, reopens all spots where there is a possibility of the earth having caved in and covered the dead, also all shell holes that might have served as the easiest way to dispose of bodies in the hurry of evacuation, when to give them back to Mother Earth was absolutely necessary in the exigency of war and the heat of summer, as well as the menace of shell to burying squads. Chaplains had to keep minute records of all interments under their jurisdiction; and a paper was placed in a bottle, as well as the identification tag on the corpse and the cross, to serve for future reference. Where mutilation had occurred, which is the toll of Mars, closest notes were kept by the men intrusted with removal of bodies to permanent localities; and these records were cross checked with the missing and also with the records in the Adjutant General's office, where the height, color of hair, weight, and teeth charts helped to solve the problem of identification.



TENNESSEE MEMORIAL NEAR BELLICOURT, FRANCE.





MAJ. GEN. B. F. CHEATHAM, U. S. A.

There are always those who will scoff at the Christ on the cross or the literal crucifixion of humanity of which Calvary is symbolical. There are always the critics who insist that American commercialism would throw dice for the seamless garment at the foot of the cross; but such flagrancy and fabrications need no denial as to the altruism and high ideals which prompted the United States government to bring the alabaster box of precious clay back to the Gold Star mothers in America.

It must be borne in mind that Belgium and France are small countries compared with the rolling prairies, high plateaus, and wide valleys of our own land. It must be remembered that this ground was needed for the intensive farming practiced by the peasants; and that the grief was too poignant and the wound too fresh to keep these country people forever surrounded by a literal Ezekiel's vision of dried bones. If the land was to be cultivated and vineyards and orchards to replace devastations, it must be free of the harrowing experiences of forever finding soldiers' remains. Hence, the removal of the dead was due to no graft by the embalmers or casket makers; neither France nor Belgium had the surface to accord silent tents to the millions of men whose blood had soaked the terrain. Early in the war, the Boches were made to realize that if, as prisoners, they were discovered with signs of American loot on their persons, such as rings, jewelry, or souvenirs, it would go hard with them; hence, the Germans were careful to take only the shoes of the dead who fell within their lines. These little mementoes—watches, fraternity pins, emblems of faith—have served great usefulness in locating the wearers; and also army insignia, such as shoulder or collar decoration, the kind of blouse, or hospital bandages, all determine the rank and

circumstance of demise. The government is most careful before the War Department will officially pronounce a man "dead," for there is the insurance of the Veteran's Bureau which rests on such testimony as well as allotments or compensation, so that circumstantial evidence must be proved beyond a doubt; for even in identification tags, numbers became blurred by corrosion and 8, 0, 6, and 9 are often misread where rust has obliterated in part the figures. The plowing of tanks, the scurrying of ammunition wagons, the wake of war, in many cases wiped out all possibility of the means of locating places of burial, so that some service men who were given good burials by army chaplains cannot be found, while others, missing for years, have been found in segregated isolation.

Congress, in 1923, authorized the creation of a Battle Monument Commission, serving at the pleasure of the President of the United States, of which Gen. John J. Pershing was the head, ably assisted by Maj. X. H. Price, of the Corps of Engineers, acting as secretary, together with those efficient aids who were deemed proper authority on questions of art and history, to effect such permanent memorials as might be within keeping of the great responsibility intrusted to their judgment. Meetings were held in Paris at the Hotel Crillon, and also in Washington at the State, War, and Navy Building. The eight United States cemeteries overseas are like the National Cemeteries in America, under the care and jurisdiction of the Quartermaster General of the United States Army, known as the Cemeterial Division; but national memorials to be placed at such spots as will perpetuate the work of the American soldier, sailor, and civilian in France belong to the Commission established by Congress for co-operation with the Allies in seeking the means of marking great events at such places as can be seen by the public, since a memorial loses its usefulness if placed where it is never visited or observed. The Chateau-Thierry memorial will command a fine view of the Marne Valley; while at Tours, the work of the Service Supply will not be forgotten. At Brest, a suitable memorial will perpetuate the risk of the American navy in conveying troops, while other monuments in England and Rome will show how the American sailor and seamen aided in safeguarding the Atlantic and Mediterranean from submarines; for, be it remembered, as the sea seldom gives up its dead, nearly all the graves in foreign cemeteries are of the army, so that justice as well as pride demands these naval memorials as beacons of the brightest light in the world's darkest hour in safeguarding the freedom of the sea.

Gen. B. Frank Cheatham, of Tennessee, is Quartermaster General of the army and has charge of caring for all National Cemeteries. It is a great honor to the South for him to hold this high office, and his name should be honored as that of one of the ablest men in the United States army.

The names of the United States cemeteries overseas, are:

1. *The Meuse-Argonne* at Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, France, which contains 14,234 graves, among whom are listed men from almost every division of the American Expeditionary Force. Their remains were collected from the Vosges Mountains, the Argonne Forest, and from Archangel, Russia. This hallowed spot is twenty-three miles from Verdun and adjacent to Fort Douamont, the Trench of Bayonets, and other places that marked the road to Calvary.

2. *The Aisne-Marne*, at Belleau, France, is six miles from Chateau-Thierry and numbers 2,212 graves, whose supreme sacrifice is associated with the heroic repulse of Hindenburg's forty divisions, who tried to break through to Paris,



but were repulsed largely by the American troops being rushed to the assistance of the French at the crucial hour.

3. *The Oise-Aisne*, at Serenges-et-Nesles, where are buried 5,926 Americans. It is some twenty-five miles from Rheims, and about eighteen miles from Soissons. These men died fighting along the Ourc and Oise rivers, and among those killed in action was Sergt. Joyce Kilmer, Headquarters Company, 165th Infantry, 42d Division, who sleeps in grave 15, row 9, block B. He won the French *croix de guerre*, but his fame would live always as the author of that verse on "Trees," which have become household words in many American homes—

"A tree that looks at God all day; and lifts her leafy arms to pray;

Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree!"

Kilmer's love of nature links his name with the trees of France, the poplars along the long, hard white roads or the apple blossoms of Normandy, where the "Trees" were to him the symbol of those "leaves that are for the healing of the nations," just as in the passing of the soul, the tired, war-worn Stonewall Jackson, from the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Courthouse, said: "Let us cross over the river and rest 'neath the shade of the trees."

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"I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH."

I have a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade  
When Spring comes back with rustling shade  
And apple blossoms fill the air.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land  
And close my eyes and quench my breath;  
It may be I shall pass him, still;  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this year  
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed in silk and scented down,  
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,  
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,  
Where hushed awakenings are dear.  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this year,  
And I to my pledged word am true,  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

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(Alan Seeger was a New York boy, born in that city June 22, 1888. In his short life he had written some twenty poems, this one being his last. On July 3, 1916, in the village of Belloy-en-Santerre, where the Germans received them with the fire of six machine guns, Seeger was severely wounded, but went forward with the others and helped take the place. Next morning he died. He had kept the tryst.)

## THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(Continued from October number.)

(From the compilation by Dr. W. L. Fleming when at the head of the Department of History, Louisiana State University. Dr. Fleming is now with Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.)

As soon as the war was ended, some Southern leaders made of Davis a scapegoat—the cause of the Confederacy's failure. In regard to their criticisms and the demand of Northern people that he be executed, he said:

"An Unseen Hand has sustained me, and a peace the world could not give and has not been able to destroy will, I trust, uphold me to meet with resignation whatever may befall me. . . . If one is to answer for all, upon him (me) it most naturally and properly falls. If I alone could bear all the suffering of the country, and relieve it from further calamity, I trust our Heavenly Father would give me strength to be a willing sacrifice."

Mr. Davis's little daughter was told by her mother that she might write to her father, but that she must write nothing to which General Miles would object. She copied, after days of labor, the twenty-third Psalm and signed her name. General Miles suppressed it. In some way Mr. Davis heard of it, and wrote:

"Our injuries cease to be grievous in proportion as Christian charity enables us to forgive those who trespass against us, and to pray for our enemies. I rejoice in the sweet sensitive nature of our little Maggie, but I would she could have been spared the knowledge which inspired her 'grace' and the tears which followed its utterance. As none could share my suffering, and as those who loved me were powerless to diminish it, I greatly preferred that they should not know of it. Separated from my friends of this world, my Heavenly Father has drawn nearer to me. His goodness and my unworthiness are more sensibly felt, but this does not press me back, for the atoning mediator is the way, and his hand upholds me."

When affairs seemed to be at the darkest, the prisoner of state wrote to his wife:

"I am sustained by a Power I know not of. The protector of the fatherless and the widow, I am permitted to hope, hears my prayer. Your trust that the son of the righteous will not be forsaken has also been to me the suggestion of comfort. When Franklin was brought before the privy council of George III, and a time-serving courtier heaped the grossest indignities upon him, he bore them with composure, and afterwards attributed his ability to do so to the consciousness of innocence in the acts of which he was reviled. . . .

"What under Providence may be in store for us I have no ability to foresee. I have tried to do my duty to my fellow men, and while my penitent prayers are offered to our Heavenly Father for forgiveness of the sins committed against him, I have the sustaining belief that he is full of mercy, and knowing my inmost heart, will acquit me where man, blind man, seeks to condemn. From our mediating Saviour I humbly trust to receive support, and whatever may befall me in this world, to have justice, dictated by divine wisdom and tempered with divine mercy, in the next."

After the authorities began to better the treatment of Mr. Davis, he was permitted to read books printed before the war or those of a devotional nature. Since he was allowed to see no one except his guards and to write to no one except Mrs. Davis; this was a great privilege. Extracts from his letters will show the nature of his reading and the reflections aroused by it:

"I have lately read the 'Suffering Saviour,' by Dr. Krum-





JEFFERSON DAVIS AND WIFE.

macher, and was deeply impressed with the dignity, the sublime patience of the model of Christianity, as contrasted with the brutal vindictiveness of unregenerate man. . . .

"Misfortune should not depress. . . . Beyond this world there is a sure retreat for the oppressed, and posterity justifies the memory of those who fall unjustly. To our own purblind view there is much that is wrong, but to deny what is right is to question the wisdom of Providence. . . .

"Though my prison life does not give me the quiet of solitude, its isolation as to intercourse affords abundant opportunity for turning the thoughts inward; and, if my self-love, not to say sense of justice, would have resisted the reckless abuse of my enemies, I am humbled by your unmerited praise. It teaches me what I ought to be and lifts my eyes to Him whose all-sufficient grace alone can raise me to your ideal standard. With the communion of the Church, I am not alone, nor without remembrance that the burden is not permitted to exceed the strength. I live and hope.

"The ways of Him who doeth all things well are inscrutable to man. Let us learn to say: 'Not mine but thy will be done.' The bitterness which caused me to be so persistently slandered had created a sentiment which will probably find vent in congressional speeches and test all your Christian fortitude. Remember that the end is not yet. A fair inquiry will show how 'false witnesses have risen up against me and laid to my charge things that I knew not of.'"

For five months after Mr. Davis was imprisoned, his pastor, Rev. Charles Minnegerode, tried unsuccessfully to obtain permission from Secretary Stanton to visit him. At last, through the influence of Stanton's pastor in Washington, permission was secured. Dr. Minnegerode had to promise to talk only of spiritual matters, and General Miles refused to leave them alone together. The meeting has been described by the minister as follows:

"I was his pastor, and, of course, our conversation was influenced by that and there could be no holding back between us. I had come to sympathize and comfort and pray with him.

"At last the question of the holy communion came up. I really do not remember whether he or I first mentioned it.

He was very anxious to take it. He was a pure and pious man and felt the need and value of the means of grace. But there was one difficulty. Could he take it in the proper spirit—in the frame of a forgiving mind, after all the ill-treatment he had been subjected to? He was too upright and conscientious a Christian man to eat and drink unworthily—that is, not in the proper spirit and, as far as lay in him, in peace with God and man. I left him to settle the question between himself and his own conscience and what he understood God's law to be.

"In the afternoon General Miles took me to him again. I had spoken to him about the communion, and he promised to make preparation for me. I found Mr. Davis with his mind made up. Knowing the honesty of the man, and that there would be, could be, 'no shamming,' no mere superstitious belief in the ordinance, I was delighted when I found him ready to commune. He had laid the bridle upon his very natural feeling and was ready to pray: 'Father, forgive them.'

"Then came the communion—he and I alone, no one but God with us. It was one of those cases where the Rubric cannot be binding. It was night. The fortress was so still that you could hear a pin fall. General Miles, with his back to us, leaning against the fireplace in the anteroom, his head on his hands, not moving; the sentinels ordered to stand still, and they stood like statues. I cannot conceive of a more solemn communion scene. But it was telling upon both of us, I trust, for lasting good."

From this time forward the treatment of the prisoner was constantly bettered. In spite of the uncertainty of the future, his spirits rose. The discipline of adversity had its full effect. Patience had never until now been a virtue of Jefferson Davis. The following passages from letters written early in 1866 show this changed spirit:

"The gifts with which men are divinely endowed are various, and the requirements of the Lord are never beyond the range of possibility; for he knows our infirmities and judges of our motives. These man cannot know and is therefore forbidden to judge. We hope and pray for God's forgiveness on the ground of true repentance; and as we cannot tell, in the case of those who trespass against us, whether the repentance is true or feigned, we are bound to accept the seeming. This is possible, but is not easy. . . . I am supported by the conscious rectitude of my course and, humbly acknowledging my many and grievous sins against God, can confidently look to his righteous judgment for vindication in matters whereof I am accused by man."

Dr. Craven, the sympathetic surgeon who was Dr. Davis's medical adviser for six months, has left an estimate of the religious character of his patient. He said:

"There was no affectation of devoutness in my patient; but every opportunity I had of seeing him convinced me more deeply of his sincere religious convictions. He was fond of referring to passages of Scripture, comparing text with text, dwelling on the divine beauty of the imagery and the wonderful adaptation of the whole to every conceivable phrase and stage of human life. The Psalms were his favorite portion of the Word, and had always been. Evidence of their divine origin was inherent in their text. Only an intelligence that held the life threads of the entire human family could thus have called forth every wish, joy, fear, exultation, hope,



passion, and sorrow of the human heart. There were moments, while speaking on religious subjects, in which Mr. Davis impressed me more than any professor of Christianity I have ever heard. There was a vital earnestness in his discourse, always clear, almost passionate grasp in his faith; and the thought would frequently recur that a belief capable of consoling such sorrows as his possessed, and thereby evidenced a reality, a substance, which no sophistry of the infidel could discredit. . . . In my judgment no more devout exemplar of Christian faith now lives, whatever may have been his political crimes. . . . Errors like other men he had committed; but stretched now on a bed from which he might never rise, and looking with the eyes of faith, which no walls could bar, up to the throne of divine mercy, it was his comfort that no such crimes as men laid to his charge reproached him in the whispers of his conscience."

After a year, Mrs. Davis was permitted to visit her husband, and the letters ceased. The last one, written in the early spring when it was supposed that Davis was slowly sinking, contains this passage:

"The weather is quite warm, the earth is clothed in her bright robes of promise, and birds sing joyously, and I will not, like the 'Bard of Ayr,' complain that they are so tuneful while 'I so weary, fu' o' care.' . . . I, who did not mean that man's happiness should be at the mercy of man, and, therefore, formed him for companionship with nature, and endowed his soul with capacity to feed on hopes which live beyond this fleeting life."

After two years in prison, Mr. Davis was released on bail. Amid the rejoicings of his people, white and black, he walked forth a free man. Of the first hour of this freedom his pastor tells us:

"But Mr. Davis turned to me: 'Mr. Minnegerode, you who have been with me in my sufferings, and comforted and strengthened me with your prayers, is it not right that we should now once more kneel down together and return thanks?' There was not a dry eye in the room. Mrs. Davis led the way into the adjoining room, more private; and there, in deep-felt prayer and thanksgiving, closed Jefferson Davis's prison life."

Mr. Davis had hoped, he once said, that the concentration of hate upon him would relieve the South somewhat. But with the progress of radical reconstruction he began to fear the worst. From Montreal, where he was living after his release from prison, he wrote to a friend in Richmond:

"My trust in earthly powers is lost; but my sorrow is not without hope, for God is just and omnipotent. His ways are inscrutable, and history is full of examples of the greatest good being conferred upon a people by events which seemed to be unmitigated evil. Nations are not immortal, and their wickedness will surely be punished in this world."

Gen. Robert Ransom, of North Carolina, who visited Mr. Davis in Memphis during the seventies, when he was trying to mend his fallen fortunes in the insurance business, was struck by his pleasant temper and unaffected piety. Of this he wrote:

"At his table he 'said grace,' or 'asked a blessing,' first seating himself, and then, with bowed head, making the invocation. When he lived in Memphis, I sometimes met at Mr. Davis's residence the venerable and reverend Dr. Wheat, between whom and Mr. Davis there existed the sweetest relations. As together, on one occasion, we left his residence, Dr. Wheat said to me: 'If that man were a member of a Romish Church, he would be canonized as a saint, and his sufferings for ours and the South's sake should forever enshrine him in our hearts as our vicarious sacrifice.'"

At his home at Beauvoir, Miss., he had more time for reading and reflection. In his library was a collection of devotional works, with the best of which he was quite familiar. But as his daughter wrote:

"Of all the books that he referred to, the Bible and Shakespeare had the foremost place. His knowledge of the divine book was not exceeded by that of any clergyman I ever knew, and he contended that in Shakespeare and Solomon one might find a symposium of all human wisdom. . . . The Book of Job was especially loved by him, and I have often heard him say that it contained much of the finest poetry in the language."

In 1886 Mr. Davis made a trip to his birthplace, Fairview, Ky., to make a deed of gift to the new Baptist Church of the ground upon which the Davis house had formerly stood. During his address, he said: "It has been asked why I, who am not a Baptist, give this lot to the Baptist Church. I am not a Baptist, but my father, who was a better man than I, was a Baptist."

Every year the Methodists held a seashore camp meeting near Beauvoir, and Mr. Davis always attended for one day, at least, exhibiting great interest in the services. Bishop Keener, at the funeral of Mr. Davis, said in part:

"It was my good fortune to know Mr. Davis intimately. He attended our seashore camp meetings and ate at my tent. He was a sincere believer in the Christian religion. He listened to the Word and to the experiences of the people of God with reverent interest. I remember on one occasion he met the people of God with me as I came out of the pulpit and thanked me heartily for the sermon, and said: 'You have removed difficulties from my mind in respect to the atonement, and I shall be a better man for it from this time to the end of my life.' The sermon was on the sinner who anointed the feet of Jesus, and of the debtors, 'when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both.' He did not say this merely as a compliment to the preacher. I was somewhat surprised at the earnestness with which he spoke, and his manner made a great impression on me. My last interview with him was on the cars, on the subject of experimental religion, and the wonderful expressions of Napoleon the Great in respect to the Saviour and the gospel."

Of his daily life at Beauvoir his religious duties formed a part. He was an early riser. After private religious devotions, his custom was to call together the family and servants and conduct religious exercises himself. One of his servants said of him: "Mr. Davis was a perfect Christian gentleman in his home." With Roman fortitude and Christian resignation he met the misfortunes of his declining years. The hatred of enemies still marked him for hostile attack; some of his own people denounced him; his great ambition had failed of fulfillment; his fortune was lost; one after another his young sons had died—never did any man suffer more than he did, but never now was he bitter and impatient. One by one, the friends of his time of power died. General Gorgas, with whom he was confirmed, died in 1883, and he then wrote to Mrs. Gorgas:

"Together we three knelt before the altar to receive confirmation. In the order of nature, I, the oldest, should have been first called away; but it has pleased Him who doeth all things well that my friend should go before. If, as I believe, we shall know each other in the future state, it will, I pray, be permitted me to join him in the blessed abode vouchsafed to him by the pure and faithful use of the talents committed to his care."

Though a member of the Episcopal Church, Mr. Davis



cared little for denominational creeds. He was a religious cosmopolitan—at home in any religious assembly. His faith was less emotional than intellectual and practical. Impatience and intolerance, temperamental faults of early life, disappeared in later life. "With age I have gained wisdom and lost hauteur," he wrote to a friend. The iron discipline of prison and of later misfortunes strengthened and deepened his spiritual nature. The old warrior and statesman passed through a long and stormy life to a serene and happy ending.

## IN TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY DECCA LAMAR WEST, WACO, TEX.

Of all the celebrations of June 3, 1927, which were held in love and loyal memory of Jefferson Davis, perhaps none was so significant as that of the dedication at Brownsville, Tex., of a huge natural boulder of Texas gray granite erected by the General Association of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The boulder was designed to commemorate the service of Jefferson Davis (Colonel, U. S. A.) to the United States, and especially his landing at Point Isabel (eighteen miles distant), commanding Mississippi troops in 1846, from which point he marched into Mexico and was acclaimed the hero of the battles of Buena Vista and Monterey, which culminated in the victory of the United States in the War with Mexico.

The boulder, in its natural state from the mountains, of Llano County, Tex., rests on a group of smaller boulders, and in its side is embedded a handsome bronze tablet engraved as follows:

"COMMEMORATING THE SERVICES  
TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
OF  
JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT C. S. A.  
GRADUATED WEST POINT, 1828  
SERVED ON INDIAN FRONTIER, 1828-1835  
UNITED STATES CONGRESS, 1845-1846  
U. S. A. COL. COMMANDING MISS. TROOPS  
LANDED POINT ISABEL, TEX., 1846  
HERO OF BUENA VISTA AND MONTEREY  
DECLINED POST BRIGADIER GENL., U. S. A.  
SECRETARY OF WAR, 1853-1857  
U. S. SENATOR (MISS.) 1849-'51-'57-'61 (RESIGNED)  
SOLDIER—STATESMAN—MARTYR  
ERECTED 1926  
BY  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY"

On each upper corner of the tablet is carved a United States and a Confederate flag, the latter and the words "President C. S. A." after his name being the only record of Confederate service, which of itself was service to these United States, paradoxical as it may sound, for the War between the States was fought to maintain the Constitution of the United States. The active members of the U. D. C. will recall that, at the suggestion of the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, the Birmingham convention voted an appropriation for the erection of this boulder. The committee, which is composed of Mesdames Peter Youree, of Louisiana; James H. Parker, of New York; B. A. Blemer, of Virginia; Mrs. Gustave Mertins, of Montgomery, Ala.; Mrs. Oscar Barthold, of Texas; and Miss Decca Lamar West, of Texas, formulated their plans and were ready to let the contract the first year, but certain litigation prevented the securing of a desirable site until last year. "All's well that ends

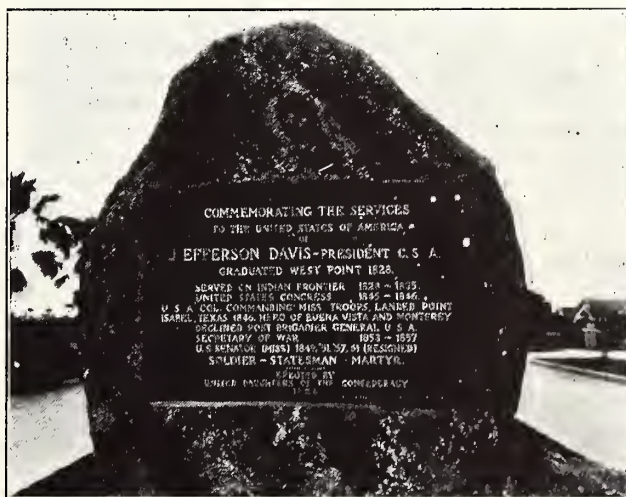
well," and we will not recount the five years of active service and thousands of letters required to bring the happy consummation. To their deep regret, not a member of the Boulder Committee found it possible to be present at the unveiling, which was a beautiful ceremony.

As the memorial stands at the intersecting of the Jefferson Davis Highway and a magnificent boulevard just in front of Junior and Senior High Schools, of Brownsville, it is an object lesson, and unique in the fact that there is not a rock in Cameron County.

The ceremony of presenting the boulder to the State of Texas by the United Daughters of the Confederacy was in charge of the State President, Mrs. Forrest Farley, of Austin, assisted by the Board McGruder Chapter, Mrs. Joe K. Wells, President. State, county, and city accepted the memorial as a sacred trust. The United Daughters of the Confederacy chose their Third Vice President General, Miss Katie Daffan, to present the boulder to the State, and it would have been difficult to find a happier choice. A magnetic speaker of rare ability, a pioneer in U. D. C. work, a daughter of Hood's Brigade, imbued from her infancy with reverence, and trained in active service for Confederate veterans, Miss Daffan truly represents all for which the organization stands. The memorial was accepted for the State by Col. Tom Ball, of Houston, officially representing the young governor of Texas, and a famous orator; County Judge Oscar H. Dancy, a son of a Confederate veteran and distinguished Southern lineage, spoke on behalf of Cameron County; Judge William S. West, representing the city of Brownsville, paid glowing tribute to the leader of the Confederacy as a type of "Southern Gentleman." Judge West is a son of the late Judge Charles Shannon West, of Camden, S. C., who emigrated to Texas in the early fifties. He was a major on Gen. Kirby Smith's staff during the entire War between the States, and later died while the ranking member of the Supreme Court of Texas.

One of Brownsville's foremost citizens and of the well-known historians and speakers of Texas, the Hon. Herbert Davenport, reviewed the life of Jefferson Davis, emphasizing his service to the United States particularly in the war with Mexico. It was all doubly interesting from the fact that the place was in almost a stone's throw of Point Isabel, Fort Brown, and the scene of the last battle of the Confederacy.

The boulder is indeed fittingly placed and is daily viewed by thousands of tourists in their journey to the magic Valley of the Rio Grande, and it marks the most southern point of the Jefferson Davis National Highway—the "Road of Remembrance."





## TENNESSEE IN THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESSES.

COMPILED BY MRS. A. R. DODSON, HISTORIAN TENNESSEE  
DIVISION, U. D. C.

"This is the message that came from the dead,  
This is the light down the path where he led:  
'Be sure you are right—then go ahead.—'"

Tennessee patriotism has caused it to be named the Volunteer State. Tennessee was the first State carved out of the territory of the United States. Tennessee was the last State to secede from the Union, the first State to return. It was Tennessee troops who turned the tide in the Revolutionary War at King's Mountain, assisted by troops from Virginia, North and South Carolina. Tennessee furnished more than the troops she was asked for in the war with Mexico, and she gave to the Confederate army some 115,000 men.

The Provisional Congress of the Confederate States convened at Richmond, Va., in August, 1861, with the following representatives from Tennessee: Judge Robert L. Caruthers, Col. John F. House, Hon. David M. Currin, Hon. Thomas L. Jones, and Col. William DeWitt.

Tennessee furnished two Senators and twenty-one Representatives for the Confederate congresses. In this list were prominent lawyers and other professional men who have helped to make the history of the State one of achievement and action in many phases of life, records of which the citizens of each generation since the founding of the State have been and will continue to be justly proud.

## SENATORS.

Gustavus Adolphus Henry, known as the "Eagle Orator of the South," was born at Cherry, Scott County, Ky., October 8, 1804, being the eleventh child and the ninth son of Gen. and Mrs. William Henry. His father was a native of Charlotte County, Va., and a relative of Patrick Henry, of Revolutionary fame. He was educated at Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., and graduated from that institution in 1825, receiving first honors. In 1833, he was married to Miss Marion McClure, a noted beauty of Clarksville, Tenn., and moved to that city and made his home, becoming prominent in political life. At the outbreak of the War between the States, he joined his destiny with his beloved adopted State of Tennessee, which seceded from the Union on June 8, 1861. Shortly afterwards Mr. Henry was elected to the first regular Congress of the Confederate States, and on February 18, 1862, he took his seat in the Confederate Senate at Richmond, Va.

President Davis called on him to make a speech, after the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, to the people, from his high standpoint in the Confederate Congress, for the purpose of inspiring them and raising their drooping spirits, and this speech, so full of fervid eloquence and so powerful, was at the conclusion listened to with rapt attention by a group which was drawn irresistibly from their seats in the Senate Chamber.

Landon C. Haynes was born at Elizabethton, Carter County, Tenn., December 2, 1816. He was educated at Washington College, East Tennessee, and graduated at the age of twenty, with first honors of his class. He read law in the office of Thomas A. R. Nelson, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. He was a brilliant speaker, having inherited traits, and his natural and cultivated powers as a speaker qualified him to follow the line of his aspirations.

In 1844 he was a Polk elector in the First Congressional District. From 1847-49 he served in the Lower House of legislature, and was elected speaker of the House of Repre-

sentatives. In 1860 Haynes was a Breckinridge elector for the State at large, and made for himself a reputation, while canvassing, of an eloquent speaker and effective debater.

To the latter fact is due the election of this distinguished man to the Confederate Senate in October, 1861, when he was elected for the long term, with Gustavus A. Henry as his colleague, both serving till the war closed.

Mr. Haynes moved to Memphis after the war and engaged in the practice of law. He died there on February 17, 1875.

## REPRESENTATIVES.

Meredith P. Gentry, distinguished orator and statesman, was born on September 15, 1809, in the county of Rockingham, N. C. But the most conspicuous part of the great drama of his life, and which entitled him to a high place in his country's history, was performed in Tennessee. Both of these States are proud of his fame.

He was the youngest of twelve children. His mother, Theodosia Poindexter Gentry, was a woman of great beauty, quick perception, and sound judgment. His father bought a home in the rich lands of Williamson County, Tenn., at a place known as College Grove.

At an early age he was elected captain of a military company, and in 1835 he was elected to the State Legislature and made an enviable record as a speaker. He was always recognized as a born leader. He was elected to the Congress of the Confederacy, in 1862, and again in 1863. He was then in failing health and spirits, and with the waning fortunes of the Confederacy he was despondent over the outlook for the establishment of the Confederacy on a permanent basis. After the collapse of the government the last hope for the future of the South, and a little more than two years later, on November 2, 1867, he died at the home of one of his daughters.

Alexander H. Stephens paid this beautiful tribute to his memory and character: "No profounder philanthropist, no one more devoted to constitutional liberty ever lived in this or any other country."

Hon. John V. Wright was one of the most distinguished Democratic politicians of the State and an eminent member of the bar. He served three terms in the Federal and two in the Confederate Congresses. In 1860, he was gubernatorial nominee for Tennessee.

He was born in McNairy County, June 28, 1828. His first aspirations were for the law, and, in 1851, he was admitted to the bar at Purdy, Tenn. His brilliant talents were recognized, and he was called to public life. Even as early as 1855, he made a national reputation as an eloquent speaker, though only twenty-seven years old.

When the War between the States began, he organized a company in McNairy County for Confederate service and was elected captain. This company was merged into the 13th Tennessee Infantry at Jackson, Tenn., and Captain Wright was unanimously elected its colonel and continued in command until he was notified of his election to the Confederate Congress, when he resigned to take his seat at Richmond, Va., where he served till the close of the war. He then located in Alabama, but removed to Winchester in 1868, and, in 1870, to Columbia, to pursue the practice of law. In 1876, he was appointed by Gov. James D. Porter as Judge of the Circuit Court, serving as Special Chancellor, and he sat on the Supreme Bench as Special Judge. Judge Wright was of Scotch-Irish extraction. His wife, to whom he was married on November 23, 1868, at Eutaw, Ala., was Miss Georgia Hays, noted for her beauty and intellectual qualities.

John D. C. Atkins was born on June 4, 1825, in Henry



County, Tenn. He was graduated from the East Tennessee University in 1846, with the first honors of his class. He then studied law, but never practiced, preferring the life of a politician, being a staunch Democrat. In 1849-51 he was elected to the Tennessee Legislature; in 1855, elected to the Senate, and was President of the State convention in 1856; then was chosen as one of the Presidential electors on the Buchanan ticket. In 1857, he was elected to Congress.

Mr. Atkins was a delegate at large in 1860 to the Charleston and Baltimore conventions, where he labored earnestly for a compromise which should preserve the unity and integrity of the Democratic party. In the momentous campaign which followed, he canvassed a large part of the State as a candidate for elector on the Breckinridge ticket.

When the war of the sixties broke out, he promptly enlisted and was elected lieutenant colonel of the 5th Tennessee infantry. While in service, though absent from home, he was elected in August, 1861, to the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, and was chosen representative in the Permanent Congress, and continued in office by reelection in 1863, by the votes of the soldiers of the district. He served in the Confederate Congress with ability on several committees, and was undoubtedly the leading member of the House from Tennessee. After the war, he was elected to the 43rd Congress of the United States, and by continued reelections served for six terms, noted for his leadership ability always.

Among those professional men of Tennessee in the Confederate Congress deserving a special tribute was Col. Arthur St. Clair Colyar, a self-made, self-educated lawyer, who was born in Washington County, Tenn., June 28, 1818. He was a citizen of whom all could feel proud, and his attainments and talents were always used for the betterment of his fellow citizens.

He opposed secession, but in 1861 was appointed as a member of the Confederate Congress and served till 1865.

After the war closed, he organized the Tennessee Coal and Railroad Company, becoming its president, was also engaged in manufacturing, and did much to develop the resources of the State.

One of Tennessee's most distinguished judges and ablest lawyers, Judge E. L. Gardenhire, was a native of this State, born in Overton County, November, 1815. He attended Clinton College in Smith County, and taught at Livingston College.

He was elected, in August, 1849, State Senator from Fentress, Overton, Jackson, White, and Van Buren counties, and served in the Legislature of 1849-50. In November, 1861, he was elected to the Confederate Congress, serving in the sessions of 1862-63. Judge Gardenhire was always a Democrat, and represented his State at the Cincinnati Convention, which, in 1856, elected Buchanan as President.

In fraternal circles he was a Master Mason. His editorial experience was in publishing the *Mountain Democrat* at Sparta, in 1856-57.

As a proof of his loyalty to his home town, he was a practitioner of law there for forty years, and his character was emphasized by his faithfulness to duty, his candor, and his just dealings with all men.

The life and record, both patriotically and politically, of Hon. Thomas M. Jones, stands out preëminently in Tennessee history.

He was born December 16, 1816, in North Carolina, but while an infant his parents took him to Giles County, Tenn., and at Pulaski he attended Wirtenburg Academy in 1831, then was at the University of Alabama till 1833, later spending some time at the University of Virginia.

In 1845 he was elected to the Tennessee House of Representatives and was State Senator from Giles and Maury counties, and he was elected in 1861 to the Confederate Congress, serving until after the fall of Fort Donelson. He then declined reelection preferring to be with the army.

He resumed his law practice in Pulaski after the war. He was repeatedly mayor of Pulaski, and among other offices he was president of the Board of Trustees of Giles College, vestryman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, director in the old Planters' Bank for eighteen years, and a member of the Masonic fraternity.

He never had any great fondness for politics, though he was strong and decided in his views, and the key to his success was his strict adherence to duty. He was also noted for his charity and hospitality.

To Williamson County, Tenn., belongs the signal honor of having as one of its representative citizens the Hon. John F. House, whose birth occurred at the old homestead on January 9, 1827. The basis of his education was acquired under the tuition of Edwin Paschall, and afterwards he entered Transylvania University, near Lexington, Ky. In Lebanon, Tenn., he was a law student, and, after finishing his course there, went to Franklin to practice law. While there he married Miss Julia F. Beech, and they settled in Clarksville.

Early in 1861 he was chosen as delegate to the Confederate Congress, was elected, and served till February, 1862, having declined to be a candidate for the Permanent Congress.

He joined the Confederate army and was assigned to the staff of Gen. George Maney and participated in many important battles; was paroled in Mississippi, in June, 1865. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention meeting in New York, and in 1874, he was nominated for Congress from the Nashville District by acclamation, and took his seat in 1875; was renominated in 1876-78-80.

Hon. William H. DeWitt was born October 24, 1827, in Smith County, Tenn., and was well known in the legal and political history of the State. Educated near Chapel Hill, where he studied under Rev. John M. Barnes, an old-time educator, he afterwards taught at Montpelier Academy, at Gainesboro, Tenn. He represented Smith, Macon, and Sumner counties in the House of Representatives in 1855-56, and, in 1861, was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention. In August, 1861, he was elected to the Confederate Congress.

In addition to his attainments as a lawyer, Judge DeWitt's literary culture has been highly appreciated, and he was often called on to make memorial addresses. He stood in the front ranks in the highest courts of the State and nation, and on account of his splendid attainments in the legal world.

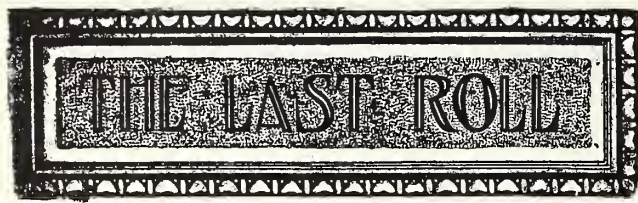
Hon. Thomas Menees, M.D., was distinguished for rank in the medical profession and also for high political favor, as well as being the oldest representative of a family that assisted in laying the foundations of the civil and social fabric of Middle Tennessee. Of sterling Scotch ancestry, he was born June 26, 1823, at Mansker's Creek, Davidson County, Tenn., and reared in Robertson County till 1862. The original way of spelling his name was McNees.

He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Charleston, S. C., in 1860, and served in the Confederate Congress from 1861-63.

In October, 1865, having been a member of the Confederate Congress and a refugee from his native State for four years, he returned to Nashville to resume his medical profession, in which he was not less brilliant than in his political record.

(Continued on page 438.)





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

### THE LAST VOYAGE.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD, CHATHAM, VA.

Boat ahoy! whither bound,  
Sailing the wintry main?  
Seeking a fair haven  
In both sunshine and rain,  
To enter the blest Port,  
Never to leave again!

And if this be the last  
Milepost along life's way  
To greet my earthly eyes,  
Help me, dear Lord, to say,  
"Glory, hallelujah!"  
When fades the light of day.

No fear shall haunt me when  
On Jordan's banks I stand,  
And hear my Saviour's voice  
And grasp his pierced hand,  
That will safely lead me  
To Heaven's happy land.

CAPT. DAVID C. SCALES.

David Campbell Scales, a comrade of Cheatham Bivouac of Confederate Veterans at Nashville, Tenn., died in that city on the night of October 1, at the age of eighty-four years. He had been a dominant figure in affairs of the Methodist Church, of which he had been a member for more than fifty years, serving in an official capacity each Church with which he was connected.

He was born at Triune, Tenn., April 14, 1843, and received his education at the Hardeman Academy there and at the Campbell Academy in Lebanon, until his studies were interrupted by the call to arms. In April, 1861, he enlisted with patriotic fervor in Company B, of the 20th Tennessee Infantry. He was at the battle of Fishing Creek, after which he was detailed for service under the division quartermaster, which he accepted with the understanding that when his regiment went into battle, he was to return to the ranks. When the army moved against Grant at Corinth, he was stationed at Iuka, but by riding all night he was able to reach his regiment for the battle of Shiloh, in which he took an active part and was thrice wounded. While a comrade was bandaging the second wound, a shell burst between them, killing the comrade and knocking him senseless. From this wound he was disabled until November, 1862, when he reenlisted in the 11th Tennessee Cavalry and began a gallant career under Forrest and Wheeler. He was captured at Franklin, Tenn., in 1863, and sent to Fort Delaware for eighteen months. After being exchanged, he was transferred to Col. D. C.

Kelley's regiment under Forrest, with which he served to the end, surrendering at Sumterville, Ala.

After the war, Comrade Scales was engaged in business in Arkansas until 1874, when he located in Nashville, and was in active business until his retirement some twenty years ago. He was married in 1880 to Miss Grace Hillman, and five children were born to them. She survives him with a son and a daughter.

Captain Scales was ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought and interested in the welfare of his comrades in arms. Each year he met with the survivors of the old Twentieth Regiment at their annual reunion in Nashville, and for their picnic dinner he furnished the famous "Dalton pies," which were in high favor with the Confederates while at Dalton, Ga. His was the moving spirit of these gatherings, and he will be sadly missed when they come together again, and by his comrades everywhere. He was a Mason for over a half century, a Knight Templar, and a Shriner.

REV. JOHN K. HITNER.

Rev. John Kennedy Hitner, whose death occurred at his home in Huntington, W. Va., on September 23, was born at Carlisle, Pa., January 25, 1839, and had thus nearly completed his eighty-eighth year. After a few years in business, he settled in Virginia, where he had inherited property from both parents, and he then attended the University of Virginia. After teaching for a year, he entered the Union Theological Seminary in Prince Edward County, and with other students from that place, in March, 1862, he enlisted, at Richmond, Va., in the Rockbridge Artillery. Under Stonewall Jackson he served in the Valley Campaign, then was engaged in battles around Richmond—Fredericksburg, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, where he was struck three times and severely wounded. Owing to erysipelas from the wound, he was placed in the "dead room" of the Richmond hospital and saw twenty men die around him in one night. The Lord spared his life, as the surgeon kindly told him, and he rejoined his command after the battle of Gettysburg, but was not able to be with it at the evacuation of Richmond nor the surrender at Appomattox. He took part in some twenty of the pitched battles of the four years of war, and never had a furlough except for physical disability.

After the war he taught for a while, then finished his theological studies at the Union Seminary in 1868 and entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, serving in the home mission work of the Church, and for over fifty-six years in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, and West Virginia, he devoted himself to the plain, rough life of the home mission field of the Presbyterian Church. He married, in 1873, Miss Phœby Broderick, of Maysville, Ky., with whom he lived a long and happy life of more than fifty years.

J. L. FLETCHER.

Comrade J. L. Fletcher, a member of Camp Wilcox, U. C. V., Birmingham, Ala., died May 18, 1927. He was born in Limestone County, Ala., on June 25, 1845; he joined the Confederate army in June, 1863, and was a member of Company C, 9th Alabama Cavalry, Wheeler's Corps. He served in all the duties of his regiment until he was detailed to go to North Alabama to secure recruits in April, 1865, and was paroled in Huntsville on May 13, 1865, by General Granger.

Comrade Fletcher was a very active member of the Camp, and did all in his power for the interest of his comrades. He was buried in his uniform of gray, and the coffin was draped with the Confederate flag.

[R. E. Wiggins, a comrade.]



## CHARLES M. McCLELLAN.

The Cherokee Brigade, of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., has lost one of its strongest supporters and the Division one of its most loyal Southerners in the passing of Charles M. McClellan, on June 4, 1927.

He was born March 12, 1845, near Cane Hill, Ark., and lived there until sixteen years of age. In 1862 he enlisted in the 12th Arkansas Infantry, and served the Confederacy to the final surrender at Shreveport, La., in 1865. He was in nearly all the battles and heavy skirmishes in Arkansas and Louisiana, and made a first-class soldier. When peace came and he returned to find all in ruins, he crossed the line into the Cherokee Nation and married Miss Jennie Foreman, a beautiful Cherokee maiden. Three children survive of that union. In 1912, he was married, at Blackwell, Okla., to Mrs. Minnie Howard, who was born and reared in Kentucky. He was a true and loving husband and father.

In his early manhood, Comrade McClellan joined the Presbyterians Church and was a loyal member, ever ready to help the unfortunate. He and his wife always attended the Confederate reunions and had returned from Tampa just a few days when he began to break down.

I knew Comrade McClellan intimately for many years, and our organization has lost one of its faithful adherents, his community and State a worthy citizen.

[R. B. Coleman, Historian, Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.]

## L. C. PRIDMORE.

Levi Columbus Pridmore, a resident of Oregon for the past forty years, died at his home in Springfield, Oregon, August 26, 1927. He was a farmer of that section, retired for the past few years, and an honored and respected citizen.

Mr. Pridmore was born in Prince William County, Va., near Manassas. He enlisted in the Confederate service when not seventeen years of age, and was a loyal follower of Lee throughout the bitter conflict. He was active in many battles, including the second battle of Manassas, the Wilderness, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg. He was slightly wounded in action twice, and was taken prisoner in the last year of the war, confined in Washington, D. C., and at Fort Delaware Prison, where he was when the war ended.

Comrade Pridmore was married to Miss Ella S. Kintzley, soon after going West, who survives him with one son and two daughters. Four sisters and four brothers have gone before. Three of his older brothers served in the Confederate army, one being promoted to a lieutenant. Interment was at Mount Vernon Cemetery near Springfield.

## HENRY C. WYSOR.

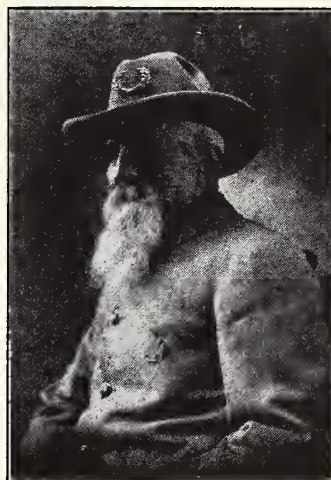
Henry C. Wysor, of Dublin, Va., a veteran of Company F, 54th Virginia Infantry, passed over to the grand reunion on August 7, 1927, after a long illness. He would have been eighty years old on October 21. He had been a most useful, active life up to his seventy-fifth year, successful in business, having been with Gen. W. B. Freeman, of Richmond, and one of the oldest in point of service of the agents of the New York Life Insurance Company, and very greatly honored and esteemed by its management.

Henry Wysor's first service for the Confederacy was at the battle of Cloyd's Mountain, when, as a lad, he attached himself to the 45th Virginia and did notable service with his hair-trigger mountain rifle. Later he was with the 54th Virginia to the close of the war. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church of Dublin, and an officer in it, and in its cemetery he was laid to rest by the side of the beloved wife, whose death five years ago was his greatest sorrow.

[J. M. Weiser, Adjutant Pulaski Camp, No. 88, C. V.]

## ROBERT WESTBROOK HALL.

On July 28, 1927, Robert Westbrook Hall entered upon his eternal rest after an active life of eighty-seven years. He



R. W. HALL.

died in Emporia, Va., at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. L. Cato. After funeral service at the Baptist Church there, his body, clad in the Confederate gray, was laid away in the family burying ground in Brunswick County.

Comrade Hall was born in Brunswick County, Va., May 15, 1840, the son of Clement D. Hall and Louisa Andrews, of Sussex County. He spent nearly his entire life in his native county, but for more than three years had made his home with his daughter at Emporia. In

February, 1867, he was married to Miss Sarah J. Ross, of Brunswick County, who died some years ago. To this happy union were born eight children, four sons and four daughters, all surviving him, with seventeen grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, Robert Hall left home with the Brunswick Guards, which was assigned as Company A, of the 5th Virginia Battalion. He was later transferred to Company H, 53rd Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division. He was in the battles of Second Manassas, Seven Pines, Sharpsburg, Cold Harbor, and other great engagements. Though he was at Gettysburg, he was not in the famous charge, having been ordered to other duty. He was captured at Five Forks and held as a prisoner at Point Lookout until June 16, 1865, when he was released on parole. No braver soldier ever did battle for the cause he believed to be right and just.

At the close of war, he returned home with a record of brave and faithful service and with the firm resolve to uphold the honor of his beloved South during the trying days of Reconstruction and to do his part toward her restoration from the ravages of war. His faith in the South never wavered, and he always retained a deep interest in his comrades and the Confederate organizations and reunions. He united with the Baptist Church in 1865, and to the end his daily life strikingly illustrated his religion.

Nobility of character, sterling integrity, fidelity to trust, devotion to duty, and undaunted courage were his dominant characteristics. He loved his home and was deeply devoted to his family. His cheerful and unselfish disposition, his generosity of heart, and his sincerity of purpose won and held for him a large circle of ardent friends and admirers.

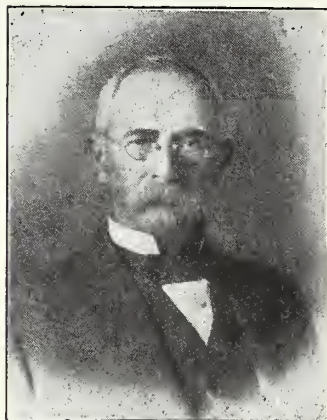
As a soldier, citizen, and Christian, his life was above reproach, and its influence remains as a precious heritage to those whom he has left, filling their hearts with hallowed memories and blessing their lives with such inspiration as guides to the life eternal.

"Ah! how vain are words to say  
Our love for those who wore the gray;  
You gave your all, your lifeblood too,  
Your country's need was met by you."



G. L. SALLEY.

George Lawrence Salley was born in the southwestern section of Orangeburg County, S. C., on February 28, 1847, the son of Nathaniel Moss and Sheldonia Bull Salley. He was educated at the old-fashioned neighborhood schools of his day and at the Poplar Springs Academy, one of the many academies of the Old South which furnished secondary education in that period. He came of a long line of men and women connected with the civic interests of the State. His father was a Confederate soldier; his grandfather, George Elmore Salley, was State senator from Orangeburg County, and his great-grandfather, Samuel Jones, a native of Connecticut, was for many years clerk of court of Orangeburg County.



GEORGE LAWRENCE SALLEY.

George Salley was old enough to serve in the Confederate army toward the end of the war. He entered the service in July, 1864, at the age of seventeen, and was assigned to Company D, 7th South Carolina Battalion. His command served in South Carolina and Virginia and surrendered in North Carolina with Joseph E. Johnston. After the war he settled a farm near his father's old home, and in 1875 was married to Miss Mattie Susan Stokes, of Rural Retreat, in Barnwell County. To this union were born three sons and three daughters, who, with their mother, survive him.

To record George L. Salley's connection with the life of his community and county is to record a considerable part of the history of old Orangeburg. During Reconstruction days he took an active part in the work of the Red Shirts. In recognition of his public service, he was made supervisor of registration of Orangeburg County, the duties of which office he performed with satisfaction to his fellow citizens during those days when the struggle for white supremacy centered in the registration of voters. He carried this responsibility from 1883 to 1893, when he became clerk of the court of Orangeburg County, which position he held for thirty years, when he resigned because of ill health. He was peculiarly honored in his long political experience by his fellow citizens in that they returned him to office for eight successive terms. From 1891 to 1893, Mr. Salley was secretary and treasurer of the Farmers' Alliance Warehouse of Orangeburg.

It would be an oversight not to record his connection with Church affairs. He was a member of Zion Methodist Church, on the Edisto Circuit, from 1876 till he moved to Orangeburg in 1909. For many years he was recording secretary of Zion Church. After moving to Orangeburg he identified himself with St. Paul's Methodist Church. He was always interested in the welfare and usefulness of his Church, and his home was ever open to the pastor in charge.

As a neighbor, Mr. Salley was ready to help anyone in need, and usually no one but the benefactor knew of the help he rendered. One of his most striking characteristics was his habit of genial and sympathetic conversation with those who came in contact with him; they felt free to talk over their troubles with their old neighbor and friend.

To his family he leaves the legacy of a good name and the

tradition of noble conduct. With the help of his good wife he gave his children an education, and toward them he was always patient to a fault. His children recall in him a thousand and one ways in which he showed sympathy and affectionate forbearance toward them and their interests. His kindly spirit and gentle presence are sorely missed from the household.

On September 3, 1927, this gentleman of the old school passed away. After a long life of usefulness to county and State, he has lain down to rest. He will be missed by all who knew him—the many friends of neighborhood, county, and State, those loyal colleagues who gave him their confidence across the years.

JOHN S. YOUNG.

At his home in Nettleton, Miss., on July 13, 1927, John S. Young aged eighty-nine years, passed into eternal rest. He was a native of South Carolina, going with his father's family to Mississippi when a young man. Before he had attained his majority, he enlisted as a soldier in the Confederate army with Company C, 12th Mississippi Regiment, which was a part of Ferguson's Cavalry. He served four years and bore an honorable record as a soldier. Returning home, he began life without property, and by his energy and thrift soon accumulated the means with which to purchase a good home.

Comrade Young was married to Miss Viola Rutledge, of Arkansas, more than fifty years ago, and they reared a large family, which has honored and blessed them. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and took an active part in its affairs. His home life was devoted to rearing his children in the Christian faith, and in his association with his neighbors he was generous to a fault; no one ever appealed to him for aid in vain. He was held in the highest esteem and his passing is deeply regretted.

For more than twenty years, Comrade Young owned the hotel at Nettleton, which was a place of comfort and genial hospitality. His wife, four sons, and five daughters survive him.

After funeral services at the home, he was laid to rest in Providence Cemetery, attended by many friends and relatives.

E. M. KIRKPATRICK.

Edward McCree Kirkpatrick passed away at his home in Greenville, Ala., in September, 1927, after months of failing health. He was a citizen of Greenville from early manhood. He was reared ten miles east of this place, a son of James M. Kirkpatrick, of a family esteemed for sturdy Christian character and sterling principles. His life was an example of worth and goodness. He was a devout member of the Presbyterian Church, and had held positions of trust in the Church, being honored and loved by his coworkers.

Mr. Kirkpatrick was too young to enlist in the early part of the Confederate struggle, but served at home as an assistant in the "Tax and Kind." He was an efficient druggist, and from his early manhood followed that work, and was held in high esteem in his profession. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mollie Posey, a son, and two daughters. Four grandchildren are also left, and one brother, Julius Kirkpatrick, of Ragan, Tex.

After the funeral at the Presbyterian Church, his body was laid away in Magnolia Cemetery, attended by a large number of friends and relatives. No more highly esteemed citizen has ever lived in Greenville. Modest, kind, accommodating and faithful to friendships, he had no enemies and numbered his friends by all who knew him. He will be sadly missed.



## LIEUT. JOHN L. DISMUKES.

John L. Dismukes, prominent citizen of Nashville, Tenn., died in that city on the morning of September 30, following a brief illness. He was born in Davidson County, March 4, 1844, at the place on the Gallatin Pike where his father settled when he went to Tennessee from Virginia.

In April, 1861, at the age of seventeen years, young Dismukes enlisted as a private in Company B, 18th Tennessee Regiment, with which he participated in the fighting at Fort Donelson, and was there surrendered. He was sent to the prison at Camp Butler, Ill., but escaped some six weeks later and returned to Tennessee. On the way to rejoin his regiment at Iuka, Miss., he joined fortunes with Morgan's cavalry command, until the disaster at Lebanon, after which he got back to his regiment, under General Bragg, in time to take part in the battle of Murfreesboro, where the 18th Tennessee was distinguished in the charge with Breckinridge's Division on January 2, 1863. At Chickamauga, for heroism in saving the flag as it fell from the hands of the wounded color bearer and carrying it forward, he was promoted to ensign of the regiment, with rank of first lieutenant. In the official report of Brown's Brigade on the battle of Chickamauga, it is stated that "on Sunday morning, September 20, when the brigade was ordered forward, but forced to fall back by a most galling fire from the enemy's artillery, Sergt. Isaac A. Looney and Private John L. Dismukes continued to advance some hundred yards to a house within fifty yards of the enemy's guns and fired at the gunners until the next brigade came up." He served with the 18th Tennessee at Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, New Hope Church, and to the close of the Atlanta campaign, after which he was transferred to the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, under Col. Samuel P. Carter, with which he served as second lieutenant until wounded in the leg at the battle of Franklin. He surrendered with Forrest's command at Gainesville, Ala.

Returning to his home at Nashville, Lieutenant Dismukes engaged in the wholesale hat business in 1870, which became one of the most prominent and successful wholesale establishments of the city. He was actively connected with it to the end.

Comrade Dismukes was married to Miss Andrea Russell Humes, of Knoxville, who died last June. Two daughters and a son survive him. He was a vestryman of Christ Episcopal Church at Nashville, and for many years junior warden there; was chairman of the building committee when the new church was erected.

## WILLIAM B. SOMERVILLE.

William B. Somerville, one of the leading citizens of the Aliceville community in Pickens County, Ala., and an esteemed Confederate veteran, passed away at his home near that city on July 9, 1927, being in his eightieth year. He had lived all his life in this community, was well known throughout Pickens County, and had served the people of the county as tax collector for one term.

At the early age of sixteen years he enlisted in the ranks of the Confederate army and served from his enlistment throughout the remainder of the war in the company of Captain Baskins, under the command of General Forrest. After the cessation of hostilities, he returned to his father's home to assist in the rehabilitation of the Southland. He was married in 1875 to Miss Mollie Archibald, and to them were born several children, who, with their mother, still survive. Soon after marriage he removed to Franconia, Ala., where the family still resides.

Mr. Somerville, when but a lad, identified himself with the Presbyterian Church and was an honored officer of his Church and clerk of its Session for years, and it was in the Church which he loved so well that his friends gathered in large concourse to pay their last respects to his memory. His body now rests in Oak Grove Cemetery.

[Mrs. Willie Gardner.]

## MRS. CORA PRITCHARTT WILLIAMS.

The Shenandoah Chapter, as well as the Virginia Division, U. D. C., suffered an irreparable loss in the death at her home in Woodstock, Va., on August 12, 1927, of Mrs. Cora Pritchartt Williams, widow of Gen. James H. Williams, who was one of the notable lawyers of the Shenandoah Valley and a gallant Confederate soldier.

Mrs. Williams's death came at the ripe age of eighty-seven, and her service for the Southland began with her employment in the Confederate Treasury, where as a girl, she was given the important task of signing and registering bonds of the Confederacy.

Her devotion to the cause whose sun went down at Appomattox was evidenced by her never-flagging efforts to keep alive the memories of the South and instill into the hearts and minds of Southern youth the principles for which their fathers died and the heroic sacrifices of the hosts of Lee and Jackson.

Possessing a brilliant mind and an enviable aptitude for writing, Mrs. Williams was peculiarly fitted for her chosen work, and to her zeal and initiative is due the organization of Shenandoah Chapter, U. D. C. The State organization realized her ability and appreciated her unfailing interests in the Daughters of the Confederacy, and for a time she served as Treasurer of the Virginia Division.

She contributed frequently to periodicals and papers and was a member of the American League of Penwomen, among whom she numbered many distinguished friends.

The *Winchester Star*, in chronicling her death, said: "Her retentive memory, coupled with a remarkable mind, gave her a prestige which her associates enjoyed, and even in the shadow of death she retained the brilliancy which marked her other years. Loved and respected by her townsmen, her life was a benediction to those who knew her, and the great number of floral tributes attested the sympathy felt at her death."

Mrs. Williams was a native of Fairfax County, and a member of an old Virginia family. For years she made her home in Winchester, but in 1883 came to Woodstock, where her husband soon became one of the leaders of the Shenandoah County bar.

Tribute was paid her in suitable resolutions passed at a meeting of the Shenandoah Chapter, U. D. C., in which her worth and example as a member was expressed, in part, as follows: "It is with saddened hearts that we are called upon to record the death of one so beloved as this gifted and loyal member of our U. D. C. Chapter, through whose untiring efforts its organization was effected. As its first President, she gave unstintingly of her time and talents until compelled by ill health to retire. The title of Honorary President was then conferred upon her."

Funeral services were conducted in Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Woodstock. Her love for this Church was crystalized in the great work she accomplished in the reestablishing of the Episcopal Church in Woodstock after a lapse of years, when the congregation was without a church, and she lived to see the fruition of her unselfish efforts in the beautiful edifice from which she was borne to the tomb.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*  
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va.....*First Vice President General*

MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Second Vice President General*  
186 Bethlehem Pike

MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex.....*Third Vice President General*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala.....*Recording Secretary General*

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va.....*Treasurer General*  
Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky.....*Historian General*  
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo.....*Registrar General*  
5330 Pershing

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....*Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md....*Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, *Official Editor*, Clifton Forge, Va.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* Two years have rolled around, and it becomes the duty of the President General to write to the organization her last letter as its official head.

In some ways the time has seemed long and the work difficult; from other standpoints, it seems only the other day that the first letter was written outlining policies and defining work to be carried forward.

The report of the President General to the convention in November will show much accomplished by the members of this organization during the last twelve months alone. Since these things are the achievements of the Daughters and not of any one officer, it is with great satisfaction and gratitude that a steady growth and development may be noted.

The organization, as a majestic tree, has become more firmly rooted, more solidly grounded in its objects and purposes, in its confidence in itself. A cold and piercing north wind may beat against it for a time, but it passes, and the old tree settles itself more firmly than before.

Those airy individuals, like plants which have no root in themselves but suck the blood of the tree, find comfort upon the branches for awhile, but they soon fall away.

The old tree also furnishes good exercise for climbers, but they, like their airy and rootless sisters, fall to the ground sooner or later.

The sunshine of heaven and the showers sweet have pierced to the roots of the tree and have given health and strength and a firm growth until it stands forth a great Memorial Tree, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

To the loyal and devoted women who have helped the work of this dignified and historic organization for the past two years, the thanks of the President General are given in no unstinted measure.

While the organization is theirs as well as hers, and they work for a cause in which they believe, and not for any officer, it nevertheless follows that it is pleasing and gratifying to have an administration uphold.

When we see the thirty-four Confederate women receiving monthly their check from the Treasurer General, which eases somewhat for them the hard things of their declining years; when we see true history supplanting the false, and brilliant, powerful men of the North requesting conferences with the women of the organization and with their representatives, in order to produce history which is fair and nonpartisan; when we see scholarships of sterling worth at the great colleges and universities of the land educating the young people of the Southland, we feel that the old tree is bearing fruit and that the fruit is good.

The motto of the President General has been "*Palma non sine pulvere*," and when the sun of popular favor has for a time shone upon her, and the realization of the honor of the position has been impressed upon her, then has come the dust of the long, long trail, and with it the conviction that there are no palms without dust.

If in leaving this office she could leave with each Daughter an admonition which, above all else, would tend to strengthen and solidify this body of women, it would be: "On bended knee, let each member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy pray to the great God who strengthened the arm of Davis, Lee, and Jackson for battle and for victory, and who upheld them in defeat, that he will so guide the women of this organization that they will in honor prefer one another, and that nothing they do will be done through strife or vain-glory."

With an abiding confidence in the worth of the cause and in the honor and integrity of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the President General bids each one an affectionate farewell.

RUTH LAWTON.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Alabama.*—The United Daughters of the Confederacy will be overjoyed to know that through the untiring efforts of one of their most beloved and efficient Past State Presidents, Mrs. C. S. McDowell, Jr., of Eufaula, a bill has been passed by the last legislature appropriating \$5,000 for the erection of a monument at Gettysburg to the memory of those brave Alabamians who perished on that bloody field of battle. The patriotic Daughters of the State have been working for years to accomplish this end, and now their dream has come true.

The U. D. C. organization has on hand a certain amount which has been raised through persistent and continued effort on the part of Chapters throughout the State to add to this in order that a creditable monument may be erected.

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*Arkansas.*—Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter held its first meeting of the season recently. The program was interesting and instructive. Miss Lee Hallie Burton had charge of the program.

Memorial Chapter, of Little Rock, the mother Chapter of the Division, at its first meeting this fall made plans for assisting the veterans at their reunion. Much business was transacted, and plans were made for the work of the coming year.

Mrs. M. P. Meyers, Third Vice President, Arkansas Division, requests that all children who have written prize essays communicate with her at once.



*Louisiana.*—The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Louisiana Division was held in Shreveport, October 4-6. A pretty feature of the opening exercises was the presentation to the Division of three flags—the Confederate Stars and Bars, the Louisiana flag, and the flag of the United States. These flags were carried to the platform by three of the early members of the organization—Mrs. Peter Youree, Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, and Mrs. S. A. Pegues, and were received by the Division President, Mrs. L. U. Babin.

The convention was honored by the presence of two general officers—Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Registrar General, and Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, Corresponding Secretary General.

Among the outstanding reports of the convention was that of the marking of the Jefferson Davis Highway through Louisiana and the educational report. All committees and officers reported much work accomplished.

The Memorial Hour on Wednesday was most impressive, Mrs. Penelope Mills presiding. Memorial resolutions on the deaths of Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, organizer of the Louisiana Division, and Miss Mattie McGrath, Past State President, were read.

Amendments to the constitutions were as follows: Changing the name of the Widows' Relief Fund of Louisiana to the Longmire Relief Fund for Confederate Widows; placing an assessment of five cents for the Students' Loan Fund; providing that no Chapter shall have more than one proxy; and an amendment giving Past Presidents a vote in convention.

A beautiful program was carried out on Historical Evening, the chief feature of which was a pageant of twenty pretty girls in costumes of the sixties, who gave the songs of those days. The address of the evening was by former Governor Pleasants on Davis and Lee, and the Cross of Service was presented to Mr. Richard F. Lillard, twice cited for bravery in the World War. A pageant of the sixties presented by members of the organization was the closing feature of the program.

The following officers will serve for the coming year, the first three being reëlections: President, Mrs. L. U. Babin, New Orleans; First Vice President, Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, New Orleans; Second Vice President, Mrs. F. P. Jones, Leesville; Third Vice President, Mrs. A. P. Miller, Baton Rouge; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Carolyn G. North, Tangipahoa; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid, New Orleans; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Donnie Arrighi, Baton Rouge; Treasurer, Mrs. Rudolph Krause, Lake Charles; Registrar, Mrs. E. L. Rugg; Historian, Mrs. F. W. Bradt; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. H. Friedrichs; Custodian, Mrs. F. Rice; Organizer, Mrs. P. Mills; Director C. of C., Mrs. H. W. Eckhardt.

Three new Honorary Presidents were added—Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, Mrs. T. B. Pugh, and Miss Nannie Davis Smith (niece of President Davis).

Of the social features of this convention were a "Get-Together" luncheon, attended by more than a hundred guests and members, on the roof of the beautiful Youree Hotel; an automobile ride through the city and out to Fort Humbug, which is now under the supervision and special care of the Shreveport Chapter. Here, on mounds especially prepared, were sown the poppy seed gathered by the Prince de Polignac from the battle field of Chemin des Dames in France and sent to Shreveport for the occasion. Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Kolman scattered the seed on one mound with appropriate remarks, while Mrs. Peter Youree, Honorary President, and Mrs. L. U. Babin, President, planted the other mound.

A reception was held in the Josephine Room of the Youree Hotel on Tuesday evening to meet the general officers, the

Past Presidents, Division officers, and officers of the Shreveport Chapter.

Among the many celebrations of the Louisiana Division commemorating the birthday of Admiral Semmes was that at Memorial Hall, New Orleans, on September 27, with a splendid program under the auspices of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, when many tributes were paid to the memory of the famous Confederate admiral. Mayor O'Keefe spoke on the virtues of the great Confederate naval leader and stated that City Commissioner T. Semmes Wamsley was a grandson of Admiral Semmes.

The Cross of Service was presented to Capt. John Longmire on this occasion, and memorials to four of the Division's past leaders who have passed to the Great Beyond were unveiled—Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, Honorary President U. D. C., and founder of the Louisiana Division; Miss Doriska Gautreaux, Past President of the Division and prominent also in the general organization; Miss Mattie B. McGrath, Past President of the Division and President of the Henry Watkins Allen Chapter for fifteen years; Mrs. E. C. T. Longmire, President for Life of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter and founder of the Widows' Relief Fund of Louisiana.

The memorials took the form of practical gifts to the Hall—a solid mahogany library table in the name of Mrs. Smith, bearing her name and honors on a plate set in the end of the table; a handsome mahogany chair, with the U. D. C. insignia carved in the back, being the tribute in the name of Miss Gautreaux; an electric chandelier given in memory of Miss Mattie B. McGrath; and a ceiling fan and light, in the name of Mrs. Longmire—all of which were unveiled with appropriate ceremony and tributes.

Vocal and instrumental selections added much to the entertainment.

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*Maryland.*—The Bradley T. Johnston Chapter, No. 1940, was formally inaugurated September 24, at the beautiful home of Mrs. James W. Westcott, with an attendance of twelve charter members and others. Mrs. Westcott was elected President.

Activities for the coming year were outlined and plans formulated for carrying out the work. The meeting was then adjourned and a reception and collation were enjoyed by guests and members.

Dalton, the home of Mrs. J. Lawrence Clark, President of Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry Regiment Chapter, Ellcott City, was the setting of a delightfully arranged meeting on September 26. Guests of honor were the Division President, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, Mrs. James W. Westcott, and Miss Sally Washington Maupin. The annual election of officers was carried out.

Mrs. James W. Westcott gave an account of the newly printed U. D. C. seals, and the Chapter purchased two hundred seals. After partaking of refreshments, a unique gift was made to the President, it being a brick procured from the house where Gen. Robert E. Lee signed the surrender of the Confederate forces, Appomattox Courthouse, Va., April 9, 1865.

Upon adjournment to the lawn, where General Lee had frequently stood when guest of the mayor, before and after the War between the States, Mrs. Clark, retiring President, made a graceful ceremony of welcoming her successor in office.

Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, Mrs. Henry J. Berkeley, President, presiding, celebrated September 27, the birthday of Admiral Raphael Semmes. Miss Harriet Marine, Historian, read a splendidly prepared sketch of his career in the Confederate navy.



Delegates to the State convention were elected, and the Chapter voted that monthly meetings be held in future. As chairman of the Seal Committee, Mrs. J. W. Westcott was invited to call attention of Chapter members regarding them. Many seals were disposed of at the meeting.

A report from Mrs. Rieman on the Maryland Room of the Confederate Museum, Richmond, was most interesting. Mrs. Charles Posey was elected as Second Vice President. Mrs. Leo Cohill, President Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, Hagerstown, arranged to hold a meeting of the Executive Board at her home, Stafford Hall, which preceded a meeting of the Chapter to commemorate the birthday of Admiral Semmes, September 27.

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*Missouri.*—With the gathering largely attended by members, their families, and Confederate veterans, Hannibal Chapter recently celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Wilson Creek. The affair took the form of a picnic, and a very large crowd gathered in Indian Mound Park for the festivities. Mr. W. H. Luck, of this city, and Mr. J. W. Barton, of Frayford, commanding a brigade of the State Division, were guests of honor. At six o'clock a very elaborate picnic dinner was served, after which Mrs. John J. Conlon, President of Hannibal Chapter, told of the great battle of Wilson Creek, and how each year it is observed by the U. D. C.'s throughout the State. She then introduced the two Confederate veterans to the group, and they were given a great ovation. Mrs. Conlon then presented Miss Helen Harding, whom the Chapter is sponsoring at Culver-Stockton College. Miss Harding, who was an honor pupil while attending Hannibal High School, from which institution she was graduated, talked most interestingly of the fine opportunities provided by Culver-Stockton College. Mrs. Alice Conlon, of Los Angeles, formerly of Hannibal and a member of Hannibal Chapter, and Miss Strange of Seattle, Wash., formerly of Louisiana, were out-of-town guests.

The John S. Marmaduke Chapter held an important meeting on September 15 at the home of Mrs. L. B. Jackson. After the interesting program, a business meeting followed, and Mrs. S. C. Hunt, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, and Mrs. Lizzie Morris were elected delegates to attend the U. D. C. Convention in Charleston, S. C., November 15-19.

Mrs. Margaret Sommerville, Mrs. Lizzie Morris, and Miss Annie Burroughs were elected to represent the Chapter at the State Convention, October 18-20, in Richmond, Mo.

Miss Julia Meredith and Mr. Delmar Hall were awarded scholarships in Columbia High School.

The Chapter also gave a luncheon at the Country Club, September 8, in honor of Mrs. B. C. Hunt, State President.

\* \* \*

*Ohio.*—Mrs. Perry V. Shoe, Mrs. B. B. Mathews and Miss Susan Shoe were the hostesses at the September meeting of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of Cincinnati. Luncheon was served, and the principal business enacted consisted of the election of delegates and alternates to the State convention to be held in Cleveland next month. Mrs. Troy W. Appleby and Mrs. Herbert Black were elected as delegates and Mrs. R. W. Lyle and Mrs. E. Nelson High as alternates.

\* \* \*

*Virginia.*—The thirty-second annual convention of the Virginia Division was held at historic Winchester, with Turner Ashby Chapter as hostess, October 4-7.

The retiring President, Mrs. A. C. Ford, presided. This convention, which was a large one, marked the close of a

year of notable progress for the Division, and one which left it with no debt, with no pledge unredeemed, and with but one piece of unfinished work. Five hundred and ninety-eight new members were received during the year.

The convention unanimously indorsed Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia, for the office of President General, U. D. C., and Mrs. B. A. Blenner for Treasurer General, at the election to be held at Charleston in November.

Mrs. William A. Roberts, of Chase City, was elected to succeed Mrs. Ford as President of the Division. Mrs. Roberts has been active in the work of the Division, having formerly been Historian, and her election was by acclamation.

Other officers elected were: First Vice President, Mrs. J. B. Stanard; Second Vice President, Mrs. John Hopkins; Third Vice President, Miss Frances Jenkins, of Strasburg; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. R. E. King; Recording Secretary, Miss Adella Yowell, of Culpeper; Registrar, Miss Lucy Kurtz, of Winchester; Historian, Mrs. Cabell Flournoy, of Lexington; Treasurer, Mrs. B. C. Phlegar, of Christiansburg; Custodian, Mrs. Charles Selden, of Richmond; Virginia Division Badge, Mrs. Howard Nuckols, of Richmond.

The convention will be held at Alexandria next year.

(Continued on page 438.)

#### FOR PRESIDENT GENERAL

The West Virginia Division presents the First Vice President General, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, for the office of President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Byrne has rendered distinguished service in the work of the organization as Chapter President, Division President, and as Corresponding Secretary General, 1919 and 1920. In 1922 she was elected Recording Secretary General, but was



MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE.



prevented from serving throughout the term by an acute illness. At Hot Springs she was elected, without opposition, to the office of First Vice President General, and at Richmond she was unanimously reelected.

For five years Mrs. Byrne served as Division President, and she is now Honorary President of her Division. During her term as President she was distinguished for her fairness and impartiality, and as well for her ability as a presiding officer and parliamentarian.

As Registrar, for twenty years, of the Colonial Dames of West Virginia, she has preserved priceless records of the early history of our country. The Church also has claimed her time and talents, and she has discharged the duties of many offices in the auxiliaries of the Presbyterian Church, U. S., with ability and dispatch.

The West Virginia Division indorsed her for the office of President General in 1924, but as soon as she learned that South Carolina and Virginia had presented Mrs. Lawton, she withdrew, assuring her Division of her appreciation, but requesting undivided support for her friend and coworker.

The Division requests the votes and the influence of all friends in the organization in support of this Daughter, whom it delights to honor.

MRS. B. M. HOOVER,  
President West Virginia Division, U. D. C.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESSES

U. D. C. Program for November.

TENNESSEE SECEDED JUNE 8, 1861.

In the Confederate Congresses, Tennessee was represented by the following citizens. In giving the list of names, the letter "P" following stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for First and Second Congresses.

*Senators*.—Landon C. Haynes (1, 2); Gustavus A. Henry (1, 2).

*Representatives*.—Robert L. Caruthers (P); Thomas M. Jones (P); J. H. Thomas (P); John F. House (P); John D. C. Atkins (P, 1, 2); David M. Currin (P, 1, 2); W. H. DeWitt (P); Henry S. Foote (1, 2); Thomas Menees (1, 2); George W. Jones (1); William G. Swan (1, 2); William H. Tibbs (1); E. L. Gardenhire (1); John V. Wright (1, 2); Joseph B. Heiskell (1, 2); Meredith P. Gentry (1); Arthur S. Colyar (2); John P. Murray (2); Edwin A. Keeble (2); James McCallum (2); Michael W. Clusky (2).

### C. OF C. Program for November.

Trace operations of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest before and after the battle of Murfreesboro. What new use of cavalry did Forrest and Morgan employ?

Read "Li'l Feller wid His Mammy's Eyes," by Frank L. Stanton. Library of Southern Literature, Volume XI, 5074.

### C. OF C. CATECHISM.

Who was considered the greatest cavalry and artillery commander who was not educated at West Point?

General Nathan Bedford Forest, called "The Wizard of the Saddle."

Name some other great cavalry commanders?

Gen. John Hunt Morgan, of Kentucky, and General Mosby, of Virginia, were two of the most famous.

Why?

Because they led independent commands, often making the most daring raids into enemy territory.

Who was called the "Plumed Knight" and noted for his daring and gallantry?

Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, of Virginia.

Who was the youngest brigadier general?

Gen. Felix H. Robertson, of Texas. He was a cadet at West Point, resigned to volunteer in the Confederate army at the age of eighteen; fought with Hood's Texas Brigade, and was commissioned brigadier general at the age of twenty-two.

What great general was called "General Lee's Right Arm"?

Gen. Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall).

How did he get his soubriquet?

At first Manassas, in a close engagement there was some confusion, when Gen. Barnard E. Bee (Texas), to rally his men, called out: "Look! See Jackson's men standing there like a stone wall."

When did Stonewall Jackson die, and how is he ranked as a strategist?

General Jackson was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville in May, 1863, and died some days later. Foreign countries have sent military experts to study what is known as the Valley Campaign. He is considered one of the military geniuses of the world.

Of whom was it said, "Three commonwealths claim him?"

General Albert Sydney Johnston, who was killed at the battle of Shiloh.

When did the Daughters of the Confederacy organize?

On September 10, 1894, at Nashville, Tenn.

For what purpose did they organize?

To preserve the true history of the Confederacy and keep in sacred memory the brave deeds of the men of the South, their devotion to their country and to the cause of right, with no bitterness toward the government of the United States, under which we now live.

What other purposes have the Daughters of the Confederacy?

To teach their children from generation to generation that there was no stain upon the action of their forefathers in the War between the States and the women of the South who nobly sustained them in that struggle, and will ever feel that their deathless deeds of valor are a precious heritage to be treasured for all time to come.

For what was the army of the South particularly noted?

For its great commanders—great as soldiers and great as men of stainless character—and for the loyalty of the men in the ranks, who were dauntless in courage, "the bravest of the brave," ever ready to rush into the "jaws of death" at the command of their great leaders.

What did a noted Englishman say of the Confederate States of America, in a letter to General Lee?

"No nation ever rose so pure or fell so free from stain."



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Pea ody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*  
Athens, Ga.  
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA.....  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## PLANNING FOR 1928.

*My Dear Coworkers:* A wonderful lesson of preparedness comes to us in the announcement of Edwin R. Wiles, General Chairman of the Reunion Committee of the Little Rock reunion in the fact that he has given to the public already, eight months in advance, a full roster of all chairmen and committees, who are already working and will continue to perfect every detail until the time arrives to throw open wide the gates of the "City of Roses" in welcome to the gathering heroes in gray. Time and forethought in planning insures coöperation and prevents confusion and distressing disappointments. May we not each one take this illuminating example and profit by it in planning our year's work? All will feel a keen interest in knowing that the ballroom of the Marion Hotel will be used for our opening or welcome meeting and the banquet hall for the regular meetings. The Marion Hotel is to be the headquarters for the reunion. A banner is to be presented to the delegation having the largest representation, and it is hoped that this fact will inspire all to strive to win the trophy. Let us work as we have never worked before, not for ourselves, but for the cause which we hold sacred and inviolate, in memory of the saintly grace of the one who reigned in our homes and ruled and directed our lives—of her who bore the precious name of mother.

Our work is our heritage from her, and let us gather in our meetings, ever bearing in mind not the honoring of ourselves, but carrying on in the spirit which "Mother" would have us, in loving service and undying loyalty to the cause for which she suffered and which she bequeathed to us.

## THE NEW ASSOCIATION OF LITTLE ROCK.

Our heartiest congratulations to the women of Little Rock and to Mrs. John F. Weinman in the organization of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Little Rock. At the call of Mrs. Weinman, fifteen ladies met with Mrs. John R. Wassell, perfected organization, and elected the following officers:

Honorary President, Mrs. Samuel Preston Davis; President, Mrs. John F. Weinman; First Vice President, Mrs. T. W. Steele; Second Vice President, Mrs. D. F. S. Galloway; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John R. Wassell; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Fred S. Stewart; Treasurer, Mrs. Bruce Ellis; Historian, Mrs. Sam M. Wassell; Parliamentarian, Mrs. C. C. Woodward.

It is the privilege of the writer to know all of these splendid

women personally, and each one has proved ability along many lines of work, which insures an association of exceptional ability. Already plans have been made for a membership drive, setting the figure at one hundred before January 11, and insuring all plans for the convention of the C. S. M. A. being carried out with precision as to detail. Delightful anticipations of the cordial coöperation of the new Association in all plans for the convention of the C. S. M. A., the mothers of the Confederacy, may well be yours, for these women, loyal to every call that comes in the name of the mothers of the Southland, will meet most affectionate surprise.

Our Historian General, Mrs. Rutherford, continues ill, but somewhat improved. The change in her condition will be gratifying to her many friends all over the South, who love and honor her.

A recent letter from our Chaplain General, Giles B. Cooke, brings the most gratifying news of his great improvement in health, and the hope of being in his usual place at the convention, when his absence is always keenly felt and regretted.

Your President General has enjoyed a two weeks' motor trip through Florida in October, as the guest of her relation, Mrs. T. W. Steele, of Little Rock, and returned home with pleasant memories of beautiful drives and happy meetings with friends in the Land of Flowers, with the added inspiration and pleasure of having had a real holiday for relaxation and enjoyment.

An invitation to be a guest of honor at the Georgia State convention, which meets in Covington, October 15, is appreciated and pleasurably anticipated.

Your letters are always a pleasure, so write when the spirit moves you.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,  
*President General, C. S. M. A.*

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Mrs. S. M. Fields, State President for Texas C. S. M. A., presented pictures of General Lee and Jackson to the American History Class of the North Dallas High School and made an interesting address on the historical background of these pictures.



## CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL AT POINT CLEAR, ALA.

BY MRS. T. P. NORVILLE, PRESIDENT.

The Eastern Shore Confederate Memorial Association was organized at "Norvilla," Battle's Wharf, Baldwin County, Ala., on September 21, 1923. Its purpose was to mark the resting place of the soldiers from North and South Carolina, Arkansas, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, who died at the base hospital, Point Clear Hotel, Baldwin County, 1861-1864.

In 1923 our research committee sought the assistance of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to get the names of those soldiers who were buried at Point Clear Cemetery. After much work we were rewarded by securing many names. This Confederate graveyard of seven acres was donated to the Confederate cause by Col. Charles E. Ketchum, of Mobile. This cemetery has been reclaimed by the Association, and a handsome concrete inclosure is erected to the long-forgotten Confederate soldiers' memory. On April 29, 1927, at Point Clear Confederate Graveyard, dedicatory services were held. It was the first time that the Confederate flag waved over their patriotic remains, the first time that any ceremonial of any kind was read, or taps ever sounded over their resting place. Dr. Plummer made the invocation, cedar wreaths were placed by the school children, there was music by the local band, and the assembly sang hymns to its accompaniment. Hon. Sam Jenkins, of Bay Minette, made the dedicatory address. Members of Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., of Mobile, were the guests of honor, under command of T. E. Spotswood.

When the government abandoned Fort Morgan a few years ago, the organizer of the Eastern Shore Confederate Memorial Association appealed to Secretary of War, Hon. John Weeks, for the old Confederate cannon used at the battle of Mobile Bay. The request was granted. The cannon were placed in the center of the inclosure, while two pyramids of cannon ball and two mortars make the decoration for the four corners. Fort Morgan is built on the site of the old wooden Fort Bowuden. In 1833, Fort Morgan was erected, and so well was it built that the masonry at the present day, despite the flight of years and the bombardment of the battle of Mobile Bay, is in a remarkable state of preservation.

To many of our readers who will not see our Point Clear Confederate Memorial, a word picture will help to visualize the environment. At the entrance of Mobile Bay, on the East side, is Fort Morgan; sixteen miles south is Point Clear, known during the sixties as the "Saratoga of the South," when "Cotton was King." The battle of Mobile Bay was fought on August 5, 1864, a bright sunny morning. About eight o'clock the Federal fleet, led by Admiral Farragut steamed past Fort Morgan, and three monitors were placed between the wooden ships and Fort Morgan. This formidable fleet was opposed, in addition to Fort Morgan, by the ram Tennessee, Admiral Buchanan, commander, and his fleet of gunboats, the Morgan, the Gaines, the Florida, and two others. The cannonading during this engagement lasted for several hours, and was terrific. The Monitor Tecumseh was sunk by a Confederate torpedo abreast Fort Morgan, Captain Craven, commander. Only three survived.

Many years afterwards the government planned to sell the wreck. A petition from the relatives of the men lost on the Tecumseh asked the government not to allow the vessel to be disturbed, but to let it remain forever as the resting place for those who went down in her. Farragut's fleet passed Fort Morgan, captured the Tennessee, dispersed other vessels of Admiral Buchanan, and steamed up the bay, anchoring four

miles north of Fort Morgan. The fleet never at any time went farther up the bay, because the draught of the vessels would not permit. Later thousands of Federal troops were landed at Navy Cove, about four miles east of Fort Morgan, under command of General Granger. These troops captured Fort Blakely and Spanish Fort on the Gensas and Blakely River. In this severe engagement many Confederates fell. Small vessels, known as the Gin fleet, from Farragut's fleet cruised over Mobile Bay, capturing everything in sight. These were the marines and army regulars. Their march of conquest was not marked by the cruelty of Wilson's raiders marching through Selma and Cahaba, Ala., which was one of fire, pillage, desolation, and inhumanity, even to entering private homes and descending to the inhuman act of tearing rings from the fingers of the Southern women. Our family suffered from this barbarity. "To the victor belongs the spoils;" but there is a limit to vandalism.

## THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEDAL.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Seattle, met with the John B. Gordon Camp of Confederate Veterans at the home of Mrs. H. O. Calohan on June 16, the occasion being in honor of Commander Dodge, of the Camp, who was presented the Stone Mountain medal through Mrs. May Avery Wilkins, President of the State Division, U. D. C. This tribute on the part of the Lee Chapter shows that the name of D. F. Dodge has been inscribed on the honor roll of living veterans which is to be placed in Memorial Hall of the Stone Mountain Memorial. Commander Dodge, now eighty-seven years old, served with the 7th Tennessee Cavalry under Forrest, and took part on the famous engagements at Fort Pillow and Brice's Crossroads.

WHOSE FLAG WAS THIS?—An interesting communication comes from George V. Bennett, 208 Court Street, Plymouth, Mass., in regard to an old flag which was given to his family many years ago by a neighbor, whose son took it home from the war in the South. The banner is of green silk, on which is painted the figure of a man in coat of mail and gold helmet, surmounted by an eagle. One arm is extended, supporting a shield, while the other arm is raised, holding a spear. The two sides are similar, and though the banner is in a tattered condition, the word "Georgia" can be made out, and "Irish Jasper Greens." The shamrock is painted into the design in several places. Anyone who can give any information about the old flag is asked to communicate with Mr. Bennett, who is anxious to return it to those who would most appreciate it.

IN SYMPATHY.—Mrs. Carl McMahon, of Livingston, Ala., well known to VETERAN readers by her valuable contributions to its columns, has sustained a bereavement in the death of her husband. In April they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at their old colonial home in Livingston, which was made the occasion for the home-coming of their children, and many golden gifts were made them in honor of the day. Mr. McMahon was ill only a few days when he "fell on sleep," and he was laid to rest in the family burying ground at Gainesville, Ala.—Mrs. J. M. Brownson, Victoria, Tex.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

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DR. ROBERT K. BUFORD, Charleston. .... West Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## ACTIVITIES OF THE S. C. V.

### COMMITTEES FOR LITTLE ROCK REUNION.

The complete personnel of the organization which will make arrangements for and have direct charge of the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and allied organizations in Little Rock, May 8-11, 1928, is announced by Edmund R. Wiles, General Chairman for the reunion, and Gordon N. Peay, Treasurer.

The organization comprises thirty-one committees, all of which have formally organized and have started work. Doubtless this is the first time in the history of Confederate reunions that it has been possible to announce the completion of all committees eight months in advance of a reunion.

It is also the first time that a State, by resolution of its legislature, has invited the veterans to hold their reunion within its borders; and the first time a legislature has appropriated any amount to be used for entertaining the old soldiers. The Arkansas legislature, at its last session, passed a bill appropriating \$30,000 to be used in caring for the veterans at the reunion. The money is to be paid from the pension fund after all pensioners have been paid the maximum pension provided under the law.

The committees were announced as follows:

*State Disbursing Board.*—Dr. Morgan Smith, chairman; Gen. M. D. Vance, Mrs. George Hughes, Lee Gazort, Mrs. George B. Gill.

*Distinguished Guests Reception Committee.*—Governor Martineau, chairman; Mayor Moyer, Mayor R. L. Lawhon (of North Little Rock), Chief Justice J. C. Hart, Senator Joe T. Robinson, Senator T. H. Caraway, Lieutenant Governor Parnell, Speaker Reece A. Caudle, Congressmen W. J. Driver, John Tillman, Otis J. Wingo, Heartsill Ragon, James Reed, Tillman B. Parks, W. A. Oldfield, George W. Donaghey, Charles Brough, Thomas C. McRae, Tom J. Terral.

*Executive Committee.*—Dr. Morgan Smith, chairman; D. L. Carter, A. J. Wilson, J. R. Riley, Jr., Sam M. Wassell, R. G. McDaniel, J. S. Utley.

*Finance Board.*—Charles M. Connor, chairman; Judge C.

P. Newton, C. C. Kavanaugh, Grady H. Forgy, C. H. Moses, Loid Rainwater, Louis Altheimer.

*S. C. V. Committee.*—Maj. Grady H. Forgy, chairman; Hal. L. Norwood, R. D. Hill, W. Lee Cozart, D. W. Green, R. W. Rogers, F. P. Harris, R. G. McDaniel, Judge Marvin Harris.

*Confederate Southern Memorial Association Committee.*—Mrs. J. H. Weinmann, chairman.

*Reservation and Housing Committee.*—W. S. Daniel, chairman; Florance Donahue, Capt. B. L. Maloney.

*Reception Committee.*—H. S. Spivey, chairman.

*Commissary Committee.*—Charles E. Caple, chairman; C. C. Ball, Roy Bilheimer, C. R. Barham, L. V. Casey, F. D. Chipman, Henry Thomas, J. D. Reed.

*Transportation Committee.*—W. D. Jackson, chairman; C. A. Hale, W. J. Winn, Neal Clayton, B. C. Malcolm, Fred Fennell, J. H. Stewart.

*U. D. C. Committee.*—Mrs. John E. Martineau, honorary chairman; Mrs. George Hughes, chairman.

*Registration and Badges.*—George Wyman, chairman; Tom Newton, Farrer Newberry.

*Program and Souvenir Committee.*—Dr. Morgan Smith, chairman; Sid Brooks, Virgil Pettie.

*Public Health Committee.*—Dr. C. W. Garrison, chairman; Dr. J. A. Summers, Dr. Austin Barr, Dr. V. T. Webb, V. L. Thompson.

*Music Committee.*—J. Curran Conway, chairman; J. A. Welch, R. L. Whaley.

*Entertainment Committee.*—W. N. Brandon, chairman; Mrs. C. H. Brough, R. D. Lee, W. P. Gulley, Charles T. Evans, Charlie Dick, Mrs. T. J. Newman.

*Budget Committee.*—A. E. Dobyns, chairman; H. B. Chrisp, R. V. Inman.

*Auditor.*—W. P. Grace, chairman.

*Boy Scout Committee.*—H. C. Tinney, chairman.

*Camp Fire Girls Committee.*—Mrs. C. Tinney, chairman; Mrs. W. M. McRae, Mrs. Jack Weas.

*Information Bureau.*—W. S. McCall, chairman; V. G. Hinton, C. L. Davis, Miss Emma Riley.



*Medical Committee.*—Dr. Austin Barr, chairman.

*Military Affairs.*—Adj. Gen. Joe S. Harris, chairman.

*Publicity Committee.*—Fletcher Chenault, chairman.

*Safety Council.*—B. C. Hotenberry, chairman; Henry Hilliard, J. M. Haney, R. W. Newell, James Keith.

*School and Education.*—J. A. Larson, chairman.

*Speakers' Bureau.*—Walter J. Rainey, chairman.

*Grand Marshal.*—J. Carroll Cone.

*Fair Park Concessions.*—E. G. Bylander, chairman.

*Decorations and Pageants.*—Roy Bell, chairman.

*Escort Committee.*—Mrs. Porter Grace, chairman.

## ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES.

John A. Lee, Commander of the Central Division, S. C. V., made an address before a meeting of Camp Robert E. Lee, of Chicago, with the United Daughters of the Confederacy as guests, September 27, 1927, on the subject of Admiral Raphael Semmes. He told that the Confederate Admiral was not only a great international and maritime lawyer, but he was a linguist and an accomplished writer. He calls a spade by that name, however, and unless one appreciates a candid treatment of subjects, they might occasionally be shocked a little. But he was a gentleman and a Christian and used and tolerated no profanity or abusive language. The following points from the address will be appreciated:

"A great part of the success of the Alabama, commanded by Admiral Semmes, was attributable to the accurate and sound knowledge of maritime law possessed by him, which enabled him to inform and convince the officers of the ports visited as to his legal status and rights.

"Admiral Semmes in all his career never took the life of any of his more than two thousand prisoners. His commission was signed by the Confederate government, which was duly recognized as a government *de facto* by England, France, Germany, and several other nations. His vessels were not privateers, which means war vessels fitted out by private capital. They were bought and paid for by the Confederate States government. He was not a pirate, as Mr. Gideon Wells and Mr. Summer charged, as his warfare was only against the vessels of the enemies of his government to embarrass their commerce."

## THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

First Brigade Commander, M. J. Glass, Tulsa; Second Brigade Commander, Joe H. Ford, Wagoner; Third Brigade Commander, H. F. Bramlett, Wilburton; Fourth Brigade Commander, W. S. Livingston, Seminole; Fifth Brigade Commander, John P. Harris, Oklahoma City; Sixth Brigade Commander, L. A. Norton, Duncan.

## FLORIDA EVENTS.

The annual State reunion of the Confederate veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Florida, held at Marianna, September 27-29, was doubtless the greatest reunion of these two bodies ever held. Over five thousand people were in attendance from Florida, Georgia, and Alabama. The entertainment offered by the good people of Marianna was superb, the city was beautifully decorated, three fine bands were in attendance all through the reunion, and there was private and public entertainment for the veterans and Sons every day and night during the three-day session. The occasion was especially interesting on account of the return, by the Toledo, Ohio, Post, G. A. R., of the flag of the 6th Florida Regiment, captured during the war, to the keeping of the State of Florida and the Confederate veterans.

Another occasion of interest was the unveiling of the Robert E. Lee Marker, at Bradfordville, near Tallahassee, on ground

donated by the historic Epps family, the present owner being the great-great-grandson of Thomas Jefferson. This beautiful marker is on the Dixie Highway, and is the third marker erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy in memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The address was delivered by Sumter L. Lowry, Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and was responded to by the Hon. Fons Hathway in behalf of the State of Florida, which has taken over the care and maintenance of this historic spot. A very large crowd was in attendance from all over Florida, Georgia, and Alabama, and the occasion will be long remembered as a red-letter day for the Daughters of the Confederacy of Florida, who are doing so much to uphold the historic ideals of the Old South.

## HONORING STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRANDSON.

The Central Division of the S. C. V. held an informal reception at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, on October 11, in honor of Maj. T. J. Jackson Christian, grandson of the great military leader of the South. Major Christian is now at the head of the Department of Military Science and Tactics of the University of Chicago, and has become a member of the Robert E. Lee Camp, S. C. V., of that city. Confederate veterans, Daughters and Sons, and friends of these organizations were invited to meet him and give him welcome to the great city of his adoption. Commander John A. Lee introduced Major Christian to the assemblage and gave an interesting outline of his grandfather's career, to which Major Christian made appropriate response.

## YOUNGEST OF BRIGADIERS.

BY PROF. H. Y. WEISSINGER, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

The only surviving general officer of the Confederate army is Gen. Felix H. Robertson, now living at Waco, Tex. He was captain of a battery of artillery attached to Deas's Brigade of Infantry, composed of Alabama troops, and this battery was the brigade's faithful companion and help, ever present in the hour of danger. At Farmington, near Corinth, Miss., on an afternoon of 1862, the Federal cavalry made a furious charge against Robertson's Battery. As they advanced in gallant style, the brave captain cried, "Double-shot your guns, men," and the attackers hastily withdrew.

On another well-remembered occasion, the late afternoon of December 30, 1862, the day preceding Murfreesboro's fateful field, the Federal infantry advanced in heavy force, hunting for the Confederates. They first found our skirmishers, the battalion of sharpshooters belonging to Deas's Brigade, commanded by Capt. Ben Yancey; next, they found Robertson's artillery, supported by a part of the brigade; then came a heavy rattle of rifles, accompanied by a loud resounding salvo of cannon, a sharp though short encounter, and the Federals withdrew. It was a "feeler."

The next day, in the tremendous battle, Captain Robertson and his brave cannoniers were there. On all occasions, in every emergency, Robertson did his heroic part. So, as the war advanced, his valor and services were recognized, and he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general and assigned to a command of cavalry.

Gen. Felix Robertson is now an old veteran of the Confederacy, one who performed well his heroic part in war, set an example of post-war loyalty in his honorable life, ever obedient to the laws of his country.

It gives me great satisfaction and pleasure to testify to duty well performed, to the valor and heroism of Gen. Felix Robertson. May God continue with him and bless him to the end!



## TENNESSEE IN CONFEDERATE CONGRESSES.

(Continued from page 424.)

Joseph B. Heiskell was born at Knoxville, Tenn., November 5, 1823. He was graduated at the University of East Tennessee in 1840, and after admission to the bar practiced at Madisonville and at Rogersville. He was elected to the State senate in 1858, and in the fall of 1861 he was elected to the Confederate Congress and served throughout the existence of the government. In August, 1864, during the attack of a Federal expedition on Rogersville, he was captured, as was the Hon. Albert G. Watkins, an ex-member of Congress, and Gov. Andrew Johnson, anxious for their safekeeping, telegraphed General Sherman: "They are bad men, and exercise a dangerous and deleterious influence in the country and deserve as many deaths as can be inflicted upon them." Subsequently Mr. Heiskell suffered for his fidelity to the South by imprisonment at Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Nashville for several months, at Louisville, Ky., for a short time, and at Camp Chase, Ohio, until the war ended. He made his home at Memphis in 1865. His public service after the war was as a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1870, in which he was chairman of the judiciary committee, and as attorney general and reporter of the State for term of eight years.

Robert Looney Caruthers was born in Smith County, Tenn., July 31, 1800. His education was begun in the country schools, then at Columbia, and finished at Washington College, East Tennessee. He read law with Judge Samuel Powell, at Greenville, began to practice at Carthage, but soon moved to Lebanon.

From 1823 till 1854 he was prominently identified with the State legislature, serving as clerk of the Lower House in 1823. He was a member of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, and in 1841 he succeeded John Bell in Congress. He was elector for the State at large on the Whig ticket. Appointed by Gov. William B. Campbell to the Supreme Bench following the resignation of Nathan Green, the legislature elected him to the same office in 1853, and the people elected him in 1854. He remained on the Supreme Bench until the court was suspended as a result of the war. He was a delegate to the Peace Congress of 1861, and a member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States. When the third term of Gov. Isham G. Harris expired in 1863, Judge Caruthers was elected to succeed him, but was never inaugurated.

In addition to all these civil positions, he had held, in 1834, the office of brigadier general of militia.

He was the first president of the Board of Trustees of Cumberland University (Lebanon). His character was marked by extraordinary purity, and his piety, temperance, and intelligence made him a man of many splendid traits. He ranked high as a jurist and as a great advocate of Tennessee. He died in Lebanon, October, 1882.

**A LOYAL SON.**—In the *VETERAN* for January appeared an article about the return of a flag to the survivors of Mosby's command through Mr. Hugh Dorsey, son of Lieutenant Dorsey, one of Mosby's men, who had for so many years cherished this memento of his service for the Confederacy. A late communication from the daughter of Mr. Hugh Dorsey tells of the passing of her father some two months after the return of the flag, January 8, 1927, in Washington, D. C. He lived for many years in Lynchburg, Va., Washington, and New York City.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 433.)

*West Virginia.*—The twenty-ninth annual convention of the West Virginia Division, held in Hinton, on September 27-29, will go down in the annals of our history as one of the best conventions ever held. The people of Hinton, in true Southern style, opened to us their homes and hearts, and their wonderful hospitality can never be surpassed.

After the opening meeting on Tuesday evening, September 27, Mrs. W. T. Fredeking entertained the entire delegation with a brilliant reception at her beautiful and spacious home.

Wednesday and Thursday were taken up with the regular routine work of the convention. One special work the Division voted to undertake is to rehabilitate the Lee Tree located on Sewall Mountain. This tree stands not far from the Midland Trail, and after the tree is rehabilitated, an iron fence will be put around it, a hard-surfaced road built to it, and a shrine made of it for the traveling public to visit at any time. General Lee spent quite a good deal of time under this tree during the time he was in this section, and there he first saw Traveller, who was born in what is now Greenbrier County, a fact the State is very proud of.

On Historical Evening, a most interesting and instructive address was given by Hon. Samuel Price, of Lewisburg, on "The War in Southwest Virginia, and a special feature of the program was a vocal solo, "We're Old-Time Confederates," sung by Mary Avis Hinton Conner, a little girl of six years, dressed in costume of the sixties.

At the conclusion of the business of the convention on Thursday afternoon, the delegates, visitors, and hostesses were taken for a drive over the West Virginia hills, the beauty of which cannot be surpassed. A sumptuous banquet concluded the convention entertainments.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. B. M. Hoover, Elkins; First Vice President, Miss Ethel Hinton, Hinton; Second Vice President, Miss Sallie Lee Powell, Shepherdstown; Recording Secretary, Miss Anna Stephenson, Parkersburg; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Anna Warwick Feamster, Alderson; Treasurer, Miss Mary Calvert Stribling, Martinsburg; Historian, Mrs. Rudd T. Neel, Huntington; Registrar, Mrs. Nelle Huneke, Charleston; Director Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. J. J. Snoderly, Fairmont; Custodian Crosses of Honor and Service, Miss Maria Vass Frye, Keyser.

**BRAVE UNDER MISFORTUNE.**—During September, B. F. Mulholland, who served in Company I, 6th Mississippi Infantry, was badly injured in a motor accident, which necessitated the amputation of both legs. Just two days before this accident occurred, he lost his home by fire, on his eighty-first birthday. Despite this terrible shock and loss, he is cheerful and hopeful of recovery. He is a member of Rankin Camp, U. C. V., at Brandon, Miss., and no better soldier surrendered at Greensboro, N. C. He is as brave now in his suffering and loss as in those days of war.—*Pat Henry, Brandon, Miss.*

## SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the Confederate Veteran, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of the Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by the company.



A LARGE PART.

With about 6 per cent of the world's area and between 6 and 7 per cent of the world's population, we are in many lines of industry doing from 50 to 60 per cent of the world's trade, and in some cases much more.

The United States has 88 per cent of the total number of motor vehicles in the world. The South alone has 1,200,000 more automobiles than all the rest of the world, outside of the United States; and this section has 1,200,000 automobiles more than the United States had as late as 1915.

At the present time the United States has about 47 per cent of the world's gold reserves, and about 52 per cent of the world's savings bank deposits.

This country is producing:

- 55 per cent of the world's iron ore.
- 51 per cent of the world's pig iron.
- 66 per cent of the world's steel.
- 51 per cent of the world's copper.
- 62 per cent of the world's petroleum.
- 43 per cent of the world's coal.
- 52 per cent of the world's timber output.
- 65 per cent of the world's naval stores.
- 42 per cent of the world's phosphate.
- 80 per cent of the world's sulphur.
- 63 per cent of the world's mica.
- 62 per cent of the world's lead.
- 64 per cent of the world's zinc.
- 60 per cent of the world's talc and soapstone.

45 per cent of the world's barytes.  
53 per cent of the world's cotton.

We have nearly 34 per cent of the world's railroad mileage, or 251,437 miles as compared with 741,175 for the whole world.—*Manufacturers Record*.

WAR LETTERS.

Patriotic envelopes used by soldiers during 1861 to 1865 with pictures of flags, emblems, portraits, also verses or any peculiar features are valuable. Send me all you have for inspection. I will make you an attractive offer for them.

GEORGE HAKES,

290 Broadway, New York, Y. Y.

Capt. Lewis Bedell, of Milano, Tex., is trying to secure a pension, and would appreciate hearing from any old comrades who can testify to his service. He served with a company commanded by Captain Ashby, 2nd Virginia Cavalry; his family lived near Culpeper, Va., prior to the war, and during the war, near Cedar Mountain. Judge Jeff T. Kemp, of Cameron, Tex., is interested in helping to get him a pension.

L. W. Stephens, of Couthatta, La., secured sixteen new subscribers to the VETERAN within a very short while by special effort, and all but two of them were sons of veterans. This shows how the VETERAN's list can be built up. Comrade Stephens thinks the Sons will be responsive everywhere if called upon.

# Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



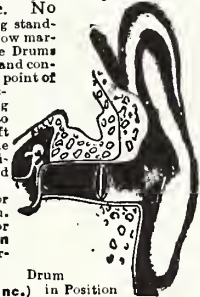
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**Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums** often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

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What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.

Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.) in Position  
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THE REMEDY.

Some folks say de world am changin'

From de way it use to be,

Lots of diff'rent 'pinions rangin'

Round amongst de folks we see.

Some folks say dey get moah pleasuah

Out ob life—and some moah woe;

But ole Time ain't changed de measuah

Folks was weighed in long ago!

Course dey ain't no use denyin'

Dat de world seems buzzni' roun'

Fastah all de time am flyin'

So ouah feet mos' leab de groun';

But it changed jes' mighty little

Since de days when Adam came,

And de folks ain't changed a tittle,

It's de ways dat ain't de same.

What dis world ob folks am needin'

In de linin' ob dey hearts

Is a coat ob Love a feedin'

Sunshine to de blackes' parts

Nothin's wrong dat can't be righted,

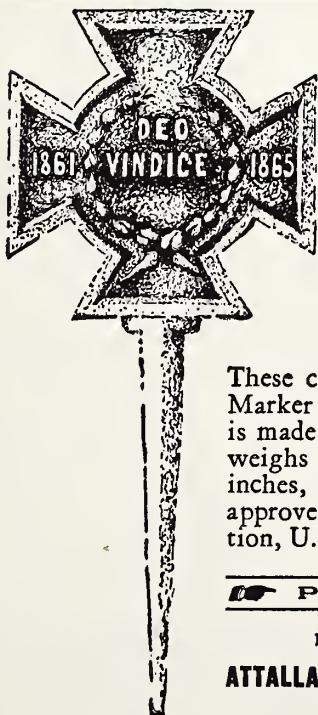
"Seek" de Scriptuah says, "an' find.

Fields would bloom dat now seem blighted,

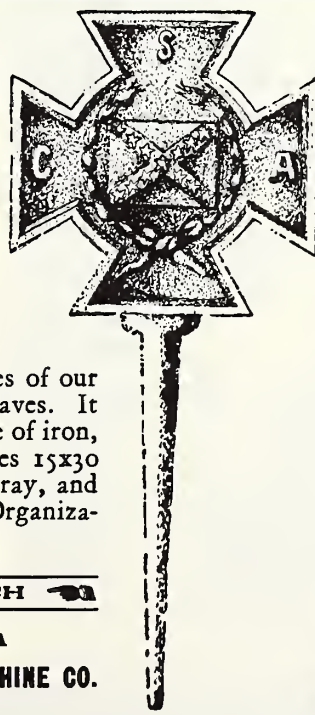
If de world would jus' be kind.

—Edward G. Hill.

BABIES COMMEMORATE FLOOD. The Mississippi flood did not curtail the activities of the stork, and negro families in Red Cross camps now boast of such new arrivals as "Overflow Johnson," "Highwater Jackson," "Refugee Jones, and the like.—*Exchange*.



"Lest  
We  
Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

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# Confederate Veteran.



VOL. XXXV.

DECEMBER, 1927

NO. 12



MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, OF VIRGINIA  
President General, United Daughters of the Confederacy



## GIVE A BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS.

A book for Christmas is a gift that lasts, a gift that can be passed on to many others and gives pleasure to each. What better book could be selected for this purpose than "Women of the South in War Times," which chronicles the heroism and self-sacrifice of the women of the South in the trying days of the sixties and their work in the World War. Every home of this country should have it, and especially should the present generation of the South be made acquainted with the patriotic devotion and courage of Southern women unsurpassed in the annals of any country.

Send for a copy and make a heart happy at Christmas. Sent, postpaid, for \$2.50; with a year's subscription to the VETERAN, \$3.50. Order from the VETERAN.

## OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS.

In the following list are many valuable works on Confederate history, and all of them more or less scarce at this time. As time goes on their value increases, as they become more and more difficult to procure, and those who are interested in building up a Confederate library should not let this opportunity pass. As there is but one copy to offer of some, your second and third choice should be given. Short History of the Confederate States of America. By Jefferson Davis.

Cloth.....	\$5 00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis. Two vols.....	8 00
Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alfriend.....	4 00
Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. J. D. Richardson. Two vols.....	7 00
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Poems by Henry Timrod. Memorial Edition.....	2 50

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- All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.  
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## MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Look in that old trunk up in the garret and send me all the old envelopes up to 1880. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. I will pay highest prices.

GEORGE HAKES,  
290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

S. H. Logan, of Clarksville, Ark., would like to get a list of the survivors of Quantrell's band, and would like to get in communication with any of them.

Mrs. M. C. Chamberlain, 3239 Pulaski Street, St. Louis, Mo., is seeking information of her father, Michael Barry, who, she has understood, died in a Confederate hospital; she does not know with what command he was serving, but it seems that before he died he advertised in a St. Louis paper about his two daughters; at one time he was working for a man named McLean.

## The Davis Family

(Davies and David)

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Genealogy of Morgan David, 1622-1927, compiled by Harry Alexander Davis. Over 400 families of the name. Male and female lines shown. Complete ancestral record of Jefferson Davis. Contains many Confederate service records never before published. Discount to Chapters, U. D. C.

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Address Maj. Harry A. Davis  
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WASHINGTON, D. C.



With the years that have vanished, their youth passed away,  
 Erst bright eyes have grown dim, and dark locks are now gray;  
 But Fame is eternal, and through æons of time,  
 Like bright beacons of light, the brave deeds shall e'er shine  
     Of our veterans.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## THE MOTHER OF ROBERT E. LEE.

There are some old stories which make the rounds of newspapers every few years, being reprinted with various changes and additions, and they are new to the changing clientele of the daily or weekly press. One of these stories concerns the mother of General Lee, that she was thought to have died and was placed in the family vault while in a cataleptic state, and this some fifteen months before the birth of her youngest son, Robert Edward Lee. The following is copied from a recent publication of the story, and outside of the lack of truth in the story, it is full of errors in family history and in the date given, all of which might have been noted by the newspaper to which it is credited:

"Gen. Robert E. Lee, the military hero and leader of the South, was born fifteen months after his mother had been laid to rest in her casket in the family vault on Arlington Heights, says the *Sheperdstown* (W. Va.) *Register*.

"This sounds like a strange phenomenon of nature, but it is true, nevertheless. History, so far as it touches genius, fails to mention this incident.

"Warfield Lee, of Catlettsburg, Ky., is familiar with the story of the incident and occasionally relates it to his acquaintances; and the Catlettsburg man is in a position to know, for he is a grandnephew of General Lee. The distinguished military leader was a brother of Warfield Lee's father, Samuel Lee. He tells the story as follows:

"Light Horse Harry Lee's wife was in very ill health in 1809. The family physician had pronounced that his skill and knowledge of medical science could not save her. Her condition grew steadily more precarious, until one day four physicians about her bedside pronounced her dead. She lay in state in the great Lee mansion on Arlington Heights for four days. On the sixth day she was removed to the family mausoleum.

"On the seventh day the sexton went into the mausoleum to lay flowers on the casket and sweep the floor, for the day before had been quite rainy and the shoes of those following the distinguished woman to her final rest dropped considerable mud. While sweeping, the old sexton heard a weak, far-off-sounding voice call: "Help, help, help." The sexton could not account for the voice unless it were from the dead, and he soon was without the walls of the mausoleum. Arguing to himself that the voice had been entirely his imagination, he finally took courage and returned to his sweepings.

"Finishing his sweeping, he walked to the casket to strew the flowers over the lid. Again he heard that weak, far-off voice calling: "Help, help, help." He was standing directly over the glass of the lid, looking into the face of the supposedly dead woman and saw her lips quiver. The lid was hurriedly removed by him before he summoned assistance. Mrs. Lee was taken from the mausoleum to the house, where she soon recovered and lived to a ripe old age.

"Fifteen months after the incident, Robert Edward Lee was born."

This clipping was sent to Dr. George Bolling Lee, of New York City, grandson of Gen. R. E. Lee, with inquiry as to the truth of the story, and here is his response:

"The same article, or one very much like it, was published over thirty years ago. I can recall my father, uncles, and

aunts discussing it. They were all of the opinion that the statement was without the slightest foundation of truth. Recently, as you state, it has been going the rounds of the press and seems to have stirred up a great deal of interest, as I have received a number of letters like yours. Personally, I hold the same opinion as that of my father, uncles, and aunts, that it is founded on fiction, not facts.

"There are two statements in this gruesome story which are contradicted by history: Gen. R. E. Lee had no brother by the name of Samuel, nor did General and Mrs. 'Harry' Lee ever live at Arlington Heights."

Another error is the date of the occurrence. General Lee was born in 1807, two years before the said-to-be death of his mother.

The VETERAN is very pleased to be able to give this refutation of the story from one who should know the facts, if anyone could, and it is to be hoped that this will be the means of setting forever at rest a story which had no origin in fact.

## CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

As the brightness of the stars come down through the still frosty night and touch the earth with a mysterious sweetness, and the skies are sparkling with thousands of brilliant lights, away toward the East one star is more beautiful than all the rest. For, nearly two thousand years ago, in the little town of Bethlehem, Christ was born in a stable, and a bright star had led the Wise Men over desert and stream to find the Child.

Modern science has tried so hard to make this a sort of fairy tale to take away from us the most beautiful picture since the world began, but as we look up into the heavens to-night and see the wonder of creation, modern science flickers out like a candle in an open window, leaving the story of the Infant more real and beautiful.

It is Christmas Night. Maybe the snow is falling in big flakes so softly over the wide fields, and later on, a silence will seem to come upon the earth and the skies will clear up and the stars come out. Far away in the Eastern country, the shepherds have left their flocks on the hillsides to follow the message of the star: "Great joy shall be to all people, on earth peace and good will toward men." So the little Child was found—to bring to one and all peace and joy, for 'tis Christmas night!

Christmas night in the long ago! How the memory brings back to you the expectation and joy of a *little child*, waiting for Santa Claus to come with his reindeer across the fields of snow.

Christmas night at the old home, the earth so white. Far away below you from the hill top, the village lights are twinkling through the bare limbs of the trees, and when the sun floods the day with warmth and brightness, the long range of the great Blue Ridge Mountains will have changed into pure whiteness with the sunlight sparkling on the snow that covered the wide fields over yonder.

Christmas night! How sweet and magical that word sounds to young and old. To the children it is joy and eagerness for the beautiful sun to rise on a happy world; to the older ones it gives a feeling of kindness and brushes away worldly selfishness for a little while. The heart of all of us seems to grow more tender on Christmas night, for we were *little children* too, in the *long ago*—just waiting for Santa Claus to come, and the joy of Christmas Day!



## WHO FREED THE SLAVES?

Glenn Frank, the President of the University of Wisconsin, and one of the outstanding liberals of the day, is always interesting. It cannot be said of him, however, that he is a deep man who has formed his opinions from independent investigation. His opinions are often shallow, not infrequently contrary to well-known facts of history. Dr. Frank is rather a bookish man. In his daily essay in the *Citizen* of Tuesday there appears this opening statement:

"My little son has just come to me with the question: 'Did you know that each of us in America has forty slaves?' 'You're mistaken,' I said. 'Abraham Lincoln saw to that when he freed the slaves.'"

This sort of propaganda is being taught American people in millions of homes for history. Senator Beveridge's "Life of Lincoln" will probably let a little light into minds like Glenn Franks'. Unfortunately, he did not live to finish the work, else he might have flooded such minds with too much truth, something they are unprepared for.

*Abraham Lincoln never freed a single slave on this continent.* He did not even attempt to free his own slaves, which were his by right of marriage to a Kentucky slave owner. His emancipation proclamation, now admitted generally to have been without force of law, and admitted by Lincoln himself to have been merely a military expedient, issued with a view to inciting the slaves to rise up and murder their mistresses and their children, had no force in territory which was then in "rebellion." It was never executed in a single State in the Union.

Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, West Virginia, Delaware, and probably some other Northern States were *excluded* from the provisions of the emancipation proclamation, a remarkable fact that Lincoln never could satisfactorily explain.

During the war one of Mrs. Lincoln's slaves ran away into Illinois, and there is in the files of old Illinois papers an advertisement over Lincoln's name, paid for by himself, offering a reward for the return of this slave.

Lincoln never was an abolitionist, did not believe in abolition, and often dodged an expression of his opinion on that subject when asked for it. Before he was elected President, he hurriedly left his home town, after being invited to be present and sit on the platform, when a great abolition meeting was held in Springfield.

These are all facts of history, easily accessible to those who have the inclination to look for them.

Slaves were freed in all of the States by the Thirteenth Amendment, which was offered in the United States Senate by a Senator from Missouri who had been a Southern sympathizer. That amendment was adopted by fraud, through the creation of fictitious States in Virginia, in Tennessee, in Louisiana, and in Arkansas, by the fiat of A. Lincoln. That's how the slaves were freed!—*Asheville (N. C.) Citizen*.

WHERE IS THIS COMRADE?—During the Confederate reunion in Richmond, Va., in 1922, one of the veterans had the misfortune to lose a good sum in cash; he inserted an advertisement in the *Times-Dispatch*, but did not make further inquiry after leaving the city. This money seems to have been located at last, and the *Times-Dispatch* is anxious to locate the owner, whose name and address have been lost, and that newspaper has asked the VETERAN to make this announcement in the hope that the comrade may be found and his money restored. Anyone who knows anything of this will please communicate with Mr. Horace A. Hawkins, care of the *Times-Dispatch*, Richmond, Va.

12\*

## THE SO-CALLED REBEL YELL.

BY W. A. LOVE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

As time passes and survivors of the war of 1861-65, both Union and Confederate, continue to consciously or unconsciously miscall the term, "Rebel Yell," it is considered appropriate in the interest of historical accuracy to offer a suggestion as to its origin, purpose, and probable true acceptance. It was doubtless in its genesis devoid of any relation to an armed and opposing enemy.

Lord Fairfax, George Washington, and other early Virginia fox hunters were perhaps the first to introduce the yell as a means of encouragement to their dogs and the result of personal enthusiasm in the chase.

As immigration came South, Mississippi hunters brought it with them, or adopted it, for a like purpose, and, when the game was up, gave such vent to their excitement and enthusiasm as to make the welkin ring.

Nor was the custom confined to the grown-up deer and fox hunters, but the boy that didn't yell when he jumped a rabbit was considered somewhat unsportsmanlike and poky. Even to-day the negro boys of the prairie section of Mississippi can be seen driving across the cotton fields and meadows in winter all equipped with rabbit "nubs," or short sticks, and woe to the Molly Cottontail that doesn't run low and fast as dozens of sticks are flying in his wake, while the rabbit yell is sounding and the cur dogs are barking.

On April 30, 1861, the Prairie Guards, a military organization that became Company E, of the 11th Mississippi Infantry, entrained at Crawford for the seat of war. As the train pulled out a young volunteer thrust himself half way out a window of the coach and gave a most thrilling yell, not of defiance and fight, but of enthusiasm; and, later, upon the sanguinary fields of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, he gave the same, more vigorously if possible; but it was then called the "Rebel Yell."

Of course, it is impossible to describe the sound, individually or collectively given, but there is a vast difference, as, for instance: As a small boy I slept upstairs in the big house and there was a tall oak tree whose branches spread over my room. When there was a large crop of acorns, they would, when dry, drop on the roof, singly at times, which produced a distinct sound; but when a brisk wind arose they fell in showers, making a sound indescribable. So with the rebel yell of thousands of earnest and excited men determined to meet and drive back the enemy at all hazard.

But it was not on the battle field alone that the yell was heard, and they were all alike. Any occurrence out of the ordinary, or the appearance of a popular general offered an occasion which was generally improved. The yell was once heard far down the line, and, in response to an inquiry for the cause, a soldier, "used to war's alarms," replied: "O it's old Jack" meaning Stonewall Jackson, "or a rabbit."

So then, in the early days the yell was not given to scare the game, but to encourage the dogs, but during the war period, however, it was perhaps used both to scare the enemy and encourage the charging battle lines.

Yet it was not special encouragement that the Confederate soldiers needed, but rather men, guns, and ammunition to successfully defend their country, homes, and firesides.

A CORRECTION.—In the VETERAN for October, in the sketch of Hunt Breckinridge, on page 387, it is stated that his wife was Miss Kate Hunt, which is a mistake, as his mother was Miss Kate Hunt, a cousin of Gen. John Morgan.



*MRS. NORMAN V. RANDOLPH: IN MEMORIAM.*

"Best-known and best-beloved woman of the South" was the distinction accorded to Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, Va., Honorary President, United Daughters of the Confederacy, whose passing on October 27 occasioned deep sorrow throughout this Southern land. Though she had been in failing health for the past six years and was "just waiting," as she expressed it, her activities had not ceased in those lines which had so long occupied her thoughts and endeavors, and to the last her mind and heart were ever alert and responsive to the needs which arose in the life about her. So thoroughly had she given of herself in every way to the upbuilding of her home city, to the uplift of her people walking in the shadows, and to the relief of those lacking the necessities of life—for the general good of all—that Richmond looked upon her as the mother of the city, and to be called "Mother Richmond" was to her an honor far above any accorded to place and power.

Mrs. Randolph had passed into her eightieth year and could look back upon some of the most eventful years in our history, in which three wars had called forth the best of our manhood to fight and die, if need be, for the rights of man, and in which no less demand had been made for sacrifice on the part of our womanhood. "She was a girl in the lovely Warrenton District when war swept over the mountain and through the valley. She watched the blue-coated columns pass by; she heard the rumble of the distant guns; she saw Mosby's men slip through the shadows in pursuit of the Federals. Young as she was, she helped to nurse the wounded and to bury the slain," . . . and "on that first Memorial Day, just after the war, she and other young women searched out the flowers in neglected gardens and placed them on the weathered graves of Southern boys who had gone on their last march."

In the later years which came within her life span, she had given her service as a woman even as did her mother in those days of war in the sixties, and had followed our boys with her prayers.

Janet Henderson Weaver was born at Cleiland, the family estate near Warrenton, Va., where she lived until the war came on, when the family moved into Warrenton; and in that old town she was married to Maj. Norman V. Randolph in 1880, when Richmond became her home. As the wife of a Confederate veteran, her greatest work outside of her charities was in Confederate interests. She was the moving spirit in preserving the White House of the Confederacy, which had been the home of President Davis in Richmond, and she helped to make it into the greatest museum of Confederate history. She was a pioneer in all U. D. C. work, and even before the organization of the great association, she was a member of the Lee Camp Auxiliary in Richmond, whose work was to look after the needs of destitute veterans of the Confederacy and their widows. She helped to organize the Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., was its first President, and so continued to the end. She could have been President of the Virginia Division, but more important to her was the privilege of working in the ranks. She was the founder of the relief work of that Division and of that work in the general organization which is now known as the "Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women," and whose beneficence reaches out even beyond the borders of this land to succor the unfortunate widows, of Confederate veterans. She was one of the Honorary Presidents, U. D. C., Honorary President of the Virginia Division, had been President of the Richmond Chapter for thirty-one

years; chairman of the Relief Committee of the Virginia Division; President of the Hollywood Memorial Association, which had gathered up the bodies of the Confederate dead about Richmond and erected a monument over them in beautiful Hollywood Cemetery; she was chairman of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, and doubtless did more than any other one person in building that monument; and during her life had served on the boards or committees of every other



MRS. NORMAN V. RANDOLPH.

association connected with the building of monuments to Confederate leaders, and was probably connected with every other movement for the good of her city and people. And all this was in addition to carrying on a successful business for twenty years, following the death of her husband in 1903, to which she gave her daily attention.

On her seventieth birthday, April 29, 1918, the Daughters of the Confederacy of Richmond gave her a great party (annually repeated since), in which all Richmond shared. It was then that she was first styled the "Mother of Richmond," by which she was immeasurably pleased; and it is as "Mother Richmond" that her beloved city remembers her, "a mother appealing for the rights of her children to be born and reared in decency and health, and cherished along with this memory is that of her tender ministrations to the old men who once marched in the high courage of youth under the leadership of the immortal Lee."

And so the years passed and age brought its limitations to activity, but never dimmed the enthusiasm which reached beyond the narrow confines of the physical and could "carry on" in the high altitude of spirit. In Shockoe Cemetery at Richmond, under the flag of the loved Confederacy, she sleeps in death beside the husband of her youth, but forever will she live in the hearts left behind.

In tender tribute, the Richmond Chapter, which she led for thirty-one years, records its grief over her passing and the unforgettable memories of her high courage, her Christian



humility, her loyal friendships, her generous sympathies, and says further:

"As President of Richmond Chapter, we feel that her most significant and effective work was done. Her love for the work of the Chapter, embodying all the purposes, aims, and intents of the Daughters of the Confederacy was intense with her to the very end, when 'God's finger touched her and she slept.' Her unceasing efforts, tireless energy, boundless patience with the many obstacles which beset her path, her unflagging zeal, and her long service have made the Chapter 'strong with the strength of truth,' and as the result of her labor a priceless heritage is bequeathed the membership.

"An ardent Southerner, actuated by an intense and passionate love for Virginia and her traditions, a zealous advocate of the principles of State Rights, she mastered the details of whatever was assigned her in her keen, analytical mind, and with a ready wit, a quickness at repartee, a convincing pen, and a flow of eloquence, she weathered many a storm and won many a battle for what she knew to be just and right for the cause for which she labored until she 'walked with God.'

"To the members of her Chapter, whom she always addressed as 'Daughters,' the keynote of her life was service, and that service was exemplified in her love and care for the veteran and glorified in her devotion to the Confederate woman. Yet, with all of her unflinching service to the survivors of 1861-65, she was none the less loyal to the later duties and obligations of patriotic citizenship and took an eager and active interest in the various phases of war work incident to the great world conflict, holding that this war was waged in defense and vindication of American honor as 'Ours' had been fought for constitutional liberty and in defense of homes and hearthstones.

"If to visit the fatherless, to comfort the widows, to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, to heed the cry of the distressed, and to keep one's self unspotted from the baseness of the world be, in truth, religion, pure and undefiled, then we may rest in the blessed assurance that when the 'one clear call' came in the early morning—as it began to dawn—this gentle and fearless soul 'crossed the bar' with no misgiving, but with unquestioning faith, to meet her 'Pilot face to face,' and heard the glad command: 'Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.'

"Committee: Mrs. William J. Judd, chairman; Miss Sally Archer Anderson, Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, Mrs. C. E. Sydnor, Mrs. Randolph Watkins."

## RECOGNIZED ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

BY A. H. PLECKER, RICHMOND, VA.

On the first day of May, 1863, the battle of Port Gibson, Miss., was fought. In that engagement was the Botetourt Artillery, a Virginia battery. The company suffered much in loss of the guns and horses; it was a six-gun battery and we lost two-thirds of it. General Grant had five to our one. Later in the day, when the Federal doctor was going over the field, looking up their wounded as well as the Confederates, he came across a man in gray lying with his face down, apparently dead. Touching him with his foot, he found there was life and began to examine him as to the nature of

his wound. Turning him over on his back, the young man, with astonishment, remarked: "Are you a Plecker?" The doctor, with astonishment, said: "Yes; how in the world did you know that?" "Why, you look like a Plecker in my company, a friend, who was here in this fight this morning." The doctor asked: "Where is your company from?" "From the Valley of Virginia." The doctor said: "Yes, he is some of my kin, a cousin probably. I was born in the Valley. Now, my young Virginia friend, you are badly wounded, and for the sake of old Mother State, I am going to try to save your life." He had him placed in an ambulance, taken to a hospital, and gave him every attention. As his army was moving, on leaving him, he gave the doctors and nurses orders to take particular care of the young Virginia friend.

That fall the young Confederate reported to his company, which had been transferred back to Southwest Virginia. The first thing he did after getting into camp was to look me up and tell me about my cousin, Dr. Plecker, "who found me on the field and saved my life." He said many good things about him. "Well, Willie," I responded, "I am glad to see you back with your company, a well man. As to that cousin of mine, I don't think much of him, as he was in bad company." To put it mildly, Willie was furious at me for making such remarks about his doctor friend.

I am now past eighty-seven, one of only four of my company now living, so far as I know, and spending my last days in the Confederate Home of Richmond. I have splendid health, and my greatest pleasure is to work at something around the Home. I hope to meet again with many comrades at the Little Rock reunion. My company has two monuments to its credit—one in the home town of Buchanan, Va., and the other in Vicksburg National Park.

## THE CHEROKEE ROSE.

'Long sunny lanes, 'mid woodland bowers,  
Is blushing sweet the queen of flowers—  
Cherokee Rose;  
In tangled copse, or rustic hedge,  
'Round cabin door, o'er window ledge  
Thy beauty glows.

From mockbird throats, the anthems flow  
In rhythmic cadence, soft and low,  
In praise of thee;  
While down the glen, from every bush,  
The meadow lark and speckled thrush  
Join in with glee.

O'er Ashby, Jackson, Stuart, Lee,  
Old veterans strew thy petals free,  
With trembling hand;  
Then homeward, proudly clad in gray,  
These peerless heroes wend their way,  
Superbly grand.

For thee, sweet flower, pure and fair,  
We weave a garland rich and rare  
Of living green;  
With loving hearts, in sun-kissed dew,  
We proudly, gladly, baptize you—  
Our Georgia Queen.

—B. S. Hughes.



*SILVERDALE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY.*

The history of Silverdale Cemetery is simple and beautiful. This neglected spot was discovered during the late nineties by Capt. J. F. Shipp, of Chattanooga, who reported its condition to the N. B. Forrest Camp of Confederate veterans in that city. He said that there were 155 Confederates buried there. The ground was later purchased and a substantial wire fence placed about the inclosure. On the archway above the gate is this inscription:

"SILVERDALE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY

155 CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS, NAMES UNKNOWN, BURIED HERE FROM NEAR-BY HOSPITALS OF GENERAL BRAGG'S ARMY, 1862."

A wooden board on the gate carries this information:

"1861—C. S. A.—1865.

"Gen. Braxton Bragg, mobilizing his army during the summer of 1862 for his Kentucky campaign, culminating in the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862, camped a part of his army around Tyner Station and in this vicinity. Hospitals were located near this place. Great numbers of his young soldiers were sick, and many of them died. About 155 were buried here, and their names and commands marked on wooden boards that decayed, names not listed, no records left, and this graveyard forgotten.

"BUT THEY WERE BRAVE SOLDIERS AND DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY THE SAME AS IF THEY WERE KILLED IN BATTLE."

The first board of trustees who served, beginning in 1900, were the following: Capt. J. F. Shipp, chairman; J. W. Willingham, J. P. Smartt, J. A. Caldwell, of N. B. Forrest Camp No. 4 U. C. V. Authority was given this first board of trustees to appoint their successors and to fill all vacancies. The present board of trustees is composed of the following: John N. Johnson, of the Veterans; Junius B. French, of the Sons; Mrs. John G. Rawlings, of Frances Walker Chapter, U. D. C.; and Mrs. J. P. Hoskins of Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, U. D. C. A finance committee was appointed from the different Confederate organizations of the city, as follows: Hon. T. C. Thompson, chairman; Mrs. J. P. Hoskins, treasurer; Judge N. F. Bachman, George Smith, Miss Mollie Kavanaugh, Dr. Battle McLester, Hon. W. M. Nixon, Mrs. Arch Faidley, Mrs. Gordon Nickles, John W. Hallberg.

During 1926-27, the Memorial Committee of N. B. Forrest Camp solicited contributions from the generous citizens of Chattanooga and were given free transportation of materials donated, and a permanent stone wall was built about the inclosure.

The members of the three Chapters, U. D. C., of Chattanooga, have performed a wonderful work in connection with this cemetery. From the very beginning they coöperated and worked to get the cemetery in good condition and to inclose it in permanent form as their share in perpetuating the priceless memories of the army which wore the gray. Then there were comrades who displayed a rare devotion in the work of raising money, securing contributions of necessary materials, doing publicity work in its interest.

Silverdale Cemetery is located about ten miles east of Chattanooga, within two miles of Tyner's Station, on the Southern Railway, which was the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad during the War between the States; and it is within a block's distance of the Lee Highway, which is being built from Washington to New Orleans.

General Bragg mobilized his army around Chattanooga during the summer of 1862, a large part of it being camped around Tyner's Station.

These young boys, fresh from their homes, without military training, without proper clothing, without full fighting equipment, were suddenly brought face to face with the stern realities of war. Large numbers became sick, and many died from the lack of proper food and medicines. The names and military commands were indicated on wooden boards placed at the head of each grave. Then the army moved on in August and early September of 1862, to take part in Bragg's Kentucky campaign and the battle of Perryville, and thus these graves were forgotten and were neglected for over thirty-five years. No list was kept of the names of those boys, and the record was lost with the rotting of the wooden head boards on which the names had been carved or written by their comrades. Forgotten seemingly, they lay there in peaceful sleep, unvisited by any mourning friend or relative; there was no Memorial Day for them, no flowers on their graves, until this late dedication.

History states that General Bragg began his march from Chattanooga and Tyner's on August 28, 1862, crossed the Tennessee River, and marched over the Cumberland Mountains by way of Pikeville, Spencer, and Sparta to Kentucky, where he engaged General Buell in the battle of Perryville. With 14,000 raw, poorly armed soldiers, Bragg defeated General Buell, who had 30,000 fully armed and well-fed soldiers. During this Kentucky campaign, from August 28 to October 12, 1862, Bragg's army captured 3,300 pieces of artillery and 15,000 muskets, 330 wagons, 1,750 mules, killed 2,430 of the enemy, wounded 9,600, and captured 14,500 prisoners. Such is the official history of this command.

At the dedication of this sacred spot on October 16, 1927, the leading address was made by John W. Hallberg, Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans of Tennessee, and which he concluded with the following:

"The Confederate societies will forever keep the faith. We shall forever wage a deathless battle for the blessings of peace and Christian brotherhood. We shall keep up a sleepless striving for the truth of the cause of the South, for the truth of every battle, and for the truth of the entire story. We will then be safe in the knowledge that we have done our duty to these divine soldier dead. And thus we bare our heads in hero's honor to these brave, unknown soldiers who sacrificed all they had—home, happiness, and life."



MEMORIAL GATEWAY TO SILVERDALE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY.



## "OLD TENNESSEE."

The land of pure and balmy air,  
Of streams so clear and skies so fair,  
Of mountains grand and fountains free,  
The lovely land of Tennessee.

### Chorus.

O, Tennessee! Fair Tennessee;  
The land of all the world to me;  
I stand upon thy mountains high,  
And hold communion with the sky,  
And view the glowing landscape o'er,  
Old Tennessee forevermore.

The fairest of the fair we see,  
The bravest of the brave have we,  
The freest of the noble free,  
In battle-scarred old Tennessee.

The rarest fruits and fairest flowers,  
And happiest homes on earth are ours;  
If heaven below could only be,  
'Twould surely shine in Tennessee.

Awake, my harp, with tuneful string,  
And of thy lovely country sing;  
From east to west the chorus be  
God bless our dear old Tennessee.

—A. J. Holt.

Though not officially adopted by the State, this ballad is the approved State song of Tennessee, as sung at the opening of the Tennessee Centennial in 1897, sung in the public schools of Tennessee, and also used by the U. D. C. of the State in conventions.

A short sketch of the author as prepared by Miss Emma Hampton, Honorary Historian, Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Cleveland, Tenn., will be of interest generally:

Adoniram Judson Holt, who bears the name of one of the first American missionaries, was born in Somerset, Ky., December 1, 1847. At a very early age he received missionary training and became missionary in spirit. When a young man he was associated with an uncle, Dr. Buckner, in his work among the Indians, and later became the first missionary to the wild tribes, two hundred miles distant. It took five days to cross the plains, and three days of that time he and his native companions, who accompanied him as interpreters, were without food.

As the coming of a preacher had been heralded among the different tribes, about one thousand had assembled to hear his first sermon, which began at 9:30 and continued until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. This consecrated man soon won the affection of the savages, who familiarly called him "The White Father Talker."

The hardships of the life endured by his family told on the wife's health so that they were compelled to return to "the lovely land of Tennessee," where for many years he was State missionary secretary. During that time his home was in Nashville, where he superintended the work of the Baptist State Orphanage and was a frequent visitor in Cleveland, where he made many warm friends.

He was also State missionary secretary in Texas for a number of years. Both there and in Tennessee and other States he served as pastor of many prominent Churches and assisted in the dedication of many houses of worship.

While on a tour of the Holy Land, he visited the mission fields of Italy. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by one college and two universities. He has a brilliant mind and, as was said of him by a former Cleveland pastor, "His heart is as big as his body."

In recent years, feeling the need of a warmer clime, he was lured to "the Land of Flowers," and his home for many years was in Arcadia, Fla., where he has charge of a Church which called him as pastor for life.

[From Yearbook of Tennessee Division, U. D. C., as compiled by Mrs. A. R. Dodson, State Historian.]

## THE FLAG OF TENNESSEE.\*

Three stars upon a flag of blue,  
A snow-white circle round;  
Three grand divisions strong and true  
By kinship's circle bound:  
And one is East, and one is West,  
And one is Middle Ground.

Three stars within a circle white,  
Upon a crimson field,  
Three hero stars that led the fight,  
Their souls with courage steeled.  
And one was Jackson's, one was Polk's,  
And one was Johnson's shield.

The circle is for unity,  
The blue its lofty aim;  
The white stars are for purity,  
The red field is their fame.  
They rose above King's Mountain high,  
At New Orleans they led;  
From Mexico to Flanders Field,  
They guard our hero dead.

Three stars upon a field of blue,  
God keep them strong and free—  
One stands for me, one stands for you,  
One stands for Tennessee.

—John Trotwood Moore.

## SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

JOHN PENN.

Many of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were lawyers, but probably none had such a struggle to acquire his learning as John Penn, of North Carolina.

Owing to a singular neglect on the part of his parents, who could well afford to pay the expenses of his tuition, John Penn had had only a few years' education at a country school by the time he was eighteen. He struggled along by himself and studied law with his relative, Edmund Pendleton. He was admitted to the bar in 1762, and displayed extraordinary ability and eloquence in practice.

He moved from Virginia to Greenville County, N. C., where he distinguished himself in his profession. He was sent to the Continental Congress in September, 1775, to supply a vacancy. He signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and was reelected in 1777 and 1779.

When Cornwallis invaded North Carolina, Penn was placed in charge of the public affairs of the State and was given al-

\*Adopted April 17, 1905.



most dictatorial powers, which he used to the best advantage of all concerned.

In March, 1784, he was appointed Receiver of Taxes for North Carolina, but resigned the following April because the State, while eagerly maintaining the cause of independence by resolutions, refused to furnish the means by which it could be obtained.

He was the owner of sufficient property so that he could retire to the life of a private citizen later. He died in North Carolina in 1788.—*From Series issued by the Publicity Department of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia, 1926.*

#### GEORGIA'S HOME FOR CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

BY EMMA CALDWELL, CHAIRMAN CONFEDERATE HOME COMMITTEE, O. C. HORNE CHAPTER, U. D. C., HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

When we speak of the various institutions in the State of Georgia, there are many in which the State boasts with pride, and rightly so; but there is one institution that the people of Georgia are not as familiar with as they should be. It is a home that the people of Georgia, prompted by love and gratitude, provided for the men who so valiantly defended our Southland, men who endured hardships, sacrifice, and bloodshed, in a brave and desperate struggle, to protect their homes and country.

This is the Confederate Home in Atlanta, where the few surviving heroes of the "thin gray line" are spending the evening of their lives.

The Home, located on a sloping hill, surrounded by a grove of oaks, wide-spreading lawn, shrubbery and flowers, is one of the most attractive places in Atlanta. Situated several miles from the noise and heat of the crowded city, it is here that rest, comfort, and quiet prevail. The Home is owned and maintained by the State and is supervised by a board of trustees appointed by the governor.

This Home was begun with a subscription of \$1,000 from the *Atlanta Constitution* at the time Henry W. Grady was editor. To this amount was added subscriptions by private citizens. The first building was destroyed by fire in September, 1901, and in a short while the present building was erected.

It is a large brick building of Colonial design and contains sixty-two bedrooms, living room, chapel, library, office, dining hall, pantry, storage rooms, etc., with spacious and inviting verandas. The building is completely furnished with every comfort and equipped with steam heat and every modern convenience.

The place is under splendid management. Every part of the building and grounds is absolutely clean and sanitary. Nothing is left undone by those in charge, to make the inmates comfortable. The Home and grounds are kept in order

by a staff of servants from the State farm at Milledgeville. This plan has proved a success, for the men are reliable and kindly treated to such an extent that some of them, having served their term and been discharged, have returned to the Home and asked for the same position.

The superintendent, Col. W. E. McAllister, handsome in appearance, erect in figure, every inch a soldier, is a true representative of the aristocracy of the Old South.

Mrs. McAllister, a belle of the sixties, is also a conspicuous figure at the Home. Another well-known figure often found at the Home, is that of Col. R. deT. Laurence, of Marietta, superintendent of the board of trustees. The housekeeping is in the capable hands of Colonel McAllister's sister, Mrs. Wooding. Sam J. Bell, the efficient bookkeeper and secretary to Colonel McAllister, is in charge of the office work.

Opposite the main building is the hospital, which has all the equipment of a modern hospital of this kind. A housekeeper is in charge who gives care and attention to the diet. There are two resident physicians, who give their patients every attention, and the two practical nurses are untiring in ministering to the comfort of their aged patients.

Into the Confederate Home come men from every walk of life, from every section of the State. Many of them have been men of wealth or prominence, but the hand of time and force of circumstances have left them helpless and dependent in their old age. Some of these men could have comfortable homes with their children, but prefer the life of a veteran in the Home. Some of them have lost their families by death, and others, sad to relate, have relatives who have no room in their hearts or homes for these old men, now that their days of usefulness are gone, and it is then that the Confederate Home opens its doors and gives them a place of rest and peace where they are provided with every comfort till their days are ended, then they are carried to their last resting place, usually the Confederate Cemetery at Marietta, while others are placed in their own marble vaults in Oakland Cemetery.

As a rule, these men are satisfied and contented. If asked what they want or need, they will reply: "We don't need anything; we are supplied with all we need; but we do want something, we are lonely; we want you to come to see us, and we want you to love us."

During the past few years, the Georgia Home has had some interesting men, among whom were: G. W. Tanner, ex-consul to Germany; Col. Tom Wayne, ex-congressman from Gwinnett County; Mr. Haygood, a member of the prominent Methodist family which included several bishops; Mr. Elder, who was known throughout the State as owner and manager of the old Elder House at Indian Springs; also the Ellis twins, Messrs. H. E. and W. A. Ellis, who were eighty-two years of age and probably the oldest twins in Georgia. So close was their resemblance that only those who knew them well could tell them apart. They died at the Home last year.



GEORGIA HOME FOR CONFEDERATE VETERANS.



Among those of interest in the Home now are: Mr. L. D. Grace, one hundred and fourteen years of age, well preserved and active, the oldest man in Georgia and the oldest veteran on record; T. R. White, father of Mrs. Corra Harris, the well-known writer, enjoys the life of the Home, and has been a resident sixteen years; D. M. Bain, who was one of the original trustees, selected the site for the Home, and gave a large donation; although eighty years of age, he is actively engaged in the insurance business. Colonel Spear, prominent in the legal and political world, who speaks several languages fluently. Last, but not least, Bill Yopp, the only negro inmate, but one who is worthy of mention. Bill was born a slave on the Yopp plantation, near Dublin, Ga., and at an early age became the body servant of Charles Yopp, the son of the family. They grew up together as master and servant, and when Mr. Yopp entered the Confederate service, he took Bill with him. While in service Bill dressed his wounds and on several occasions nursed him back to health. After the war, Bill remained close to his master, and when Mr. Yopp became a resident at the Confederate Home, Bill was admitted also, and continued his services to his old master through his declining years. The loyalty and affection between the two continued to the last, and when, at the age of ninety-two, Mr. Yopp passed away, Bill accompanied his master's remains to their final resting place and delivered an oration at the grave. Bill is still an inmate of the Home and wears with pride his gray uniform.

The average age of these men is eighty-four years. Some of them are well preserved, while others are as feeble in mind as in body. As they express it, "We are like trees dying at the top."

It should be the privilege of every one in the State to make at least one visit to the Confederate Home. Here the latch-string hangs on the outside to visitors at all times; here live only a remnant of a once great and glorious army; here flies the Stars and Bars, often at half mast; here the visitor can bring a word of cheer to the "thin gray line" that is growing thinner every year and soon will have disappeared beyond the distant hills, when their lives will be but a memory and their deeds of valor and bravery a record on the pages of history.

## AFTER THE EVACUATION OF BATTERY WAGNER.

CONTRIBUTED BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

As Battery Wagner was to be evacuated Sunday night, September 6, 1863, I left Sullivan's Island, where my quarters were, and obeyed orders previously received, to report at Fayetteville.

The following letter gives some account of the proceedings that quickly followed that evacuation. It was written by Captain Du Haume, an English officer who had attached himself as a volunteer on the staff of General Clingman, as I was, and had served with me over at Battery Wagner. The account of the assault on Fort Sumter is of interest. Among the Federal officers captured was Lieutenant Remey, a classmate of mine at the Naval Academy, and now Admiral Remey, the only survivor of that class still in the navy. I have had pleasant intercourse with him and his family in late years.

"SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, September 10, 1863.

"My Dear Sir: The date of this will show you that circumstances have compelled us to remove our quarters, which we did on the 7th, as the d—d Yankees began to pelt us with grape and canister, which with them appears to be in season.

This particular attention of theirs began on the Monday, about five o'clock P.M., of the morning which we had left our old quarters through which three shells had introduced themselves but a few hours after we left. On the following morning, one of the monitors came in such close proximity as to tempt our gunners, who opened fire on them, which was responded to by four other monitors and the Ironsides.

"The shelling of the village lasted for about five hours with great vigor, in the course of which one of the enemy's shells exploded close to an ammunition chest, which exploded five others, thereby blowing up seventeen men, of whom some were picked up at a distance of two hundred yards on the back beach in the rear of Fort Moultrie, where the explosion took place. The enemy also set the village on fire, which our exertions succeeded in extinguishing. Considering the terrific fire, if not for the explosion, our casualties would have been very trifling. We, however, managed to knock the smoke stack of one of the monitors into a cocked hat without doing her any material damage. We evacuated Morris Island on Sunday night, having spiked the guns and failed in exploding the bombproofs. One or two of our boats were captured by the Yankee pickets, in all some twenty-five or thirty. They, the night before, had attempted to land at Cummins's Point, but failed, and, on Tuesday night, they attempted to assault Sumter in some seven or eight barges, of which we sank three by the shot and shell of the ironclads; and one hundred and two Yankees were taken prisoner, besides nineteen officers, among whom was the son of General Meade and the second officer of the Ironsides, who were attempting to scale the breached side of Sumter, where they were received by a volley of musketry and brickbats in their ascension, and the grape and canister shot of Shell Point and Fort Johnson, which plowed their rear and flanks. They then made the place ring with their cries of 'quarter,' and surrendered. Those yet in the barges were destined to become bait for sheephead. They died musically, for they raised a beautiful Dutch concert, which was heard from Fort Johnson and Moultrie, some of the notes being screams, groans, and implorations for help. Three barges were seen the next morning, floating water logged and riddled with shot. The other barges we have in our possession. They were anxious of taking their quarters in Sumter, and certainly some of them have been gratified in their wish, for they now are in it in company with some four hundred of our brave men, instead of forty or fifty which they expected to find.

"Dahlgren sent a flag of truce, it is supposed, for the immediate exchange of prisoners, which flag was not noticed. We have taken our quarters in the house on the extreme left of Beauregard, lately occupied by Colonel Ratcliffe. When the d— Yankees set to shelling this place, so thickly housed, you should see the flying of the windows, brickbats and splinters—if not pleasant, certainly exciting. As for the Ironsides, she gives three rounds for every single shot any of our batteries think proper to send her. The monitors now come within six hundred yards and throw half barrels of shrapnel at us.

"In conclusion to this, I am requested by Captains White, Blake, Ergin to remember them kindly to you, as also myself. Gage has left our mess, taken his quarters at Mount Pleasant. The Ironsides is now taking in ammunition and will no doubt help us with it in a few hours. Our breach-banded Brooke rifle is bursted in the breach. The explosion at Moultrie disabled one gun and dismantled two others. We all will be delighted to hear of your more comfortable situation now in Fayetteville."



## PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF COLONEL STREIGHT.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

This is by no means the first time the story of the pursuit and capture of Colonel Streight by General Forrest has been written, nor will it be the last, for the future years will breed men who admire genius, courage, and glorious achievement, who will write the story over and over, just as men have written of Trafalgar and Waterloo for a hundred years, and of Hastings for a thousand years past.

In the spring and summer of 1863, Forrest's Cavalry was a part of Bragg's Army of Tennessee, and on April 23, Bragg ordered Forrest to move with all dispatch to the relief of Colonel Roddy, who was greatly overmatched and hard pressed by a heavy Federal column, under General Dodge, in North Alabama. Forrest marched by way of Decatur to Tuscumbia. He had made hurried preparations for the adventure, and sent Colonel Edmondson with his 11th Tennessee, about six hundred strong, directly to Bainbridge, where, crossing the river, he effected a junction with Roddy, four miles east of Tuscumbia. The following day, Forrest, with the 4th Tennessee, Colonel Starnes; 8th Tennessee, Colonel Dibrell; 9th Tennessee, Colonel Biffle; and the 10th Tennessee, under Lieutenant Colonel De Moss, about fifteen hundred troopers, and a battery of artillery, under Capt. John W. Morton, moved with his habitual celerity and reached Brown's Ferry on the afternoon of April 27. Forrest had ascertained through scouts that the Federal General Dodge, with ten thousand infantry and twenty guns, and Colonel Streight, with twenty-two hundred mounted infantry and six guns, had already occupied Tuscumbia, and that preparations were being made to cross to the north side of the river. To meet that situation, Forrest sent Dibrell with the 8th and 10th Tennessee, and a section of artillery, to Florence, to prevent, if possible, such a movement.

Confident, however, that the real purpose was a move southward of the Tennessee River, Forrest pushed on with the remaining force of a thousand men to Brown's Ferry, where he found two steamboats, and crossed the river during the night, and, by nine o'clock, reached Courtland, twelve miles distant and twenty miles west of Decatur. Sherman said in his memoirs: "Forrest seems always to know my plans; but I can never tell what he is going to do." He had the God-given genius to divine what Dodge's purpose was and what Streight expected to do. While at Courtland, Forrest learned that the enemy was already at Town Creek, a rapid-running stream that comes from the mountains of North Alabama and empties into the Tennessee River, seven miles westward.

Ever alert for any emergency, Forrest moved rapidly on that night and camped on the Tuscumbia road, seven miles rearward of Roddy, who soon joined him. Forrest sent an order to Dibrell by Capt. J. J. Scanlon to move to Bainbridge and open with his artillery, as if it was a demonstration to cross and fall upon the Federal rear. Captain Scanlon, alone, crossed the river in a skiff, under circumstances of great peril. The river was full of driftwood and the current very swift. Captain Scanlon was a Pennsylvanian, but he was loyal to the South.

The Federal force, fully ten thousand strong—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—meanwhile was posted on the west bank of Town Creek, and was confronted by Roddy, whose force then was about twelve hundred men, in addition to Edmondson's regiment (the 11th Tennessee was always referred to as Edmondson's Regiment).

Before daylight of April 28, Forrest appeared upon the scene and quickly disposed his forces for a serious contest. Posting Starnes's and Biffle's Regiments beyond the range of the Federal artillery, he assigned Roddy's force to a position on the left, to watch the upper crossing, known as Shallow Ford, while he held the 11th Tennessee concealed in a woods beyond the railroad. Fortunately, the stream was much swollen, caused by heavy rains; but the sun burst forth that morning with a brilliancy that made the men feel like they had just passed through a long tunnel into sunlight. Everything was quiet and seemingly serene on the enemy side. Forrest said: "John (speaking to Captain Morton), throw a shell from one of your steel guns (a gun he had captured) into the Federal headquarters." All praise to Morton, the aim was skillful, and instantly the Yankees came piling out of the house, running in all directions; but quickly armed men rose from the earth all along the line, like those of the Grecian fable. Their artillery swiftly took position and opened a thunderous cannonade on the Confederate position. The Federals had eighteen guns in action, while Forrest had eight, of which only two were rifles. For five hours the cannonade was furious and the skirmishing quite warm.

Meanwhile the Federal commander sent a force of infantry into an old stockade beyond the railroad bridge, and Edmondson's men opened a premature fire on them that attracted the enemy artillery and infantry, which sent a fierce, pelting storm of Minie balls, grape and exploding shells into the woods where the regiment was posted. Trees and limbs flew and fell about in profusion and caused many casualties in the regiment, but the men of that splendid command stood their ground with admirable courage and fortitude. If there is a man living who passed through that hell of shell, shot, and limbs, I would like to put my arm about his shoulders and tell him that he is entitled to the Distinguished Service Medal.

In the meantime, Dibrell, having reached Florence, began to raise and repair sunken boats, and by other demonstration he made show of a purpose to cross the river at Bainbridge.

Roddy had sent one of his best scouts into Tuscumbia, James Mhoon, whom the writer knew, who set afloat the report that General Van Dorn, with his whole force of eight thousand men, was moving to the south bank of the Tennessee River, seeking the rear of Dodge's position. Dibrell opened fire with great din with a section of the artillery upon the camp the enemy had occupied a short distance from Florence. Everything now portended the presence of a large Confederate force in close proximity to Dodge's rear. Whereupon that officer notified Colonel Streight that, having detained the Confederates long enough to give him time to get well on his way, and because the Confederates were making a serious attempt to cut off his own line of retreat to Corinth, he would fall back and leave him (Streight) to push forward on his expedition. Accordingly, General Dodge began a hurried retreat, the impress and memory of which will be hard to efface from the beautiful Valley of the Tennessee. From mountain to the river, from Town Creek to Tuscumbia, that night it was lurid with the flames of burning fences, granaries, meat houses, stables, and of mansions that for years had been the scenes of a boundless hospitality and domestic comfort, but of which the next morning there remained little save heaps of smoldering ashes and ruined, blackened walls. One of the scoundrels who led in that ruthless and inexcusable work of destruction, a notorious ruffian, Col. F. N. Cornyn, who assumed for his particular command



the rôle of the "Avenging Angel," burned the LaGrange College, besides the residences of several prominent citizens. If Dr. Samuel Johnson had visited the vicinity of Tuscumbia before he wrote his matchless story of "Rasselas," he doubtless would have located the home of the Prince in the beautiful Valley of the Tennessee and called it "The Happy Valley, Home of the Prince of Abyssinia."

Forrest now learned that a cavalry force under Colonel Streight had advanced as far as Mount Hope, sixteen miles directly southward, and on the Confederate left flank. He assumed that this movement was of a grave character, and promptly made preparations to meet it. Satisfied that he might not have sufficient force to cope with it, because he could not leave Dodge an open field for his devastating hand, he ordered Roddy to take his own regiment and Edmondson's, and Julian's Battalion, and throw himself between the Streight column of cavalry and the infantry force under Dodge. Before Dodge's retreat had been developed into a certainty, he was obliged to leave several regiments to make a show of continued resistance.

Forrest moved that night to Courtland with Starnes's and Biffle's Regiments and Ferrell's Battery, where he completed his preparations for a prolonged pursuit, as he divined the purposes of the enemy. Selecting Morton's light section and Ferrell's Battery, he directed that double teams of the best horses should be attached, and, making a personal inspection of the harness and horses, was ready to move the following morning, April 29. He set out for Moulton, where he ascertained that the enemy cavalry was the force which had debarked at Eastport, and commanded by Col. A. D. Streight, and, likewise, that he had taken the road leading southeastward, with the evident object of moving into the heart of Georgia to destroy the railroads, burn bridges, strike terror to the hearts of the people, and cut off Bragg's communication.

Forrest divided his little force into two columns, one of which, under command of Colonel Roddy, was ordered to follow directly upon the trail of the raiders. Roddy had his own regiment, Edmondson's Regiment, and Ferrell's Battery. Forrest, leading the column with Starnes's and Biffle's regiments and the section of Morton's Battery, made a detour to the northeastward so as to cut off any effort of the enemy to turn back. Now began one of the most notable military operations of the war. The Federal force was composed of men selected for this special service, mounted on the best horses to be obtained, consisting of the 51st and 73rd Indiana, 80th Illinois, and the 3rd Ohio, and two companies of renegade Alabama cavalry, twenty-two hundred men and six guns. They had been transported by steamers down the Cumberland and up the Tennessee River to Eastport. Dodge had been sent in advance with a division of infantry and eighteen guns to veil the movement by his demonstration.

Streight had several guides who had lived in the region to be traversed, and he had got so well on his way that he felt secure from pursuit. I have no idea that he had even heard of Forrest, but he was destined to meet his master in a few days. Colonel Streight had been selected to command the expedition because of his well-established reputation for courage, dash, and ability to command. Now, Forrest was after him with his little band of immortals, resolved to capture or destroy him. Late in the night Forrest camped at a little village known as Danville and learned that the raiders had camped in Day's Gap on Sand Mountain, only four miles distant. At daybreak, Forrest ordered Biffle to

push forward with the best-mounted men of his own and Starnes's Regiment (under Colonel McLemore, Colonel Starnes was sick), so as to cut the Federals off from any attempt to turn back. Forrest then joined the other column under Roddy. At this time the advance guard sent back some prisoners just captured, and reported that the Yankees were but a mile in front, cooking breakfast.

Advancing rapidly, the Confederates were soon in full view of their camp fires and got within four hundred yards of the position before the enemy were aware of their proximity. The sound of the Confederate artillery was the first intimation of the fact, and, as may be understood, produced the utmost confusion and panic. Many negroes from the vicinity, who had joined them, as well as soldiers, scattered in the mountain ravine, leaving the camp full of wagons and some fifty animals, cooking utensils on the fire, and quantities of food. The Confederates were hungry, and it was most difficult to keep them from eating the hot breakfast. Capt. William Forrest, a brother of the General, with his company, was sent forward and soon encountered the Federal rear guard in a gorge, where a skirmish ensued for two or three miles. Captain Forrest was seriously wounded by a ball breaking his thigh, and, at the same time, lost several of his men.

The main force of the enemy was now in sight. Strongly posted in line of battle along a commanding ridge, Forrest, riding at the front, comprehended the situation at a glance and forthwith disposed his column for the onset. Edmondson's Regiment, dismounted, was deployed on a ridge parallel to the position of Colonel Streight. Roddy's Regiment and Julian's Battalion, mounted, were posted to the right of Edmondson, on irregular ground, with orders to advance.

Forrest's Escort occupied the extreme left of the line, with instructions to move around the flank and get a position in the rear, while Edmondson took the offensive in front. At the same moment, two pieces of Ferrell's artillery were pushed forward and opened at a distance of two hundred yards from the Federal lines. The enemy promptly answered, but Edmondson's men steadily advanced to within less than a hundred yards of the enemy, under a hot fire. They were a splendid lot of men. The Escort, meanwhile, had vigorously attacked Streight's right flank, losing five or six men, killed or wounded. Roddy charged on the left flank to within fifty yards of the Federal lines, the men of which were lying down concealed; rising, they delivered a withering volley, inflicting considerable loss. Roddy's men, comparatively raw, gave way, leaving forty out of three hundred and fifty either killed or wounded. Ferrell's guns, however, had by this time been bravely pushed to within sixty yards of the Federal position and were throwing a stream of grape and canister into the enemy. When Roddy's command gave way, Colonel Streight charged and forced Edmondson back, killing the horses of a section of Morton's Battery, under Lieut. A. W. Gould, which was abandoned to the enemy. But both Edmondson and Roddy's men promptly rallied, retook the position previously occupied, and reformed for another struggle. The Federal commander handled his men with decided nerve and ability, and, massing them, made a resolute charge that forced the Confederates back to another position, which he likewise attacked with equal vigor, but was this time repulsed. The Federal commander then retired to the position in which he had first awaited battle, and Forrest resumed possession of the ridge in his immediate front. From these two positions an animated skirmish was maintained between the sharpshooters of both forces until 3 P.M. Starnes's and Biffle's regiments, having been meantime ordered up, now



appeared upon the scene, they were at once dismounted and deployed to take part in an immediate grapple with the enemy.

In this new attack, Starnes's Regiment was on the extreme right, and Edmondson on the left, Biffle and Roddy in the center. In the road along which Ferrell's Battery of four guns advanced, Forrest's Escort and Captain Forrest's company constituted a small reserve. The enemy did not await the onset. As a matter of fact, they had been gone an hour, leaving a thin line of skirmishes, which gave back without giving the fire to the advancing Confederates.

Finding his adventurous adversary disposed to push on and await battle, General Forrest sent Roddy with his own regiment and Julian's battalion to Decatur, with the prisoners, some fifty, and the hundred men to resume command in that quarter. He sent Edmondson in the direction of Summerville on the Federal left flank to watch and guard the passes through the valley, to foil any effort to turn back and escape in that direction. Biffle and McLemore, the latter leading, with their regiments, were directed to push on by the road taken by the enemy, while General Forrest, heading his Escort and a company of the 4th Tennessee, dashed ahead to overtake and bring the enemy to bay.

After a gallop of half an hour or so, the Federal rear guard was overtaken, and a running fight took place for several miles in the direction of Blountsville, when Streight's main force was found formed in a highly favorable position a half mile eastward of Long Creek, with their own artillery and the section that they captured. Biffle and McLemore, coming up with their regiments, were dismounted and quickly arranged for a charge, as infantry, Biffle, with a hundred men, being held in reserve.

It was now about five o'clock, nearly night, but the Confederates advanced to within a hundred yards of the enemy. For two hours the conflict was obstinate and resolute on both sides, the Federal force double that of the Confederates, the latter going forward slowly, the enemy holding the ground stoutly. At times the lines were in so close proximity that the flashes of small arms illuminated the features of the combatants.

Always in the thickest of the mêlée, General Forrest had the good fortune, as in all his conflicts under the hottest fire, to escape unhurt, but he had one horse killed and two wounded under him in the charge. But here the State of Tennessee sustained a great loss. Capt. Aaron Thompson, of Marshall County, Tenn., who commanded Company A, of the 4th Tennessee, was mortally wounded in front of his line. Captain Thompson was always an inspiration to his men. He always led in battle. General Forrest often selected him for especially desperate enterprises.

About eight o'clock, Biffle was ordered to move with his reserves around by the left flank, gain the rear of the enemy, and attack the horse holders. At the same time, Forrest sent his Escort on a similar service around by the right flank. The lines were by this time brought to within thirty yards of each other. The Confederates scattered behind trees and other objects that greatly favored them. Soon there was heard in the Federal rear the sounds which indicated that the detachment sent for the purpose had attacked the horse holders. But the Confederates, not advised that the detachment had been sent to the rear of the enemy, but supposing it to proceed from Roddy striking him from the flank, and animated by a fierce enthusiasm, dashed forward with a mighty impulse. Their brave adversaries could not withstand the attack and gave way, utterly discouraged. They

left fifty dead and wounded and many animals, also the section of Confederate artillery which they had previously captured and carried off, besides thirty wagons and teams.

(Continued in January.)

### MIXIN' WITH THE YANKEES.

BY T. H. HIGHTOWER, MONTEREY, TENN.

I served three and a half years as a member of Lynch's Battery, Artillery, which we parked at Christiansburg, Va., on April 12, 1865, and hiked out for home.

Beginning at Carter's Station, in East Tennessee, a station on the railroad not a great distance from Bristol, I became a member of Lynch's Battery of Heavy Artillery, A. N. V. We had six steel rifled cannon, the best cannon I saw during that war. Our command captured them near Bull's Gap, Tenn. We were in a good position on the opposite side of the river from the Yankees, who opened the fight by throwing shells over at us. But we soon silenced that part of the fun. I don't remember how long we fought across the river, but the cannonading had been going on quite a while when the cavalry crossed over and formed in line of battle and was ready to charge as soon as our battery could cross. Our battery had limbered up and started moving up to cross the river when a courier came dashing up. The battery was halted and put back in position and we began throwing shells again till we were ordered to limber up and "git," and we were not slow about it. But as privates, we did not understand what that meant. We wanted to finish the fight we had commenced, and if they had left us alone, we would have whipped those Yanks out of everything they had. We had on the fighting spirit and wanted to fight, but when we began falling back, we lost our courage and could not regain it; but we afterwards found what caused us to have to fall back—the Yanks were in our rear, and that meant destruction to our little army.

We left Carter's Station some time in the evening, and on getting somewhere in the country near Bristol, we were ordered to leave the main road that led into Virginia by Abingdon and Wytheville, for Burbridge and Stoneman had come across from Kentucky and were in ahead of us, while the force we had been fighting at Carter's Station was pressing us in the rear. We were moving very slowly on account of much mud and darkness and were at last ordered to halt, when one of the general's staff came to our captain and told him we were surrounded; to take the battery and roll it down the hill into the river, mount his men on the horses, and get them out from there or we would be captured. Our captain began pleading with the officer to countermand the order and let him get his battery out, for he had men in his company who knew all about the roads and would pilot him out; he did not want to give up his battery without a fight. We had six as fine steel rifled cannon as the North ever made, which we had captured from General Gilman between Bull's Gap and Russellville, East Tennessee. We had tried the cannon on them at Strawberry Plains, and they were the best cannon I ever saw in that war. We could hit a mark finely. The officer told Captain Lynch to go to it, and we began to travel through fields and woods and country roads until we struck the main road, called the Rye Valley Road, leading to Marion, Va. We hiked out for Marion a short time before day, and as we got somewhere in the neighborhood of the town we struck some bottom lands on the river not far from the bridge that crossed the river at Marion, the county site of Smith County. We parked our battery, unharnessed our horses, and spread our blankets for a nap. Had just about



gotten to sleep when the bugle tooted "Harness your horses!" March! Double quick! March!" and now a race for the bridge. Who would get there first? We beat the Yanks and crossed with the pickets. We were so hard pressed we did not have time to destroy the bridge. It was a running fight pretty much all day. I don't believe we had as much as five hundred cavalry to hold that Yankee force of seven thousand well-trained cavalymen back. Our men did well, but were routed from every position. On came the Federals, sweeping everything before them until late in the afternoon, when we had gotten within about two miles of Wytheville, Va., with a good position to hold them in check.

We were giving them shell and canister, double charge, but we were on the road and though we held them in check for some time, our support gave way on our left. Five of our guns had limbered up and were gone. I was with the last gun, and we made another stand and tried to hold them in check until the other guns got across the bridge, but one of our horses had been shot and we could not move the gun; we kept on firing it, but they charged and took the gun. Our captain said: "Take care of yourselves, boys!" then Colonel Gillespie, of the 43rd Tennessee, Colonel Bradford, and Major White, of the 31st, Captain Lynch, Lieutenant Butler, all those officers and the Yanks had a general mix-up, using pistols and sabers. All but three of our crowd got away. Butler was knocked from his horse by a saber blow which almost split his head; one of our gunners (Edwards) got a saber wound on the head. The last I saw of the crowd of officers they had whipped the bunch they were fighting and were moving off at good speed, shooting back as they ran, and the Yankees did not crowd them any more.

How I got away—I ran up a steep bank to a fence, and if I could get over it, I would be in the woods. I climbed to the top of the fence, and as I went to throw myself over, it fell and rolled back down the bank and into the road and me with it, in among the Yanks and horses. I got up and made another trial, getting some thirty yards from the road, but I had to surrender and come down. By that time it was nearing sundown, and those of us who were prisoners were sent on to Wytheville. They drove us upstairs and confined us in the jury room of the courthouse. There were about seventy prisoners, and we were somewhat crowded, but we were not allowed to express our opinion, and we stayed up there that night while they burned several buildings. A drug store they burned was so close to the courthouse that it looked like they were getting careless with fire. The Confederates were making an arsenal of a large church in the town, and it was full of all kinds of ammunition, mostly shell, and the way the pieces fell around was a frightful experience.

While all this was going on, the negro soldiers were having a jubilee, whooping and hallooing on the streets.

When daylight came we were marched down to the road and out to a hollow where they had some fine beef cattle gathered up. We were ordered to surround and hold them while they shot down the beeves, and the way the cattle ran and bellowed made it look like we would be shot or run over. At last all were down, and we were told to get us some beef. I cut off a hunk and tried a bite, which got larger and larger and at last made me sick, and I wasn't hungry any more for fresh beef.

The weather had gotten ugly, the rain coming down and melting the snow, and soon everything was afloat, and we were double quickening; they were pushing us all we could stand; we hiked some twenty-three miles in a very few hours, and if we were allowed to halt one time I cannot remember it.

I never was as near giving out in my life, but had to go on. We had to wade all the streams we crossed, and some of them were up to our hips. Those who had cups could get a drink of water, and those who had none had to dip their hats full and stick their faces in and drink like a horse.

As we ran, we began to hear big guns. All was excitement, and the Federals began hurrying us up, while the negro soldiers began cursing us, and the prisoners began to give out and fall in the road.

The battle was on somewhere, and we began getting right close to their line. General Breckinridge had come up and was in possession of the bridge, which they had to cross to get away. Everything was looking bad for the Yanks. Breckinridge was in their front, and Witcher's Scouts were in their rear; it was nearing night, and I was about run down. We were on a part of the road which had been cut on the hillside. I stumbled and fell and rolled down the bank to a fence about ten feet from the road. Jammed up against the fence, there was so much shooting and excitement they thought I had been shot. I lay still until the army had passed and stragglers began to come along. Two of them saw me and one said: "There lays a dead rebel; let us get down and prowl his pockets." They took everything I had on my top side, and began to roll me over to get at my other pockets, when I began to complain and beg them not to move me, as they would hurt me. They asked if I was wounded; I told them I was badly hurt. I then fell in the road and the horses ran over me. They then got sorry for me and gave me back my things and left me there, where I lay for a few moments, then some more horses came along ridden by negro stragglers. One of them called out: "Dar lays a dead reb!" One of them said he wasn't dead enough, to shoot him deader. By this an officer came galloping up and began cursing them for straggling, why they weren't in the fight, and they cleared out in a hurry. Hearing no one else coming, I climbed the fence into a field grown up in high weeds, and lay there until dark. Seeing a light some distance away, I went to it and found it to be a farm house. Upon calling at the door, an old gentleman came out and wanted to know who I was and what I wanted. He thought the Yankees would get me sure if I stayed all night, for some had just left. "But come in," he said, and he would stand guard while I ate. After eating a hearty supper, he suggested that I make my bed in a straw rick, for safety, and there I slept pretty well all night. During the night, the Yanks came to the rick and pulled out straw to make beds for themselves, but I never objected.

When morning came, the old gentleman called me in to breakfast and told me that the fight was still going on; General Breckinridge was still holding the bridge. The Federals made a good many charges on the bridge, but failed to take it. As the negroes ran out on the bridge, they were all killed. It was a covered bridge, and I was told that it was full of dead negroes.

It was told that after the second day's fight the Yankees held a council and decided there was no way to get out except to surrender, and the next morning they sent a flag of truce over the river, asking the conditions they could get, only to find that General Breckinridge had gone. Why he left was a mystery. Some said his ammunition gave out. I was told this by a Yankee after the war, who said they were starved out and froze out and could not get away, and just had to surrender, but Breckinridge was gone and no one to surrender to. Crossing the river, they went to the Virginia Salt Works and destroyed them, then went on their way rejoicing.



*WITH THE ORPHAN BRIGADE OF KENTUCKY.*

[Louis Douglass Payne's War Experience as written by his wife.]

The history of the 2nd Kentucky Brigade, often called the Orphan Brigade, because, for one thing, of having lost nearly all of its officers during the war, gives a glowing account of the brave and noble conduct of that body of soldiers. I am proud, indeed, to claim a place among them. Not only Joseph E. Johnston, but other able critics, said of them, "They are the finest body of soldiers I ever saw," and this after seeing them in action.

In July, 1861, I left my home in Scott County, Ky., to take up arms in defense of the South, feeling that my dearly loved State was, naturally, part and parcel of the Southland, and their people one. I was accompanied by my brothers, Henry and Robert, Elisha Gordon, Junius Ward, Yancy, Kelley, and Lary. Only Henry and I got back out of the seven or eight who left the State together. We went to Camp Boone, seven miles from Clarksville, Tenn., where there were several thousand volunteers from Kentucky. We enlisted in Company B, Robert J. Breckinridge, captain; 2nd Kentucky Regiment, Roger Hanson, colonel; S. B. Buckner, brigadier general.

We were armed with old flintlock guns, loading with three small and one large ball, very deadly, but not carrying far. Our cooking utensils consisted of a sheet-iron frying pan, in which, first the bacon, and then the flour bread was fried. At first this diet caused a good deal of sickness, but it was not long until we were better supplied and learned to manage better.

In October we were moved to Bowling Green. From there we made several excursions against the enemy, but were engaged in no actual fighting. Yet the service was hard for our first experience, for we marched through pouring rains and mud almost to our knees. While on these excursions, we cooked our bread on the ends of ramrods and ate our bacon raw. As Lisle Gordon said: "Anything is good to a hungry man, even raw bacon." It was a most useful preparation for the terrible experience which soon befell us at Donelson. Donelson which ought to be remembered as a glorious victory, but, instead, always brings sadness. Such fighting as we did on that field! Such hardships we endured! Such brave loyal soldiers sacrificed! Such true, pure blood as was poured out there! Ah! it is disheartening to remember. Our own dear colonels and generals were subordinate to those who had not our honor and glory so near to heart. The Northern forces were poured upon us in overwhelming numbers. General Grant himself, when our forces were marched out before him, prisoners, exclaimed: "Where are all the men who have been opposing me for three days?" When told that they were before him, with the exception of about a thousand, he burst forth involuntarily: "Men, you are not whipped; you are overpowered."

Fort Henry had fallen, so when we arrived at Donelson, Colonel Hanson had us drawn up in line and made us this speech. He said: "We will climb mountains and swim rivers, but, by the eternal gods, we'll never surrender!" and we felt indeed, that he had rightly expressed the sentiment of every heart in that brigade. Our first work was to dig rifle pits cut down trees, and throw up breastworks, working night and day by relays, one company relieving another, to prevent the enemy from charging on us in an unbroken line.

On the 12th of February, 1862, they drew near, and by night a few shots had been exchanged between the pickets of the two armies. That night we slept in the intrenchments.

Early the next morning, the Federal batteries began to play upon us, and we saw their lines marching up through the woods. They were so close that we could hear the orders given by their captains. Colonel Hanson, who was on a little knoll behind us, sent this order to each of our captains: "Let not a man fire until I give the word." It seemed as if that word never would come. The Yankees were almost upon us. Finally, Captain McDowell could stand it no longer. He sprang upon the earthworks and, waving his sword, shouted: "Come on, you scoundrels, we are ready for you." A ball struck his forehead and the blood spurted, but I think he did not even know that he was shot. Then we were allowed to turn our guns loose. We could see the enemy falling by the score. "Keep it up," cried our captains. And we did. The enemy broke line and fell back. Three times they advanced to renew the attack, but without success. The ground was literally strewn with their dead. The firing ceased as it grew darker and we were at liberty to get supper, and, after that, sleep, as best we could. The weather had been pleasant, but now a cold north wind began to blow, bringing rain and sleet. As we were forbidden to make fires lest we make our position a target for the enemy, we passed a most uncomfortable night. Even though exhausted by labor and excitement of the previous day and night, sleep did not come to refresh us.

The 14th was a day of comparative inaction, except for the firing between Foote's squadron and the water batteries. Although Foote's flotilla had been driven off, and we had so well maintained our position on the 13th, it was evident that a desperate struggle was at hand. Before day on the 15th, our regiment was ordered to leave the entrenchments, march to the left, and take a position near Graves's Battery. This battery opened fire on the enemy, and was answered by one of the Federal batteries. These two kept up a sort of duel for some time. About nine o'clock, Buckner sent some Tennessee and Mississippi regiments to dislodge the Federal battery, but they were well supported and held their position. Then Buckner said: "The 2nd Kentucky will have to do that work." Just then Colonel Graves came over the hill, behind which we were standing and shouted, his keen, incisive voice cutting the air like a knife: "Company B! Company B! come to my assistance." Company B heard him. Away we dashed, regardless of aught else, even the hoarse call of our own beloved Hanson, "Come back! come back!" then, as he saw himself unheeded, "Go to hell, every one of you!" And it was nearly that, the storm of shot and shell that rained around us; but we saved his battery. Many, many of our gallant men fell in that mad charge. As we dashed up the hill to the Federal battery, I saw on the ground a cap and sword of an officer, I picked them up, and, after returning to the main body of the army, presented them to Col. Roger Hanson. He exclaimed: "Ah! Col. John A. Logan! He was a good man; I am sorry he was killed." He was not killed, however, only severely wounded. He lived to become a general on the Union side.

Colonel Hanson now came to our aid. The battery was well defended, but we captured the guns and carried them back to Graves. We were then drawn up in a hollow square and complimented by General Buckner on the gallant action of our regiment. And what an encouragement it was to the weary soldier! How it nerved us for the bitter fighting and hardships that followed! It was such things as this that forever bound us to those incomparable commanders. We knew that we were in their hearts as men, and were not merely the machinery of war. "The Incomparable Regiment," they called us. We were ordered back to the en-



trenchments, and set off in high spirits. But just as we stepped over the breastworks, there were the Yankees! Instead of continuing to retreat, they had brought up fresh forces and arrived at the rifle pits as soon as we. They greeted us with the most galling fire, and we fell into utter confusion. General Buckner, coming up, ordered us to fall into line, regardless of companies or regiments. We did so and retreated in good order to the second line of the trenchments, which were made at intervals of twenty or thirty yards. We lay there, keeping up a desultory fire, until about nine o'clock at night. The marching, fighting, cutting trees, digging trenches, and throwing up earthworks had kept us almost incessantly engaged now for four or five days, so we were in an exhausted condition. That night we slaked our thirst on the blood and water which filled the horses' tracks.

The "history of the Orphan Brigade" says the soldiers were informed, on the morning of the 15th that we must surrender. But when the bugle blew on the night of the 14th, we knew only too well that it meant "cease firing," all is over, the sacrifice has failed. Our good General Buckner knew how it hurt us. He said: "It was not your fault, my brave boys; it was not your fault." Pillow was the recreant who turned back in the very hour of victory, and gave us (we felt then) the indelible stain of disgraceful defeat. How I wished a bullet had laid me low on that field of battle. Hunger, thirst, exhaustion hurt, but they were as nothing to that surrender.

Brother Henry and I had gotten separated by the occurrences of the day, and at its close we hunted about the camp to see if we had a loved brother's death to mourn. But both were alive and well, though with slight wounds and bruises.

On the 17th we were put on board transports and taken to Northern prisons. Camp Morton, at Indianapolis, was our destination. The fair grounds had been appropriated for use as a prison. Sheds were built against the high board fence which surrounded the grounds, and tents were scattered over the intervening space. In these the prisoners must shelter themselves as best they could from the cold, which was severe to men just come from the South.

The prisoners were not subjected to as strict a surveillance then as they were later in the war, and some were able to make their escape. I began to reason: "If they can, why can't I?" We had been in prison about two months when an old friend and I decided on a plan for escaping which we thought would be practical. I asked Brother Henry to join us, but he thought that we were very rash to attempt it, and would not consent. Joe Bell, my messmate, said to me one day: "Louis, have you noticed how those sentinels walk their beats?" "Yes. They are at least forty or fifty yards apart: it would be easy to run between them some dark night, if we were only on the outside of these walls." "Yes, but how to get outside is the question." "Well, I'll tell you what I think we can do; we can dig with our hands and pocket knives in the soft earth until we get a hole big enough to crawl under the fence." "O, pshaw! Let us knock down the guards at the gates and make a break for liberty." "No, sir. They would kill us sure. No, the best way is to wait for a dark or rainy night, dig under the fence, and then run when the sentinel is at the far end of his beat." "All right, I am willing to try it?" And so it was arranged.

We chose one dark, dismal night when the pouring rain made the lights flicker and almost go out. We dug with our hands and knives until we had a good-sized hole, and then we tried to get Brother Henry to join us; but he said it was certain

death, and would not go. I told him I would rather be dead than in there.

I can hear those sentinels now, calling the half hours: "Post Number One, half-past one o'clock, and a-l-l's well." "Post Number Two, half-past one, and a-l-l's well." "Post Number Three, half-past one, and a-l-l's well." And so on till the entire circuit of the prison was made. Then the next half hour was taken up. I fancy it served to keep the sentinels awake, as well as to guard the prisoners. I crept through the opening, watching closely to see when the sentinel was farthest away before I made a move on the outside. Then I flattened my body against the ground, pulled myself slowly a short distance up the fence, and then stopped and waited for Joe. Then I heard a hoarse whisper behind me, "Louis! Louis! come back. I'm fastened." Heavens! What was I to do now? Turn back, with that sentinel coming up? Yet there was nothing else to be done. Better death than to desert a comrade in distress. So back I crawled and scratched away until his fat body was liberated. Then we crawled to a large oak near by. As we came beneath it a twig snapped, and the guard turned and looked our way. In his uncertainty, he threw a small stick to ascertain what was the dark object he saw moving. It struck Joe. He sprang to his feet and ran right up to the man. "Halt," he cried. "Halt, yourself," said Joe. Down he threw his gun, on sped Joe in the darkness. Now what was I to do? Confused and uncertain by this unexpected turn of affairs, I zigzagged between the two sentinels who had come up, and, strange to say, found Joe about seventy-five yards ahead.

Providence had favored us, but now a new danger threatened. We had run into a camp of Federal soldiers and were stumbling among the tent ropes, brushing against the officers, trembling in expectation of being arrested at any moment and being thrown back into prison, or perhaps shot for attempting to escape. But, thanks to the dark night and the blue overcoats that had been furnished in prison, we came out of it safely. It was necessary to get away immediately, so we pushed blindly forward until we found the pike.

We came to a toll gate a short distance down the road. The front porch seemed a good shelter from the pouring rain, so we crawled under. But hardly had we settled when a fierce dog began barking at us. He made such a noise that the people in the house struck a match to see what all the noise was about; then we "struck," too. Our next move brought us into Indianapolis. Here we hunted around till we found a railroad. We followed the road a short distance to a culvert under which we threw our mud-bedraggled coats, and then went into a woods near by.

It was now about daylight, and we were tired and hungry. Having washed our faces and smoothed our hair as best we could with our hands, we walked down the railroad until we came to a village and found a hotel where we could get rest and food. We realized with thankful hearts what a Godsend it was that we had some money that our Kentucky friends had sent us and not the tell-tale Confederate bills. We stayed at the hotel and got our breakfast and dinner. This gave us a little time for some rest. I could hardly keep Joe awake, and was afraid that he would betray us by his exhaustion. He would be sound asleep in a second, sitting bolt upright in his chair, even while eating dinner.

After we had rested a while, Joe said, with assumed indifference; "Mister, when will the train be along?"

"In about fifteen minutes, going into Indianapolis."

"What time does it leave for Louisville?" Joe spoke very slowly now.



"Seven P.M."

"O—mm-huh-thank you. Well, good evening, sir."

We went out of doors to consult, and concluded it would be best to take the incoming train to Indianapolis, buy a paper, and then go into the woods till it was time for the Louisville train.

We carried out our plan and reached the woods in safety, but here another bad scare was in store for us. We found some logs on fire and sat down to warm and discuss the situation.

"Now," said Joe, "if we get that Louisville train, we are safe."

"Yes," I replied, "we'll go into the coach, get seats apart, pull our hats over faces, and read our papers; and if we talk, we'll be as big Yankees as anybody."

"Well, I won't buy any tickets, Louis. You've got to do that."

"I—but look, Joe! Who is that coming this way?"

"Louis, they're Union soldiers! We're gone now; there are four of them, and they are right after us!"

"It is no use to run," I replied, "We will just have to give up. Sh-h-h-h— Here they are."

"Good morning," they say politely, and passed on. The world goes on turning on its axis, and our hair resumes its natural flatness.

We took the evening train for Louisville and arrived there without further adventures, though we were in hourly fear of being arrested. We went to the Louisville Hotel, kept by a Southern sympathizer whom Joe knew. The neutral ground taken by Kentucky in that unhappy contest rendered it dangerous for residents to declare their Southern sentiments. So even in Old Kentucky, our homeland, we must be extremely cautious. We were secretly taken to the top of the house and put into a comfortable room. There we were furnished with every luxury in food and clothing, but were not allowed to leave the room on any pretext. Here, many friends, seeking news from their absent friends or relatives, came to us, one at a time, in the midst of the night.

At the end of a week, when all danger of pursuit was over, we were conducted one evening, about dusk, to the front entrance, where two buggies awaited us. Each was supplied with a driver whose name we must not know. A large crowd of Southern sympathizers were gathered to get sight of two "Southern soldiers escaped from prison," but not a word passed between us, for there might be spies about. We were taken about forty miles into Shelby County and left in a dense woods. We had been told that we would be well cared for and must on no account venture to anybody's house. A genial old man brought us food for the few days we had to wait till we could communicate with our friends. Uncle Romulus sent me a horse, money, and a brace of pistols, with the strict injunction not to come near his home. In those days, servants and neighbors were spies. So, though close to home, we must pass by.

In going through Paris, I rode in a rockaway with a Mr. Wilson and wife, he driving, while Joe Bell rode on horseback. The town was full of Federal soldiers, and Joe's eyes kept a swift dance from side to side for fear that he would be recognized. Brother John was with him, and Joe said to him:

"John, you had better go back. I am well-known in Paris, and if I see the slightest intimation of being arrested, I will ride for my life and fire as I ride. I will not be taken alive."

"Pshaw, Joe. Nobody will know you," replied John.

We got through all safe, and stayed in the hospitable home of Mrs. Warren Rogers and her patriotic daughters for

a week. We then worked our way toward the mountains. On the way our party was increased to fourteen by men who wished to join the Southern army. An old mountaineer volunteered to guide us through Pound Gap. When nearly to the Gap, we got the news that a body of Federal soldiers was waiting there to intercept us. "We are caught," we exclaimed; "all our hardships are for nothing." "Not so," said the stanch old guide, "when we can't go through, we must go over." So up the steep mountain wall we struggled, sometimes on a path so narrow that a single misstep would have hurled us a thousand feet below; sometimes so steep that we must drive our horses ahead and pull ourselves up by holding on to their tails. So exhausting was the half-mile climb that I fell in a swoon when the top was reached. An hour's rest sufficed to restore me, so that I was ready when the rest were for the gentle descent on the Virginia side.

We went to Abingdon, where we met Pete Everett, Bob Stoner, and Lee Hathaway. They were set on returning to Kentucky to raise a regiment, so we came back with them to help. Joe and I stopped in Montgomery County and waited for them to return, but they were so long in doing so that we concluded they had been captured, and decided to return without them. Pete eventually came out with seventy men. We again went to Abingdon, received our back pay, and were given permission to travel anywhere in the South till our command was exchanged.

We were in Richmond during the Seven Days Battles, and with no little wonder did I behold thousands of soldiers in gray parading the streets in idleness, while that bloody struggle was in progress. When I left home, friends, possessions, to lay down my life, if necessary, for the dear Southland, little thought I to find in the capital of the Confederacy that lack of enthusiasm, that indifference. However, I suppose long familiarity had brought about stolid, undemonstrative endurance.

After visiting Mobile, Montgomery, Atlanta, and other cities, we rejoined our command at Jackson, Miss., which by this time had been exchanged. After the fall of Vicksburg, we fought in the battle of Jackson. This was the last of my experience in the company of my comrade in many dangers, Joe Bell, for here we separated.

My command was ordered to reënforce Bragg in Kentucky. Thus I was once more *en route* for my native State, this time not as a fugitive, but as a deliverer from the foe. We marched full of pleasant thoughts of the homeland. I shall never forget how it stirred us as we sang these old songs, "Old Kentucky Home" and "Home, Sweet Home." I must pause here for the sadness that comes over me at the recollection of that time. No experience of the war was so trying to me as that. How we laughed and joked! How light and easy moved our way-worn feet as they moved toward home! We are almost to Cumberland Gap; a few more hours would put us on Kentucky soil. But the message meets us: "Fall back; Bragg is retreating."

Back to Knoxville we went with bowed heads, lagging feet, sore hearts. There we took the train to Chattanooga, then on to Murfreesboro into camp. While waiting here for General Bragg, my regiment and one other was ordered to join John Morgan's command in an attack on Hartsville. A forced march, which means as rapid as possible, the infantry changing with the cavalry in riding and walking, took us to Cumberland River in about eighteen hours. The distance, I suppose, was about seventy-five miles. We arrived just as day began to dawn, crossed the river on pontoon bridges, and began to fight at sunrise. The engagement was short but severe; it lasted only an hour and a half. It was here that I



was wounded. Our company was pushing up the hill toward the enemy's lines when I, with several others, became excited and ran ahead, reaching the brow of the hill considerably in advance of the company. While standing firing, I saw the blue coats give way, which enthused me. I jerked off my hat and whirled it in the air, shouting: "Come on, boys, come on! They're whipped, they're whipped," when down I went, shot through both legs. One moment mounting to the skies, the next grovelling in the dust, a poor worm of the earth. I lay there bleeding in the December snow with the bullets whizzing around me thick and fast, realizing very vividly the uncertainties of life, especially army life. One of the bullets tore the skin from the knuckle of my right forefinger.

Our command captured the whole Union force, but had to retreat immediately, as General Harlan came up with reinforcements. A Confederate teamster gathered me up with two other wounded into a wagon loaded with rifles and drove as fast as possible toward the river, but it availed nothing. The enemy came up so fast, he had to abandon us on the floor in a poor Irishman's shanty, and there we lay for three days and nights in untold agony. The ride in the wagon had been terrible; I plead with the driver to put me out and let me die; I wished with all my heart that I was able to handle one of the guns on which I was lying; I would have blown his head off, and thus have put it out of his power to continue his mistaken kindness. But my sufferings were still more aggravated by cold, hunger, and undressed wounds in that humble hut. The man had run off in his fear of the enemy and left his wife alone. She did what she could for us, which was little enough in her poverty and ignorance. After three weeks we were found by the Union soldiers and removed to the hospital in Hartsville. Every day the doctor talked of amputating both my legs, but I besought him to rather let me die. John M. Harlan had once run for Congress in our district and so became personally acquainted with my father, who was at that time in the legislature, and had been entertained in our home. He visited me, recalled these circumstances, and showed me every courtesy. Through his kindness I was allowed to be moved to a hotel owned by a Southern sympathizer in the town. Kindnesses now poured in on me from every side. Six weeks of "flat-on-my-back" in bed restored me enough to accede to the wishes of kind Mr. Alexander and his good daughter to be taken to their home at Dixon Springs, though it was with intense suffering that I took the ride.

For six weeks did this hospitable family nurse me back to health. One of them especially I remember most pleasantly. Perhaps you wonder why the romance of my life did not commence here. But it remained for another to capture my heart and battle-scarred body two years after the war closed, she who is now putting on record these reminiscences. This kind young lady, Miss Mary Alexander, now Mrs. Fields, of Louisville, used to bring me trays of cracked nuts, and charm away the tedium of my convalescence with lively conversation, games of cards, and in other ways that made the memory of her delightful. But I had other visitors who made me realize that I must get away from this haven of rest. Soldiers of the Union army came to see if I was well enough to be transported to a Northern prison. After one of their visits, I said to Mr. Alexander: "I have been in one of their prisons, and I will not be again if I can avoid it." He said he would do all in his power to help me; so he put me and the crutches kind friends had made into a buggy and drove to Carthage. There he had a boy to row me across the river where two horses awaited us. We mounted and, I suppose,

rode about two hundred yards. When I recovered consciousness, I was lying on the ground and the boy was looking into my face weeping. He thought that I was dead. My wounds were too sore for that method of traveling. I told the boy to take the horse and return to Mr. Alexander as quickly as possible, while I proceeded as best I could on crutches.

It was a long, weary journey—one hundred miles—occasionally helped by wagons; but the end was worth it. When I made my appearance in camp, a shout went up. Such a welcome they gave me! They had left me for dead on the battle field of Hartsville, and it was as if the dead were come to life. I afterwards saw my name in the list of mortally wounded in the *Louisville Courier Journal*. Indeed, the doctor told me that I had escaped the cutting of the main arteries by the space of a sharp knife blade.

My return to camp was saddened by the news of the death of my youngest brother, Robert. He had died in a hospital from sickness contracted in army life. Brother Henry was in Knoxville, disabled by a wound from a cannon ball. General B. gave me a permit to join my father and Henry in Knoxville, where I remained a month. I then went into parole camp at Cahawba, Ala., and was there nearly a year. The prisoners, while awaiting our exchange, elected officers, drilled daily, and otherwise amused and exercised themselves. When the exchange was effected, I reported to Dalton, where we went into winter quarters. We passed the winter in sham battles, snow-fort sieges, and drills.

During the winter I received my commission as second lieutenant in Morgan's command. Instead of going immediately to my assignment, I went into the ranks as private, and was in the battles of Rocky Face Gap, Resaca, and Dallas. At Dallas I was taken prisoner for the third time, and sent back to Camp Morton, Ind. Alas! no more escapes were possible. The prison regimen was strictly enforced. There were spies among us who reported all attempts to escape; yet attempts were constantly being made, for starvation and cold make desperate men. We suffered greatly from bone-ache, or scurvy, brought on by lack of proper nourishment. Once, several of us tried to escape, but were prevented and condemned to be hung up by our thumbs in punishment. A comrade volunteered to take my place, because he knew that it would surely kill me in my sore condition. I feel that I owe my life to him.

Many of our friends thought that the war was near its close, and wrote urging me to take the oath of allegiance to the United States government, but I would not consent to do so. I remained in prison until exchanged, which took place a few months before the surrender of General Lee. After being exchanged at Richmond, Va., I went to Lynchburg, where I joined Cabel Bullock, one of my particular friends, Joe Hunt, and Lieutenant Bowmar. We all struck out on foot and caught up with our command at Charlotte, N. C. There Maj. John R. Viley gave me a horse, and I reported to Gen. Basil Duke, according to the order that had been issued to me, pending my exchange.

From this time on confusion and uncertainty reigned in the South. After Lee surrendered, we went to Washington, Ga., and there the army disbanded. All the men from Tennessee and Kentucky were ordered to Chattanooga, where the privates were disarmed and sent home on the trains. Officers were allowed two horses and side arms. Fourteen of us went to Nashville together to take the oath of allegiance, and from there we rode through the country to our homes in "Old Kentucky." I sold one of my horses for eighty dollars in gold, bought a suit of clothes and a pair of boots,



and reached home with two dollars and a half. Of all the fourteen comrades, only Capt. Anderson Berry, Capt. John H. Carter, Capt. James E. Cantrill (now Judge of the Court of Appeals), and Lieut. L. D. Payne are now living this 16th day of February.

I have now thrown away my fighting cap and arms and am elected a justice of the peace.

### JAMES CHALMERS, OF VIRGINIA.

BY ANNIE R. CHALMERS OWEN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

At the time that Virginia began enrolling her sons for defense of the Southern Confederacy, several professional men of Lynchburg made a compact that they would enter as privates, so there might be no dissatisfaction through rank distinction. My father, James Chalmers, from Halifax County, was one of these, though he was nominated and unanimously elected to the highest office Lynchburg could give, and which he declined; and the Hon. John Goode was another who went through the war as a private.

My grandfather, David Chalmers, of Halifax County, Va., was nominated by Colonel Randolph, of Albemarle, as chairman, or president, of the State Rights Convention, and he was also offered a place in the Confederate Cabinet, which he declined. He had six sons in the Confederate service, and some of his nephews were Gen. James R. Chalmers, Judge Hamilton Chalmers, and Col. Aleck Chalmers, of Mississippi; Col. William Leigh and Capt. Aleck Chalmers, of Texas; and the wives of Generals Green and Major, of Texas, were his nieces.

From the "University of Virginia Memorial," I have taken the following notes from the tribute by Capt. Charles M. Blackford to his friend of ten years' intimate association in college and court and camp, and which ended only with his life.

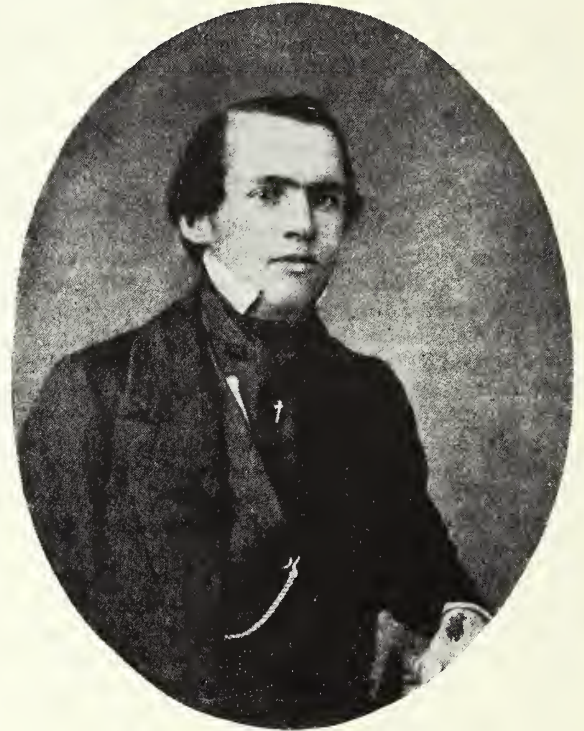
James Chalmers enlisted in Company B, Wise Troop, of the 2nd Virginia Cavalry, in the spring of 1861, and participated with his command in the first battle of Manassas. His death wound was received in the discharge of duty in a dangerous service, for which he had volunteered, bearing special orders to the advance outposts of the army near Annandale, Va., and he died October 1, 1861, in the office of Judge Thomas, at Fairfax Courthouse.

He was born at Woodlawn, the home of his maternal grandfather, Colonel Coleman, on September 21, 1829, received his early education from tutors on his father's plantation, and at about the age of fifteen he was sent to the Episcopal School near Hagerstown, Md. While there he was confirmed by Bishop Wittingham in the faith of his fathers.

From the primary school James Chalmers went to Chapel Hill College, where he spent several years in successful and laborious study. Upon closing the course at Chapel Hill with distinction, he decided to devote himself to the study of law, for the practice of which his high literary culture, his elegant taste, and his great moral worth eminently fitted him. In furtherance of the end, in October, 1849, he matriculated at the University of Virginia, where he remained two years, studying with industry and enthusiasm, in addition to his professional courses, such subjects of general education as are deemed a part of the curriculum of a well-read lawyer.

At the University young Chalmers most conscientiously discharged the Christian vows he had assumed in his boyhood, and his holy life and conversation, coupled with his zealous labors in his Master's cause, made him a most useful and efficient member of the student society around him.

His company was one of the first mustered into service of the State and was early ordered to the seat of war. Upon reaching Manassas, it was assigned to the 2nd Virginia Regiment of Cavalry, then being organized under Colonel Radford, and took its position as the second, or Company B, in that regiment. He was in several skirmishes prior to the battle of Manassas, including one at Vienna, where the Federals under General Schenck were routed, and he dis-



JAMES CHALMERS.

played himself every inch a soldier under each trial of his mettle. At the battle of Manassas his conduct especially attracted the attention of his commanding officers. Foremost in the gallant charge made this day by his regiment upon the breaking foe, he was the first, when pursuit was over, to minister to the suffering of the wounded, whether dressed in gray or blue. While more than one felt the power of his bold arm, there were many that night who, for a cup of cold water, a word of kind encouragement, or a prayer for their parting spirit, had cause to call him blessed.

After this great battle, Company B was sent to the front on picket and vidette duty, camping at various times at Centreville, Fall's Church, Annandale, and Fairfax Courthouse. Here the service of the cavalry was exciting and dangerous, the skirmish line under General Stuart running through Munson's and Mason's Hills, and in sight of the dome of the Capitol. This life Chalmers seemed to enjoy very much, and the more dangerous the service the more it attracted him. On Saturday, September 28, the company had been on laborious duty all day, owing to some threatened movement of the enemy, and did not return to camp at Fairfax Courthouse until after dark. Scarcely had the men gone to rest before General Longstreet sent an order to the captain (Charles M. Blackford) to detail two intelligent and reliable men to go with some important messages to the outposts. Chalmers was one of those on whom the lot fell. Knowing him to be somewhat delicate, his captain offered to relieve him, but the offer was declined on the ground that it



might be considered an act of partiality and give rise to complaint in the company. He was shot while riding between the pickets at Annandale and when about three miles to the right of that point. He was fired upon without being halted and without notice, by two guns in whose hands it has not been discovered. Be it as it may, he fell in discharge of dangerous service, and in full discharge of his duty. The ball entered his left arm, breaking, or, rather, crushing both bones, and then passing into his stomach. He rode back two miles to Annandale before dismounting. From Annandale he was removed first to a tavern about four miles from Fairfax Courthouse and then to Mr. Thomas's law office. . . . He died there, peacefully and calmly, at sunrise on Tuesday morning, October 1, 1861.

In the account of his last hours, which was written at the time by his stepmother (Mrs. Anna Mead Chalmers), after his arm was amputated, he said: "Now I can devote myself to literature." But he who shapes all destinies had decreed otherwise.

As an instance of his fearless sense of duty, one example out of many may be mentioned: Some days previous to when he was shot, he was stationed at Mason's Hill, one of the outposts nearest the enemy, when an alarm was given that the Federal army was making a general advance. The officer commanding the forces at that hill, through some misapprehension of orders, withdrew his command and abandoned the post. Chalmers was confident that some mistake had occurred, and as his own orders from General Longstreet were to stay, he determined to remain until time had been given for the error to be corrected, and with two other men, whom he posted so as to conceal the true state of affairs, held the hill three hours until the troops returned, though the enemy, only a few hundred yards off, in full view, were drawn up in line of battle. . . . His wife's letter of September 29, speaks of it as follows: "I received your dear letter, giving an account of your possession of Mason's Hill this evening, first, with a shudder thinking of the danger you were in and the blotting out of every hope of earthly happiness that might have come to me; then, secondly, with indignation at the carelessness of men who would permit such mistakes to occur; thirdly, and all the time, with pride to feel you knew no danger when duty called. I never could tell you what an exalted idea I have of you as a brave, true, Christian soldier. And, finally, for you know my sense of the ridiculous is very keen, I got to laughing at the idea of your tearing about the field giving orders to captains and soldiers and all that were not there."

This letter, which he did not receive, was dated the evening of the day he received the fatal wound, and she did not know it, nor did she reach him in time.

My mother's father, Dr. James Saunders, was made major at twenty-two, in the 7th Virginia Regiment, of which his father was colonel in the War of 1812.

At a meeting of "The Southern Society" in Washington, I met Capt. John M. Hickey, who sent me the following letter from Hyattsville, Md., June 20, 1920: "In accordance with your request, I am endeavoring to give my recollections of the incident in which your father participated at Mason's Hill in 1861. Fitz-John Porter was in command of the forces (U. S.) on the Virginia side of the Potomac River, defending Washington; McClellan was mobilizing an army to attack Richmond via the Peninsula. I recollect very distinctly that, possibly in August or September, the daily newspapers teemed with news of Gen. Fitz-John Porter's front. Some days the Rebels were concentrating a large force on his front, and again the Rebels were retreating, burning stores and de-

stroying property, and again, the Rebels were fortifying Mason's Hill, placing heavy guns on the ramparts and entrenching the fortifications.

"General Porter had made many reconnoissances and was keeping the War Department hourly informed of the situation in his front. There were rumors that the Rebels had evacuated the fortifications, but Gen. Fitz-John Porter flatly denied them. Finally, the staff, General Halleck, chief, ordered Porter to advance, and supplied him with additional troops under General Doubleday, and great results were breathlessly looked for.

"Then came a dispatch, published in the newspapers, that Gen. Fitz-John Porter had gallantly dashed forward ahead of his troops and planted his horse's feet upon the ramparts while the enemy retreated precipitately without firing a shot, and Porter and Doubleday were vigorously pursuing the Rebels and capturing many prisoners, arms, etc.

"Some vicious enemy of Gen. Fitz-John Porter was bold and daring enough to publish the news that there were only three rebels in the fort for over three or four weeks; that those three retreated only when they were surrounded; that they had placed logs of wood, with caps taken or collected from the battle field of Bull Run; and that these three had been very busily engaged in mounting those caps on sticks and parading in and out of the breastworks and cheering as though the fort was being reinforced daily. General Doubleday, it was understood, 'gave the cat away.'

"I am very sure the files of the *Evening Star* of that period will bear me out in the foregoing narrative."

I have vainly tried to learn the names of the two men who shared with my father the honor of holding this hill against the enemy. I have been told that one of them was the late Tipton D. Jennings, of Lynchburg, and another my brother thought was a Mr. Rothenbach.

In "Christ in the Camp," by Rev. J. William Jones, James Chalmers is spoken of, and in a long article in "The University of Virginia Memorial," his name, with that of his brother, Dr. Henry C. Chalmers, is in the column of honor there. In "Anna Mead Chalmers: A Memoir," by her son, Edward Mead, of Keswick, Va., are given the resolutions from his company commander, the court, the Masons, of which he was a thirty-second degree member, and other civic organization. Six others of his family were in active service of the Confederacy.

## THE STRIFE OF BROTHERS.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

On Shiloh's crimson-sheeted field,  
There fell, the self-same hour,  
Twin brothers of a single line  
In youth's all golden flower.  
Yet battled these 'neath warring flags,  
Each heavy hung with stars  
But one was crossed with scarlet stripes,  
And one by glowing bars.  
Some half a rod apart they fell,  
Unwittingly they lay,  
And he who wore the blue ne'er knew  
His brother donned the gray.  
Unknown, each to the other sank,  
Beheld the same worn face,  
And gasping, "Mother," either sank  
Full grandly as his race,



## KENTUCKY IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

COMPILED BY MRS. GIPP WATKINS, STATE HISTORIAN,  
KENTUCKY DIVISION, U. D. C.

Kentucky, true to her motto, "United we stand, divided we fall," exhausted every effort to secure peace during the stirring days of the sixties.

Schooled by Henry Clay, who sought by compromise to bring the dissonant sections of the Union to agreement, his successor, the venerable John J. Crittenden, endeavored by the same efforts to prevent a dissolution of the Union. In the Crittenden Resolution the people of the State believed they saw a peaceable and an honorable solution of the great questions confronting them.

All of her great men knew that if the supreme test of war came they would find themselves in the ranks of one of the armies as soldiers confronting their own kindred in the opposing army. No other State had so serious, so poignant a question to decide. The great heart of Kentucky was torn by conflicting emotions, emotions impossible to describe. The people found themselves divided along personal as well as political lines. Crittenden and Powell in the United States Senate, the leading men of all parties in convention at Louisville, the General Assembly at Frankfort, the Peace Commissioners at the Kentucky Peace Convention of twenty-one States at Washington—all these had vainly sought for peace, had offered from their wisdom and from their hearts every concession possible to be made to avert the horrors of civil war, and all without avail.

There was not a man of those Kentuckians who had given his best efforts in the interests of peace who did not recognize what war would mean to Kentucky. They knew that families would be sundered; that father would oppose son upon the field; that brother would meet brother in hostile array; and, for these reasons, the usual horrors of war would be a thousandfold intensified for Kentucky. Hence, they sought peace by offering compromise; they sought peace by offering everything save honor.

When the Kentucky legislature met in extraordinary session on January 17, 1861, Governor Magoffin said in his message to that body: "The special purpose for which the legislature has been called into extra session is that you may consider the propriety of providing for the election of delegates to a sovereignty convention to be assembled at an early day, to which shall be referred for full and final determination the future of Federal and interstate relations in Kentucky. This commonwealth will not be an indifferent observer of the force policy. The seceding States have not in their hasty and inconsiderate action our approval, but their cause is our right, and they have our sympathies. The people of Kentucky will never stand with arms folded while those States are struggling for their constitutional rights and resisting oppression, or being subjugated to an anti-slavery government. The idea of coercion, when applied to great political communities, is revolting to a free people, contrary to the spirit of our institutions, and, if successful, would endanger the liberties of the people."

Six delegates were sent to this conference, from which no good resulted, and they returned home to face conditions even worse than before the conference.

Hoping almost against hope, and sincerely desiring that the neutrality of Kentucky be assured, as did the majority of the people of the State, Governor McGoffin called the legislature back to share with him the extreme responsibilities of the moment.

This body met May 6, 1861. The Union leaders, not feeling the ground entirely firm beneath them, were determined to grapple with the "neutrality" idea that had developed much strength, the people of the State having demonstrated that they approved of the governor's refusal to furnish troops for the subjugation of the seceding States. They determined to take a stand for "mediating neutrality," friendly to both North and South. The legislature still imagined that peace could be controlled by the meetings of commissioners. The Union members proposed the appointment of six men—three to represent the Bell-Douglas element and three the Breckinridge party. These appointments were to be approved by the legislature, but those named were not to be members of that body and were to meet and agree upon some definite course of action to be followed by the legislature with reference to the great questions then disturbing the nation, and it was agreed, in caucus meetings of the respective parties in the legislature, to carry out by legislative action whatever program the six arbiters should recommend.

On May 11, 1861, these arbiters met in conference. Mr. Breckinridge and his colleagues proposed that the legislature call a sovereignty convention to decide whether or not Kentucky should secede from the Union. The Unionist commissioners positively refused to assent to this proposition, and it was abandoned. The second proposition, that the legislature be advised to declare that Kentucky would stand neutral in the conflict between the Federal and Confederate governments, was unanimously adopted.

After receiving the report of this commission and scores of petitions praying for a neutral stand, the legislature, on May 16, considered a report presented by the Committee on Federal Relations, which asked the adoption of the following resolutions:

"Considering the deplorable condition of the country and for which the State of Kentucky is in no way responsible, and looking to the best means of preserving the internal peace and securing the lives, liberty, and property of the State, therefore be it

*"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives, That this State, and the citizens thereof, should take no part in the civil war now being waged, except as mediators and friends to the belligerent parties, and that Kentucky should, during the contest, occupy the position of strict neutrality."*

The House sustained the report, but the Senate did not, declaring that "Kentucky would not sever its connection with the national government, nor would she take up arms for either of the belligerent parties, at the same time offering the services of the State as a mediator to bring about a just and honorable peace."

May 20, 1861, the governor issued his proclamation, warning all other States, whether separate or united, and especially the United States and the Confederate States, to "abstain from any movement upon the soil of Kentucky, or the military occupation of any place whatever within her lawful boundary, until authorized by invitation or permission of the legislature and executive authorities." This neutral position, he explained, was assumed in the hope that Kentucky might soon have an opportunity to become a successful mediator between the two belligerents. Thus Kentucky stood as a buffer between the seceding Southern States and those which remained loyal to the Union.

The Federal government now began to take notice of the question of Kentucky's mediating neutrality. Early in June, 1861, Gen. Simon Boliver Buckner, Inspector General of the



military forces of Kentucky, received from his former comrade in arms, Gen. George B. McClellan, an invitation to meet him in Cincinnati for a discussion of Kentucky's unique position of neutrality.

Together with a friend, Samuel Gill, a Union man, then connected with the meager railroad service of Kentucky, General Buckner went to Cincinnati. Gill says: "We entered upon a free and unreserved expression of opinion in regard to many matters connected with the present political difficulties."

The result was an agreement upon the part of General McClellan as to a definite policy with regard to Kentucky which General Buckner regarded as binding upon the Federal government. The following report was made to the governor in relation to this interview:

"HEADQUARTERS KENTUCKY STATE GUARD,  
LOUISVILLE, KY., June 10, 1861.

"Sir: On the 8th instant, at Cincinnati, I entered into an agreement with Maj. Gen. G. B. McClellan, commander of the United States troops in the States north of the Ohio River, to the following effect:

"The authorities of the State of Kentucky are to protect the United States property within the limits of the State; to enforce the laws of the United States in accordance with the interpretations of the United States courts as far as the law may be applicable to Kentucky, and to enforce, with all the power of the State, our obligations of neutrality as against the Southern States as long as the position we have assumed shall be respected by the United States.

"General McClellan stipulates that the territory of Kentucky shall be respected on the part of the United States, even though the Southern States should occupy it; but, in the latter case, he will call upon the authorities of Kentucky to remove the Southern forces from our territory. Should Kentucky fail to accomplish this object in a reasonable time, General McClellan claims the same right to occupancy given to the Southern forces. I have stipulated, in that case, to advise him of the inability of Kentucky to comply with her obligations and to invite him to dislodge the Southern forces. He stipulates that if he is successful in doing so, he will withdraw his forces from the State as soon as the Southern force shall have been removed.

"This, he assures me, is the policy which he will adopt toward Kentucky. Should the administration hereafter adopt a different policy, he is to give me timely notice of the fact. Should the State of Kentucky hereafter assume a different attitude, he is, in like manner, to be advised of the fact.

"The well-known character of General McClellan is a sufficient guarantee for the fulfillment of every stipulation on his part.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"S. B. BUCKNER, *Inspector General.*"

"To His Excellency, B. Magoffin."

This was a formal recognition by the Federal government, through General McClellan, of the neutrality of Kentucky, but it was merely a rope of sand. Three days after the interview with General Buckner, the governor received from General McClellan a formal demand in the following terms:

"CINCINNATI, June 11, 1861.

"Gov. B. Magoffin: I have received information that Tennessee troops are under orders to occupy Island No. 1, six miles below Cairo. In accordance with my understanding

with General Buckner, I call upon you to prevent this step. Do you regard the islands on the Mississippi River above the Tennessee line as within your jurisdiction, and if so, which ones?

"Respectfully,

G. B. McCLELLAN,  
*Adjutant General, U. S. A."*

In reply, the governor notified General McClellan that he had sent General Buckner to Paducah with orders to carry out the understanding with him. During the visit of General Buckner to Paducah, he, in company with certain citizens, again met General McClellan, and asked him to declare anew the meaning of the Cincinnati agreement. According to one of these civilian witnesses, Hon. E. I. Bullock, General McClellan declared that "Kentucky was to be left to take charge of her own citizens," and positively stated that if any application was made to him for assistance for any citizens of Kentucky he would refer them to the judicial and military authorities of the State and extend no aid himself.

It had been reported that President Lincoln, in a conversation with Senator Garrett Davis, stated "that he would make no military movement against any State which did not offer armed resistance to the authorities of the United States." Therefore Governor McGoffin hoped that the action of General McClellan might lead President Lincoln to officially recognize the neutral position of the State. To that end, he sent General Buckner to Washington to see the President and explain to him the plan by which the State hoped to stem the tide of conflict between the Southern States and the Federal government, and, if possible, secure his assent thereto. Of this visit, McElroy, the historian says: "On July 9, accompanied by John J. Crittenden, General Buckner met the President, who, he (General Buckner) says, 'wrote and handed me the following paper.' He accounted for the absence of his signature by saying that he did not intend to write a proclamation, but to give me a paper on which I could base my statements of his policy and which would be my evidence hereafter if any difference should arise relative to that policy, and he appealed to Mr. Crittenden, who was present, to identify the paper in any way that he thought proper. This was done by the latter gentleman's subjoining his initials."

In giving this document to the public, General Buckner made this statement of his interpretation of its meaning: "I learned when in Washington from some of the friends of the President that he was exceedingly tenderfooted on the meaning of certain terms. He was not willing to 'respect' the neutral position of Kentucky, for that would be to acknowledge her right to assume it; but he was entirely willing to 'observe' it." The President succeeded in impressing upon me the belief that "as long as there are roads around Kentucky" to reach the rebellion, it was his purpose to leave her unmolested, not yielding her right to the position she occupied, but observing it as a matter of policy.

General Buckner says: "This memorandum was handed me by President Lincoln in the Executive Chamber, Washington, on the 10th of July, 1861, in the presence of Hon. J. J. Crittenden, who, at the instance of the President, witnessed it by marking it with his initials."

The following copy of this paper was published in the *Clarksville (Tenn.) Jeffersonian*, September 13, 1861:

"It is my duty, as I conceive, to suppress an insurrection existing within the United States. I wish to do this with the least possible disturbance or annoyance to well-disposed people anywhere. So far, I have not sent an armed force into Kentucky, nor have I any present purpose to do so. I



sincerely desire that no necessity for it may be presented, but I mean to say nothing which shall hereafter embarrass me in the performance of what may seem to be my duty.

"July 10, 1861.

"Witnessed, J. J. C. [the initials of Mr. Crittenden]."

This slender thread of neutrality, which it was hoped might be used to hold together the Union, was soon to be broken.

A higher power than a State legislature, pleadings of prominent men, votes of the people of the State, peace conferences, or "mere scraps of paper," intervened and changed the entire aspect of affairs. What had been merely *speculative*, within a few hours became a *reality*, and men who had considered what they would do with *possibilities* were called upon at a moment's notice to deal with *actualities*.

The hour had struck! At 4:30 A.M., April 22, 1861, a shell from a mortar in the Confederate works rose high in the air and, curving in its course, burst almost directly over Fort Sumter. The bombardment continued twenty-four hours, when Major Anderson, the gallant Kentucky commandant of the Union forces, hauled down his flag.

The next day, President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers for use against the "insurgents," as the Confederate forces were called. The latter were commanded to return to their allegiance within twenty days; but it required four years for them to harken to this command.

President Lincoln, through Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, called by telegraph upon Governor McGoffin for "four regiments for immediate service." Thus the President of the Union refused to acknowledge Kentucky's neutrality.

Governor McGoffin, unhampered by the presence of the legislature, which had adjourned on April 4, replied to this demand: "Your dispatch received. Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States."

The response of the governor encouraged the Confederacy to believe that Kentucky would cast her lot with the Southern States, and the Confederate Secretary of War, L. P. Walker, sent the following message: "Your patriotic response to the requisition of the President of the United States for troops to coerce the Southern States justifies the belief that your people are prepared to unite with us in repelling the common enemy of the South. I, therefore, request you to furnish one regiment of infantry without delay to rendezvous at Harper's Ferry, Va."

The governor, while in positive sympathy with the Southern States, hesitated to take a step which would bring Kentucky into the war. He, therefore, did not furnish the "one regiment" to the Confederacy. However, the one regiment went forward to Virginia under the command of Col. Blanton Duncan, of Louisville, but upon its own initiative.

The Border Slave State Convention, convening in Frankfort, while expressing continued faith in the already exploded idea of armed neutrality, made a last sorrowful appeal to the seceded States to reëxamine the questions of necessity for their withdrawal from the Union, in the following resolutions: "If you find it has been taken without due consideration, as we verily believe, then we pray you to return to your connection with us, that we may be in the future, as in the past, one great, powerful nation."

This was pathetic; these old men pleading for the Union of their fathers already divided. Old men, whose fathers had fought with Washington to establish the Union, pleaded with their hot-headed sons to do nothing to disrupt the Union;

other men, who had fought with Jackson at New Orleans or with Taylor and Scott in Mexico, stood ready to buckle their swords about their sons and send them forth to battle for the South.

The die was cast, for Kentucky soil had been invaded.

Gen. William Nelson established a recruiting station at Camp Dick Robinson, in Garrard County, and busily engaged in organizing troops for the Union army.

General Grant moved a force to Belmont, opposite Columbus, Ky., and threatened that place.

Federal forces occupied Paducah and other points in Kentucky, September 5.

Gen. Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, was ordered to the command of the Federal forces in Kentucky.

September 20, the legislature passed an act directing the governor to call out 40,000 Kentuckians to repel the invasion by armed forces of the Confederate government.

No notice was taken of the *armed Union forces*. Neutrality had flown away as chaff before the wind. Thereafter, Kentucky was considered by the Federal authorities as a territory which could be entered at will and held as long as the Confederates did not drive out the Union forces.

Men now took their positions, father against son, brother against brother. Many planters of the tobacco region, cultivating their fields exclusively by slave labor, turned their backs upon their plantations and went to range themselves in the Federal army, while from the northern border, entirely denuded of its slaves, men who had never owned a slave and whose most valuable possessions lay in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, committed their families to God's keeping and rode away into the Southern lines.

Every county furnished men to each army. Kentuckians were not slow in taking their stand in the forefront of events. Union sympathizers flocked to Camp Dick Robinson, at Jeffersonville, while the Southern sympathizers made their way to the Confederate lines in Virginia and Tennessee.

Under the conditions then existing, the Confederates not being recognized as belligerents by the United States forces, a proclamation was issued calling a Sovereignty Convention to meet at Russellville, November 18, 1861. Sixty-five counties responded. The convention was organized with about two hundred members. Hon. Henry C. Burnett was elected President of the convention: Col. Robert McKee, Secretary of State; O. F. Payne, Assistant Secretary of State; John Burnham, Treasurer; Richard Hawes, Auditor; and Walter N. Halderman, State Printer.

That body of men—the Sovereignty Convention of Kentucky—acted with deliberation. Committees were appointed and reports made, a report with a preamble, giving the reason and setting forth the manner in which the State of Kentucky had been deceived by attempted neutrality. They passed an ordinance of secession, established a provisional government, and elected Hon. George W. Johnson as provisional governor.

The Executive Council was composed of Henry C. Burnett and William E. Simmes, Senators.

Representatives: Willis B. Machen, who had served his district long in the legislature, Lyon County; John W. Crocket, one of the leading lawyers of the State, Henderson County; Phil B. Thompson, one of the heroes of Buena Vista and a great lawyer, Mercer County; James P. Bates, distinguished lawyer, Warren County; James S. Chrisman, had been a member of the United States Congress, member of the Constitutional Convention of 1849, a distinguished lawyer, Wayne County; Horatio W. Bruce distinguished lawyer, Louisville; Ely M. Bruce, citizen of high standing and commercial reputation, Mason County; James W. Moore, long



a circuit judge and noted lawyer, Montgomery County; George B. Hodge, long a member of the State legislature and a fine lawyer, Campbell County; Thomas Johnson, Theodore L. Burnett, Daniel P. White, L. H. Ford, John M. Elliott, George W. Ewing, Henry E. Read, Robert J. Breckinridge, Humphrey Marshall, Benjamin M. Bradley, George W. Triplett of equal fame.

Commissioners were appointed to convey the result of the convention to Richmond, Va., and ask that the State of Kentucky be admitted upon equal terms with the other States of the Confederacy. The application was presented by Commissioners Henry C. Burnett, William Preston, and William E. Simmes, as commissioners to negotiate an alliance with the Confederate States.

Kentucky was admitted into the Confederate States, December 10, 1861, by the following ordinance: "An act for the admission of the State of Kentucky into the Confederate States of America as a member thereof: Section 1. The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact that the State of Kentucky be and is hereby admitted a member of the Confederate States of America, on an equal footing with the other States of the Confederacy.

"Approved, December 19, 1861."

Kentucky furnished to the Confederate army many regiments, brigades, and divisions of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, as brave and true men as ever marched to battle, and on every field they were led by Buckner, Hanson, Breckinridge, Helm, Lewis, Trabue, Williams, Morgan, Tilghman, Preston, Buford, Duke, and others.

"Many sealed their devotion to the cause with their life blood. Let their memories be ever embalmed in our hearts; let us tell our children and our grandchildren of their great deeds; transmit to the latest generations a knowledge of the heroes who formed a part of those who resisted the world in arms for four long years."

["History of Kentucky and Kentuckians," E. Polk Johnson.]

## WHEN MEMPHIS SURRENDERED.

(Mrs. E. O. Wells, of Chattanooga, Tenn., furnishes this interesting letter written by a relative during the trying days of the sixties.)

MEMPHIS, June 10, 1862.

Dear Cousin Laura: Notwithstanding that the devil Yankees are here, I have an opportunity of sending you a few lines. Uncle Hugh is going to make way for the Confederate lines, for what purpose I cannot here mention, as the imps may get hold of it.

O, I wish I was with you that we might *think cuss* together, if not say it. . . .

Tuesday evening (June 5) there was a young gentleman to see me just from Fort Pillow, a Captain Wiggs, and he was saying ever so many nice things to me, when lo! about nine o'clock we heard a cannon at the landing. I was somewhat frightened, as our gunboats came down that afternoon from Fort Pillow. I was afraid that the d—s would pursue them, and we went out on the bluff, and some miles up the river we saw the smoke of old Lincoln's gunboats. Mamma sat up with a sick lady that night, and as she came home early, she saw the smoke again, just around the point, two miles above the city, and she woke us up in a hurry; and when we went on the bluff our gunboats, only six, were getting in battle array, and soon their old gunboats and rams came round the point. Our gunboat Van Dorn fired three balls, and ever so many of their boats came round in sight and poured the balls

out to no purpose, for none hit our boats; but three went into the city, one went right over our house and hit a neighbor's house below us. We were on the bank of the river all the time, and in great danger, but were determined to witness the battle; and we did. Then one of their rams went to run into ours, and ours turned round and ran into their wheelhouse and knocked the wheelhouse off, and she commenced sinking and had to put for the Arkansas side. This was just opposite our house. When our boat ran into her wheelhouse, thousands of shouts of joy went up from the banks of the river. I screamed, "Glory! glory! glory!" as loud as I could bawl.

But mercy! so many of their gunboats and rams kept coming, and several of their rams ran into our boat, Beauregard, and she commenced sinking rapidly, and they then set her on fire and our poor men had to jump out into the river, and so many of them drowned right before my eyes. No human being can imagine my feelings, and all the ladies on the bluff just cried to break their hearts—and don't you think those fiends shot at our drowning men, their sharpshooters, with their rifles!

They continued to bring boats and rams till they had thirty in the fight, and we only six, and no wonder they destroyed our fleet, all but one gunboat, and she escaped, with so many more gunboats and rams.

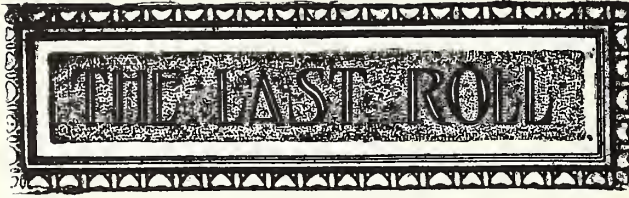
Our men might have surrendered and saved the men and fleet, but they were not cowards and resolved to win or die in the attempt, and they fought bravely. Memphis was not given up without a struggle. Our men blew up two of their boats and sunk one besides the one they, the Lincolmites, sunk, and set one a-fire and left it, and ran into the woods; and the old fool Lincoln went up to it in hopes to take some prisoners, and the fire reached her magazine and blew those old Yanks to —. This letter is only for you to see. And now they pretend to say that they did not lose but one man. They must think that we are fools, to believe such an absurd tale, after such a hard-fought battle; but we are not.

They tried to catch the Van Dorn, our boat that made her escape, but could not. They, the fiends, have only one of our boats, and they brought that up and anchored it right in the middle of the river, in front of the city, to tantalize our citizens. When they got tired of trying to catch the Van Dorn, which they could not do, ah! ah! they came back and demanded the surrender of the city, and the mayor told them that as the citizens had no means of defense, the city was theirs by brute force; and they had some hard time taking possession, too. They wished to take the city flag down, and our men formed a mob and told the commander that the man that climbed that pole was a dead man, and he (the commander) was too. They said that the Stars and Stripes, the old rag, should not wave there, and if the Confederate flag could not, they would cut the pole down, and the old vagabonds said they would have it cut down, and it took fifteen hundred men to guard the pole and cut it down.

All the children in town made mouths at them, and the ladies won't touch them or look at them. The men treat them with silent contempt. They have five thousand men here now and are expecting twenty thousand more to-morrow and next day. They now have eight mortar boats right in front of our house, and are expecting more every day, and they are erecting a battery in front of our house to shell the town if we do anything that does not please them. They say that that old fox, Andy Johnson, is coming here to-morrow. They are going to be very strict here *sure*.

Yes, indeed, I witnessed the battle of Memphis. The cannon balls just whistled over my head.





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

*A TRIBUTE: MAJ. WILLIAM RAGLAND WEBBER.*

BY B. L. JOHNSON.

Deep in his feelings,  
True to a friend;  
Sagacious, ardent  
Right to the end.

Chivalrous, loving,  
Noble, and fine,  
Never forgetting,  
Always so kind.

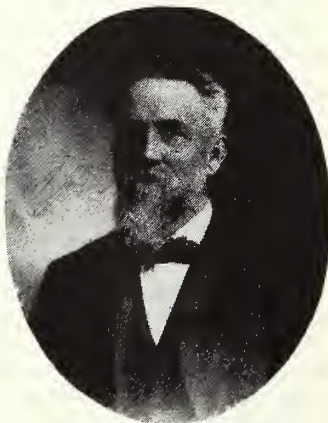
Fond in affection,  
Beautiful too,  
Ever forbearing;  
Friend—this is you.

MAJ. W. R. WEBBER.

Maj. William Ragland Webber, one of the last survivors of General Morgan's famous command, died suddenly in Knoxville, Tenn., on October 10, at the age of eighty-three years.

Funeral services at the home were conducted by the pastor of the First Christian Church, of which Major Webber and family had been leading members for years. He was laid to rest in the family lot in Old Gray Cemetery. Nine great nephews served as pallbearers.

William R. Webber was born May 4, 1844, on a plantation, Oak Hill, near Memphis, and enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of seventeen. The young soldier advanced in the ranks and was soon given the post of captain, and later, by his deeds of heroism, he was promoted to the rank of major. He was the only one of three brothers in the Confederate service who survived the war. The first soldier's body brought to Memphis was that of his brother, Watkins. Among his warm friends in the Confederate service was the late Gen. Basil Duke, brother-in-law of General Morgan, and who succeeded him in command.



MAJ. W. R. WEBBER

As the survivors of the Confederate army organized the association of the United Confederate Veterans, Major Webber made annual pilgrimages to the reunion cities to meet his old comrades and enjoy with them recounting the stormy days of the war. He was a member of Fred Ault Camp, U. C. V., of Knoxville. Major Webber retained his vigor and general health to the last. Fond of outdoor life, he often went on hunting trips and was noted as an expert marksman.

Surviving are his wife, who was Miss Almira Swift, of Memphis, and their three daughters.

The family went to Knoxville from Memphis, and that city has been their home for many years, where they have a wide circle of acquaintances and friends. The family devotion has been marked, and Major Webber's last years were made most happy in this close association. A rich heritage he left his children in the memory of his beautiful life, his love and devotion, and the kindly disposition which radiated cheer. He had a great love for little children, and they returned this in their admiration for one they ever found to be their friend. The young boys of the University of Tennessee, located in Knoxville, were his pals, and often visited in his home, and he shared in their enthusiasm in the same youthful spirit.

CAPT. J. W. WHITEHEAD.

Capt. J. W. Whitehead, for a number of years a resident of Beaver Park, Colo., died on the 23rd of October, at the age of eighty-one years.

That morning the Captain had breakfast with E. M. Johnson, and the latter remarked on how well he was looking. Mr. Whitehead replied: "You never can tell. I might drop off any time." After service in his memory held at Florence, Colo., the body was taken to Knobnoster, Mo., for burial.

William Joseph Whitehead was born in Pittsylvania County, Va., July 6, 1846, one of the five children of Capt. A. J. Whitehead, once a member of the Virginia legislature and twice elected high sheriff, and who died in 1861, just after the opening of the war. The boy, in his teens, enlisted in the Confederate army, where he served with distinction in the command of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and won the esteem and confidence of his superiors. Young though he was, there fell to him the honor of capturing General Gregg, of the Union army, at the head of his column and in the thickest of the fight in a hand-to-hand encounter. He escaped very serious injury in the war, although on different occasions his horse was shot under him.

Like many others, Comrade Whitehead went West after the war to make a new start. After a brief stop in Missouri, he secured a position as driver of a six-yoke ox team in a train of twenty-one teams freighting between Nebraska City and Denver, the latter then being a village of a few hundred inhabitants. Driving a team of six mules in a train of thirty-two such teams, he returned to the Missouri River. Later he returned to make Colorado his permanent home, where he engaged in merchandising in new mining camps, and also contracted freighting into regions to which the railroad had not yet come. He thus acquired an intimate acquaintance with the perils and privations of pioneer days in Colorado.

Since the death of his wife in 1916, he had lived in Beaver Park, and for the last six years on the Arcadia Ranch, a home provided for him by Dr. J. A. Dunwoody, of Brunswick, Ga., in loving gratitude for the tender care of Mrs. Whitehead when, as a young man, the Doctor came to Cripple Creek in search of health. Neighbors and friends were also especially attentive to Comrade Whitehead in these last years.



CAPT. JOHN M. HICKEY.

In the Confederate section of Arlington Cemetery, in the shadow of the beautiful Confederate monument, for which he worked and labored until its completion, Capt. John M. Hickey was laid to rest, with civic and military honors, on October 3, 1927.

Captain Hickey's service in the Confederate army was long and distinguished. He enlisted from Howard County, Mo., under Sterling Price; his company was from Prairie Township. He had an active part in many battles in that State—Booneville, Wilson's Creek, the siege of Lexington, and others—and was later with the Army of Tennessee at Iuka, Corinth (where wounded), Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Corinth, Vicksburg, and on into Hood's Tennessee campaign. He was twice blown up while defending the key to the fortifications at Vicksburg. He was in the siege of Atlanta and many smaller engagements, his last battle being in his home State, Franklin, Tenn., where he lost his right leg, had a badly shattered arm, and other wounds. He lay upon the battle field for fifteen hours without food, water, or shelter, half of the time exposed to the plunging shot and shell of both friend and foe. Captain Hickey spoke with greatest affection of the kindness to him of the people of Franklin. He was complimented in public orders for his gallantry on the battle field there.

A year after, when he had sufficiently recovered from his wounds, he located in Columbia, Tenn., to practice law, and later married Miss Fannie Baird, of that place, who survives him.

Captain Hickey was the last survivor of the original trustees of the Battle Abbey, located in Richmond. He was also a prominent member of a committee which waited upon President McKinley and Congress, and which resulted in having set apart the Confederate Section in Arlington Cemetery.

PROF. P. L. MARSALIS.

Many people came from every section of South Mississippi to Meridian to attend the funeral of Prof. P. L. Marsalis, who died in Gulfport on October 13, at the age of eighty-two years. After the funeral services at the First Baptist Church in Meridian, the body was taken to Summit and buried in Woodlawn Cemetery with Masonic honors.

Professor Marsalis was born in Amite County, Miss., January 19, 1845. His early education was obtained in the public schools and at Mississippi College. When the war broke out, he enlisted in the Liberty Guards, afterwards Company E, 22nd Mississippi Regiment. At the battle of Shiloh he suffered the loss of an eye. Later he was transferred to the 14th Confederate Cavalry, which was consolidated with the 38th Mississippi Cavalry. He fought throughout the war, surrendering with his command at Gainesville, Ala.

In October, 1866, he married Miss Lou A. Garner, who died many years ago. Professor Marsalis chose teaching as his life work, teaching in Pike and Amite counties for some years. For seven years he was principal of the college at Liberty, Miss., and for four years he was principal of Peabody School at Summit, Miss.

He was principal of public schools at Whitestown, Magnolia, Osyka, Summit, Johnston Station, and at other points, serving as an educator for more than forty years. He was clerk of the Mississippi Baptist Association three years. Of ten children born to him, three survive, two sons and a daughter.

SILAS CATE.

Silas Cate, age eighty-one years, prominent farmer of Henry County, Tenn., and last surviving charter member of Paris Commandery No. 16, Knights Templar, died at his home near Henry, during August, 1927.

After funeral services in the Methodist church at Henry, in which members of the Knights Templar and Masonic lodges assisted, his body was laid away in Little Shiloh Cemetery near Mansfield.

Comrade Cate was a native of Henry County and spent practically his entire lifetime on the farm, being regarded as one of the best planters of the county and a very useful citizen of his community. His father, Jim Cate, a native of North Carolina, settled in the county before the war. At the outbreak of the War between the States, Silas Cate followed thousands of other Southerners in answer to the call of duty, serving throughout the four-year struggle between the States.

He was married to Miss Martha Chandler shortly after the war, and to this union six children were born. Surviving him are three sons and two daughters.

Always held in high esteem by his neighbors and friends, Comrade Cate took an active part in the Church, social, and farm life of his community. He was a devout member of the Methodist Church at Henry. Originally a member of the old Gilbert Commandery No. 6, Knights Templar, at McKenzie, he moved his membership to the local Commandery in 1875, when Paris Commandery was granted a charter. He went to this Commandery as an official, and in the fifty-three years of active membership in the organization served that lodge in many of its most important offices. He was also a member of the Masonic Lodge at Henry.

CHARLES S. COLEMAN.

Charles S. Coleman, who died in St. Louis, Mo., August 29, 1927, was born April 14, 1848, and was thus among the youngest of Confederate soldiers. From an account of his service, written by himself, the following is taken:

Leaving O'Bannon Station, Ky., near where he lived, in August, 1863, he went to Jackson, Tenn., and enlisted with Lieut. A. C. Hurt's company, which he was recruiting as escort for Gen. Tyree Bell, of Dyersburg, and who was with Buford's Division, Forrest's command. He was but fifteen years old then, and the other boys of the company under twenty, and they were called Bell's "Babies." He was with this command during Hood's campaign to Tennessee; and was at Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville, carrying dispatches. From Nashville his command was the rearguard until December 30, 1864. After that they went to Collierville, Tenn., to secure better mounts, their horses being worn out. He and a comrade, Will Read, became cut off from the command and went on to Mobile, Ala., where they were assigned to garrison duty at Spanish Fort, and were there until the garrison surrendered, April 20, 1865, when they left and went to Mobile, then to Meridian, and joined their old command, with which he surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865.

Returning to Kentucky, Comrade Coleman married Miss Virginia Copp, also of O'Bannon, in 1872, and she survives him with four sons and three daughters.

Comrade Coleman was a member of St. Louis Camp, No. 731, U. C. V., and was serving as its treasurer. He was also Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Eastern Division of Missouri, U. C. V.



## THOMAS S. HARRISON.

Thomas S. Harrison, philosopher and humanitarian, fell on sleep at his home, near Blanch, N. C., on January 16, 1927. His passing removed one of the most unusual figures in Caswell County and made a wide gap in the thin gray line of Caswell heroes. The Harrison family has been identified most conspicuously with the life of Caswell ever since the county was created. His ancestry fought in the Revolutionary War; he gave four of the best years of his life as a soldier in the Southern army, and his son volunteered and fought on the fields of France. His service as a Confederate soldier was as corporal in Company A, 13th Regiment, North Carolina State Troops, Scales's Brigade, Pender's Division, Hill's Corps, A. N. V.

Thomas S. Harrison was a son of Samuel Smith and Louisa McDaniel Harrison and was born July 22, 1842, making the time of his earthly pilgrimage a little more than eighty-four years. He was thrice married, and surviving him are four sons and seven daughters, also twenty-two grandchildren.

But few men of this age rendered Caswell County more conspicuous public service. He was a member of the House of Representatives at Raleigh for eight years and served a term as State Senator. During the war, when he was for a while incapacitated from field service, he was called to the auditor's office at Raleigh, giving there the most efficient service. For fifty years he was a justice of the peace. Possessing a most wonderful memory and writing with a facile pen, he had contributed richly to the historic life of Caswell.

Sixty-four years ago he was raised to the degree of a Master Mason, and it is well known in Masonic circles that his work was good work and square.

He enjoyed each recurring reunion of the Confederate veterans of his county and could call from memory the roster of his company, the Yanceyville Grays, with which he marched away to the battle fields of Virginia in the early sixties.

With the high honors of Free Masonry, he was laid to rest in the cemetery near his home. From many sections of Caswell and elsewhere, friends came to pay the last tribute and blanketed the mound with beautiful flowers.

## MORDECAI LEWIS.

Mordecai Lewis, retired coal operator and banker of Clarksburg, W. Va., died there on October 21, at the age of eighty-four years. Interment was in the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

Comrade Lewis was born in Philadelphia, May 20, 1843, a son of James and Rebecca Shoemaker Lewis. At the age of eleven years he went with his sister to Clark County, Va., where he grew to manhood. His father was the founder of the famous Lewis white lead industry, the paint that is now almost universally used in the outside painting of buildings. The elder Lewis held the original formula and later engaged in its manufacture.

At the age of eighteen years, Mordecai Lewis enlisted in the 2nd Virginia Infantry, Company C, of the famous Stonewall Brigade, the first year of the war, and was mustered out at Appomattox, at the close, as a first lieutenant.

Just after the war, he went to New York City, where he worked for a time as a reporter for the *New York World*. In 1868 he went to Clarksburg and became superintendent of the Despard Coal Company, holding the position for thirty-five years. As such he proved himself a strong executive.

He served for ten years as assistant cashier of the West Virginia Bank, retiring eight years ago, when his health became impaired. There are many to regret the passing of this

public-spirited citizen, whose life was an inspiration to the younger generation.

Comrade Lewis was a staunch Episcopalian and a member of the Knights of Pythias Lodge. As a young man, he was for many years Sunday school superintendent. His political support was always given to the Democratic Party. In 1871 he married Miss Myra Haymond, of a prominent family there, who died in 1925. He is survived by a son, also a sister, and six grandchildren.

## LOUIS DOUGLAS PAYNE.

Louis Douglas Payne was born March 21, 1840, in Scott County, Ky., and attended college at Frankfort. At the age of twenty-one, he left college and joined the Confederate army. He enlisted as private in the 2nd Kentucky Regiment, Company B, and was afterwards elected second lieutenant, Company E, in the 5th Kentucky Cavalry, that famous command known as the Orphan Brigade. At the time of Comrade Payne's death there were only three survivors of his company, he and his brother Henry and Cabell Bullock, the last two now of Lexington, Ky.

Louis Payne was wounded in the battle of Hartsville, June, 1864, and taken prisoner, but managed to escape and again joined the army. He was ordered to report to Morgan's command, and was made first lieutenant, and with this command served to the close.

In 1867, Comrade Payne married Miss Lou Johnson, granddaughter of John T. Johnson. They made their home in Lexington, Ky., for a number of years, where he took an active part in the affairs of his country. In 1910, he left home and old friends and moved to Antlers, Okla., to be near his sons, who were in business at that place. When his sons moved away, he went to Wilton, Ark., to be near his daughter, on account of his wife's ill health. There, as elsewhere, he won the love and respect of young and old.

He had a keen sense of honor, honesty, and justice, and was known by all as a Christian and a gentleman. On December 31, 1925, after a short illness, he fell peacefully asleep, and entered into that life that has no ending. A few months later, his wife joined him in that home not built with hands, but prepared by our Lord and Master for them who are faithful to the end. Their married life was fifty-eight years. Of their six children, three sons and a daughter survive him.

He was a devoted husband, a generous father, and loyal to his God.

## G. B. C. MORRIS.

George Benjamin Cofield Morris, a member of the Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn., died recently at the age of eighty-nine years. He was born in Benton County, but in early manhood he went to Henry County, which continued to be his home. He represented the second district in the county court for ten years, and was widely known over the county. In the War between the States, he served in Company A, of the 15th Tennessee Regiment, throughout the war and was honorably discharged at the end. Returning home, he was a representative of good citizenship, and did his part in rebuilding his country. He had been a member of the Baptist Church for a half century.

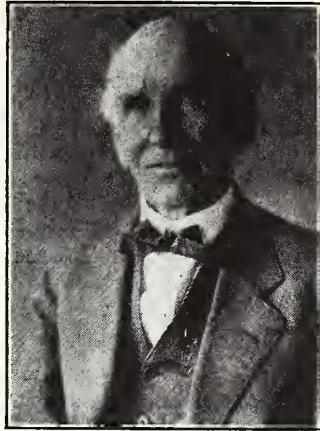
Comrade Morris was married to Miss Elizabeth Harmon, and of their seven children, four survive him with the wife and mother. Attended by many friends and relatives, he was laid to eternal rest in the Harmon graveyard. A good neighbor, a loving husband and father has passed to his reward.

[P. P. Pullen.]



CAPT. D. F. DODGE, U. C. V.

Another revered comrade, Daniel Frederick Dodge, late Commander of John B. Gordon Camp, No. 1436, U. C. V., of Seattle, Wash., passed on October 5, 1927, "to that bourne whence no traveler e'er returns," aged eighty-seven years. Born in Kentucky, August 10, 1840, he entered the Confederate army in 1861 and served under General Forrest, in the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, to the close of the War between the States. He was in the battles of Brice's Crossroads and the capture of Fort Pillow and numerous other engagements. Our Camp has sustained a sad loss by the death of our esteemed Commander.



DANIEL F. DODGE

He was a man of sterling integrity and singularly pleasing personality, beloved by all his comrades; held in affectionate regard by Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 885, U. D. C., which had his name inscribed in Stone Mountain Memorial as a living veteran, in honor of his eighty-seventh birthday. His ashes were interred in the Confederate Veteran's Plot in Lakeview Cemetery.

"Think of him still as the same, I say:  
He is not dead, he is just away."

[Mrs. H. O. Calohan, President Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Seattle.]

WILLIAM F. PENDLETON.

William Frederic Pendleton was born in Savannah, Ga., March 25, 1845, the son of Philip Coleman and Catherine Tebeau Pendleton. The family was originally from Virginia, having arrived there from England about the middle of the seventeenth century. In his early life he lived with his parents in various parts of Georgia, including Sandersville, Waycross (then Tebeauville), and Valdosta. His education was received in the schools in those places.

The official records show that William F. Pendleton, sergeant, Company B, 50th Regiment, Georgia Infantry, C. S. A., enlisted March 4, 1862. His father was major of this regiment. He was admitted to the hospital, Richmond, Va., October 5, 1862, and was discharged from service, October 9, 1862, aged seventeen years.

When he reached the age of eighteen, he again enlisted, March 25, 1863, with the same command near Fredericksburg and was appointed second lieutenant April 27, 1863. He was later promoted to first lieutenant, and then to captain, January 11, 1865.

He was wounded in action and was admitted to the hospital, October 19, 1864. He was granted leave of absence February 14, 1865, and was reported absent on furlough on roll dated February 28, 1865.

After the war, he went to school in Valdosta, taught school in that vicinity, and studied medicine, graduating from the Savannah Medical School in 1868. He then practiced medicine in the vicinity of Valdosta.

In 1871-72, he attended the Theological School of the

Church of the New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian) at Cambridge, Mass., and was ordained a minister in that faith. This was his life work. He held pastorates in the New Church in Wilmington, Del., Chicago, and Philadelphia, and finally at Bryn Athyn, Pa., the episcopal seat of his denomination. He was consecrated bishop in 1888, and retired in 1916 from active charge of the affairs of the Church.

On May 27, 1872, he married Miss Lawson Young, daughter of Remer and Mary Wyche Young, of Thomasville, Ga. His wife and ten children survive him.

He received the Southern Cross of Honor of the United Daughters of the Confederacy on Lee's birthday, 1925.

REV. EZEKIEL BLANTON.

Cherokee Camp, No. 1550, U. C. V., of Bartlettville, Okla., lost its oldest member in the death of Comrade Ezekiel Blanton. He was born in Bledsoe County, Tenn., November 17, 1832, and died October 13, 1927, thus lacking about thirty-four days of being ninety-five years of age. He moved to Maries County, Mo., at an early age, and entered the ministry of the Southern Methodist Church. His pronounced Southern sympathies caused a Federal squad of soldiers to be sent for his arrest, but a friend notified him, and he left his plow in the field, mounted his mule, and made his escape. He went to Oregon County and joined Company K, 10th Missouri Regiment, McBride's Brigade, and participated in the battles of Wilson Creek, Lexington, Pea Ridge, Helena, and others. In 1863, he was sent to Maries County on recruiting duty, but met a party of the enemy and was wounded and captured. He was held prisoner in Rolla, Mo., eight days, and then exchanged. He was paroled in 1865.

After the war, Comrade Blanton returned to the ministry in South Missouri until incapacitated by age. He lost his sight and hearing in a great measure the last few years. No one looking upon his strong physique and noble countenance could doubt that he was a brave soldier of the South and of the cross. Though deprived of the enjoyment of the beauties of nature for a while, he is now enjoying the beauties of the Celestial City and the Saviour he loved and served.

[C. H. Gill, Commander.]

"UNCLE GEORGE" MATHEWSON.

George Mathewson, aged ninety years, an ex-slave, who served in the War between the States, passed away at his home in Paris, Tenn. He was buried at Maplewood Cemetery, and Rev. P. P. Pullen, of the Fitzgerald-Kendell Camp, U. C. V., read the Confederate ritual for the departed soldier and offered a prayer.

"Uncle George" was a faithful member of the Fitzgerald-Kendell Camp, and had been color bearer for some years. He attended many of the reunions over the South, and his last public appearance was a reunion of his Camp. He was a servant through the war, of Dr. W. P. Smallwood, a surgeon of Company E, 12th Georgia Regiment, and received a Cross of Honor for bravery in action. He was the only representative of the Camp at the Dallas reunion, and was treated with great consideration when he carried the message from his white comrades to the floor of the convention. A son of Dr. Smallwood, who resides in Fort Worth, had his father's former body guard to visit him in his home and showered him with gifts. Dressed in his uniform of a Confederate soldier, with his Cross of Honor and reunion badges pinned on his breast, "Uncle George" was laid to rest till the final roll call of his comrades.

He had only one relative surviving, a son.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, New Orleans, La.

## THE THIRTY-FOURTH GENERAL CONVENTION.

Historic St. Phillip's Church at Charleston, S. C., was the scene of the impressive service which marked the opening of the thirty-fourth general convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy on Sunday, November 13.

The procession, entering the church, was led by the crucifer, followed by the choir, and then the Washington Light Infantry and the Sumter Guards. Next came the Daughters of the Confederacy led by the President General, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, and last the Confederate veterans. The military company's color guards carried the famous Eutaw flag, the Courtenay colors, national, and Confederate flags. The Eutaw flag is said to be the only Revolutionary flag still in use.

The choir sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers" as the procession entered the church.

In welcoming the assemblage, the rector, Rev. S. Cary Beckwith, recalled that St. Philip's was the Church of three Presidents General—Mrs. Augustine Smythe, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, and Mrs. Lawton. The sermon was given by Rt. Rev. William A. Guerry, Bishop of the Diocese of South Carolina. He paid deep tribute to the late Gen. C. Irvine Walker, former Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, who died in Charleston a short time ago. Pleading in his sermon for a cherishing of the "noble ideals and manhood and womanhood which were the pride and glory of our Southland," he said:

"I bid you cherish these; engrave them upon the fleshly tablets of your hearts; teach them to your children and your grandchildren, that those who come after may know something of the glory, the sacrifice, and the idealism of the South, of Lee and Jackson, or of men like our own beloved Commander in Chief of the Confederate Veterans, Gen. C. Irvine Walker, whose recent death we deplore and whose memory and example we shall always cherish."

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It was against a colorful and brilliant setting that the exercises of "Welcome Evening" were held in Citadel Square Baptist Church on the evening of Tuesday, November 15, with Mrs. J. Sumter Rhame, General Chairman, presiding. After the invocation by Rt. Rev. William A. Guerry, the speakers of the evening were presented and gave eloquent greetings.

Mayor Thomas P. Stoney spoke cordially for the city of Charleston, while Mrs. F. J. Mauldin, President of the South Carolina Division, welcomed the guests to her State.

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, responded most graciously to these addresses.

Miss Mary B. Poppenheim introduced the President General, Mrs. St. John A. Lawton.

Greetings were extended by Gen. J. C. Foster, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans; Sumter L. Lowry, Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans; Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General, Confederate Southern Memorial Association; and the Vice President General, from South Carolina, National Society Daughters of the American Revolution.

Honorary Presidents Mrs. Charles P. Bryan, of Memphis, Mrs. W. D. Mason, of Philadelphia and Mrs. C. C. Clay, of California, were presented by Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, and Mrs. Charles P. Bryan responded.

Mrs. Walter Lamar, of Georgia, presented the Past Presidents General. Those present were Mrs. Lizzie Henderson, of Mississippi; Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Tennessee; Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, of New York; Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of South Carolina; Mrs. Roy McKinney, of Kentucky; Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York; and Mrs. Frank Harrold, of Georgia. Response to this presentation was made by Mrs. Alexander B. White.

Pages were presented by Mrs. I. G. Ball. Mrs. Walt Grace, of Georgia, introduced the speaker of the evening, Dr. Rufus W. Weaver, who spoke on the "Future of the Southern Confederacy."

Music was furnished by the "Dixie" Navy Yard Band, and Mrs. C. B. Huit charmed her audience by her solo, "Carolina."

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The first business session of the convention was held in the auditorium of the Francis Marion Hotel, Wednesday, November 16.

The opening session was made most impressive by the beautiful ceremony of presentation of State flags and the singing of State songs at roll call.

Mrs. J. Dolph Long, chairman of Credentials, made the report for that committee, announcing the voting strength of the convention as 2,290.

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## PRESIDENT GENERAL'S REPORT.

The President General, in her report, spoke of the many interesting features of the work. Speaking of the veterans, she said: "Down a long, long vista we see them go, these men at whom the world gazed in wonder. We have watched their deeds and have studied those principles for which they faced death undaunted. Therefore, we honor them and their memory, and as a people who love honesty and who demand fairness, we expect to see their history rid of false interpretation and freed from all inaccuracy."



She discussed the book, "Women of the South in War Times," saying in part: "It is distressing after these many years of organized effort to realize that *some* Daughters seem not yet to have grasped the viewpoint of the general organization. When duly appointed delegates have been sent to a convention, and when opportunity has been given them for a full and free expression of opinion as to work to be undertaken, and the convention determines to undertake the work, it then becomes the duty of each loyal Division to do its part. To fulfill its obligation is a debt of honor, it matters not how much the Division may have become interested in other matters more pleasing."

In discussing the historical work, she stated: "It is now time to realize the value of the History Committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and to refer to this body of women all matters of historic importance."

She stressed the importance and historic value of the Jefferson Davis Highway and urged that "each Division see to it that her Director of this committee is alive and alert, as this Highway is perpetual and there will ever be a need for women of intellect and influence to carry on this meritorious project, which has become a memorial of national significance."

She spoke of the satisfactory increase in membership in the organization during the past year—5,550 new members had been registered, 2,096 children enrolled, and 39 new Chapters chartered.

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The Wednesday afternoon session was given over to the Memorial Service, Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, presiding.

Tributes were paid to the Confederate Veterans and Sons by Mrs. Charles Bolling, of Virginia; and to the United Daughters of the Confederacy by Miss Edith Pope, of Tennessee. Special memorial tributes were paid to some of the prominent members of the organization who had passed during the year. These were: Honorary Presidents—Mrs. James E. Alexander, of Virginia; Mrs. Sarah D. Eggleston, of Mississippi; Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams, of North Carolina, and Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Virginia; Past President General—Mrs. J. A. Muse, of Texas; Past Historian General—Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Virginia. Special memorial tribute was also paid to the memory of Mrs. George W. Bagby, of Richmond, one of our women of the sixties.

The Division Presidents gave their reports at the Wednesday evening session and told, as briefly as they could, of the vast amount of Confederate work being accomplished within the bounds of their several States.

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Intense interest centered around the election of officers, the first order of business on Thursday morning. Officers elected were: President General, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia; First Vice President General, Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, of Georgia; Third Vice President General, Mrs. Madge D. Burney, of Mississippi; Corresponding Secretary General, Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, of Tennessee; Treasurer General, Mrs. B. A. Blenner, of Virginia; Registrar General, Mrs. Fred Kolman, of Louisiana. Officers reelected were: Recording Secretary General, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky; Second Vice President General, Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, of Philadelphia; Historian General, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky; Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. R. Philip Holt, of North Carolina; and Custodian of Flags and Pennants, Mrs. Jackson Brandt, of Maryland. Honorary Presidents elected were Princess Camille de Polignac, of Paris, France; Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Mississippi; Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, of

Alabama; and Mrs. E. E. Moffett, of Virginia. Each received a majority vote on the first ballot.

Motion was made and unanimously carried that a congratulatory cable be sent to the Princess de Polignac and that a telegram be sent to Mrs. Moffett; Mrs. Crenshaw and Mrs. Henderson were present.

\* \* \*

The Historian General announced prize winners in her department as follows:

"South Carolina again came to the front by winning five of the awards in the history department, which were announced by Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky, Historian General, and Mrs. J. Asa Rountree, of Alabama. Mrs. Thomas J. Mauldin, President of the South Carolina Division, won second place in the Youree prize award, receiving \$25 for the Division giving the most decorations during the year, her Division having bestowed 166. The first place, which carries with it \$50, was won by Georgia for bestowing 235 decorations during the year. Mrs. J. D. Powell, of Waco, Tex., won third place on the per cent basis for 102 decorations.

"The Andrews Medal, offered for the best essay on 'The Confederate Peace Conference,' was won by Miss Olive B. Newton, of Pickens, and presented to Mrs. Mauldin, of the South Carolina Division.

"The Roberts Medal, offered for the best essay on 'The Peace Conference,' was awarded to Miss Marion Salley, of Orangeburg.

"The Carter prize, offered to the individual selling the greatest number of copies of 'Horton's History,' was awarded to Miss Bertie Lee Smith, of Greer, S. C.

"The House Medal, offered for the best essay on Albert Sidney Johnston, was won by Miss Olive B. Newton, of Pickens.

"The Raines Banner, offered for the best historical work in a Division, was awarded to the Alabama Division.

"The Weinmann Cup, offered by Mrs. John F. Weinmann, of Arkansas, to the Division doing the best work among the schools, went to Mrs. T. R. Leigh, of the Florida Division.

"The Blount Memorial Prize, offered by Mrs. Dorothy Blount Lamar in memory of her father to the Division giving the most decorations for the year, went to Georgia for bestowing 235 during the past year.

"The Orren Randolph Smith Medal, offered by Miss Jessica Randolph Smith in memory of her father, for the Division doing the best work for the Jefferson Davis Highway, was won by the Louisiana Division.

"The Rose Loving Cup, offered each year for the best essay on 'Confederate Surgeons and Hospitals,' was won by Mrs. J. B. Black, of Jackson, Miss.

"The Perdue Loving Cup, given each year for the best essay on 'Life Behind the Lines,' was awarded to Mrs. T. R. Leigh, of Gainesville, Fla.

"The Semmes Prize, offered for the best essay on Admiral Raphael Semmes, was won by Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy, of Lexington, Va.

"The Paul Jones Semmes Prize, offered each year for the best essay on 'Paul Jones Semmes,' went to Mrs. R. E. Everett, of Covington, Ga.

"The Cary Prize, for the best essay on 'Mosby's Rangers,' was awarded to Mrs. John H. Anderson, of Fayetteville, N. C.

"The Sevier Loving Cup, offered for the best essay on 'The Right of Secession,' was won by Mrs. T. R. Leigh, of Gainesville, Fla.

"The Hyde-Campbell Loving Cup, offered for the best



essay on 'The Poetry of the South,' went to Miss Annie Belle Fogg, of Frankfort, Ky."

Historical evening, Thursday, presided over by the Historian General, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky, was one of the most brilliant features of the entire convention.

Mrs. Woodbury's splendid address, "The Old Order Changeth," delighted her audience.

A complimentary program of spirituals, presented by the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals, was a most valued contribution to the evening's entertainment, and through twelve numbers held the audience spellbound.

While "Our Stars and Bars Will Live Forever" was being sung, the flag bearers came to the center of the stage, and Division flags were grouped around the rostrum, thus forming a colorful background for the Fashion Parade of 1860, with which the program closed. During the singing of "The Homespun Dress," all those who were in costume came down the left aisle, passed in front of the flags, and thence down the other aisle.

Crosses of Service were bestowed upon Rear Admirals William A. Moffett and Newton A. McCully.

\* \* \*

Friday's sessions were devoted entirely to reports of various committees, and contained most interesting accounts of the progress of the many lines of endeavor in which the United Daughters of the Confederacy are engaged.

The Committee on Award of the University Prize for Confederate Essays reported the award of that prize, offered to college students for the first time this year, and biennially thereafter. This prize of \$1,000 was awarded Mr. Julian T. Carpenter, of Durham, N. C., for his monograph, "The Thoughts of the South as a Conscious Minority," and was written while the author was a student at the Harvard University Graduate School last year.

Haywood J. Pearce, Jr., of Georgia, was given second place for his paper on "Ben Hill in Secession and Reconstruction," while third place was given Miss Rebecca Pearl Russell, of the University of Texas, for a study on "Sectionalism in American Poetry."

Mrs. Edwin Robinson's report on the work of her committee, "Women of the South in War Times," indicated that considerable progress had been made during the year in completing this undertaking. At the close of her report, she presented two handsomely bound books as prizes. Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Director for Virginia, received the prize for the Division completing the largest quota, and also the prize for the Division having made the largest distribution of the books, Virginia having disposed of 705 copies.

At the close of this report, the President General made a stirring appeal that those Divisions with quotas unfinished will make an earnest effort to discharge this obligation. Pledges were then taken from the floor, from both Divisions and individuals.

In connection with the reading of the report of the Editor of the U. D. C. Department, A. C. Ford, of Virginia, prizes were awarded by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to Mrs. R. P. Holt, of North Carolina, for the largest number of subscriptions at full rate from a Division; special mention of Mrs. C. I. Nunnally, of Hinton Chapter, West Virginia, for largest number of new subscriptions from a Chapter at full rate; to Mrs. Harvey D. Best, of Philadelphia, for the largest number of subscriptions from one Chapter.

[NOTE.—Special mention should also be made of the C. of C. Chapter, of Wichita Falls, Tex., whose members secured thirty-one new subscribers at that place, as reported by Mrs. C. D. Shamburger, Director.]

The convention adjourned Saturday, November 19. The 1928 meeting will be held at Houston, Tex.

#### SOCIAL.

Charleston will long be remembered for its splendid hospitality and the many social features which added so much pleasure to the U. D. C. convention.

On the evening of November 13, general officers and all chairmen of committees were entertained at supper by Mrs. St. John A. Lawton in her hospitable home, 43 South Battery, and was an occasion which afforded much pleasure to her guests.

Gen. and Mrs. J. C. Foster were tendered a delightful luncheon by their friends on Monday at the Francis Marion Hotel. This was largely attended and was most enjoyable.

One of the most brilliant social occasions of the entire convention was the dinner given on Monday evening by the President General, Mrs. Lawton, at the Francis Marion Hotel, in honor of the Division Presidents.

On Tuesday, the South Carolina Division entertained the general officers and delegates at luncheon at the St. John Hotel. There were over seven hundred guests present, Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, President of South Carolina Division, presiding as toastmistress. Speakers during the hour were Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Commander Sumter L. Lowry, S. C. V., Mrs. Charles Bachman Hyde, Mrs. William A. Roberts, Miss Addie M. Howell, and Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler.

Mrs. Robert E. Lee entertained the general officers, Honorary Presidents, Past Presidents, General, Division Presidents, and delegates in her home, No. 1 East Battery, Tuesday afternoon with a very lovely tea.

The Confederate College and Memorial Association of Charleston gave a tea on Wednesday afternoon. The same evening, at the Francis Marion Hotel, several hundred guests attended the Jefferson Davis Highway Dinner. A long table, extending entirely around the dining room, carried down its center a miniature highway, extending from the District of Columbia to California. Along the way were displayed tiny highway markers, trees, and flowers, while here and there appeared little touring cars and other vehicles. Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky, presided, and as she called the States through which the Highway passes, the Director of that State gave briefly an account of the progress of the road through her State.

On Thursday the entire convention was entertained in two sections at elaborate luncheons. The Charleston Chapter was hostess to the city officials and all delegates at Hibernian Hall; while the general officers, Honorary Presidents, Past Presidents General, Division Presidents, and chairmen of committees were entertained at the Francis Marion Hotel by the Service Clubs of the city, these being Kiwanis, Rotarian, Lion, and Exchange.

Visitors were taken Thursday afternoon for an automobile ride about the city. Later the Charleston Chapter gave a tea at Market Hall; the Rebecca Motte Chapter, D. A. R., entertained at the Old Exchange, one of Charleston's most historic buildings; and the Colonial Dames gave a tea at the Powder Magazine.

A boat trip was arranged for Saturday afternoon for Forts Sumter and Moultrie, and on the way a memorial service was conducted by Rev. S. Cary Beckwith, and wreaths were cast upon the water in memory of torpedo boat heroes.

On Sunday afternoon, a good many U. D. C. officers and delegates took part in the pilgrimage to the Old St. James Episcopal Church some miles above Charleston, and locally



known as the Goose Creek Church, where services were held at four o'clock. The history of this Church was given in the November VETERAN.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

Virginia Division.—

MRS. NORMAN V. RANDOLPH

APRIL 29, 1848—OCTOBER 27, 1927.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

**MOTTO:** "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

**KEY WORD:** "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

**MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General.***

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESSES

*U. D. C. Program for December.*

KENTUCKY—PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT, NOVEMBER 18, 1861.

In the Confederate Congresses, Kentucky was represented by the following citizens. In giving the list of names, the letter "P" following stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for First and Second Congresses.

*Senators.*—William E. Simms (1, 2); Henry C. Burnett (1, 2).

*Representatives.*—Thomas Monroe (P); Henry C. Burnett (P); Thomas Johnson (P); John J. Thomas (P); Theodore L. Burnett (P, 1, 2); Daniel P. White (P); L. H. Ford (P); George A. Hodge (P, 1); John M. Elliott (P, 1, 2); George W. Ewing (P, 1, 2); Willis B. Machen (1, 2); John W. Crockett (1); Henry E. Read (1, 2); Horatio W. Bruce (1, 2); James W. Moore (1, 2); Robert J. Breckinridge, Jr. (1); James S. Chrisman (1, 2); Ely M. Bruce (1, 2); Humphrey Marshall (2); Benjamin F. Bradley (2); George W. Triplett (2).

### C. OF C. PROGRAM.

#### DECEMBER.

Locate these places on the Mississippi River: St. Louis, Hickman, Island No. 10, Memphis, Vicksburg, Port Gibson, Helena, New Orleans. Describe the siege of Vicksburg.

Read Selections from "Christmas Night in the Quarters," by Irwin Russell. Library of Southern Literature, Volume X, 4608.

### C. OF C. CATECHISM.

When did the Daughters of the Confederacy organize?

On September 10, 1894, at Nashville, Tenn.

For what purpose did they organize?

To preserve the true history of the Confederacy and keep in sacred memory the brave deeds of the men of the South, their devotion to their country, and to the cause of right, with no bitterness toward the government of the United States, under which we now live.

What other purpose have the Daughters of the Confederacy? To teach their children from generation to generation that there was no stain upon the action of their fore-

fathers in the War between the States and the women of the South who nobly sustained them in that struggle, and will ever feel that their deathless deeds of valor are a precious heritage to be treasured for all time to come.

For what was the army of the South particularly noted? For its great commanders—great as soldiers and great as men of stainless character—and for the loyalty of the men in the ranks, who were dauntless in courage, "the bravest of the brave," ever ready to rush into the "jaws of death" at the command of their great leaders.

What did a noted Englishman say of the Confederate States of America in a letter to General Lee?

"No nation ever rose so pure or fell so free from stain."

### ADDENDA.

Name the five greatest military commanders of each Confederate State?

(Answer to be furnished by each State Historian based on reports of State committees reporting such names for Stone Mountain Memorial.)

Name three most conspicuous heroes of each State?

(Answer to be furnished by State Historians.)

Why should we observe:

(a) Flag Day, June 14?

Because it proclaims our loyalty to our nation's flag.

(b) Why Constitution Day, September 11?

Because the Constitution of the United States is considered the greatest document for the safeguarding of human rights ever penned, and our forefathers fought and died to preserve it.

(c) January 19?

Because it is the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee, one of the greatest military leaders of all time, and a man revered and beloved the world over.

(d) June 3?

Because it is the natal day of Jefferson Davis, the vicarious sufferer for the whole South. A man among men, a soldier, statesman, and gentleman—a great American whose name we should demand to be known and acclaimed leader of one side of the greatest epoch in American history.

(e) November 11, Armistice Day?

Because it should ever be held sacred to the manhood of America, who fought that other nations might be free; who died, not for conquest, but for liberty; who embodied the spirit of the great commander in chief and world Democrat, Woodrow Wilson, whose ideals were the same eternal principle of human justice for which our forefathers stood in the days of the American Revolution and the Southern Confederacy.

### NOTE.

There was a little mix-up in the C. of C. Catechism as given in the November number of the VETERAN, which caused the omission of an important part of the last paragraph of the November installment, and the use of the December installment, which is repeated above. The omission referred to occurred in the question regarding Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, which should have been:

"Of whom was it said that three commonwealths claimed him, and why?"

The answer being: "Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who was killed at Shiloh. He was born in Kentucky, lived in Texas, and fought for Texan independence; was first buried in Louisiana; later his ashes were removed to Austin, Tex., where he rests under a magnificent recumbent statue in the State Cemetery."



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*  
Athens, Ga.  
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates  
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong  
SOUTH CAROLINA.....  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA.....

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

### GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*My Dear Coworkers:* Time goes on apace, and the happy holiday season will be near at hand when this reaches you, "Unto you a Prince is born, a harbinger of peace on earth, good will to men." Let us catch the glad refrain and unite our voices with the myriad of hosts that shall acclaim the good tidings of great joy. Another year has gone on record as to whether we have been "faithful over a few things, and shall be ruler over many." May we stop a while amid the bustle and confusion of the times, and with introspective thought be enabled to catch a vision of the wonderful opportunities that have been ours while we listen for the commendation. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." May we of the older generation so order our lives that they may be examples to the younger of the Christian graces and the refining influences that will leave an impress of beautiful types of the true gentlewoman of the old South. Each life is daily writing its own history in its influence upon those around her, and next to our allegiance to our Lord and Master comes patriotic love for our land and people. Possessing a heritage surpassed by no other nation on earth, let us begin anew, with fresh endeavor, to carry on, guided by the saintly spirit that cradled us in her arms and taught the young heart and mind reverence for all things sacred, love of our native land and devotion to her high ideals. We stand pledged to carry on this glorious service, perpetuating the only work, outside of their religious duties, that our blessed mothers bequeathed to us. In the name of our mothers, of blessed memory, I send to you the warmest greetings of my heart and wish for each home the happiest of holidays.

To some the year has brought separation and sorrow, and we would not forget to pray that the "peace of God, which passeth understanding" should abide with them, not only with those bereft, but that this divine blessing should hover over every home, and that in going forward, leading us ever, will be our immortal message, our motto,

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Ever yours, in loving service,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

### IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. NORMAN V. RANDOLPH, OF RICHMOND, VA.

Another shining example of allegiance to duty and devotion to the cause "which rose so white and fair and fell so pure of

crime" has been called, and to answer, as ever was her wont at duty, "Here, Lord, am I." Thus can it be said of the beloved "Mother of Richmond," Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, who went to her final sleep beloved and mourned by countless friends all over the South.

No general work for the South but claimed her best efforts. Identified from girlhood with the memorial work, she became a charter member of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Richmond, served in every capacity, and was for years the President and guiding hand. Broad in all her views, loyal to every call, she served wisely and well, answering every call for service to her beloved South. Of a type all too rapidly passing, we shall miss her voice of wisdom and the cordial coöperation so freely given to every case of need. May her mantle fall upon one who loves his fellow man and the service as faithfully as she.

MRS. E. L. CONNALLY, OF ATLANTA, GA.

The daughter of the war governor of Georgia, Mary Virginia Brown, wife of Dr. Elijah L. Connally, answered the summons of her Master as she stood among the flowers gathering the blossoms she loved to brighten the sick rooms and homes of friends. A beautiful life filled with gracious hospitality, and with open hand to every call of want, has left a great gap in a nation-wide circle of friends, who loved her for her ever thoughtful, kindly courtesies and remembrances. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," awaited her entrance into the presence of the Master, whom she served with unselfish devotion during her long and useful life. We shall meet, but we shall miss her.

Through the gracious courtesy of the State President, Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, your President General had the pleasure of attending the convention of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., and of enjoying the charming hospitality of the progressive little city of Covington.

An outstanding feature of the convention program was the report on the essay contest, which had selected as the subject "Memorial Day." The subject and plan was handled in a masterly way and gave evidence of the illuminating value in a historical way of this especial phase of work. That thirty-five thousand essays were sent in, all told, and that ten thousand alone came from Atlanta schools, must impress upon thoughtful minds the great benefit, not only to pupils, but to teachers alike, which comes from historical research neces-



sary for this great work. Too much interest and information cannot be put forth for our Southern Memorial Day, as the present generations are absorbed in interest in the soldiers of the later wars, and this, in a way, will obscure and push aside our smaller work unless we are alert and see to it that in every possible way the originators and the suggestive thought of the Southern Memorial Day be kept to the front. Much of vast importance to the work in the South has been accomplished by the Georgia Division, U. D. C., which is always outstanding in its achievements, and which your President General greatly enjoyed, along with the delightful charm of the Southern hospitality evidenced in the many social functions planned for the enjoyment of the guests.

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

The Southern Memorial Association, of Atlanta, Ga., held a most interesting meeting in the home of Mrs. William Wright, President, on October 28.

This Association has bestowed fifty-two Gold Star Medals on living Confederate veterans in Georgia, and resolved at this meeting to present the remaining forty veterans in Fulton County with medals before the close of the year.

The splendid attendance was a tribute of love and esteem to the beloved President, Mrs. Wright. At the close of the program Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier presented two volumes of her "Representative Women of the South" to Mrs. Wright.

The President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, was a guest of honor and gave a beautiful talk on the work of the Memorial Association and the coming reunion to be held in Little Rock in May, 1928.

\* \* \*

Mrs. N. P. Webster, President of Mary Taliaferro Thompson Southern Memorial Association, of Washington, D. C., writes most interestingly of their monthly meetings, which members look forward to with interest. They are especially interested in the Manassas Battle Field and Stone Mountain Memorial. They have resolved this year to concentrate on one object and complete it before taking up new work.

Mrs. Webster urges all Memorial women to subscribe to the VETERAN, of which she says: "To me it is a jewel dropping into my home each month, and one that I shall expect each month in every year as long as I shall live."

\* \* \*

On a recent visit to Atlanta, Ga., the Editor of this page had the pleasure of going to Stone Mountain and noted with much interest the progress of the work, which is going forward steadily. Between two and three thousand people visit the mountain weekly.

The Editor also enjoyed meeting with the Atlanta Memorial Association in the home of the President, Mrs. William Wright.

## THE ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY.

BY MRS. JAMES R. ARMSTRONG, STATE PRESIDENT, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

At the close of the war in 1865, the women of Columbus, Ga., were accustomed to go, under the direction of the Ladies' Aid Society, to decorate the graves of the soldiers who had died at the hospital at Columbus. One day, when returning from this labor of love, Mrs. Roswell Ellis, who was then Miss Lizzie Rutherford, remarked to some friends that she had just been reading such a beautiful German story, "The Initials," in which the writer told of a custom of caring for the graves of the dead heroes, and she thought it would be

an excellent idea to set apart some one day for this purpose at the South. The others agreed with her, and subsequently Miss Rutherford, as secretary, called a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society at the residence of Mrs. John Tyler, and there arrangements were made to establish "Memorial Day." The Aid Society resolved itself into the "Ladies Memorial Association," whose object should be the caring for the soldiers' graves and decorating them with flowers. Mrs. Robert Carter was chosen President, and Mrs. Charles J. Williams, Secretary.

In the spring of 1866, a few days after the meeting, while the ladies were in the cemetery caring for the graves, Miss Lizzie Rutherford suggested to Mrs. Woolfolk that April 26, the day Johnston surrendered, would be a good day for that purpose, and so it was decided. Mrs. Williams, the Secretary, was requested to write a letter to all the Aid Societies asking them to unite in this custom, and so it happened that Mrs. Williams, and not Mrs. Ellis, received the honor of suggesting the day.

The idea of confederating all Ladies' Memorial Associations organized in the South after 1865 into one organized body originated with the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Ark., 1900. Mrs. Lizzie Pollard was President of the Association, but the motion was made by Miss Julia A. Garside, afterwards Mrs. W. B. Welch. The Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sue H. Walker, was directed to invite every Association to send delegates to a convention to be held at Louisville, Ky., May 30, 1900. Thirteen Associations answered the call and sent delegates at the time appointed.

The convention was held at the Galt House on the morning of May 30, and a constitution and by-laws were adopted, officers elected, and objects stated.

The second day of the reunion the ladies from the C. S. M. A. marched in a body to the hall where the U. C. V. convention was in session, to present their memorial. A committee of veterans met them at the door and escorted them to seats upon the platform.

They were formally recognized by the United Confederate Veterans amid great applause, and General Gordon, Commander in Chief, expressed his hearty approval of the confederation. After the memorial was read, the veterans rose in a body indorsing it.

Since then the C. S. M. A. have always held their meeting at the same time and place with the U. C. V. in their reunions.

On October 30, 1900, a charter was applied for and filed in the Circuit Court of Washington County, in the State of Arkansas, through their attorney, J. D. Walker.

It is our own Confederate soldier who wears the Cross of Honor, and Memorial Day was inaugurated for our Confederate dead. It was to our Confederate women that the first monument to women in the war was erected, and this monument stands at Fort Mill, S. C.

Aid Societies, no longer needed after the war, were converted into Ladies' Memorial Associations, and then this memorial work began. The early monuments were all erected by these Memorial Associations. After the Daughters of the Confederacy were organized in 1894, then both organizations united in honoring the dead.

The main work of the Memorial Associations at first was to gather the dead bodies of the fallen brave from battle fields and roadsides and place them in cemeteries near by that flowers could be placed upon their graves and orators rehearse their brave deeds. But to-day it is for the caring for the graves and arranging the Memorial Day exercises, gathering and preserving unwritten history, and seeing that

(Continued on page 478.)



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

## GENERAL OFFICERS.

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ROBERT M. BEATTIE, Memphis, Tenn. .... *Judge Advocate in Chief*  
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JOHN ASHLEY JONES, Atlanta, Ga. .... Army of Tennessee  
EDMOND R. WILES, Little Rock, Ark., Army of Trans-Mississippi

## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

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DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock. .... Arkansas  
JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill. .... Central Division  
ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C.  
District of Columbia and Maryland  
S. W. FRY, 150 Green Street, Eastern Division, New York, N. Y.  
JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee. .... Florida  
DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah. .... Georgia  
J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington. .... Kentucky  
JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.  
ROBERT E. LEE, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis. .... Missouri  
ALBERT C. ANDERSON, Ripley. .... Mississippi  
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Pacific Division.  
REID ELKINS, Greenville. .... South Carolina  
JOHN HALLBERG, Chattanooga. .... Tennessee  
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DR. ROBERT K. BUFORD, Charleston. .... West Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## ACTIVITIES OF S. C. V.

### BARBARA FRITCHIE STORY REFUTED.

Refutation of the historical story of Barbara Fritchie and her poet-sung waving of the American flag from her window as Gen. Stonewall Jackson, Confederate officer, marched through Frederick, Md., with his troops, constituted the chief reminiscences of the Association of Oldest Inhabitants meeting held on November 3, at Washington, D. C.

John Clagett Proctor read his paper on the three "authentically recorded reasons" why "Dame Fritchie" could not have waved the American flag that memorable September 10, 1862.

"These are," Mr. Proctor read from his paper, "Barbara at that time was bedridden and had been so for quite a while, and it would have been impossible for her to have waved a flag. At the time of the reported incident her age is given at ninety-six and she died the following December, only three months later, no doubt from old age. This should surely be enough to disprove the story; but further: It was not light when Jackson left Frederick, as evidenced by the following note left at the door of Dr. Ross, Presbyterian minister of the time:

"Regret not being permitted to see Dr. and Mrs. Ross, but could not expect to have that pleasure at so unseasonable an hour.  
T. J. JACKSON.

"September 10, 1862, 5:15 A.M."

"The third reason that brands the incident a myth is that Jackson's army did not march by Barbara's home, but selected another route."

In his paper, Mr. Proctor suggested that the Barbara Fritchie story was a concoction to arouse the patriotic impulses. The only account of Jackson's entry into Frederick, he declared, is that written by a Union army surgeon, in which no mention is made of the flag-waving incident. A week after the supposed incident, Mr. Proctor recalled, the battle of Antietam was fought, in which Oliver Wendell Holmes, now Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was wounded. Referring to the wounded soldier Holmes, Mr. Proctor read:

"He was reported to have been mortally wounded. His father, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the celebrated poet and writer, came on from Boston, to see his son, through Frederick on the way to the hospital. His reminiscences of the occasion resulted in a book, 'My Heart for the Captain.' Had the Fritchie story been true, one would naturally expect so able a writer to have mentioned it in his experiences."

## IN MEMORIAM.

Charlie M. Brown, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, S. C. V., and a prominent Asheville realtor, known to the public generally as "The Home Finder," died on October 25, 1927, at his home in West Asheville, N. C. He had been ill about one year, and for the last six months had been confined to his home.

Comrade Brown had not only been prominent in the Asheville real estate world, but he had also enjoyed high honors as Commander of the North Carolina Division, S. C. V., and as Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia. Members of the Thomas D. Johnston Camp, S. C. V., and Confederate organizations attended the funeral in a body.

Comrade Brown is survived by his wife who, before her marriage, in Miami, Fla., in 1914, was Miss Clara Frances French, of St. Johns, New Brunswick, Canada. His father, Charlie M. Brown, Sr., also survives him.

He was born November 17, 1880, at Faison, N. C. His father was a veteran of the War between the States. On his mother's side, he was descended from James Faison, a Revolutionary War hero.

## ANNUAL REUNION, LOUISIANA DIVISION, U. C. V.

The annual reunion of Confederate Veterans, held October 20-21, at Lake Charles, La., was one of the best attended in many years.

The first evening a program and reception followed by a dance was held at the Association of Commerce building.

The business session opened on the morning of the 20th, with General Stephens, of Coushatta, presiding. Roll was called by James A. Pierce, New Orleans, Adjutant General, with nearly fifty veterans present. S. O. Shattuck, of Lake Charles, delivered an address on the "War between the States."



On Thursday afternoon a boat ride showed the visitors the great waterway leading from the port to the Gulf. That evening a banquet was given in honor of the veterans and visitors. One of the principal speakers on the program was Judge L. B. Claiborne, of New Roads. Other prominent speakers were J. C. Foster, Commander in Chief, U. C. V.; Judge McCarver, Commander Texas Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Attorney T. A. Edwards, of Lake Charles.

Lucius L. Moss, Past Commander in Chief, S. C. V., was chairman of all social functions and was present at all business sessions.

Baton Rouge was selected as the next convention city.

## WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Comrade C. E. Gilbert, 910 Peden Avenue, Houston, Tex., has just had published a booklet of about eighty-two pages entitled "Two Presidents: Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis." While the booklet is not published for profit, it is hoped that the coöperation of the Sons and Daughters of Confederate Veterans will be liberal in its circulation among the descendants of the veterans and thereby aid to that extent in the preservation of the truth of history. The price is 50 cents; one dozen, \$4; and two dozen, \$7.50.

## MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD PARK.

The board of directors of Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park recently held a most interesting meeting. Among other business transacted, Bruce McIntosh, Commander of the Leesburg, Va., Camp, was elected treasurer to succeed the late Col. E. B. White. Comrade McIntosh is president of the People's National Bank of Leesburg and an enthusiast in the Park work.

In the report of the President, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, he briefly outlined the things accomplished by the organization. A fireproof museum is under way. The United States War Department recognizes the right of the organization to donations from material not needed for up-to-date equipment, material of the greatest historical value; and the office of the Adjutant General of Virginia recognizes the possibilities of the Park and its museum. The Museum Committee now have in hand interesting American machine guns; war trophies captured by our army from the Germans in the World War, and other material which, when placed in the new building, will give the park the finest Confederate battle field museum in the country. The War and Navy Departments are lending a hand to the Board; and upon every hand the finest interest and heartiest coöperation is now being met.

## RECRUITING COMMITTEE, S. C. V.

The educational work of the committee has now progressed far enough to begin securing real returns, and the recruiting service is preparing to stage a number of campaigns in each State, beginning in November. Interest is awakening, and every one, both through personal contact and the mail, seems interested in the great program which the Sons are launching.

During the month of October field scouting was in progress in North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Texas, Missouri, and Oklahoma.

Commander E. Riddle is anxious for Oklahoma to come to the front, and Stand Watie Camp No. 664, at Tulsa, was selected as the starting point. Commander E. F. Hayden and Adjutant John P. Logan proved themselves live wires, and Past Commander in Chief, Carl Hinton, is staging the campaign. Hinton's latest letter says: "In all my experience I have never had such a strong, live, wide-awake, business-like committee to work with."

Past Adjutant in Chief, L. D. T. Quinby is recruiting at

Raleigh, N. C., and is securing splendid publicity and good coöperation. Raleigh papers are backing the S. C. V. campaign with good editorials.

Commander in Chief Lowry and Mrs. Lowry, of Tampa, Fla., were honor guests of the U. D. C. Convention in Charleston, S. C., during November.

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

The following was taken from an old newspaper, the *Raleigh Sentinel*, of February 5, 1873, as reprinted from the *Richmond Enquirer*, to which paper it was written by A. R. Small, a Maine soldier at Gettysburg. Though the writer has doubtless long since joined the great majority of his comrades of the sixties, this letter gives information that may yet reach some bereaved heart:

"I have just read the 'Sad Story of Bereavements,' published in your paper of the 16th. It brings vividly before me the battle of Gettysburg and its attendant incidents. This sadly patient mother tells her story and brings distinctly to mind a spot in the grove just at the left of the cemetery and nearly in front of the house occupied by General Meade as headquarters, Army of the Potomac, where were lying a number of wounded in gray suits, fallen in the last brave charge of Longstreet's Corps on the 3rd of July. Sadly I made my way through the dead and dying, proffering such assistance as sympathy dictated.

"One poor fellow, about twenty-five years of age, was shot through the body. His wants were few—'only a drink of cool water. I am so cold—so cold! Won't you cover me up?' And then his mind wandered—murmuring something about 'Dear Mother.' 'So glad 'tis all over.' Then a clear sense of his condition, and would I write to his father and tell him how he died—how he loved them at home. 'Tell them all about it, won't you? Father's name is Robert Jenkins, I belong to the Seventh North Carolina Troops—came from Chatham County. My name is Will—' and tearfully I covered his face. Perhaps he was this mother's boy, perhaps not; but he was somebody's boy.

"A little farther on my attention was attracted toward a young man of Kemper's Brigade, I think. Kneeling down by his side, I looked at his strikingly handsome face some few moments, when he unclosed his eyes and looked steadily into mine with such a questioning, hungry look. An appeal so beseeching, so eloquent, and I had not the power to answer—could only ask where he was wounded. 'Don't talk to me, please,' he said. A moment after he touched his breast, and I saw there was but a chance for him. Asking if he was afraid to die, he replied: 'No, I am glad I am through. O, I hope this will end the war—will it?' I asked him if he was a Christian, and think he told me he was not a professor, but 'tried to be good,' when a spasm of pain again closed his eyes.

"I could not bear to leave him, and putting my face close down to his, he suddenly opened his eyes—I shall never forget their unearthly beauty, and the sweet, trusting expression which overspread his whole face as he said to me, with a motion as though he would throw his arms around my neck: 'I am going home, good-by!' I did weep, I couldn't help it. I can't keep the tears back even now in recalling it. He was somebody's darling boy, perhaps his mother's. I do not recollect his name, he might not have told me. I only remember that boys from the 16th Maine carried him to the field hospital because they wanted to, although they, too, saw it was nearly over. If either of these boys is recognized, I will gladly answer any inquiries directed to me."

"WEST WATERVILLE, ME., January 27, 1873."



## THE ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY.

(Continued from page 475.)

history fair to the South be taught in schools, uniting with the Daughters of the Confederacy in all lines of educational work and monument building.

Mrs. John A. Logan was the first to suggest Decoration Day at the North. Mrs. Eddington, of Virginia, gives the circumstances leading to it: "In Petersburg, Va., May 26, 1868, Mrs. John A. Logan was present at the decorating of the graves on Memorial Day and suggested to her husband, Gen. John A. Logan, that, as Commander of the G. A. R., he issue an order for a Decoration Day so that the graves of the Union soldiers could be covered with flags and flowers be strewn to honor their memory."

## THE SOUTHERN CROSS OF HONOR.

Take these crosses, a mute token  
Of a sorrow left unspoken  
By the lips of love unbroken  
Through all change of time and tide.  
In a comrade's tears you'll lave them,  
From dishonor live to save them,  
For the sake of those who gave them,  
For the sake of those who died.

Prize these badges as a treasure  
Precious, priceless beyond measure,  
Consecrated by a love  
Deep and boundless as the ocean—  
A true woman's life devotion—  
Love like His who reigns above.

Lee, the matchless, would have worn it,  
Stonewall Jackson would have borne it [it  
Proudly; death's strong hand could scarce have torn  
From our princely Stuart's breast.  
Hold it, veteran, as an omen  
Sacred as the tear of woman  
Shed for chevalier or yeoman—  
Nobler than the noblest Roman—  
Shed for comrade laid to rest.

Southern veterans, wear these crosses,  
Emblems of our Southland's losses,  
Losses death alone can drown.  
When the last reveille's sounded,  
When sin's host their arms have grounded,  
He in whom our faith is founded,  
Who bore the cross, for us was wounded,  
Will for each cross exchange a crown.

But when in heaven's perfect light,  
The day He counts his jewels bright,  
Condemns the wrong, rewards the right,  
In those he died to save,  
The richest crown for love, for loss,  
Without one taint of earthly dross  
To her will go, last at his cross  
And earliest at his grave.

—C. B. Tate, *New Market Battalion, V. M. I. Cadets.*

## NEW BOOK ON THE DAVIS FAMILY.

"The Davis family (Davies, David) in Wales and America." Genealogy of Morgan David, of Pennsylvania, by Harry Alexander Davis, 1927. Octavo, cloth, with three portrait illustrations and coat of arms of the Davis family, 445 pages, including index. Price, \$10. Address: Major Harry A. Davis, 316 Shepherd Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Morgan David was born in Wales about 1622-23, and emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1684. He had five children, and this volume traces the descendants of this family to the present time, and includes the line of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States.

Part II gives the record of the descendants of Owen and Jenkyn David, who descend from Thomas, brother of Morgan, and who emigrated from Wales, 1736-37, and settled on Catfish Creek, S. C.

The book is well presented and edited. The index is full. Brief genealogies of twenty-four different families that married into the Davis family are given. The author of this volume is a son of David R. W. Davis, of Mobile, Ala., who served in the Alabama State Artillery, 1861-65, and is himself a veteran, having campaigned in Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands, and served in World War. The volume contains military service records from Colonial times to the present and is replete with Confederate service records never before published.

FLAG OF THE JASPER GREENS.—The inquiry on page 435 of the November VETERAN concerning an old Confederate flag in possession of George V. Bennett, of Plymouth, Mass., and which he was anxious to return to the rightful owners, brought quick response and the information that the command was still in existence as an organization of Savannah, Ga., and the flag has been returned to the surviving members there. This command was Battery E, 118th Field Artillery, of Savannah. Capt. C. R. Peterson commands the survivors.

APPRECIATES THE VETERAN.—The following comes from Capt. James H. Tomb, Jacksonville, Fla., with order to renew subscriptions for himself and the library at Indian Spring, two years each: "Your article on Charleston, S. C., in the November VETERAN, was most interesting to me, as I was attached to the C. S. N. at Charleston from 1862 to 1865. While we old Confeds are growing less active each year, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN grows brighter and more interesting each year."

BEFORE THAT MEN WERE FREE.—The dull boy in the class unexpectedly distinguished himself in a history examination. The question ran: "How and when was slavery introduced into America?" To this he replied: "No women had come over to the early Virginia colony. The planters wanted wives to help with the work. In 1619 the London Company sent over a shipload of girls. The planters gladly married them, and thus was slavery introduced in America."

—Los Angeles Times.



Rev. Samuel H. Pollard, 100 Rogers Avenue, Macon, Ga., would like to hear from some of the comrades of war times. He was in the Danville Military School before the war, and his Confederate service started by drilling the 4th North Carolina, which later became the 14th Confederate; in 1862, he was in the organization of the Ringgold Battery, Battery B, 13th Virginia Battalion; was transferred to Captain Motley's Company, Virginia Light Artillery, called the Pittsylvania Artillery; was discharged as under age, then went to Hillsboro Military School, and later enlisted in Company A, Petersburg Battalion, and was sent to Camp Lee; there he was enlisted in Company I, 32nd Virginia Infantry; was badly wounded on the 12th of May, 1864, and sent to hospital, from which he was finally discharged in March, 1865.

A. H. Quarles, Commercial Agent, Southeastern Express Company, Toledo, Ohio, wants to get a copy of Lamon's "Life of Lincoln," and anyone having this work for sale, or knowing where it can be procured, will please communicate with him.

*Wife.* Darling, you used to be so loving, and now you are so changed. You used to chuck me under the chin.

*Husband.* Yes, but in those days you had only one chin.

# WAR LETTERS.

Patriotic envelopes used by soldiers during 1861 to 1865 with pictures of flags, emblems, portraits, also verses or any peculiar features are valuable. Send me all you have for inspection. I will make you an attractive offer for them.

GEORGE HAKES,  
290 Broadway, New York, Y. Y.

Mrs. Mary F. Jones, of Desdemona, Tex., wishes to get in communication with any comrade or friend of her husband, Crawford Francis Jones, who enlisted at Athens, Tex., and served with Company E, Burnett's Regiment, Walker's Division, C. S. A. All her records have been lost, and she is in need of a pension. Address her as above, Box 105.

J. C. DePuyster, 447 South Orange Avenue, Orlando, Fla., makes inquiry for any record containing the name of J. W. Howell, who, he thinks, enlisted from Pikeville, Ala.; also thinks he was one of Forrest's command. Anyone who remembers this comrade will please communicate with this inquirer.

PARADOXICAL.—"What are you in for, my good fellow?" asked the prison visitor. "I am in because I was found out," sighed the former bank cashier.

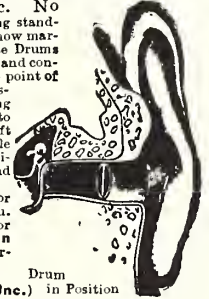
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**Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums** often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn. What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.



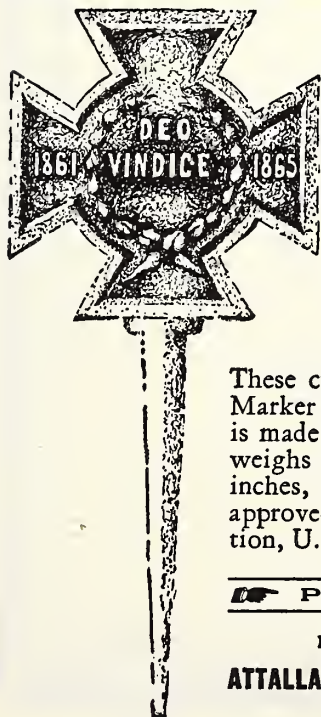
Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.) in Position  
810 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Rev. Jerry Wallace, Springfield, Ill., is anxious to secure the Confederate record of his uncle, Robert Wallace, who, it is thought, was with Forrest's Cavalry, but he does not know which regiment or company. Any comrade who can give this information will please write to address above.

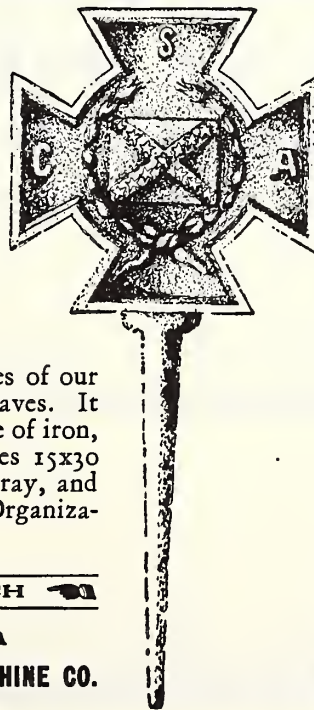
How We Grow.—It is not generally known, but the fact is the Treasury Department keeps a pretty accurate record of the increase of population of the United States and possessions. According to its statisticians we have, as of September 1, a population in the United States proper of 114,340,000. The population on September 1, 1924, had been estimated at 112,922,000.

The total amount of money in circulation on September 1, this year, was \$4,784,024,000, compared with \$4,773,878,000 on September 1, 1924. The per capita circulation was \$41.84, compared with \$42.28 a year ago.—*National Tribune.*

FUNNY NAMES.—A school-teacher from Ypsilanti, one from Kohomo, and one from Speonk went on a Cook's Tour and visited Wales. "What funny names these Welsh towns have!" exclaimed all of them in unison.—*Canadian American.*



"Lest  
We  
Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

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